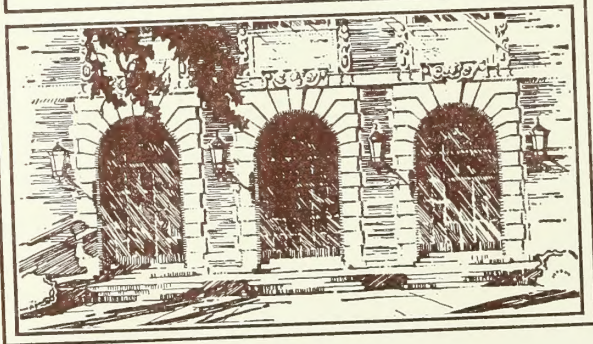


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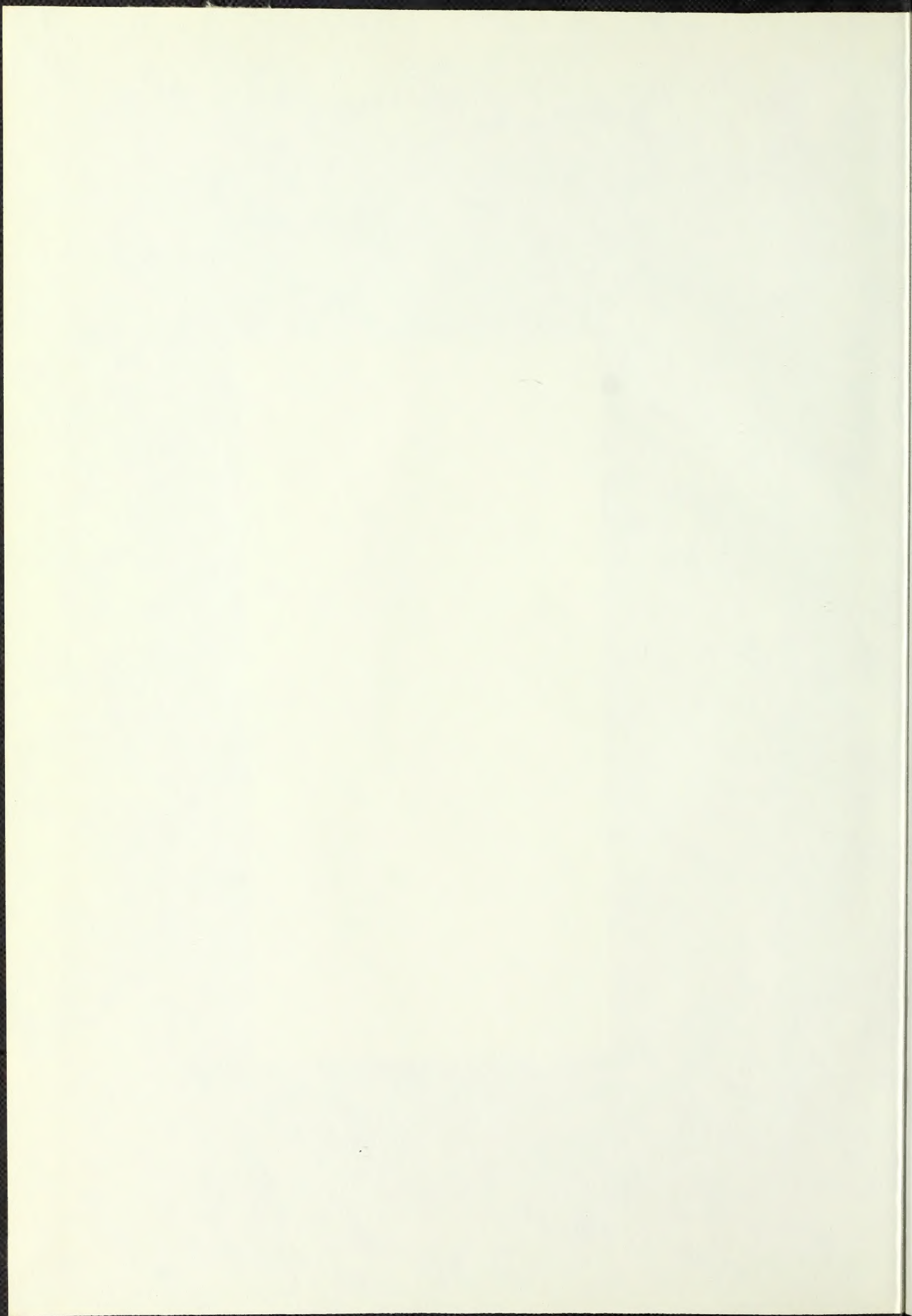
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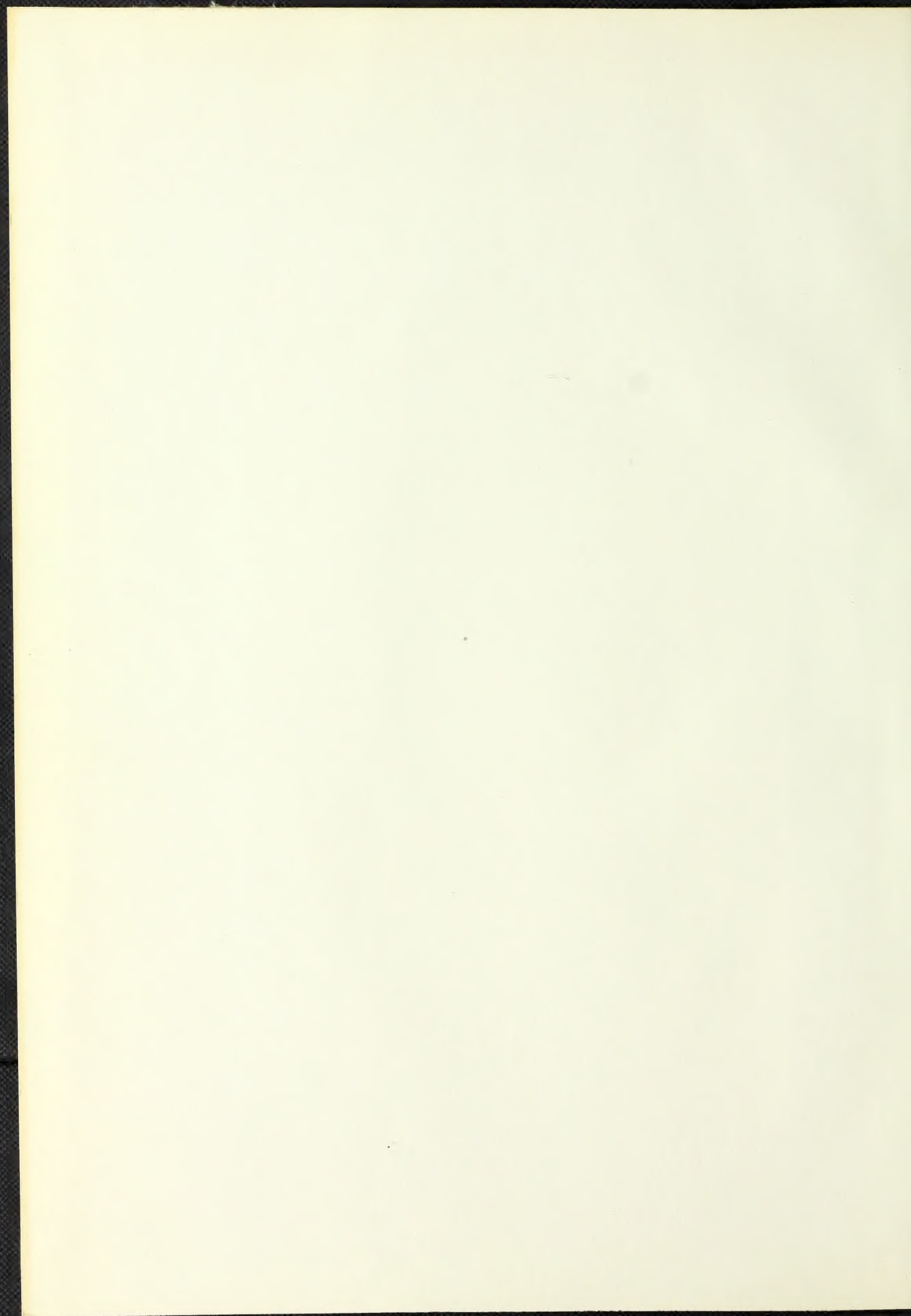
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The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life



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C

CALVE, EMMA, Soprano (Kali-vo)
Hail French, half Spanish by descent, Emma Calve possesses a wealth of temperament and a dramatic talent that have made her unique among artists. She was born in Madrid, of noble descent, but the early death of her father forced her to make a career for herself. She went to Paris and studied singing with the teacher of the famous "Mélodie" and "Mélodie" teachers. Her first important appearance was made at the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels in 1862, as Marguerite in Faust. Following this came her Paris debut at the Opéra Comique. She has since then sung in all the great theatres of the world. When she appeared in London in 1872, and at the Covent Garden Theatre, New York, two years later, she was hailed as a new star. Here she was identified with this then with any other work. She was, perhaps, more closely identified with this than with any other work. Her engagement with the Victor Talking Machine Company was made in 1901.

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Caruso is the greatest living operatic tenor, one of the outstanding artists of his generation. His American engagements have been a continuous success, the great audiences being held spellbound by the exquisite refinement, beauty and power of his voice. He is a native of Naples and was born in 1859. When he was a mere boy he sang in the churches of Naples, and the beauty of his voice attracted the attention of all who heard it. Caruso was eighteen years old when he sang a dramatic tenor, who, after leaving his voice, decided that he would give the young singer substantial assistance. He therefore took him to Maestro Vengoni, who was captivated by the beauty and purity of his voice, and began to give him vocal instruction. The singer made his debut in 1894 in Naples, in a new long-tenor opera. "L'Amico Francesco," after which he sang in various Italian cities and in Paris. A South American engagement followed, and on his return, after a season in Milan, it was clear that there was one of the most promising young tenors ever heard in Italy. Caruso had made a success in various countries of Europe before coming to America in 1903, but it was his performance of the Duke at the Metropolitan on November 23d of that year which captured the imaginations of his countrymen, and was the year which celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his operatic debut and was accordingly honored by his colleagues at the Metropolitan. This great artist has made records for the Victor since 1901, and the present catalog sets the tenor does not expire until 1913.

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1921

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10116	Caruso	8. Caruso	1.25
10117	Caruso	9. Caruso	1.25
10118	Caruso	10. Caruso	1.25
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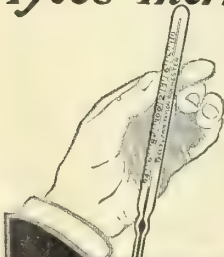
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The Outlook

JANUARY 5, 1921

GABRIELE AT BAY

NOW that the Italian forces are besieging Fiume, and a few thousand Fiuman troops and their *illustrissimo* commandante, Gabriele d'Annunzio, face seven or eight times as many, people are pitying the "poor poet."

True, Gabriele is before everything a poet. True, also, he is in some respects a ridiculous figure, corseted and painted; true, he clothes his Arditi and legionaries in weird costumes and plasters them over with many medals. True, his proclamations are bombast, as, for instance, that one the other day in rejoinder to the Italian Government's announcement of the Treaty of Rapallo: "We observe that you use expressions such as 'King of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes' or 'Jugoslavia.' We have not recognized the existence of such a state."

And yet, when all is said, for a year and a quarter Gabriele has held his own. Because of Fiume, Cabinets have come and gone. He has remained.

The reasons are evident. One is that he is a real patriot. During the months before Italy's entrance into the war no one did more to bring about that event than did he; the text of his appeals remains, an enduring honor. When Italy entered the war, he enlisted. He fought on land, at sea, and especially in the air. He was severely wounded. But this did not interrupt his feats of daring. When, after months of shilly-shallying, the city of Fiume proper, with a population emphatically Italian in majority, was being tossed about by the Powers, he, at the head of an armed force, landed at Fiume and proclaimed its annexation to Italy. The Italian Government was in a dilemma. It sent General Pittaluga to remove the poet, just as Marshal Ney had orders to stop Napoleon's march on Paris in 1815. The result was the same. Various other methods to dislodge d'Annunzio were tried and abandoned.

But d'Annunzio's second quality as leader is his persistence. He is an untiring worker. The result is that both his army and the population of Fiume have suffered comparatively little. They have been able to hold up their heads as they saw the three words their leader had inscribed on his banner, "*Quis Contra Nos?*"

The third quality revealed that which might be expected from a poet—con-

structive imagination—and it inspired civilians and soldiers alike with not a little fanatical fervor.

Recently the Italian Government reached an agreement with the Yugoslav Government, making Fiume absolutely independent. While this meant that Fiume would become practically Italian, it was not annexation, and when the Government called on d'Annunzio to recognize the Treaty that



(C) Keystone

GENERAL CAVIGLIA

leader declined and declared war on his own country. The Italian Government sent General Caviglia to compel him to obey. The General was the hero of the battle of Vittorio Veneto, Italy's decisive victory in the war; thus he occupies a position in the Italian mind similar to that of Marshal Joffre in France. Caviglia gave to the Fiumans, civilians and soldiers, forty-eight hours in which to get out of the town. There has been some fighting, with a reported loss of about fifty dead and one hundred wounded. Here again d'Annunzio invokes, according to the New York "Progresso," "glorious and liberating death," adding that "the holocaust will be a purifying bath for all Italy."

THE GERMAN SEED OF A RUSSIAN CROP

INTELLECTUALS, so called, have very generally agreed in treating the Bolsheviks as if they were the natural

product of the Russian Revolution. They have argued that we had no business to interfere with Bolshevism even during the war. Some of these intellectuals have disclaimed sympathy with the Bolshevik doctrines and practices, but have told us that those doctrines and practices were Russia's business and not America's. The fact that the Bolshevik number scarcely one in a hundred of Russians does not seem to shake the faith of these intellectuals in the truly Russian character of this pseudo-proletarian tyranny. The American people have been informed by the self-styled *intelligenza* that the initial mistake was sending any soldiers to Russia to combat the Bolsheviks. The mistake, that is, was not in resisting them too feebly, but in resisting them at all.

Of course all this argument quietly ignores the fact that ought to have been plain even to those who pride themselves on their intellect—that Bolshevism was really and literally a part of the German offensive. It ignores the fact that Lenin was financed by Germany and was sent into Russia by Germany as a part of the German effort to defeat Russia and that it was Germany's most successful effort in the war. It will be harder in the future for anybody hereafter to ignore these facts. In the "Daily Rul," of Berlin, a Russian publication, according to the New York "Herald," General William Hoffman, who was the chief figure among the Germans when they made "peace" with Russia at Brest-Litovsk, makes this statement:

I had charge of the propaganda department on the eastern front. During the war we used every device we knew to break the Russian front. One of these devices was poison gas; the other was Nikolai Lenin. The Kaiser's Government transported Lenin through Germany in a sealed car for a definite purpose. With our consent Lenin and his friends destroyed the Russian army.

Von Kuehlmann (one-time German Minister of Foreign Affairs) and Count Czernin (formerly Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister) and I closed the peace of Brest-Litovsk, principally in order to be able to throw our eastern army against the western front. While we were negotiating with the Russians, all of us were convinced the Bolsheviks would not remain in power longer than two or three weeks. Had we known—had we foreseen—the consequences, we would never have dealt with them in any way whatsoever. But we

did not consider the consequences then.

Perhaps this confession of General Hoffman, just because it comes from a German, will make an impression upon minds which have been hitherto unimpressed by the facts. In 1918 President Wilson acknowledged himself to be disillusioned. The Germans had accomplished their purpose, however, for they had succeeded in fooling enough Americans to prevent the United States from resisting this clumsily but effectively camouflaged offensive until it seemed to our military authorities too late for effective action. We wonder how long the further illusion will last that these forces which Germany let loose in Russia are still of concern to Russia alone.

THE NOBEL PRIZES

ON December 10, the anniversary of the death of Alfred Bernhard Nobel, the Swedish scientist and philanthropist, the distribution of the prizes awarded by the terms of his will took place. The Outlook has already announced the names of the recipients of the prizes for peace and for literature—President Wilson and Knut Hamsun—for 1920. In addition, the prize for medicine was awarded to Professor August Krogh, of Copenhagen, a distinguished Danish scientist, and the prize for physics to Professor Charles Edouard Guillaume, of Sèvres, head of the International Bureau of Weights and Measures; he has perfected instruments for the measurement of a millionth part of a meter.

The prizes for 1919 were also awarded. The peace prize went to M. Léon Bourgeois, President of the French Association for the Society of Nations and the chief French delegate at the Paris Peace Conference, at which the League of Nations Covenant was framed. M. Bourgeois was also the chief delegate from France at the Hague Peace Conferences of 1899 and 1907, and is a member of the Hague Arbitration Court. The prize for medicine was awarded to Dr. Jules Bordet, of Brussels, an authority on toxins, and that for literature to Karl Spitteler, the Swiss poet, essayist, and novelist. Spitteler's fame was accentuated by his anti-German stand six years ago during the controversy between extremists in the German and French cantons of Switzerland. This position lost him favor in Germany, where his books had received wide reading. But he gained corresponding favor in France, as was shown at the public celebration of his birthday in 1915, when the French Academy sent him "fraternal greet-

ings." He was educated at the Universities of Basle and Heidelberg and has lived the life of a schoolmaster. He was thirty-six before his first work, "Prometheus and Epimetheus," appeared in two volumes over the pseudonym "Felix Tandem." His books in prose and verse, such as "Gustav," "Lieutenant Konrad," "Butterflies," and the autobiographical novel "Imago," emphasize Swiss elements and points



KARL SPITTELER PROF. AUGUST KROGH

of view as distinct from the German. Spitteler's masterpiece, "Olympian Spring," is an original mythology in verse, in which classical names are retained, but they are the names of very human and, one might almost say, contemporary gods.

FAMINE IN CHINA

RETURNING from China, Mr. J. J. Underwood, correspondent of the Seattle "Times," reports on conditions in that country to Mr. F. J. Taylor, of the New York "Globe." Mr. Underwood predicts that if relief is not hurried to China at least twenty million Chinese will die from hunger this winter.

The crisis was caused, first, by the failure of last spring's crop in the four Chinese provinces drained by the Yellow River; second, by the devastation of last summer's crop there through locusts; third, by the annihilation of the autumn crop by drought. "Now there is not a leaf, a blade of grass, or a twig in all those four provinces," says Mr. Underwood. "Plants are pounced upon as soon as they show themselves above the ground and are eaten."

Nor is this the worst. Families sold their young to get them out of the famine area. "In all these provinces," adds Mr. Underwood, "there is scarcely a girl from twelve to twenty years left. They have been sold into slavery and prostitution and deported." Mr. Underwood continues:

Many men sold their entire families, and attempted to beg their way to Peking. Once they began to arrive there, they were driven out by the professional beggars. There begging is a concession, you know. The superstitious believe that in giving

to the beggar they are giving to the spirits.

The professional beggars declared the famine sufferers outlanders. They threatened to strike. This threat carried weight with the Pekingese, who helped drive the poor from the Yellow River region out of the capital. You see them straggling along the roads leading to Peking and other cities.

Meanwhile "the rest of China, much of it blessed with abundant crops, sits placidly by, superstitiously believing that the spirits intended the drought and famine as a means of regulating the overwhelming population of the land." What are the central and provincial governments doing? Mr. Underwood replies:

The Peking Government is weak. Its soldiers are underpaid.

The provinces are under control of governors-general, who levy taxes anywhere and of any amount to pay anything they wish. These governors-general seized railroad material which was needed to get food to the stricken area.

They quit these tactics when an American, J. E. Baker, was put in charge of the roads.

What is America doing? Mr. Underwood answers:

Baker is in charge of the distribution of funds raised by a special tax on railway tickets for the relief of the starving.

Another American, Major Emmett White, of the American Red Cross, is administering relief, but he has but \$500,000. It costs \$5 to save the life of a Chinaman in the famine area. Rather than spread his \$500,000 over the entire area and do little good to any one, Major White had to pick out a limited district and save 100,000 Chinese.

Mr. Underwood concludes thus:

I have no love for the Japanese, but my hat is off to them for what they did in Korea. Korea has always been a land of many famines due to droughts. When drought overtook Korea the Japanese got busy. They stopped the collection of rents, appropriated 40,000,000 yen, built roads everywhere, and put in a reclamation project. They put every Korean to work. They saved every Korean, when the loss, in an ordinary famine year, would have been a million.

That is what China needs.

And while she gets ready for it every American who can should help the American Red Cross.

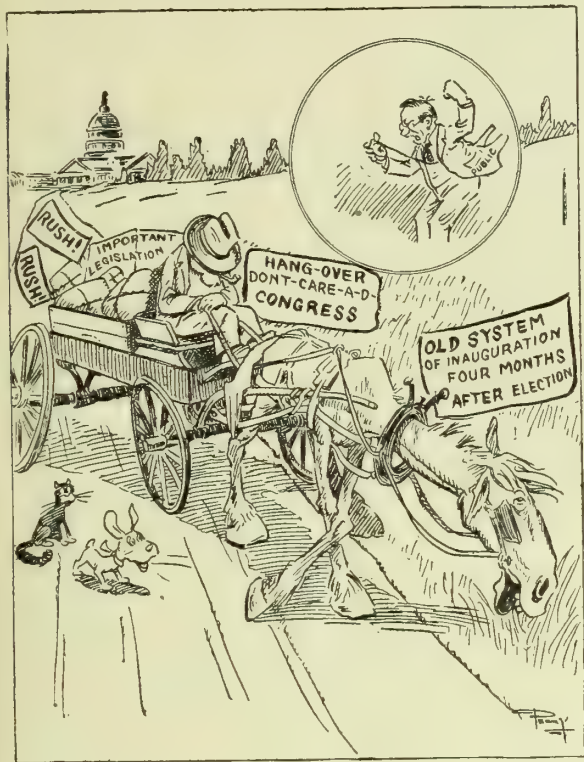
A PAPAL STEP BACKWARDS

UNDER date of December 23 a despatch from Rome was published in the public press announcing that "the Holy Office issued a decree today asking Catholic bishops to watch an organization which, while professing

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

AS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

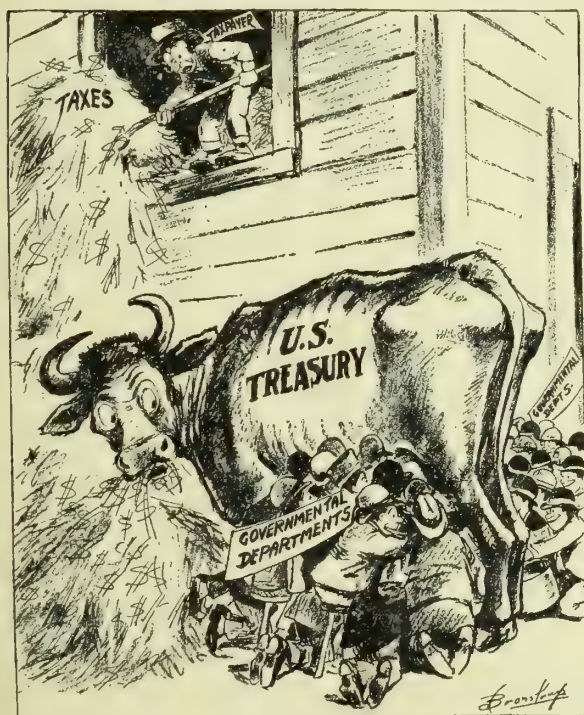
From the Portland Oregonian



WHEN DO WE GET OUR NEW DELIVERY SYSTEM?

From Alethe B. Wilson, Yakima, Washington

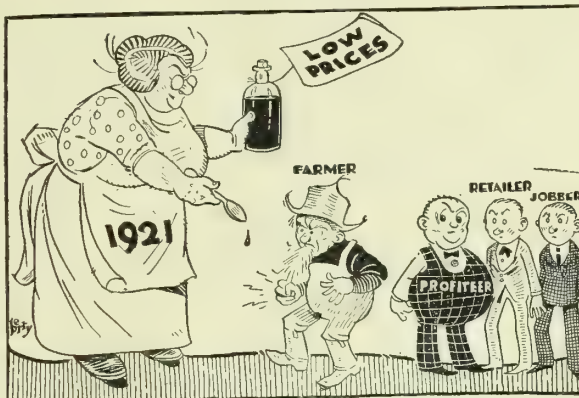
Bronstrup in the San Francisco Chronicle



LOOK OUT, SHE MAY GO DRY!

From J. F. Berry, San Francisco, Cal.

From the Nebraska Farmer



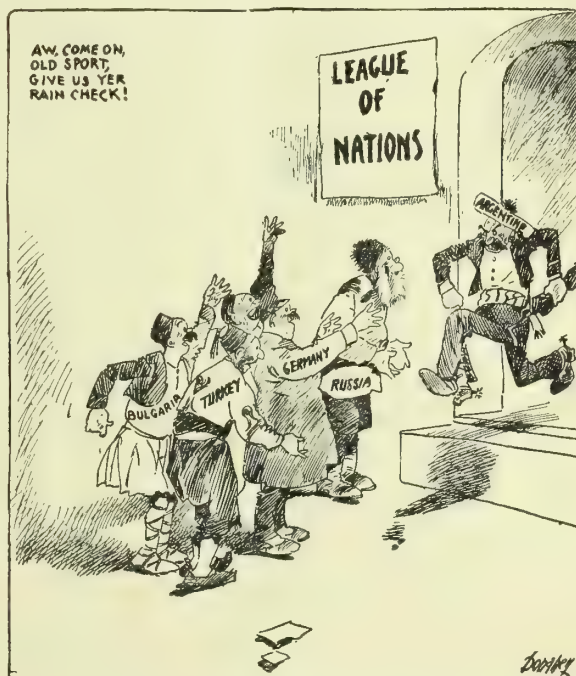
ALWAYS THE FIRST TO TAKE THE MEDICINE
From C. O. Jameyson, Wood River, Neb.

Ferguson in the Chicago Drovers Journal



OUR AMERICAN RATE OF EXCHANGE
From Mrs. Vernon Morriah, Flint, Mich.

Donahey in the Cleveland Plain Dealer



"SAY, MISTER, GIVE US YER TICKET!"

From Henrietta Jones, Lakewood, Ohio



POPE BENEDICT XV

absolute freedom of thought in religious matters, instills indifferentism and apostasy to the Catholic religion in the minds of its adherents."

The despatch adds:

"The decree mentions the Young Men's Christian Association by name. It says that the organization is upheld by many Catholics who do not know its real nature and that it corrupts the faith of youths.

"Clauses of the canon law which forbid newspapers, periodicals, and organizations favoring religious radicalism and indifferentism are recalled in the decree. It requests the bishops to communicate to the Holy See within six months the decisions taken on the subject at regional congresses."

The Young Men's Christian Association is open to all creeds. In no sense is it a proselyting body. It has been directed by Protestants just as the Knights of Columbus organization is directed by Catholics. We had supposed that the purpose of both bodies was to serve all alike. Are we to infer from the Pope's decree that the Knights of Columbus are to be regarded as proselyters?

JUSTICE FOR THE JEW

THERE have been recently appearing in the public press of both England and the United States attacks on the Jews as the alleged instigators of hidden conspiracy, revolution, communism, and anarchy, by means of which, it was asserted, they hope to arrive at the world's leadership. Not a single week has passed, we were told, without a strike directly due to this conspiracy, no matter where troubles have occurred, whether in Russia, Poland, Hungary, Austria, Turkey, Portugal, France, Great Britain, or America.

The first feeling toward such propa-

ganda, the chief medium of which is a singular book called "The Protocols," was one of contemptuous indifference. But, as its influence on uninformed minds should not be underestimated, it has seemed wise to a number of prominent Americans to make a protest. Among those men are Cardinal Gibbons, ex-President Taft, ex-President Eliot of Harvard, Robert Lansing, Herbert Hoover, Charles Evans Hughes, Alton B. Parker, Rabbi Wise, and Henry Morgenthau. These men—Catholics, Protestants, and Jews—declare that one of the grave problems of the present day concerns the rights of religious and racial minorities; that minority groups are being subjected to tyranny and oppression; and that "the alleged interests of the state have ever been the excuse of officials for persecuting a religious minority." The statement continues:

As for the excuse that persecution is for economic rather than religious or racial reasons, why is it, then, that it includes women and children as well as multitudes of men who are not engaged in business, and why does it not include men of other faiths who are notorious for the kind of financial dealings that are objected to? If persecution is primarily racial, rather than religious, it is none the less reprehensible. Race prejudice and religious bigotry are twins.

With regard to the "Jewish conspiracy" in particular, the statement, admitting that there are Jews prominent in some movements dangerous to society and government, adds:

It should also be recognized that Jews are prominent in most beneficial movements; that Jews are among the most intelligent, patriotic, and philanthropic citizens in our country, and that all dangerous movements include non-Jews.

Jews, like other people, are good, bad, or indifferent, and they have no monopoly of any one class.

The signers of this protest also appeal to all people of good will "to condemn every effort to arouse divisive passion against any of our fellow-countrymen, to aid in eradicating racial prejudice and religious fanaticism, and to create a just and human public sentiment that shall recognize the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man."

In an early issue we shall print an authoritative article on "The Protocols," by a distinguished Russian, Baron Korff, late Vice-Governor of Finland under the Russian Government of Prince Lvov.

SCOUTS OF THE SEA

THERE is a branch of the Boy Scout movement which is less known than it should be, for it serves to encourage love for and understanding of

an element which has played a tremendous part in upbuilding the character of the American Nation.

One department of the Boy Scouts of America is known as "the Seascout Department." Its programme of activities not only prepares a boy for emergencies on water and on land, but it gives him a varied and interesting knowledge of seamanship. This organization is open only to registered Scouts at least fifteen years old and at least one hundred and twelve pounds in weight. The smallest group of Seascouts which can be organized must contain at least nine members.

Like the more familiar side of Boy Scout work, the Seascout Department grades its groups according to proficiency. The various classes are known by the names of different types of vessels; the lowest grade is the sloop class, the highest the ship class. The whole movement is organized in accordance with proper nautical terminology, but the programme of the movement is adapted both for boys who are fortunate enough to live near water and those who are marooned inland.

The Seascouts have an Admiralty Board, of which General George W. Goethals has just been elected Chairman. Mr. James Wilder is Chief Seascout, and those to whom this movement appeals will secure his enthusiastic support by addressing a letter to him at 164 East 38th Street, New York City. Mr. Wilder writes us: "I believe we've struck the thing that will do more for America than all the tomfool spellbinding we've heard for the last few years." Knowing Mr. Wilder, we feel sure that sea-loving Americans should second his appeal with the command, "Make it so!"

COMMON WORSHIP

AN Episcopal service held in a Congregational church is sufficiently exceptional to be worthy of record.

This occurred recently at the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn. The full Episcopal service was read by the Rev. Drs. F. W. Norris and Robert Rogers, of the Church of St. Matthew and the Church of the Good Shepherd, respectively. The pastor of the Tompkins Avenue Church, the Rev. Dr. J. Percival Huget, made a hearty address of welcome, and the sermon was preached by Canon E. A. Burroughs, Canon of Peterborough Cathedral, England, and chaplain to the King. He said in part:

Although it is not the first time I have preached in a church not of my own denomination, it is the first time I have witnessed the evidence of Christian unity and fellowship as dis-

played here to-night. . . . It moves me deeply. . . . The whole world is waiting for a Christianity which is both catholic and free.

For society as a whole there are certain advantages as well as disadvantages in the differences among individuals and races. In religious experience as a whole there are also certain advantages and disadvantages in existing differences. But in the conduct of church services there is an advantage when people of widely different religious experiences can find a common expression of their fundamental unity by joining together in a liturgy that is ancient and inclusive.

THE PICTURES OF NICOLAS ROERICH

WHETHER Slavic art shows itself in Pavlova's dancing, in Tchaikovsky's music, in Turgenev's writings, in Roerich's paintings, we must acknowledge a strange, subtle appeal not found in the art of any other race. Particularly is this felt in the pictures of Nicolas Roerich. Some of them are present on exhibition at the Kingore Galleries, New York City; before long they will be taken to Chicago for exhibition there.

Many of them seem crude and fantastic. But even in some of the most fantastic you apprehend the painter's wish to express either purely imaginative sweeps of fancy, or his notions of primal forms or of primitive man; in others you feel his symbolism. Though his figures of men are often small and insignificant, and indeed quite lost in the landscapes, you have the feeling that human instincts and human ideals are being born in what may appear at first an apparently impersonal cosmic effect. And so you are not surprised to learn that some of these canvases illustrate the painter's idea of the stone age and some of "pagan Russia," those long-ago periods when Vikings and Phoenicians and Scythians held sway. In those periods Nicolas Roerich has really lived, moved, and had his being.

He grew up on his father's ten-thousand-acre estate in northern Russia, amid its primeval forests and lonely lakes. He gloried in the solitude of nature. His early attention was absorbed by the many mounds under which lie buried the Vikings of old, recalling the ages antedating the advent of Rurik, the founder of Russia, as we now it. (The artist's name, Roerich, by the way, is derived from Rurik.) Along the young Nicolas began excavating these mounds—secretly, because the law forbade it. He found bones, battle axes, belts, and brooches plenty. His mind became charged



"THE TREASURE." PAINTED BY NICOLAS ROERICH IN 1919 AT VIBORG

An aboriginal creature, in the left lower corner, is hiding some treasure. The figure and the coming dawn are symbolic of present-day Russia

with the legendary doings of distant days.

In turn, his art is charged with that lore. It is at once real and imaginative. Real, because his clouds actually float, because you are conscious of the cold, clear, sub-Arctic atmosphere; imaginative, because you see enchanted palaces of barbaric beauty, because old folk tales are illustrated before you. All have the quality, not of the sensuous well-populated south, but of the virile scantily populated north.

Of the two non-Russians whose art has appealed to Roerich one is Wagner, whose "Nibelungenlied" music-dramas Roerich illustrated in the Moscow Opera scenery; the other is the yet more mystic Maeterlinck, whose influence on Roerich is shown in a "Princesse Maleine" series.

For the moment Roerich is gloriously "a man without a country." He would not accept the high post offered him by the Bolsheviks.

FORGETTING 1920

TO a great many people in America the year that has just left us was depressing. In their memories it will remain as a time of low vitality, of disappointed hopes, of an idealism submerged in sordid selfishness, or, if not quite that, a year of painful awakening and rather unpleasant realities.

We have in mind two different groups of people who are glad to have 1920 out of the way.

One group consists of those who, having felt the exaltation of self-sacrifice during the war, have discovered that such feeling is not permanent either in themselves or in others. Having con-

fused their exalted feelings with idealism, they have been led to the conclusion that ideals are evanescent. Four years ago they were looking forward with dread to the possible entrance of the United States into the war. They loved peace, partly because they believed peace was right and partly because they knew it was comfortable. Then, when at last the United States became a partner in the task of restraining the madness of Germany, they consoled themselves with the thought that America was making war in order to end war. This, they came to believe, was to be the last great conflict of the centuries, and in that faith or hope they took their part in the task. Their souls were uplifted. Ahead of them was a vision of a golden age in which men would no longer strive with one another, but, instead, would work together for the common good. They found comfort in the thought of peace without victory. They were convinced that the hundreds of thousands of young men who went into the war were seeking to establish a federation of the world, a parliament of man. Their faith was confirmed by the extraordinary personal triumph which the President of the United States received in western Europe, amounting almost to adoration. Two years ago their hopes were high. They saw the man whose words had kept their emotions stirred throughout the long months of fighting, who had set forth in the name of the peoples of the world a programme of peace and imposed it upon the statesmen of other nations, who had, as they conceived it, won in the name of America a peace without victory—this man they saw the apparently dominating figure of the

Peace Conference, the molder of the new world order. Though their hearts were made sick by the deferring of peace through the year 1919, they held fast their faith. And then came 1920 and the end of all their expectation.

Another and a very different group are glad to rid themselves of the year 1920. They never wanted peace without victory. They saw from the beginning that the only peace that is ever worth while is peace through victory. They did not pin all their hopes and all their faith on any machinery for making the world over in a year or a decade or a century. They were content with the great task that was actually accomplished. Still they find 1920 an unpleasant memory.

"What do I think of 1920?" asks one of these. "I do not want to think about it. I want to forget it. It has been almost completely a year of negation, and negations are never inspiring. It has been a time not of getting on the right track but of getting off the wrong track. It has been a year of destruction rather than construction. It is all very well to say that it was necessary to tear down before we could build up, but I am always more interested in the erection of a sky-scraper than in its demolition. Specifically, this last year has seen the world engaged in a struggle to untangle the chaos of the Peace Treaty. It has seen the United States bending its colossal strength to the defeat rather than the election of a candidate for President. It has seen the army of commerce and industry marking time while it engaged in the painful but necessary process of deflation, and the end of this process is not yet. I look forward to 1921 with the hope that it will be a time of affirmation. I am sick and weary of negations."

Others there are, however, who have found in 1920 great satisfaction. They are those who believe that truth is always better than falsehood, that emotions are an unstable foundation for faith or life, and that no more can be expected of a year in history if it records the substitution of reason for emotion and truth for a dream. It is possible that future historians will say that the real victory in the Great War was won in 1920. America did not fight to make the world safe for democracy. Americans are not the kind of people to seek a safe world. Their forefathers were willing to leave a land where they might have been safe and sought a wilderness where they were distinctly unsafe. What they left their native land for was not safety but liberty, and for that they were willing to endure and to die. They were not the kind of people to seek peace first. They were therefore not disappointed when they

discovered that liberty meant struggle and strife. And their descendants sixty years ago were not seeking safety or peace. They were seeking liberty; some of them in one way, and some in another. But they sought it so eagerly that they were willing, like their forebears, to fight and die for it. And the Americans that went across the sea to fight in France and Flanders were not seeking to establish a permanent peace. Nor were they seeking any kind of safety. What they were seeking was to defend liberty. Individually and collectively they scorned safety. It did not matter to them whether freemen were safe or not. What did matter to them was that there should be in the world a power that denied freemen their right to be free. They hated war because they found it uncomfortable and full of restraints, but every one of them reserved the liberty, if he chose, of going to war again. And they proved that freedom is not only compatible with law, but can flourish only under law. Their contempt for their enemy was not only because he was a tyrant—and freemen always have contempt for tyranny—but because he was lawless.

During the war the real purpose of America was obscured, and for a time it almost seemed as if it might be thwarted. Peace was made an objective instead of freedom and justice. It seemed as if idealism was almost confounded with pacifism and emotional exaltation with virtue. And with the end of the war came a new danger to the real ideals of America. For month after month we were told almost without contradiction that unless an enduring peace were established by some compelling process the war against Germany and the resultant victory would prove to have been in vain. What will make 1920 memorable is the emergence of the truth from beneath that error. In that year men learned that peace with compulsion is no true ideal of freemen. In that year was established the true objective of the war—a new ideal of freedom under the law.

WE AGREE TO DIFFER ON A NUMBER OF THINGS

WE have taken the liberty of numbering certain paragraphs in the following letter which comes from a correspondent who seems to suspect The Outlook of undue sympathy for a number of isms. Our replies to these numbered paragraphs appear in the same order.

In accordance with the wishes of several voters, this communication is

submitted to you for publication in The Outlook at your earliest convenience.

(1) Since the five Socialists were expelled from the New York Assembly the editors of certain papers and magazines have manifested a maudlin sympathy for the ousted Assemblymen, which has encouraged the Reds to a great extent. Hence the time is propitious for an earnest consideration of the real facts pertaining thereto.

(2) The fundamental principle of political Socialism, together with its synonyms, Communism, Sovietism, and Bolshevism, is that of collective ownership, which no intelligent person believes can be installed peaceably, for it implies the inauguration of a régime very similar to what is now in vogue in Russia: viz., confiscation, rapine, and slaughter.

(3) Treason is an overt attempt to subvert the government to which the offender belongs. Therefore any one who defends the Reds in their diabolical efforts to acquire power and overthrow our present form of government becomes *particeps criminis* in the said offense.

(4) Debs became the idol of the Reds when he preached sedition and inculcated disloyalty to our Government. As a deserved punishment, Debs is now serving a long sentence in prison. Victor Berger was expelled from Congress because of his disloyalty and enmity toward the United States. The Reds consider him a martyr to their cause. Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman were deported along with many other Reds wholly because they manifested an earnest desire to disrupt our present form of government by inculcating treason and manifesting contempt for our laws.

(5) Although the five Reds expelled at Albany have thus far refrained from committing such acts as Debs or Berger were guilty of, yet their alliance with the Socialist party is *prima facie* evidence of their desire to overthrow our Government. Hence their expulsion was, and always will be, highly commendable.

(6) Another source of joy to all Reds is the advocacy of free speech by the major political parties, and which was ratified by millions of loyal Americans, regardless of the fact that free speech does not prevail in any civilized country. Free speech becomes a misnomer when its exercise is restricted by condign punishment. Speech is free enough now to proclaim anything worthy of being uttered.

Hitherto politics has generally been regarded as that division of ethics which deals with the government of a people and which assumes to safeguard their peace, prosperity, and happiness. But unless a marked change is made in its operations, a new definition should be applied.

WILLIAM WEST.

Cranford, New Jersey.

(1) We know of no newspaper or magazine save of an extremely radical tendency which has sympathized with the ousted Socialists themselves. The liberal and conservative press which

has complained against the ouster of the Socialists has been interested only in the principles violated in that ouster. It ought to be possible for citizens in a free nation to distinguish between sympathy with individuals or their beliefs and recognition of principles involved in dealing with those individuals.

(2) We see no objections to any one advocating a change of the American Government either into a communistic republic or into a monarchy so long as he advocates the use of Constitutional means to effect the end desired. If Americans are not intelligent enough to see the fallacy in the arguments put forward to advance such ends, they are not intelligent enough to be intrusted with self-government.

(3) Defense of the doctrines of the Bolsheviks and a defense of the right of an electorate to representation in an American legislative body are two separate and distinctive things. They cannot be put in the same category.

(4) Debs and Berger were punished for direct violations of law. Berkman and Goldman are almost as far removed in theory and practice from Debs as they are from the New York "Times." Debs believes in making the Government everything, Berkman and Goldman in making the Government nothing. At least this was their view when they were expelled from the United States as aliens convicted of crime. We have heard rumors that after an experience with Bolshevism in its own home they have come to see that America is not as bad as they thought.

(5) Alliance with the Socialist party may be *prima facie* evidence of a desire to change our Government. It does not necessarily imply a desire to overthrow our Government. The difference between these two positions must be, as we have said above, clearly and distinctly drawn.

(6) We are bewildered somewhat by the sentiment in this paragraph. Perhaps our correspondent differs from us in the definition of free speech. Free speech to our correspondent apparently means the right to say anything at any time without responsibility for the result. On the contrary, free speech means no such thing. It means the right to express one's views in speech or in writing, but it does not involve freedom from liability for the results which spring from what is said or written. Our correspondent is free to call his next-door neighbor a thief. There is no censor appointed to tell him in advance what he may or may not say. But if his neighbor is not a thief the neighbor can sue him for criminal libel, and if he cannot justify his charge he may go to prison or be



MARY ROSE (MISS RUTH CHATTERTON), HER HUSBAND, AND THEIR "GILLIE" PICNIC TOGETHER UPON "THE ISLAND THAT LIKES TO BE VISITED"

forced to pay a heavy fine. In speech, as in other things, freedom does not mean license.

A SHADOW OVER A PLEASANT LAND

A SHADOW has fallen on a pleasant and familiar land, the land of Barrie's make-believe. Perhaps those who saw "Dear Brutus" two seasons ago might have foretold the coming of this shadow, for there were elements in that play which hinted at darkening skies. At least in retrospect and in the presence of "Mary Rose" these warnings of an approaching change seem visible.

Barrie's new play, "Mary Rose," belongs in a world that never was on land or sea, but, unlike Barrie's other-world dramas of the past, the warmth of sunlight has almost disappeared and left in its place an eerie and tragic dream-land, peopled by fairies without delight and wraiths of souls lost to both the world of men and the world of dreams.

Mary Rose is the daughter of a middle-aged couple whose life is unclouded save by the memory of a strange happening of her childhood. When Mary Rose was a very young girl, they had taken her to a lonely place in the Hebrides, where in the midst of a loch lay a tiny island called in Gaelic "The Island That Likes To Be Visited." Left alone on this island, the little girl disappeared for a month, to be found again after thirty days with no memory of her absence and no trace of whatever

experience she underwent, save a certain remoteness of spirit which touched her only at lengthening intervals.

Her parents have concluded that when it came time for her to marry they must tell her future husband of this strange interlude in an otherwise normal life. Her lover is told the story when he asks for her hand, but the mystery does not deter him from making her his wife.

After their marriage and the birth of her son she journeys with her husband to the Hebrides and brings him to The Island That Likes To Be Visited. They picnic thereon, but when the time comes for them to depart voices heard only by Mary Rose call her away and she disappears.

It is no thirty-day interval which intervenes before she is brought back to her old father and mother and her husband, now a gray-haired captain of the Royal Navy. Thirty years have passed, her son has long since been lost in the vastness of Australia, but to Mary Rose this changed world does not exist. She is still the slender girl-wife who vanished from this mortal earth on the strange Island That Likes To Be Visited.

Much of what happens after her return is left to the reader's imagination. The last scene of the drama, like the first, is played in the deserted and broken mansion which was once her home. In the first scene of the play her son has returned in search of the familiar places of his youth. The play is a vision which he sees in one of the darkened and deserted chambers of his old home. The last scene of the play

returns again to this broken home and finds the son confronted with the ghost of his mother, searching for her lost child. Her troubled wraith finds only a shadow of comfort in his presence and at last disappears in answer to the call of the strange voices from that island which has played so tragic a part in her life on earth.

As in all of Barrie's dramas of lands that never were, he imparts a reality to fantasy which no other modern writer has achieved. His audiences are always ready to believe in fairies, ghosts, or phantom islands at his command. This illusion of reality is not absent from his present play, for Barrie has a truly creative imagination, an imagination which not only has the power of seeing with more than mortal eyes, but also the power of giving this sight to others. Somehow, we hope, however, that the next time Barrie calls his spirits from the vasty deep he will bring them from a land which has less of shadow and more of that sunlight of other years.

The title part of "Mary Rose" is played by Miss Ruth Chatterton. She is supported by an admirable company and she herself is a capable actress. Whisper it not among boarding-schools, but a Barrie play at the Empire must have evoked in many minds a longing for somebody long associated with that playhouse and that playwright. Except on one of Barrie's mystic islands, however, time passes and familiar faces one by one depart. They tell us that Maude Adams will never again be seen behind the familiar proscenium arch of the Empire, that the dauntless spirit of "Peter Pan" is to be for us all henceforth only a triumphant memory. What is to be, is to be, but perhaps Miss Chatterton will forgive us if at times we saw her with the unforgiving eyes of those who witness a strange figure seated in a chair filled with an eternal spirit of the past, and longed for other days.

ON DEAD CENTER

A STEAM-ENGINE when it can neither go ahead nor back is said to be "on dead center." Governments as well as steam-engines occasionally get "on dead center," and our own is no exception to this rule.

In fact, our Federal Constitution as it is now applied makes such a condition at least a quadrennial certainty; and in the last four years we have also learned that the limitations upon the physical strength of Presidents are likely to involve the country in such a state of Governmental stagnation at any moment.

The Constitution provides that the

President, together with the Vice-President, "shall hold office during the term of four years." Owing to the difficulties of travel at the time of the election of Washington, it was not until more than six months after the choosing of the electors by popular vote that he was inaugurated President of the United States. As a matter of fact, he did not assume office until April 30, 1789. As his second inauguration took place on March 4, 1793, his first term did not strictly conform to the Constitutional provision which we have quoted. Every President since his time, however, has had, save in cases of death, the full four years allotted by the Constitution, and therefore we have continued to inaugurate our Presidents nearly four months after they had been designated by popular vote. In practically every instance this period between the popular designation of a new President and his inauguration has been a time in which the Government has rested "on dead center." The disadvantage of this enforced term of idleness has been especially marked in the present year.

Possibly some astute lawyer might be able to work out a plan under which the retiring President could resign in December and his successor be inaugurated on the first of January following his popular designation. But undoubtedly the change could be effected by a Constitutional Amendment which would shorten some specific Presidential term by two months. Such a change would undoubtedly help towards making our Government a more responsible democracy.

There is another clause in the Constitution which requires no amendment to remove the difficulty which it involves. It is the clause which reads: "In case of the removal of the President from office or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice-President, and the Congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation, or inability, both of the President and Vice-President, declaring what officer shall then act as President, and such officer shall act accordingly, until the disability be removed, or a President shall be elected."

The Congress has definitely provided for successors to the President and Vice-President in cases of removal, death, or resignation, but it has never provided a method for determining what constitutes the inability of a President to discharge the powers and duties of his office.

President Wilson's serious illness during the last year undoubtedly made him unable to perform the duties of his

office. Congress at the present session should see to it that such a contingency does not arise again. Various methods have been suggested for the determination of such inability, among which may be mentioned the plan to have a medical board appointed by the Supreme Court at the instance of the National Legislature. This seems a feasible plan, though perhaps a better one may be discovered. In any case, a provision of similar effect would insure the Government against the danger of one "dead center" from which it has suffered injury in the past.

THE INCOME TAX AND LIBERTY BONDS

AN unpleasant, inconvenient, and in some cases disastrous fact of the present financial situation in this country is the depreciated value of Liberty Bonds. At this writing every issue of these bonds save the two Victory Loans is below ninety.

This means that every man who has a hundred-dollar Liberty Bond and is compelled to get cash for it will lose all the way from ten to fifteen dollars when he sells it, except in the case of the Victory Bonds. The Victories, since they are payable within a year, or two, are nearer par. A corporation which has a hundred thousand dollars' worth of any of the first four issues and has to sell them to get cash for its business or to pay its taxes may lose from ten to fifteen thousand dollars. The small holders who can put their bonds in safe-keeping and retain them until the day when they are payable by the Government will lose nothing. But there are comparatively few people who can do that.

Various plans have been suggested to remedy this situation—a situation which is unsound and unjust. Most of these proposals are based on a plan of refunding all Liberty Loans at a higher rate of interest. A New York financier has recently advocated that the entire issue of Liberty Bonds be refunded—that is to say, redeemed by a new issue of Government bonds to run for fifty years and to pay 5½ per cent for the first five years, 5 per cent for the second five years, 4½ per cent for the third five years, and for the remaining thirty-five years 4 per cent. He believes that such bonds will sell at par or over. This of course means that the Government would have to raise by taxation a much larger sum for interest than it is now paying on the present Liberty Bonds. The result would make it more difficult to reduce the war increases of the income tax. Thus the problem is how to

bring Liberty Bonds to par in an open market without increasing taxation. I venture to suggest the following outline of a plan to be considered in solving this problem.

Let the Government announce that all Liberty Bonds will be received at their par value in payment of the income taxes.

The first objection to this plan is that the Government needs the proceeds of income taxes in current money to pay its obligations; that Liberty Bonds are not current; and that the Government would have to sell these bonds in the open market for cash, which would at once depreciate their value and we should be in the same state as before.

My reply to this objection is that the Government might borrow currency from the Federal Reserve Bank to the full par value of the bonds. If this could be done, the advantage to the Government would be that it would substitute its non-interest-bearing notes for

its interest-bearing notes, a transaction which every business man would like to perform if he could.

There appear to be two objections to this substitution of Federal Reserve notes for the bonds which the Government will receive in payment of income taxes.

First, there is no provision in our present financial laws for such a substitute. This objection could be met by proper legislation in Congress. If desirable, Congress in twenty-four hours could pass an act permitting the Secretary of the Treasury to receive Liberty Bonds at their par value for income taxes and issue in their place non-interest-bearing currency.

The second objection is more vital. It might lead to an inflation of the currency, and many students of finance feel that we are now suffering from currency inflation. To this objection I have no reply to make, except that possible inflation might be mitigated by

receiving Liberty Bonds at par for only a specified portion of the income tax, such as the surtax or excess profits tax. It may possibly be a choice of evils which the financial experts of the country will have to consider and decide upon.

I briefly restate the problem. A vast amount of money, amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars, is tied up in Liberty Bonds which are now below par. To use these bonds in industry or taxpaying the business men of the country must lose from ten to fifteen per cent. Shall this unjust and unhealthy condition be remedied by increasing the rate of interest on the bonds, thus necessarily increasing taxation, or by the Government's receiving a large portion of them at par from year to year before they fall due for income taxes and issuing in their place non-interest-bearing currency by means of appropriate legislation?

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT.

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

THE MESSAGE OF THE WISE MEN

AMOTHER reads "Pilgrim's Progress" to her child. To him it is an interesting narrative of marvellous adventure. To her it carries a profounder meaning of spiritual experience. Much of life possesses thus a double meaning. It is a pantomime, often a tragic pantomime, the meaning of which we are left to discover for ourselves. The Creation stories and the Christmas stories are thus parables; their deeper meanings scholarship, absorbed in critical and historical study, has often missed. The object of this article is to point out the spiritual meaning in the Gospel story of the Wise Men.

In the East the pagan theologians were the counselors of kings and often directed their policies. The people believed in a great variety of gods—good, bad, and indifferent; but the theologians in one God, of whom the popular deities were manifestations or representatives. All these Wise Men pretended to seek—some really did seek—to ascertain the will of their God. They differed from the Hebrew prophets in one important respect; the Hebrew prophets sought for the voice of God in their souls; "the word of God came to me" was their common formula. The Magi, or Wise Men, sought for indications of the divine will in various material phenomena; those of Persia in the stars. This belief that the stars have for man a divine message prevailed even in Christendom until the science of astronomy destroyed it.

In the first century of the Christian era there was a widespread expectation throughout the Eastern world that a Deliverer from the woes under which mankind was groaning would ere long appear. Confucius in China had prophesied such a Deliverer, and it is said that a deputation of his followers going forth in search of him were the means of introducing Buddhism into China. Zoroaster in Persia had foretold to his followers the coming of such a world-Saviour. It would be quite natural for the Wise Men of his land to look for the fulfillment of his prophecy and to inquire of the stars when and where the promised Deliverer would be found. I wonder what they thought when they found a babe born of peasant parents, unheralded and unwelcomed in his native land. The narrator of the story does not tell us. He only tells us that they offered to the uncrowned and unentitled prince the gifts they had brought with them and then departed into their own country.

What was their message to their countrymen we do not know. What has been their message to the world ever since, what it is to us, seems to me clear.

They knew nothing of those truths the knowledge of which has to the Church often seemed essential. They knew nothing about the nature of Jesus, nothing about his spiritual mission, nothing about the Church or the sacraments or the creeds that were to be, nothing about the Old Testament, nothing about Jehovah, or the Fall, or the

Law and the prophets, or the Temple and the priesthood. They were simply seeking after God and the Deliverer whom they had a vague hope the unknown God would send into the world. Their faith was not a knowledge, it was only a hope. But, inspired by that hope, they had the courage to undertake a long, wearisome, and perhaps perilous journey of four or five months' duration. Their adventurous faith has been the theme of song and story ever since; and for nineteen centuries they have been known as the Three Wise Men, though they had no knowledge of the simplest elements of Christian theology.

Why Wise Men?

They were Wise Men because they were seekers after God, because they believed that to find Him was to find "the life that really is," the life eternal. And the story of their adventure illustrates the saying of Christ that every one that seeketh findeth, and the saying of Paul that God gives eternal life to all those who by steadfastness in well-doing seek for glory and honor and incorruption. For nineteen centuries the various churches have been preaching various conditions of salvation. Some have said, you must accept the Church; and some, its sacraments; and some, its creeds; and some, its Bible; and every Christmas or Epiphany they have all agreed to celebrate the adventure of the Three Wise Men who found their way to the Deliverer without Church or sacrament or creed or Bible, simply because they possessed sincerity of desire and steadfastness in pursuit,

CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



W. A. Nightingale, New Orleans, La.

A FIRE THAT THREATENED NEW ORLEANS SHIPPING

A great shipbuilding plant on the shores of the Mississippi River was partly destroyed by this fire, with a loss of \$2,000,000, and many ships with valuable cargoes were endangered



VICE-PRESIDENT MARSHALL INVITING SENATE PAGES TO A CHRISTMAS DINNER

Mr. Marshall this year gave a final Christmas dinner in the Senate restaurant to "his boys," following his custom since he became Vice-President. The picture shows the group arranging the affair on the steps of the Capitol at Washington

International



THE STREETS OF
MOSCOW DURING A
SOVIET
DEMONSTRATION

This is a photograph of a
great rally in support of
the Red troops as they left
to fight the Poles

International

MILWAUKEE
PRESENTS A
MEMORIAL TO
STRASBOURG

There was a time in the
early days of the war when
a reference to "the Amer-
ican consul at Milwaukee"
was a "sure fire" joke on
the vaudeville circuits. There
may have been a grain of
truth behind this bit of fun
but it certainly was not the
whole truth. The real atti-
tude of Milwaukee is more
nearly represented by this
picture of a Milwaukee dele-
gation which presented a
memorial to Strasbourg.
With prominent French offi-
cials, they are seen on the
balcony of the Strasbourg
City Hall watching a parade
of Alsatian societies



(C) Keystone

THE UNITED STATES IN AN ELECTION YEAR

BY SIR ARTHUR E. SHIPLEY, F.R.S., Sc.D.



(C) Underwood

"WE ONLY SAW ONE POLITICAL PARADE, AND THAT WAS IN FAVOR OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY. CERTAINLY IT WAS AT NIGHT, AND THERE WERE TORCHES THAT REDDENED FACES, BUT THE FACES WERE CERTAINLY NOT DRUNK WITH DREAMS OR, IN THIS YEAR OF OUR LORD, WITH ANYTHING ELSE"

IT is now a great deal more difficult to get into the United States than it is to get into England—and it is also a great deal more expensive. The American Consul-General in London demands, and gets, £2 16s. 8d. for marking your passport with an india-rubber stamp inscribed with the word "Seen." The English Consul-General in New York is content to visé the said document for the modest charge of fifty cents.

Then there is also a little matter of £2 10s. which the visitor to America must pay as head tax. This may or may not be refunded, providing the visitor does not remain more than two months.

Thirty-three years ago, when I acquired the transatlantic habit, these restrictions did not exist. Since 1887 I have visited the States more times than I care to remember, but, although I have been in that country at all seasons of the year, until this autumn I had never witnessed a Presidential election.

I had expected that the election of a President would be a somewhat exciting experience. I had anticipated something of the sort of thing Mr. J. C. Squire has so admirably put into verse:

A night there was, a crowd, a narrow street,
Torches that reddened faces drunk with dreams;
An orator exultant in defeat;
Banners, fierce songs, rough cheering, women's screams!

But there was nothing of the sort. We only saw one political parade, and that was in favor of the Republican party. Certainly it was at night, and there were a crowd, a narrow street, torches that reddened faces, but the faces were certainly not drunk with dreams or, in this year of our Lord, with anything else. There were banners and songs and cheering, but one didn't hear any women's screams, though the voices of some of them were shrill.

...

Nobody seemed to know very much about the candidates. We had heard in England that both came from Ohio, that both owned newspapers, and that both were married. If these were among the qualifications for the White House, it seems to us, so far away, that Mr. Cox's claims were slightly superior to those of Mr. Harding, for we had heard that the former owned two

newspapers and had been twice married; but in truth we know little about the whole matter. Our ignorance was recorded by a popular but baffled poet in the following verses:

I wish I knew some facts regarding
The private life of Mr. Harding;
I wish that I had simply stocks
Of anecdotes of Mr. Cox. . . .

In England, where they do not dwell,
No one appears to know them well.

On landing in New York, it is true, we met with some signs of political activity. On the dock stood a number of ladies carrying large cardboard placards, but when we got near enough to read them we found they bore nothing more germane to the election than "Anglo-American Friendship—Bah!" and "The English Employed Indians to Kill Your Ancestors." It wasn't quite clear what it all meant, but the ladies seemed very good-natured about it, and turned hither and thither so that we should have no difficulty in reading their placards. They seemed a more friendly race than those that used to pervade Westminster before the war, clamoring for women's suffrage.

One had expected to find, as one would have found in Great Britain, buildings in the towns, palings in the country, plastered with placards and portraits of the contending candidates, but, except an occasional photograph in a shop window, we had no opportunity of really learning what they looked like, and I have come away from the United States with the vague impression that both are handsome and fine-looking men of what we sometimes call the American type, but I am quite sure that if one of them came on board the ship I am writing on I should never recognize him. On the other hand, the country districts were sometimes decorated with the portraits of the candidates for some of the minor posts, but these were on a small scale and almost negligible.

It struck a Britisher as odd that neither party seemed to have any colors. No flower of a blameless life attached to either side. The red and white rose of the Lancaster and Yorks are unknown in the United States, and the small party badge, worn in the buttonhole and no bigger than a five-cent piece, attracts little attention.

Then again there was little attempt to sum up the parties' position in the single phrase. No such saying as "Peace with honor" seemed to dominate political situations, and, though there may have been political songs, I never happened to hear any. Music-hall songs, such as "We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do!" which used to

rouse to frenzy the aggressive party in British politics, seemed to be entirely absent. Both sides apparently contented themselves with a ceaseless repetition of the National anthems.

About the middle of October I had occasion to zigzag down the country from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico. Railway cars, especially the smoking-room end of the railway cars, usually gave one a fairly accurate insight into the people's mind at the moment. My fellow-travelers discussed all sorts of things. As we approached the South we dwelt chiefly on oil and cotton, but, with one exception, the election was never discussed. One day, near Dallas, in Texas, a young merchant said to me: "Last night I sat next to a lady in the theater, and I said to her, 'Do you think Governor Cox will be our next President?' She answered, 'What?' I repeated, 'Do you think Governor Cox will be our next President?' She said she didn't get me. Then I yelled in her ear for the third time, 'DO YOU THINK GOVERNOR COX WILL BE OUR NEXT PRESIDENT?' adding, 'Are you hard of hearing?' 'Oh, no,' she softly answered; 'I have heard of Harding.'"

Now which way, I wonder, did that lady vote, for a very great number of women evidently voted. They seemed to enjoy the new experience, though, I think, on the whole, they were a little disillusioned.

When I was tutor at my college in Cambridge, for many years I occupied rooms rent free; thus I did not fall under the lodger's franchise, and had no vote; consequently I keenly wanted one. As soon, however, as I paid rent for my chambers, and got the vote, I found how useless it was. I think the ladies to some extent will find the same. Before they had the vote—at any rate, in my country—before they were enfranchised, they seemed to think they could give their vote to the just and the honorable, the high-minded man. They are now finding out that they can only give it to Mr. X, whose politics they detest, or to Mr. Y, whose past they deplore. Voters have to vote for the man the machine sends along, and the machine is always mightier than the man. In such enormous constituencies as those of the United States there can of course be little personal canvassing except possibly by the members of Congress, who appeal to a much more limited franchise. The seekers after the higher posts depend almost entirely upon speeches and the newspaper platform. How much of what they promise they will succeed in doing is always a doubtful matter, but, as the colored gentleman that rebuked the Senator for standing on the platform at the end of the railway car, between stations, said, "A platform ain't meant to stand on; a platform's meant to get in on."

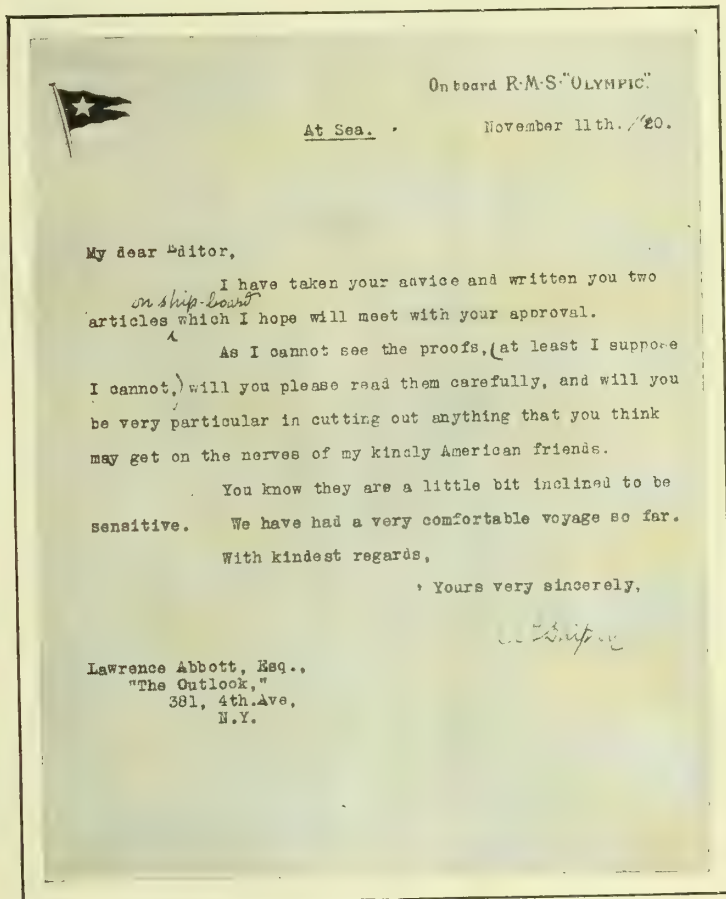
Perhaps the fact that the election was to so great an extent a foregone conclusion, that a deep ground-swell per-

ceptible for months to the political prophet was setting in favor of the Republican party, made the election, on the whole, a dull affair. But for the newspapers, we alien travelers might have passed through it like the Parisian gentleman who passed through the French Revolution without knowing it was going on.

. . .

Looking through the list of the American Presidents, with but one or two exceptions, and the exceptions are very properly Dutch, their names are all British and for the most part English. That is perhaps as it should be. The three great charters of liberty given to the world—the Magna Charta of King John's time, the Compact signed in the cabin of the Mayflower in James I's

time, and the Declaration of Independence of George III's time—were all drawn up and signed by Englishmen. At what exact moment Washington, Jefferson, and the others ceased to be Englishmen and became Americans can hardly be determined, but no one can deny that the greater part of the life they passed through was passed through as Englishmen. How long this state of things will continue is, for those who desire it to continue, a matter of some anxiety. At present the British strain tends to become swamped by an overflowing immigration from central and eastern Europe. The percentage of British descent was diminished and is diminishing, and many who have the welfare of the United States at heart wish that it should be increased.



Sir Arthur's letter was not intended for publication. We take the liberty of printing it, however, that our readers may know of Sir Arthur's solicitude for the feelings of his friends. We wish to assure them, moreover, as well as Sir Arthur himself, that nothing has been cut out, and that the most sensitive of Americans can find no just cause for offense in anything he has written, but only benefit and enjoyment from both this article and the one that will succeed it next week.—THE EDITORS

SOCIAL SANITARIUMS AND SOCIAL DOCTORS

BY WILLIAM R. GEORGE



GENERAL VIEW OF ABOUT ONE-THIRD OF THE JUNIOR REPUBLIC. IN PLACE OF PRISONS MR. GEORGE WOULD ESTABLISH COMMUNITIES NOT UNLIKE THIS, WHERE OFFENDERS, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF SOCIAL DOCTORS, WOULD UNDERGO TREATMENT MORE EFFICACIOUS AND, MAY BE, "EVEN MORE HEROIC THAN PUNISHMENT"

IN the year 1895 the writer put the Junior Republic into operation.

The Junior Republic is a village composed of youths who are given self-government to an extent never tried out with young people previous to its founding.

The plan worked, and, what is more, it met with public approval.

Contemplating the successes of the Junior Republic with some of its young citizens who had been lawless before entering the little colony and were made useful men by having the responsibilities of self-government thrust upon them, the writer reasoned that the idea of self-government might be carried to the prisons with great success, and about 1899 he worked out the theoretical idea of the "social sanitarium" as a substitute for prisons and reformatories. Doubts are freely expressed whether the much maligned officially labeled "dependent and delinquent" brother is the only member of human kind subject to social irregularities. All society ranges in social irregularities from being "a little odd or queer" to being the committers of such extreme crimes as murder. This fact being recognized, why should there not be social doctors of professional standing for the treatment of social ills with as much reason as there are medical doctors for the physical ills of society?

A five-year "try-out" has now been made in every manner that conditions allowed, and during that time publicity has been avoided, although every experiment has been carried on in the open. Peculiar conditions due to the war acted in some instances as a handicap, in others as a direct benefit; but the test of the theory has been so satisfactory that the writer now takes pleasure in presenting it to the thoughtful public for their consideration.

Harsh criticism is expected, for the quaint saying of an old farmer

that a lot of folks are always "down on" what they are not "up on" is recognized, and it remains to put this idea in such a way that those who will may at least get "up on" the main points of the theory.

SOMETHING OUT OF KILTER

Human society is afflicted with two sorts of ills: the physical and the social.

The physical body contains various organs—all important, some more so than others. Physical ills indicate that something is wrong with one or more of the physical organs.

The social body, if such a term be allowable, contains certain forces—all necessary, but some more vital than others. Social illness indicates that something is out of kilter with one or more of these social forces.

PHYSICAL ORGANS AND MEDICAL DOCTORS

There are four vital organs in the human body that may properly be termed the major organs. They are the

Heart	Stomach
Lungs	Kidneys

Almighty God through the agency of nature places the direct *responsibility* upon the heart to pump the blood, the lungs to care for respiration, the stomach to digest the food, and the kidneys to eliminate waste. If any of these organs are remiss in their duties, illness follows. When illness appears to be dangerous, a physician is usually summoned, amateurish treatment not being relied upon. He listens to our heart-beat, takes a count of the pulse, places a fever thermometer between our lips, marks our respiration, asks pointed questions about our diet. The medical doctor, by virtue of college degree and State license to practice medicine, is a free agent to do as he will in a professional capacity within certain laws. No body of worthy people known as "trustees" can "boss"

him in the discharge of his medical duties. They cannot say: "Our organization employs you; we, its influential, rich, or philanthropic managers, have a duty to direct you, and, besides, we know stomach trouble as well as you because we have all had colic." Therefore, when a medical doctor takes up a case, his professional skill has complete right of way. Riches, influence, and social position must take a siding for the time being. The only duty he owes is to his honorable profession.

SOCIAL FORCES AND SOCIAL DOCTORS

It is the purpose to establish an analogy as complete as the facts will warrant between the physical and social organisms of society and the treatment of the ills to which both have fallen heir. The resemblance between the two is striking, and the analogy serves to make clear the reason for a "social doctor" if there be social ills.

Therefore the four major forces of the "social body" should now be enumerated. They are:

Self-government	Recreation
Self-support	Service

No individual, community, or government can claim a social life worth the having without the possession of each one of these four forces with each force rising to its attendant responsibility. These four forces are as important to the existence of the social body as the heart, lungs, stomach, and kidneys are to the physical anatomy. They *must* function in some degree even though the results are not up to normal, just as the heart and other physical organs mentioned must function even though it be but indifferently. Stopping means death.

If any one of these social forces is sluggish or dormant, or, perchance, going to the other extreme, in a state of feverish or abnormal acceleration, there is certain to be extreme and

serious social illness, and a social doctor is needed immediately to make a searching professional examination with the same keen discrimination as that of the medical doctor in making his diagnosis.

And when he finds the weak or socially diseased point he should not stop with his diagnosis, but go into the game head over heels to perform a cure.

Every human being is sometimes socially ill; it may be only in a mild form, but, whether it be a slight or serious manifestation, it can always be traced to irregularity of the functioning of some one of these four forces.

Every one knows, if he stops to reason out the matter, that not more than five per cent of those who commit indictable offenses finally land in prison. The ninety-five per cent of equally guilty fellows who by some "hocus pocus" manage to wriggle out of the toils of the law still remain at large, and sometimes they are rated respectable. "How benighted!" we comment when we read in ancient history of a nation who regarded it a question of crime only when the offender was found out; and yet unconsciously we are prone to do the same thing, unless we are very good. In any event, all society regards the man who has been officially stamped by a legalized judge and jury with the label of delinquency as a person of quite another sort of clay from that of the rest of the people, and treats him accordingly; and the poor devil spends the remainder of his days half believing the thing himself. Yet not more than one out of twenty equally guilty suffers official and public humiliation.

PUNISHMENT VS. TREATMENT

Society decrees by law that crime shall be punished. A few hundred years ago they decreed the same thing about some forms of physical disease. Right here comes the parting of the ways between the legal decree of society and the principle of treating offenders on the basis of their being socially diseased.

Punishment *versus* treatment—which shall it be?

If the idea of social disease is a fallacy, and crimes against property or person are instigated by vicious but withal responsible brigands, then punishment and plenty of it should be meted out.

If, on the other hand, social disease is a fact, as many students of the subject have come to believe, it is as absurd to punish a man for a social lapse as it would be to punish him for having the measles.

This theory of treatment for crime may appear maudlin at first thought, but such is not the case. It does not express itself thus, "Naughty, naughty! Don't do that any more." Treatment may be even more heroic than punishment. For example, the dentist pulls an aching tooth. The operation is painful, but you hold no ill will against the dentist—in fact, after the tooth is out,



CRAP SHOOTING ON A CITY STREET

"Realizing that they are not expected to participate in any self-government responsibilities, the naturally good youths lapse into indifference, while the naturally wild ones regard the law, the judge, and the policeman as their natural enemies. A tacit freemasonry exists between all youths. 'I must not snitch,' is a universal watchword among them"

you regard him with unusual favor and besides pay him a fee. But if a man to punish you knocks your teeth down your throat with his clenched fist, the actual physical pain may not be as great as that inflicted by the dentist, but your psychological observation of the two operations varies materially.

No doubt the strongest advocates of punishment, if they lived in a democracy, would be loud in their praise of the forces of self-government, self-support, recreation, and service. If caught off their guard, they would concede the merits due them; but if confronted with these forces as an antidote for crime, would sidestep with alacrity, for the methods of dealing with offenders at this date are based upon the very opposite theory.

If we grant that these forces must all be functioning in a person to insure social life, how terribly wrong the present prison system must be! It deliberately says to a man: "You have governed and supported yourself so badly that the State is going to take self-government and self-support from you; your form of recreation has probably been one of the causes for your being in your present difficulty, therefore you will have but little hereabouts; and as for service, well, that can be in the form of doing three years of hard labor for the State, and at the end of your time you may leave this institution whether you are cured or not." What is the result? For answer follow the subsequent career of those who have been victims of the system.

A method for the regulation of some delinquents before resorting to imprisonment is probation. This is a long step forward on the part of society. The probation officers—God bless them!—are social doctors to a very great

extent, for the latitude offered them by officialdom permits them to treat social ills on the basis of the theories outlined in this article.

But all offenders, with the exception of murderers in the first degree and the feeble-minded who need special treatment from the psychiatrist, should be placed in a social sanitarium and therein remain until they are discharged therefrom by a delegated group of social doctors. Society should be protected from the fellow who is so socially ill that he cannot keep his hands off other people's property or persons—not for a stated time in months or years, as is the case with the present prison method, but until he is cured. A person with social disease so acute that his neighbors suffer therefrom has no more business to be at large than a person suffering from smallpox.

A complete description of the social sanitarium and its methods would take too great space at this time; but, to outline it very briefly, it is a series of five successive guarded inclosures, each inclosure comprising several hundred acres of land, each one of these inclosures constituting a complete self-governing community, and each of these communities excepting the last being identical in every detail with the other communities of the State in which the social sanitarium is located. A drive through these communities would disclose nothing different in the architecture of the buildings or the character of the work performed or the dress of the social patients or other residents than would be seen by driving through any other part of the country miles away from the sanitarium.

Upon conviction by a court, instead of going to prison as a convict, the offender enters the first inclosure of the



OFFICIALS OF THE JUNIOR REPUBLIC OVER TWENTY YEARS AGO

The girl at the left became a domestic science teacher and then married a physician. The boy next to her graduated from Ada College, Ohio, was a candidate for Congress, and is now a lawyer. The boy in the chair was coxswain of the crew and Phi Beta man at Cornell, graduated from the Harvard Law School, and is a lawyer. The boy at the extreme right graduated from Harvard and is editor of one of the leading dailies of New York State

social sanitarium. There is no loss of citizenship. And why should there be when we remember that the nineteen equally guilty who are not caught do not lose theirs? He is still a man. His family may reside with him if they desire; and they (the family) may depart therefrom whenever they wish, but of course he may not. Everything that tends to uplift and restore him to the normal is in operation. He has full opportunity to exercise the forces of self-government, self-support, recreation, and service.

When laws are violated in the first inclosure, the courts of that community, conducted by the social patients themselves, send the offenders to the second inclosure, where they remain until readmitted to the first again by the citizens of the first inclosure. General conditions in the second inclosure and those succeeding are the same as in the first; and in the first inclosure conditions, as already stated, are the same as in the world at large, but with each successive inclosure approaching the fifth the "patient" is removed farther from discharge to the outside world, for there is no way of returning except by the way he entered. In the fifth inclosure are those who are so hopelessly deficient that there is little hope of any permanent improvement, and these hopeless beings remain under the care of social doctors for the balance of their days, and are made as happy and comfortable as the circumstances of their cases will warrant.

Women while advocating their right to the suffrage would say with irony that every one seemed to have the right to self-government but women, convicts, children, and the insane.

Happily, the masculine element of mankind are quite generally seeing the advantage of giving women a greater part in the government of our country.

The same thing should be done for the sometimes called "criminal" under the geographical restriction of the Social Sanitarium.

INFANTS! EXCEPT IN WAR

With self-government proved a benefit to women and convicts, there still remains the question of its applicability to children. Consideration of the insane in this connection is of course out of the question; but in the matter of the children—or so-called children—we have a vital National issue. With all the wisdom of our forefathers in the matter of establishing constitutions, laws, and precedents, there never was a greater "fool thing" than that which designated a youth between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one an *infant*. The same statement might be applicable to most youths from sixteen to twenty-one, but certainly at eighteen the normal boy or girl is as fit for the essential duties of citizenship as the average man. Their mixing qualities, democratic instincts, open-mindedness, and all the advantages coming from present or recent touch with the great American public school and college systems especially qualify them for civic duties. Many men and women are apt to grow narrower in their political and social life as they advance in years, and they sometimes complain with a tinge of joy that their children keep them from retrograding completely. Of course our children "do not know as much as we do," but we have a "hunch" that some of our neighbors' young people know more than their nearest ancestors.

Society might ease its conscience for all time from its perpetration of injustice upon "adult minors" in classifying them as infants were it not that grim-visaged war every now and then comes stalking our way and throws the gaunt-

let at our feet. Then these "infants" in our National extremity rush to our aid, and lo! to our joy, we find that no fitter *men* ever existed to do or die to save the Nation. Does the United States Government expect less of a soldier of eighteen years than of one of thirty-five? In time of war they are men. When peace is declared, they are relegated to infancy.

The absurdity of legal infancy, after considering the facts, is enough to drive any self-respecting group to rebellion. Thank goodness, they don't see it in that light, for there are enough of them to keep the War Department busy if they should "start something."

The worst feature of this injustice to youth, however, is its reaction upon society. Realizing that they are not expected to participate in any self-government responsibilities, the naturally good youths lapse into indifference concerning civic affairs in general, while the naturally wild and vicious ones, who would accept responsibilities if they had them, commit disorderly acts because their relation to society's laws—not *their laws*—causes them to regard the law, the judge, and the policeman as their natural enemies. Good youths, although not participating in the depredations of the so-called bad ones, have a sort of fellow-feeling for the offender. A tacit freemasonry exists between all youth; "I must not snitch," is a universal watchword among them until the magic moment when in the twinkling of an eye they are transformed from official infancy to official manhood, with all its vested responsibilities. It is about that time that some young dare-devil who had previously occupied a favorite corner of the heart ceases to be a hero and is henceforth regarded as an outlaw. Civic responsibility has caused the change of mind.

At this point we make the direct charge that a large portion of juvenile delinquency is due to the fact that through lack of any responsibility being placed upon youths in the way of self-government they became indifferent to law enforcement, or, worse still, some become lawbreakers.

A JUNIOR MUNICIPALITY IN EVERY COMMUNITY

If in time of war youths are given full responsibilities of manhood, why not give them at least some responsibilities in time of peace? Is it not conceivable that they would respond? Believe me, they would, in a manner that would make some wise fossils open their eyes in amazement. I veritably believe that if adult minors of military age were given the direct responsibilities of handling the problem of delinquents below the age of twenty-one years, a marvelous change for the better would appear before much time had elapsed.

The successful try-out of this theory in its complete form in the Junior Republic at Freeville goes far to show the plan to be feasible. There will be no

attempt to give a history of the Junior Republic and its methods, for they are generally well known. It was founded on the basis that the four social forces of self-government, self-support, recreation, and service should be placed squarely up to youths of a decent age, and the belief that they would rise to the attendant responsibilities as well as adults. It was tried, and this first complete expression of a government of the youth, for the youth, and by the youth was successful. The Junior Republic is a village exactly the same as any other village in the land except for the fact that the citizens of the Junior Republic village reach their voting age at sixteen years and are given full responsibilities of citizenship at that time.

The idea of a Junior Municipality is another experiment in social doctoring that has worked successfully. The Junior Municipality is composed of all youths in a community between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one years. When one of these organizations is in operation, they have political parties and elect a Junior officer for every position occupied by a corresponding senior officer in the city government. The appointive positions are also filled by young citizens who are given such positions by the Junior Mayor. The duty of all Junior officers is to aid the senior officers in the discharge of their duties in every manner consistent with conditions.

Perhaps it may appear that the somewhat extended discussion of the "criminal" problem and the injustice to "adult minors" is a departure from the subject; but, in fact, it is very much to the point, for the social doctor understands that, whether it is the case of an individual or of a group, social life is maintained only through the functioning of the four forces of self-government, self-support, recreation, and service. Therefore when he is called to diagnose the case of the youth of our country and the officially classified delinquents he discovers that the professionals who have had these cases in



INAUGURATION OF JUNIOR REPUBLIC PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT
NINE YEARS AGO

The young man at the extreme left, the retiring president, gave his life for his country as lieutenant in the air service. Between the fellow taking the oath as president and the young woman waiting to be sworn in as vice-president is the judge of the Junior Republic, who also gave his life for his country. After graduating from the Albany Law School and being admitted to the bar he enlisted in the 27th Division, was commissioned as lieutenant, and was killed in action

charge have had no regard for some of these forces—particularly those of self-government and to a limited extent self-support—and have been trying without success to cure the social maladies by punishment, or the use of the method adopted by the Irishman who tried to cure a sore on the tail of his dog by cutting that appendage off close behind the ears.

It will be a long step in the right direction when there is a universal belief that self-government should be given an opportunity for self-expression in every individual and community, and that if it does not work just right it needs *treatment* not extermination.

Self-support should be compelled except in the case of the physically unfit and children. The idle rich and the lazy poor especially, need the stimulus of the goad of necessity.

These two forces are emphasized in this article, for there seems to be more of a tendency to neglect or qualify these than is the case with recreation and service. Hence very little is said

about these last two named major forces in this article.

EVERYBODY NEEDS THE SOCIAL DOCTOR

Let it be distinctly understood that the ideas herein recorded are not to be construed as "interloping" in the field of the church.

While all the members of society are victims of social ills, it remains for the officially labeled dependent and delinquent to come in for special organized attention as if they were the only humans afflicted with social disorders. Conferences, State and National, are held to discuss methods for their treatment, and philanthropic organizations are established, bountifully trusteeed, who employ experts to do a work akin to what we suggest for a social doctor.

What is the quarrel? None whatever, except we would that the rest of mankind, who need social treatment quite as much as those bearing an official label to that effect, could be treated by a professional social doctor without first applying for charity or being convicted of a crime. Furthermore, we all need him for some minor social troubles just as much as we need the medical doctor for minor but annoying physical ailments.

So we propose the social doctor duly licensed by the State, who can hang out his shingle and do business in the way of curing or ameliorating social ills in the same dignified and effective way that his medical brother treats the physical ills.

Above all, he should not be "bossed" by a board of trustees any more than a medical doctor, a lawyer, a Burbank, or an Edison. Not that boards of trustees are always out of order, for often they are absolutely essential, but in this comparatively new field of social work there are sometimes cases of over-trusteeing. Individual initiative should be encouraged, providing the individual and the initiative are of the right sort.

The social doctor idea is feasible.



A COURT IN SESSION AT THE JUNIOR REPUBLIC

The judge later was a law school graduate and then became United States Marshal

MONADNOCK THROUGH THE TREES

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

BEFORE there was in Egypt any sound
Of those who reared a more prodigious means
For the self-heavy sleep of kings and queens
Than hitherto had mocked the most renowned,—
Unvisioned here and waiting to be found,
Alone, amid remote and older scenes,
You loomed above ancestral evergreens
Before there were the first of us around.

And when the last of us, if we know how,
See farther from ourselves than we do now,
Assured with other sight than heretofore
That we have done our mortal best and worst,—
Your calm will be the same as when the first
Assyrians went howling south to war.

KNUD, SON OF KNUD¹

A STORY OF LINCOLN'S LAND

BY EMMA MAURITZ LARSON

FOR half a dozen years, while his long arms were busy handling the foaming pails of milk that were to make great yellow Danish cheeses, Knud Jensen thought of one thing: Some day he would go to America.

It was true that the pastures that he rented from the Baron were green and the cows gave richly, so that the red woolen stocking that Petra kept safely hidden was filling above the ankle with coins, and some of them golden crowns at that. But crowns are not all. Often Petra read to him from letters of her friends who had gone across the sea, and there were strange words—that in America there are no barons to own the land and take all the respect because their fathers before them had always been the high families, that newcomers could come quickly into many fine rights, and that farmers and shopkeepers and all could tell the Government what men they wished raised to the high places in the town and kingdom.

It was enough to think of for six slow, steady, comfortable years of cheeses on week days and church on Sundays. And sometimes they even talked of it a little over the savory peas and pork soup that marked Fridays or the cabbage and mutton of Tuesday's dinner.

But when their great year came they knew, without speech, that this was the time to go to America. And Petra began at once to pack the chest and the thick bags with her prized linens and embroideries, come carefully down from neat-handed mother and grandmother, and with the heavy woolen garments fashioned for northern winters. And with the larger ones went many softly

knitted little jackets and socks and even an odd snug, very round little pink-and-blue hood that scarcely went over the tightly closed fist of blushing happy big Knud.

By the time the chests and bags were ready Knud Jensen had sold his cows and his cheese forms and all the simple furniture of the cottage to his good neighbors, and on one of the long bright days of midsummer they set out, big Knud and his Petra, on the pilgrimage. Stopping to see old Auntie Croonquist, Petra's godmother, at the next town and lonely Uncle Per three miles out in the country, they came at last to the sea town where the ships rode the smooth water, one of them ready to go across to that very town of New York.

"We will be in the new land when August is here, perhaps even before that," said big Knud.

"We will be old, old Americans then before little—" Petra began, and laughed softly. "He will never know that his father and mother were once just Danish greenhorns."

"We will be smart and speak to him right away in the new American, as Hjalmer Lagerblad,* who came back for a visit, said, 'Hel-lo lilla Knud!'"

And they both laughed and dreamed, counting out the money carefully in their small upstairs room at the boarding-house, so that they might go down to the street of shops and offices to buy the tickets to go to the great new life. But at that very moment the landlady climbed the narrow stairs, breathing hard with the weight of her hurried message.

"There has come a man from the country to see you. He says the old uncle lies stiff and sick and his tongue is dumb."

"Yes," said neighbor Karl Lofroth a few moments later in the crowded little parlor below. "He cannot speak, but his eyes they ask something. The women say it is Petra he wishes, and they sent me so quickly to fetch you before you could sail away in the big ship that I came even in my old coat."

They went back with Karl to lonely Uncle Per, with his asking eyes and his still, still body, and by that bedside they stayed through the dragging nights and the brief day-lighted days of autumn and early winter until the second stroke came kindly and the old man went away from the chilly Danish country to the land without night.

When they came back from the cold stone Lutheran church, Petra started within an hour to pack again the chest and thick bags.

"It is not too late yet," she said, bravely. "He must be born an American, born an American. Uncle Per would take it no badness of respect to him that we should go at once, to-day."

They went through the deep-lying snows to the little station that very night and came again to the sea town, where only a ship or two now plunged and struggled in the hollows of the gray sea.

"We should wait," urged Knud then. "This thing is too hard for you."

"No, no," said Petra Jensen, and her voice was strong and eager, though the shadows hung gray under her blue eyes and she was full of weariness from the long nursing of the old uncle.

So big Knud went out to get the tickets for the ship that was to leave the harbor in two or three days on an uncertain January voyage. But when he returned an hour later he was led by a mysterious rosy-faced landlady to

¹ Motion picture rights reserved.

the cold little parlor, shut off for the winter from the heat of the rest of the house and looking colder than ever with its rime frost of tidies on all the stiff-stuffed chairs and walnut center table.

"I should tell you," half whispered the woman, breaking her great news finally in the sacred chill of that best room, "that you are a proud father, Mr. Jensen. There has come into this world since you went downtown a fine little boy, just as fine a little Dane as you could wish to see."

So it was that the tiny woolen jackets and the socks no longer than one's hand and the snug, very round cap were unpacked from the bottom of the chest, and they were none too warm for the early spring voyage that little Knud took across the wide stretch of the windy sea. And though big Knud's gray eyes smiled into Petra's blue ones over the frowzy white head of his son, she would hug her ruddy-faced sturdy little Dane close and say: "We are glad every day to have him here—but we should have beat him to America. It is too bad!"

They stopped for a few months in the Eastern States before finding just the place to go on to in the Middle West, where the farms looked more like the homeland, a better place for a man whose big hands had handled cheeses and milk-pails. So it happened that little Knud was a year old before big Knud found the chance to apply for the first of the great papers that should, in the course of five years, make him an entire American under the law.

THEY had not yet money enough, after the long journey, to buy land for a farm of their own, but there was plenty of time for that. Meanwhile Knud worked in a creamery, where he was soon at home, the big white-tiled room smelled so like his own Denmark dairy of new milk and pleasantly ripe cream and fragrant butter. The half a hundred other employees represented many parts of Europe, but a number of them were blond-haired northmen like himself. There was plenty of chance for picking up new friends, and from them learning many new things about the Government that was not a kingdom, but where every man had his vote for offices high and low.

Occasionally too he ran across friends from the old land, and he took them proudly out to the cottage at the edge of town where Petra had made a home out of four rooms, some golden-oak rocking-chairs, a red-clothed table, and a big American range that very quickly learned the knack of all the savory old-country dishes. The coffee-pot seemed always on the stove, and before the visitor had finished looking at the pictures of good neighbor Andersen's family and all the far-away kinsfolks Petra would have the table set for lunch with rusks and rich, crumbly "poor man's cake" and a potted plant in the center. There was always good talk of Denmark, but better talk yet

of this new country, with its fine stores and its parks with flowers free to look at, and its tall, crowded Lutheran churches.

Always, sooner or later, Petra would bring out the best of her happy past life—the beautiful embroideries done by mothers and grandmothers Sorensen and Jensen; and the best of her new life—big Knud's paper that in five years was to be exchanged to the last paper of naturalization and make little Knud almost as good as American-born. Then the cherished paper went back to its place of safekeeping with the marriage certificate and the Lutheran pastor's statement of little Knud's christening.

But one winter night when the boy was almost five there was a guest who hung on for a long time to the precious paper. He was Claus Paulssen, who had gone in the old days to school with big Knud and who had only lately discovered him here.

"You are soon ready for your last papers. When you get to voting, you let me tell you about some good men here. I have been here ten years, and I know many of them. Let me see, when do you get them?" He looked again at the date, then in surprise, "Why, you should get your last papers on the thirteenth day of February that is coming soon."

"No," said Knud, simply. "It takes five years."

"Well, look at that date. Five years from that makes this next February sure."

Knud studied the familiar paper long and carefully. It was strange that in its many handlings he had not seen that mistaken year date. It stood out now very clear and black. The figure read for the February when he and Petra were still in the Danish boarding-house at the seaport with little Knud, who had surprised them there.

"It is a mistake," said Knud. "We were still in the Danish sea town at that time. We did not come over until May, and it was the next winter that we made our home here and I went to the stone court-house for the paper."

"A mistake!" Claus Paulssen began, sneeringly, his red face growing redder yet. It was not the fresh, wholesome color of his Scandinavian ancestry, nor the healthy flush given by this American ozone. Knud Jensen did not like the looks of this newly discovered Claus, and already Petra felt the air tainted by his breath and wished him out of her house. "A mistake," he said again. "Well, I've seen a lot of the same kind around election time, and sometimes they're worth the risk."

Then suddenly he looked up from the smooth unscratched surface of the document to Knud's clear, honest, puzzled face. His tone changed quickly to surprised, wheedling virtue:

"It sure is a queer mistake. But you've got to take the Government's word. You can't change it after the judge made out the paper that way.

It's your plain duty to get your papers in February and help in the county and National elections."

"Five years it takes to make an entire American," Knud broke in. "Five years of living in this country after going to the courts for the first paper. And five years ago Petra and I were still in that Danish town by the sea even so late as when the grass grew green."

"Well, of course it doesn't matter," Claus said again. "You'll have to wait four whole years to vote for a President; but *you* don't care to help the country out or to have any say about who runs this State and county."

He waited for this to sink in, almost as though he knew that this was one of the great privileges Knud had come across the water to earn for himself and for his boy after him.

"It is a mistake." Knud spoke with decision that closed the talk. "The country does not need to be helped by such things. The truth is better. I can wait."

When Claus Paulssen went away that evening to his "many friends" on the shabbiest corners of the lower town streets, there was no urging on the part of the Jensens that he come back again. Never had they felt so toward any of the old friends. To himself Knud said, in his newly learned American way: "I have no time for a man like that." He might as well have broken their revered law of hospitality and said it aloud, for Petra knew and agreed, and even little Knud looked with questioning unfriendliness on that swaggering departing back that they were not yet to be rid of.

BUT they shortly forgot Claus in a new experience that took little Knud, full ripe five years old now, off to the American kindergarten, but seemed actually to enroll the whole family.

The boy was big of bone and tall, with steady gray eyes, built after the very fashion of his father. His thick shock of pale-yellow hair bristled always as though his tight red wool cap had just been drawn from his head. Petra with loving care had cross-stitched the sailor collar of his blue gingham blouse with a wonderful pattern of pine trees and reindeer, but the home-sewn black trousers above his thick-knit gray stockings reached too far below the knees without ending in the few little jaunty gathers and buckled straps that finished the knickerbockers of other little boys. The black shoes on his fast-growing feet had unnecessarily high heels and from the in-steps the long toes ran forward so far that they could not stay on the ground the whole way, but tilted unevenly up at their heavily capped ends. Knud thought them fine enough and wiped the winter slush carefully from them with dried grass, but even he knew that they were not dancing shoes.

That was the one hard, unpleasant

thing about this new life—that there were airy dances and lightly skipping games. During this part of every morning's programme little Knud Jensen, bare five years old but looking seven at least, his great rough yellow head towering above all his mates, stumbled and struggled with silent suffering to dance with dainty little American girls and boys, firmly shod in square-toed patent leathers. Not that any little girl ever willingly chose him for a partner, but sometimes Teacher managed it deftly or there was a dearth of dapper little boys.

Neither mother Petra nor father Knud dreamed that there was this shadowy side to the fine American life they sent their son into each morning. They saw his sturdy frame and his halo of yellow hair and his true, steady eyes, and they were glad and proud. And the boy said nothing.

Little Knud never had talked much. He was of the kind who speak best with their fingers, shaping and creating neatness and beauty. Was it not a wonderful tribute to the power of a little Dane to turn quickly into a smart American child that Teacher commended so warmly his brown corrugated paper washboard, his paper sled, his cut-out pictures of mother Petra hanging flapping clothes out on a line in a rollicking wind, and even his painting of a red, red poinsettia, splashingly lovely? Hardly a bit of Knud's handiwork could stay in the parlor with the red table-cover and the golden-oak rockers. Teacher wanted it brought back to school to be hung on the walls, so that visitors might see what beautifully matched and pasted and painted work one child could do, and an overseas boy at that.

Every day there was some time to do these marvelous things, and for that hour of sheer joy his knees forgot that they were too high for the low tables and chairs and folded happily under a checkered table. For that hour he lived through the humiliation of dancing time. He could bear much, try patiently, because after the dancing games there would be the chance to make things with his fingers.

But there came a day when this seemed hardly solace enough. It was toward the middle of February. The game of the morning was the worst possible one, so thought Knud, called out as partner to tiny Janie Dean in the gay half dance, half drama of "Oh, Won't You Come and Walk With Me?" Janie had wanted a different partner and she was much spoiled at home. Now she stamped her tiny foot straight on Knud's sore heart. "I won't dance with him!" she pouted. "He has horrid old shoes. He falls all over himself."

That was all, but it was more than enough. Even the joy of making a soldier hat, stiff and true and plumed at the finish with a carefully fringed tassel of red-white-and-blue tissue paper, couldn't take the mute pain out of the little Dane's eyes. No, nor the nicely

managed appeal of now penitent Janie for his help with her hat, which burst out repeatedly from the futile crooked folding of her helpless little pink hands. But Teacher read the story in the brooding gray eyes and understood and cared.

Suddenly she said: "Instead of a game before we go home I am going to tell you one of the best stories in the world, and it is a true one too. It is a story that belongs to to-morrow, the 12th of February, but I can't wait even that long to tell it to you."

THE first of the story had in it a little boy living in a log house in a land of forests and wild life, helping his father all day long to hunt food or plant gardens or chop down trees. There was no schoolhouse to go to, but at night he lay on the floor on a bearskin before the blazing fireplace and read all the books he could find anywhere. He was always big for his age, tall and strong, like Knud here, and he could do many things with his hands that other boys could not do. When he had grown to be a man, the people of America thought this Abraham Lincoln the only man wise enough and strong enough to be President and to help them out of all their troubles.

There was much more to the story than this sketchy outline, and even pictures of the log house where he had lived when he was about as big as Knud.

"He was a very great man," said Teacher, "but the two things he was proudest of were two things almost all of us have. He was proud of his mother, who had been very good to him, and that he was an American."

"I'm a 'Merican," interrupted Dewey Harris. "I'm named after a great boat man."

"I'm a 'Merican. I'm a 'Merican," clamored the high voices of little girls and the louder ones of the boys. Only one of all the circle sat still, some of the shadow still left in his gray eyes.

"We are all Americans," said Teacher, quietly, but in a tone that stopped all the little voices. "You know there are two kinds of Americans, and I'm sure that you are big enough to understand about them."

Small shoulders were squared, eyes were all attention, and all ears listened.

"One kind is like most of us, born in this beautiful country of America, where we have room enough for everybody and fine farms and towns and schools and churches, and people can be happy if they will only work well and be good. And the other kind are the people who were born far away across the sea in some other country but when they heard of America they thought they would like to come here and be Americans too. So they packed up their clothes and the most precious things in their houses and traveled in wagons and trains and ships, a long, hard journey, until they came to America. They are Americans, too, because

they chose to be; and sometimes I think that that is almost the best kind of American to be."

Teacher had almost forgotten what mites of countrymen she was talking to. She seemed only to look at one young face, full of an inarticulate passion of loyalty beneath unkempt yellow locks. But she turned back to the rustling circle.

"I wonder if any little boy or girl here was born across the sea?"

The children looked dazed. Then an obliging child with pink rosettes above her ears offered,

"Maybe I was. I think I remember I was."

"Martha wasn't either," shouted her cousin John. "She was borned in Chicago."

"My mother was born in France."

A clamor began then, offering fathers, mothers, aunts, and grandmothers uncertainly but heartily as the new kind of Americans.

But Teacher went on. "Perhaps there isn't any one here who was born across the sea and came with his father and mother in a big ship across the water to be Americans, but I thought maybe—"

Then slowly at last Knud got to his feet, standing in grave, silent dignity.

"Were you, Knud?"

"I think," deliberated the boy, "that I was borned in Denmark. I th-ink" (he approached his th's carefully, giving them extra thick value because the thinner was so much easier, and father Knud never said t'ink any more). "I th-ink I heard my mother say to Auntie how I was a little baby but I did not even cry when the water was going rough under the big ship. I hadn't got growed then, so I can't remember myself."

"Oh, he's a Denmarker then!" exclaimed the excited Dewey.

"Oh, no," said Teacher, and she smiled in a way good to see; "he is one of the new Americans I have been telling you about, whose father and mother chose to come to Abraham Lincoln's country, our country. To-morrow will be Lincoln's Birthday, and instead of games we will wear the soldier hats we made and march and wave our flags and be very proud of our country. And we want our newest American to wave the big flag—wave it high—while we sing 'America.' If Knud will ask his father and mother to-night if he really was born in Denmark, and they say yes, then he is our newest American and we will let him wave the big flag. That is the best honor any one could have in this whole school."

KNUD went home, his stumbling feet forgotten and the ache gone out of his brooding eyes. His steady, slow heart was on fire with a new warmth and loyalty and eagerness, yet he said no word of his great question to mother Petra when she gave him a lunch of a bowl of hot milk thickened and sprinkled with cinnamon. His

mother might be able to remember that he did not even cry on the great ship, but it was his father who would be able to say certainly that he was born in Denmark. No one but a tall, strong man could climb to the roof of a Danish cottage, such as he had seen in the pictures of an old country book, and reach the stork's nest fitted in snugly against the warm chimney and bring a baby down. The question must wait until he ran, as he always did, down the darkening street to meet big Knud with his scoured dinner-pail and warm, red clasping hand.

"Well, boy. So it is you."
"Yes, it is me," and off they would go along the crunching, snowy sidewalk and turn finally from the crisp cold into the cheerful warmth and yellow lamplight of the home kitchen, with the table already set for supper and the pots and pans steaming on the stove.

The great day drew near its dusk and little Knud left his play early to go down the street, twice as far as the usual meeting-place. But as the big bundled figure of big Knud came dimly into sight another one joined it, and when they reached little Knud, standing uncertainly at the corner, his father was deep in talk with Claus Paulssen.

Big Knud shifted his dinner-pail mechanically to grasp the thick blue mitten of his son. "So, boy, it is you," he began, but he did not hear the answer. Claus was filling all the air around with his hard, fast talk.

"I come like a friend to advise you. This is the time you should have your naturalization papers. I have some friends who are running for office in the county. The man for sheriff now, I know him very well. And he is willing to do something handsome for the men who will help him to gain the foreign vote. The Danes are a stubborn lot, and they do not take easily to any advice about the best men, but you know them at the creamery and the lodge and your big Lutheran church, and they admire your good sense. You could be a leader among them and have much influence if you could only vote yourself."

"I say again that the year date is a mistake. At that time I was wishing

to be an American, but I had not yet crossed the ocean," said Knud Jensen.

"It is your luck that the old judge, who was grown so old that his eyes were not much good, made that mistake," went on Claus. "I tell you that that man who is running for sheriff has lots of money and he is generous with his new friends."

Big Knud did not answer this time. Claus misread that disdaining silence and went on in softer, persuasive tones:

"Perhaps that figure is even correct. It would be easy for a hard-working man like you to forget or mistake the year he came over."

Then the slow, smoldering northern wrath broke. Without seeming conscious of the mittened hand of his son, Knud spoke of him:

"It is time that you should stop speaking, Claus Paulssen. Do you think that I would forget the birth of my son? We wished him to be born in America, to which we talked long of coming, and we hurried from the milk and cheese farm, but we had to stay long months in the winter caring for paralyzed old Uncle Per. And when we came at last to take the ship the boy came to us there in that Danish seaport. We would have had him an entire American, but soon, next year when I have the papers, he will be one, and not by cheating and lying shall it be done. And as for the vote for sheriff, I am not taking what the Americans would call rotten money for my rights."

They stopped on the last snowy corner, where a fluttering of diamond flakes drifted down under the high-hung street light. It showed Claus the grim, determined look of big Knud's face, but Claus took defeat slowly.

"For old time's sake, then," he ventured, counting on the close-knit ties that hold all Danes together, even in this New World.

But Knud thundered: "Go home, Claus Paulssen. With my door but a dozen steps away I would not ask you to come in."

That was far for a Dane to go, turning a countryman from his always hospitable house. Even coarse Claus Paulssen was stung to silence, and he turned roughly away in the night.

Big Knud turned toward the light in the little house. His rough-hewn face was kind and clear again and he pressed the small mitten.

"Well, boy, so it is you," he said, as though they had just met.

"Yes," said little Knud, "it is me." But to his father's surprise he went on with a slow, steady stream of talk.

"We maked soldier hats to-day. We will wear them to-morrow. We will march for that Abraham Lincoln's Birthday."

They had reached the door, and Petra opened it wide for them, all tidy in her starched lavender dress and blue gingham apron with cross-stitch roses blooming in a wide border along its hem. She slipped a cover slyly over a kettle on the stove to guard the supper surprise, but the savory odors that filled the room gave her away entirely.

Little Knud stood in the center of the room. He tugged at his tight red wool cap and it came off, dragging his thick hair up on end in a rough yellow halo. His mother smiled and reached over to smooth it down, but the boy moved a step nearer to his father and went on:

"I will wave the flag. I will wave it high. It is good that I am so tall."

Big Knud stood staring at his suddenly wordy son.

"What?" he asked.

"I will wave the flag high," little Knud repeated patiently, "because I am the newest 'Merican. Teacher said so. Teacher said my father he came a long way with trouble because he wanted to be a 'Merican man. We—we choosed to be 'Mericans, and that is the best kind. Teacher she said so."

Something more than the reflection of the kerosene-lamp light shone in big Knud's eyes. Then he smiled all over his long, homely, ruddy Danish face.

"Teacher in the American school said that, did she? Petra, do you hear what this boy says?" His gray eyes laughed into her blue ones. "So maybe we are not too late, after all, even if this Knud did fly to meet us in Denmark when we should have run to see him in America. We will be Americans yet, all three of us."

He stopped and sniffed the air. "It is mutton and cabbage, Petra. That is good."

Week after next, Mr. Harold T. Pulsifer, author of "Diana's Tenants," will describe what he regards as "The World's Worst Failure"

BRITISH RULE IN INDIA

BY DAVID DOWNIE

SOME years ago there was published in the Los Angeles "Times" and several other American papers "An Open Letter to President Roosevelt" protesting against his laudatory characterization of British rule in India. It was signed by seventeen Americans, mostly ministers. I wrote a reply to that letter, a copy of which was sent to a newspaper called "India." The editor refused to publish it, but it was published in "Truths about India" and other papers, showing the utter untruthfulness of the statements in the "Manifesto." In my paper I took occasion to say that I had been a missionary in India for more than thirty-five years, with exceptional opportunities of knowing the people and the Government, and that I could say without the slightest fear of contradiction that there was not a single word of truth in the statements referred to.

It would seem as if the replies then made to the so-called "Manifesto" should have been sufficient to satisfy the people of the United States of the ignorance that then prevailed regarding the Government of India, but such does not appear to be the case. I have before me as I write a paper published in New York entitled "The Tragedy of India," which not only repeats the fabulous statements of the "Manifesto," but adds to them a series of statements that are utterly untrue, and yet that are, I am credibly informed, believed by many otherwise intelligent people in America to be actual facts. One

wonders where Americans get such false impressions, for I cannot believe that many see the paper just referred to. I can think of at least three sources of misinformation. These are:

1. *Superficial World Tourists.* Some years ago, in Madras, I met a party of tourists who had come out to "do" India. Recognizing them as Americans, I asked one of them where they had landed. He did not seem to know, and asked one of his fellow-voyagers. "Landed? It was at Colombo, wasn't it?" "Oh, yes; so it was." I then asked if they had seen Kandy in Ceylon, or Tanjore, or Madura, or Trichinopoly. "No, we haven't seen anything; we landed at Colombo and are now on our way to Calcutta." Fancy a party of American tourists coming out to "do" India and passing through the whole of South India without seeing a single one of the noted places of one-half of the country they had crossed the continent of America and the Pacific Ocean to see! That may be an extreme case, but there are many tourists who make a hop, skip, and jump through India, speak with a few English-speaking Indians, get fed up with a lot of misinformation, and then go home and pose as authorities on things Indian. I have just returned from a furlough to America, where I found an amazing amount of this sort of information about India.

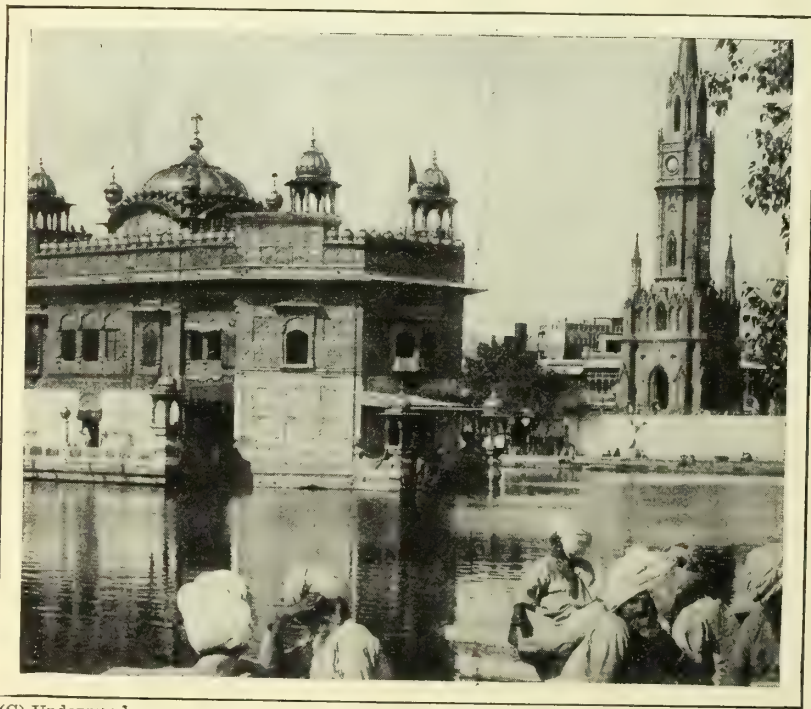
2. *Disappointed Students.* It is well known that Indian university students have Government employment as their

chief aim in seeking an education. That is not true of all. Some have law, medicine, and teaching as their aim; but the great mass have no use for an education if it does not secure for them some Government position. But to get that certain difficult examinations must be passed. A considerable proportion of the applicants fail. That, of course, brings disappointment. Of course the fault is not theirs. The fault is the Government's for demanding such stiff examinations. They will have revenge in doing all they can to discredit the Government.

These disappointed and disgruntled men have sympathizers, some of them in Government employ. They have money at their disposal, and gladly give it or lend it to aid in a crusade against the Government. America is known as a fruitful field for such an enterprise. So off they go to sow the seeds of dissension between Britain and America. Here is a specimen of how they begin, taken from the New York paper above mentioned:

"To the people of the United States of America: We know your love of fair play. The people of other countries have looked on America for the past century and a half as the refuge of the oppressed, a haven where the fighter for the right against might could find a sanctuary from the wrath of tyrants," etc. Then follows a long list of charges against the Government so utterly false that they cause one who lives in India to blush for the people whom he loves and for whom he lives. And what an atrocious reflection on the intelligence of the American people that they should be expected to believe such egregious falsehoods! And yet many do believe them, and much mischief is done thereby.

3. *The German Propaganda.* In spite of the Great War, Germany is said still to have her eye on India. She has probably given up the Berlin-Bagdad route, but there is still the route through the Ukraine and Afghanistan. To accomplish her purpose Britain must be discredited in the eyes of the people of India. Not a difficult thing to do with a small but persistently disloyal section of the people. Britain must be shown to be a dastardly Power, guilty of the most heinous crimes and the cause of famine, plague, and oppression of every sort. For that sort of stuff Germany is ready to pay a handsome price. And this also pleases the Irish-Americans who hate Britain with a bitter hatred. The following, taken from the Madras "Mail," confirms, in part at least, what I have said: "Sir Edward Carson, speaking regarding Ireland, said that there was ample evidence that the condition of affairs was all a part of the propaganda carried on in Egypt and India. The chief offices



(C) Underwood

A CONTRAST BETWEEN ANCIENT INDIAN ARCHITECTURE (THE GOLDEN TEMPLE, ON THE LEFT) AND BRITISH ARCHITECTURE (THE CLOCK TOWER, ON THE RIGHT). THIS SCENE IS AT AMRITSAR, ON THE SACRED LAKE



Keystone

LORD CHELMSFORD
VICEROY OF INDIA

were in New York. The directors of the campaign were not animated by any desire to help Ireland, but from hatred were working to destroy the British Empire. Whether it came via Germany or not, a great part of the funds for the movement came from New York."

INDIA BEFORE THE BRITISH CAME

These false accusers speak of "the independent India of two centuries ago." There was no independent India two centuries ago, nor at any other period. From the Aryan invasion, which took place before 1500 B.C., there was no such thing as independence or a general government of India till the British came. When the Aryans, the Brahmins of the present day, invaded India, they found a people already here. They were the Dravidian races, some say they were the aborigines; these the Aryans drove south and up to the hills. Thus the Dravidians were deprived of what freedom they had and were made practically the slaves of the Aryans. Yet it is these Aryans that are now clamoring about their "ancient civilization and independence."

Alexander the Great invaded India in 327 B.C., but he did not conquer a single province, much less form a government. As a result of his invasion there sprang up a number of Indian adventurers who each aspired to gain a kingdom. They established a number of dynasties, but no one of them ever established a general government of India. The two most important dynasties were the Buddhist and the Mogul.

THE BUDDHIST DYNASTY

From 264 to 227 B.C. Asoka reigned over what is now known as the province of Behar. He became an earnest and devoted convert to Buddhism, and for two hundred years that religion spread all over northern India. It was an attempt to reform Hinduism. The two religions coexisted for two thousand years. But Buddhism failed to reform Hinduism, which remains the

dominant religion to the present day. Buddhism has all but died out in India, but flourishes in Burma, Ceylon, Tibet, and China.

THE MOGUL DYNASTY

The Mogul dynasty was probably more important than all those that preceded it. It lasted from 1525 to 1857, a period which saw more ferocious wars than any other period in the history of India. The enmity that existed between the Hindus and Mohammedans has never been altogether eradicated, though at present there seems to be more or less friendship between the two races. This, however, is evidently for political purposes, just as certain parties pretend friendship for Ireland for the purpose of securing the Irish-American vote. But all through these centuries there has never been anything like a government of the entire country.

THE EAST INDIA COMPANY

Great Britain did not invade India for the purpose of war and conquest, as the Aryans and Mohammedans did. The East India Company was established solely for the purpose of trade. The French and Portuguese came for the same purpose and still have small provinces in the country. Misunderstandings among these companies and the native peoples led to war. Either by concession or conquest the company's "sphere of influence" was extended till it became the dominant power.

THE INDIAN GOVERNMENT

The Indian Government consists of (1) The Home Government in England; (2) the Supreme Government in

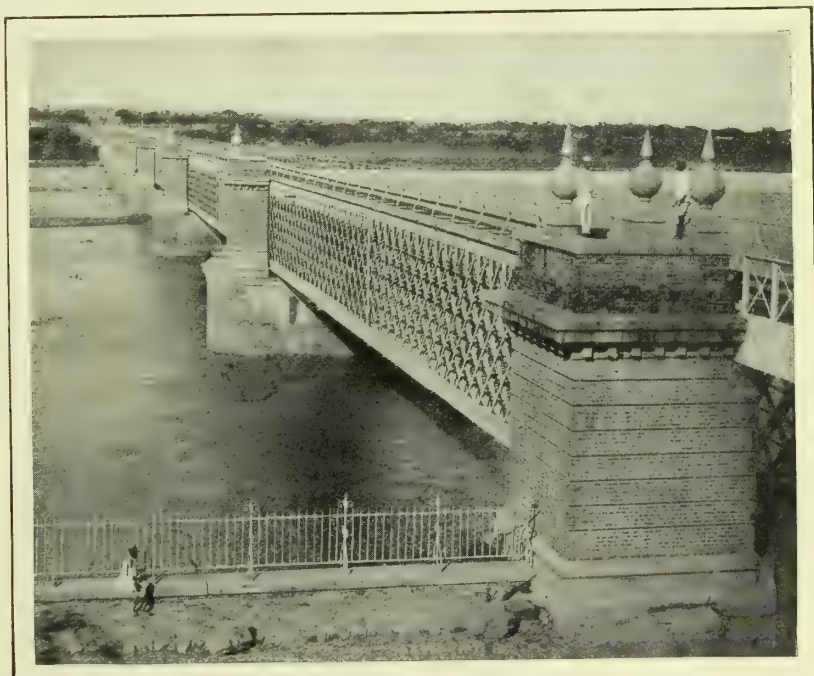
India; (3) the provincial governments; and (4) the self-governments or governments of the native states.

1. *The Home Government.* This consists of a Secretary of State for India, with a Council. He is really the head of the Indian Government, subject to the British Cabinet. He is assisted by a Council of from ten to fourteen members, partly Britons and partly Indians, but all familiar with Indian affairs. Nominally, the King appoints the Viceroy of India, but really it is the Secretary of State, acting for the Cabinet, who does it.

2. *The Supreme Government in India.* This consists (1) of the Viceroy and the Executive Council. It consists of six members, of whom one must be an Indian, but by the new Constitution there must be not less than three Indians. At least, that is the recommendation of the Montague Committee, now before Parliament. The Committee add to their report "that as time goes on it is more and more likely that the members of the Council will be Indian rather than European."

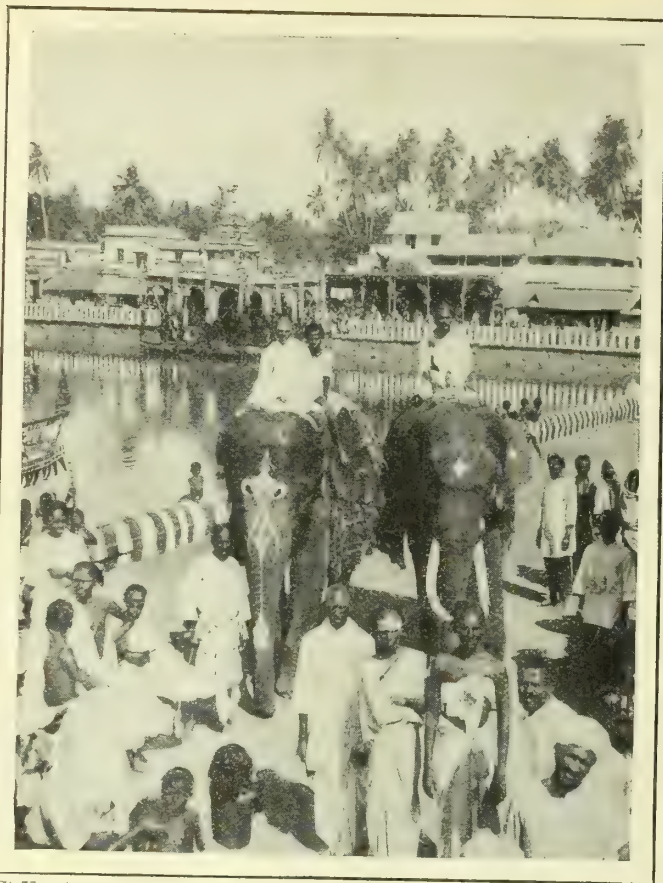
(2) *The Legislative Council.* This body, under the new act, will be replaced by two councils, called the Council of State and the Legislative Assembly. The Council of State will consist of 60 members, of whom 33 shall be elected and 27 nominated. Of the latter not more than twenty shall be officials. Of the elected members only three shall be returned by European or Anglo-Indian constituencies.

The Legislative Assembly will consist of 143 members, of whom 102 shall be elected and the rest shall be nominated. Of the nominated members not more than twenty-six will be officials. Of the elected members only nine are



(C) Underwood

"BRITAIN HAS DEVELOPED THE COUNTRY AS IT NEVER WAS BEFORE SHE CAME. . . . SHE HAS THREADED THE COUNTRY WITH RAILWAYS . . ." THIS IS THE RAILWAY BRIDGE AT DELHI



(C) Keystone

DRAVIDIAN PEOPLE AND CHARACTERISTIC DRAVIDIAN ARCHITECTURE, AT MADURA.
THE SCENE IS A FESTIVAL IN HONOR OF THE GOD VISHNU

to be returned by European or Anglo-Indian constituencies.

3. *Provincial Governments.* There are ten provinces. These are Madras, Bombay, Bengal, United Provinces, Assam, Burma, and Delhi. As the governments are practically the same in all, I shall speak in detail only of Madras.

4. *The Native States.* It is not generally known that there are in India some seven hundred native states with more or less of independence and self-government. In the larger of these states there is usually a British Resident, who advises and looks after the interests of the state and at the same time sees that the interests of Britain are safeguarded.

THE MADRAS PRESIDENCY

The Madras Presidency covers a large portion of South India, and has a population of upward of fifty millions.

The *Chief Executive* consists of a Governor and Council of three members, one of whom must be an Indian. In the new act the number will be increased to four, one of whom must have had at least twelve years' service in the Government. The others may be non-officials.

The *Legislative Council* will consist of 127 members, of whom 98 will be elected and the rest nominated, not more than 19 being officials. Of the elected members only five may be returned by European or Anglo-Indian constituencies. By the old act only

7,000 persons had the franchise, by the new act 540,000 will have the right to vote.

For the present the Supreme Government will continue to control a few matters, such as the military, the postal system, the police, coinage, and relations with the native states. It will thus be seen that the people will have a very large share in the government of their own country.

District Boards. In the Madras Presidency there are 22 districts. In each district there is a district board, consisting of about 25 members, partly elected and partly nominated. The size of these districts differs, but they may average about five thousand square miles, each with a population of about 1,500,000. Each district is governed by a collector or chief magistrate, a judge, superintendent of police, district engineer, and district surgeon. The collector is usually the chairman of the board,¹ though the deputy collector, who is generally an Indian, usually presides. The missionaries of the districts are generally members of the board, but of the twenty or twenty-five members there rarely are more than four or five Europeans present at the meetings.

The boards are permitted to spend a considerable part of the revenue of the district for specified objects, such as irrigation, agriculture, education, roads, sanitation, etc.

¹That is the District Board, which is to be distinguished from the District Administration.
—The Editors.

Municipalities. All the larger cities and towns have their own municipal councils, composed almost exclusively of Indians. Like the district boards, these councils manage their own affairs, subject to the supervision of the collector.

To show how far these districts are under the control of Indians, I have before me an official statement showing the percentage of European and Indian officials in five of the districts taken at random. In the Kistna District the percentage of Indians is 77. In Guntur it is 85. In Godavery it is 70. In Tinnevely it is 68. In Cuddapah it is 95.

Since the above statement was written "New India" of March 31 publishes the following: "Our Tanjore news letter states that Mr. Narayana Iyer, I. C. S. (Indian Civil Service), becomes District Judge and Mr. P. C. Dutt, I. C. S., succeeds Mr. J. R. Higgins as Collector. Thus both the Collector and the Judge of this important district will be Indians." The correspondent adds: "When the official changes above reported take place, we will have in this district a group of Indian officials presiding over all the important branches of departmental administration, the only European officer left behind being Mr. A. J. King, I. C. S., Headquarters Sub-Collector and additional District Magistrate. With Mr. Dutt as Collector, Mr. Narayana as Judge, Mr. Govinda Nair as District Superintendent of Police, Major Rai as District Surgeon, and Mr. Parameswami Pillai as Executive Engineer the administration of the district becomes wholly Indianized at the top as well as at the bottom." "New India" adds, "We offer our congratulations to the district." It may be added in this connection that of the fifty High Court judges in the six High Courts of India, eighteen are Indians.

It will thus be seen that Britain is doing what Queen Victoria said she would do, namely: "We hold ourselves bound to the Natives of our Indian Territories by the same obligations of duty which bind Us to all Our other subjects; and those obligations, by the blessing of God, We shall faithfully and conscientiously fulfill. And it is Our further will that so far as may be, Our subjects of whatever race or creed be freely and impartially admitted to office in Our service, the duties of which they may be qualified, by their education, ability, and integrity, duly to discharge."

WHAT BRITAIN HAS DONE FOR INDIA

What Britain has done for India, if it were all told, would fill a large book. I can only just mention some of the outstanding benefits Britain has conferred on India since she became the ruling power.

In the first place, she has stopped foreign invasions. Beginning with the Aryan invasion before 1500 B.C., there was an almost uninterrupted succession of invasions and cruel wars. The Aryans,

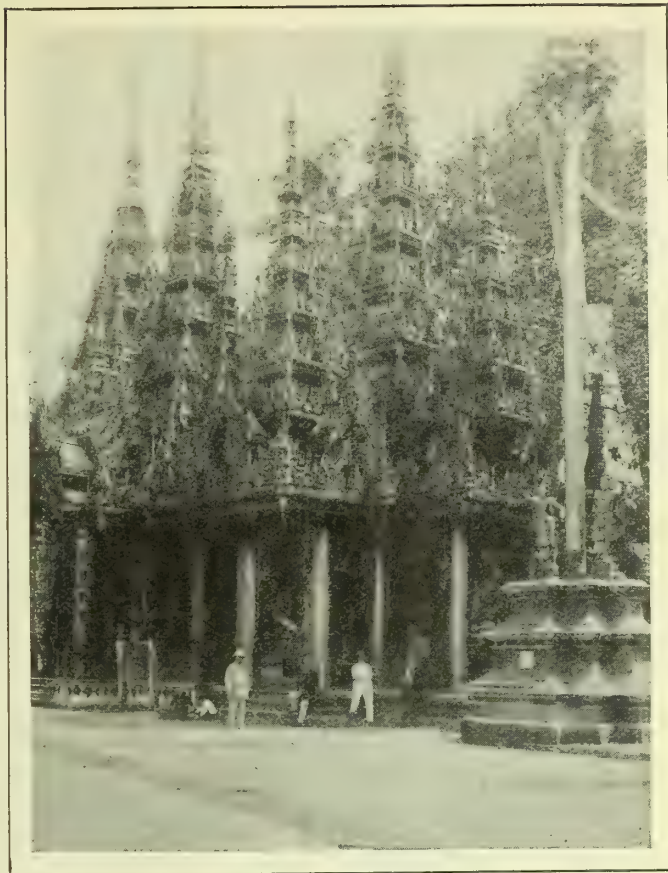
in spite of their boasted civilization, made war a part of their religion. In the Rig-Veda Indra is invited to "quaff the soma-juice abundantly," and is urged to destroy its enemies. "Hurl thy thunderbolts upon them, uproot them, cleave them asunder." The Mahabharata, the epic poem of the Hindus, is simply a history of successive wars ending in almost total destruction of the contending parties. Nor were the Mohammedan wars less cruel and destructive. During seven hundred years the warring races of Central Asia and Afghanistan kept up perpetual wars, pillage, and massacre. For putting a stop to these horrible invasions and bloody wars India owes a debt of gratitude to Britain which she can never fully repay.

Secondly, Britain has given to India a Government by which protection and civil and political rights are secured to the people. She has established a splendid system of police and courts of justice by which justice is secured to all classes, irrespective of caste, creed, or color.

Thirdly, Britain has developed the country as it never was before she came. She has established a magnificent postal and telegraph system; threaded the country with railways and canals, thus helping to avert, or at least to mitigate, the effects of the periodic famines, caused by the failure of the monsoon rains, to which the country is subject and for which no human prevention has yet been found. In the paper I referred to in the beginning of this article there is this statement: "Without irrigation agriculture is impossible. Irrigation has been culpably neglected by the Government." The writer of that statement made a terrible blunder, for if there is any one thing more than another that the Government has done to develop the country, it is in the line of irrigation. Many examples of this might be given, but I will cite but two with which I am personally familiar.

The Sungam Project, in the Nellore District, opened up 70,000 acres of land which was either wholly or partially unsuitable for wet cultivation. The cost of this project was \$1,250,665. The Government borrowed the money and gradually recovered it in taxes on the land benefited. The tax on irrigated land varies with the situation of the land and the amount of water required. A fair average might be about five dollars an acre. The gain to the farmer would be at least three times that.

In the Madura and Cuddapah Districts there is what is known as the Periyar System, which opened up 128,000 acres of wet cultivation. Since that project was completed the population of the tract covered by the system increased by forty-four per cent as against twenty-eight per cent in previous years. The price of land increased from 75 to 175 rupees per acre. The increase of irrigated crops as compared with dry-land crops is about three to one. These are samples of



"BUDDHISM HAS ALL BUT DIED OUT IN INDIA, BUT FLOURISHES IN BURMA." THIS BUDDHIST TEMPLE IS AT RANGOON, THE CAPITAL OF BURMA, WHICH IS ONE OF THE CHIEF PROVINCES OF BRITISH INDIA

the irrigation works which the Government has started and carried on all over India. Men who say that the Government is doing nothing to assist the people in developing their lands and thus increasing their incomes are either grossly ignorant or are stating what they know to be absolutely false.

Mr. Akshaya K. Ghose, a celebrated professor and barrister at law, has written a little book called "Progressive India," to which I am indebted for some of the above facts, and from which I quote as follows: "The peace and freedom in which we live, the security with which we can go about from place to place, the facility with which we can get what we want, the scope we have for employing our energy and intellect to the best advantage, all these go to show the character and efficiency of the system of government. In the government of our country, we, its people, are progressively getting greater and greater opportunities of taking our share. This should not only be a matter of pride to those who have attained the privilege of holding high office, but also an incentive to all young men . . . to fit themselves . . . to take part . . . in public life. . . . There will always be some people to find fault and criticise the Government in season and out of season. But the people of India have been taught that loyalty to Government is a religious duty."

Such a statement from such a source ought to weigh more with intelligent

Americans than the blatant and false accusations of a few disappointed and disgruntled Indians, supported, in all probability, by German propaganda.

When Theodore Roosevelt was President of the United States, I called on him at the White House to pay my respects. He said, "You are from India?" I said, "Yes." "Well, what is your opinion of the British Government in India?" I said that, in my opinion, it is the best government India ever had and the best possible in present conditions. He replied: "I am mighty glad to hear you say so. It is exactly my own opinion." On another occasion he is reported to have said: "If Britain had never done more than what she has done for India, she would well merit her splendid reputation as a colonizing nation."

I am proud to have my own convictions confirmed by such a shrewd and far-seeing statesman as President Roosevelt. Considering the vast multitudes of such diverse races, creeds, and religions that go to make up the population of India, I do not believe there is a nation on earth that could give India a better government than she now has. I do not say it is perfect or as good as I hope and expect that it will be, but I do believe that it is the very best possible under present conditions. To do what a very small coterie of Indians are clamoring for, in my opinion, would be fatal to the prosperity of this great country.

Coonoor, South India.

THE TOWN SQUARE OF OLD PLYMOUTH

A PICTURE FROM AN OUTLOOK READER



From Lillian M. Hobart, Plymouth, Mass.

A GLIMPSE OF PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS, SHOWING THE TOWN SQUARE

The Tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth was celebrated December 21 with impressive ceremonies, a distinguished audience gathering to listen to an oration by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge

THE BOOK TABLE: DEVOTED TO BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

HEMMED IN BY CIRCUMSTANCE

JUST now among the novelists there seems to be a recrudescence of the age-old question, Can man (and in fiction, naturally, more especially woman) escape the pressure of environment? Must we submit or may we break through? The novelist's answer in books of this new-old trend is apt to be dismal and hopeless. Such titles as that of Hugh Walpole's new novel, "The Captives," and that of the Dutch novelist Louis Couperus, "The Inevitable," forbode the pessimistic reply, while Sinclair Lewis's much discussed and acclaimed "Main Street" is correctly described by its publishers as a picture of an "eager girl imprisoned in the smugness of the small town" and rebelling in vain against "respectability like a vast wall shutting out gayety and wonder." Perhaps it is a reflex of unstable moral and material conditions of the time that in none of these novels does the reader find the conquering courage that breaks through circumstance, that makes character and will power superior over crassness and deadness. The problem is really akin, in such writers' conception, to the Greek idea of tragic fate, immovable and irresistible; akin also to the old theological hard nut to crack—free will and predestination.

Mr. Walpole wrote the first part of "The Captives"¹ four years ago, laid it aside for other work, notably his delightful study of boy life in "Jeremy," and has but lately taken up and finished the present novel. One suspects that he was a little in doubt as to the just and logical outcome of his situation when he reached a certain point in its development. At least the latter part does not have the assured touch and the dramatic spirit of that part setting out the personal problem. His Maggie, a plain, not brilliant girl, is hemmed in captive by a narrow circle of religious fanatics, Second Adventists who know that the coming of the Lord is at hand. There was always "the spirit of the chapel watching her, spying on her to see that she did not escape." From this circle it seems that she is about to escape through the one love passion of her life, but distressful and fateful events make this escape impossible. She marries an English clergyman whom she does not love, only to find in his parish and family an equally repellent though different pietism and a total lack of human sympathy. Forces adverse and hateful seem to spring up on every hand. When she tries to find solace in rescuing her first and only lover, his broken and hopeless state makes the future wan and desolate. Maggie is a fine, strong character, stanch in her one great passion and a fighter against overmastering odds. In distinction of literary workmanship Mr. Walpole is at his best in this story; if it is depressing and smileless, the

fault is that of the theme. The book appeals strongly to those who can feel and think, not to those who want fun or excitement. It is drama, but drama of a subjective order.

Of Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street"² Mr. William Allen White declares: "Our town (and presumably every small town) should vote bonds to distribute 'Main Street' in every home and compel its reading in the public schools." I disagree. Gopher Prairie, Minnesota, is not a typical American town. The basic fault of the book is that the author insists that it is. "Its Main Street," he says, "is the continuation of Main Streets everywhere. The story would be the same in Ohio or Montana, in Kansas or Kentucky or Illinois, and not very differently would it be told Up York State or in the Carolina Hills." Not so. Gopher Prairie is untypical in human sympathy, in generous instincts, in kindness of heart. Its people are not merely heavy in mind, ludicrously dead to art and literature and world movements; they are selfish, grasping, slander-loving, ignoble. Mr. White himself has given us close studies of the Middle West small town in his two major novels; so has Zona Gale; so for New England communities have Alice Brown, Joseph Lincoln, and others. But mark the difference! In those stories the picture has light as well as dark; evil and ignorance are faithfully rendered, but there are also inspiration, fortitude, and sacrifice. In Gopher Prairie there is no one to admire; the nearest to it is Dr. Kennicott, husband of the would-be reformer, Carol; and he is a stolid doctor working hard to get money, easily tempted into intrigue without love, coarse in feeling as well as in taste.

Carol herself is a shallow sort of reformer; her mind is worried more because the townspeople have ugly houses than because they have ugly souls; she cannot forgive them for not reading Shaw, for not knowing who Kreisler is, or for not talking about Russian dancers. She means to "uplift" the town, but it hoots her æstheticism; she slowly yields to the inevitable; she becomes captive to the town, not its liberator.

This is the strongest criticism to be made on "Main Street." Opinions may differ as to the effectiveness of Mr. Lewis's excessive realism, which describes almost every store in town down to the knot-holes and the condition of the paint on every shelf. Some readers balk at this; others find it fascinating. At all events, the book is alive, and its actuality is vital even if painful. One is willing to go further than this, and admit that the story may be of value, but only as a half-complete photograph showing us the wrong side and hiding the right side of the truly typi-

cal American small town of the Middle West.

What is "Inevitable" in Mr. Couperus's novel of that name³ is that the beautiful and passionate woman in its foreground should be unable to resist her own worst fault of temperament. She loves a brutal, profane, cursing officer of a husband; divorces him when he beats her; becomes the mistress of a sweet-tempered, mild, and courteous artist and loves him deeply; accidentally sees her erstwhile husband, is fiercely moved by him again, and "inevitably" throws over the poor artist and again passionately loves the brute. What does this signify? Nothing.

But "Inevitable" is decidedly well written and translated; it is extremely attractive in its pictures of Rome, of Italian society, and of the foreign colonists—and is in this way a worthy companion piece to Zola's "Rome" and Marion Crawford's Saracinesca novels.

As a contrast to these three novels of hemmed-in conditions may be prescribed a capital old-fashioned historical tale with abundance of plot and action. In Mr. Knipe's "The Watch-Dog of the Crown"⁴ Sir Henry Seymour, Lord Admiral of England, even plots when, *literally*, his head is on the block. And the lovely Lady Frances Grey is his aid in planning the murder of the boy King Edward and the Princess Mary (later Bloody Mary), all for her who became Queen Elizabeth. The only thing that was "inevitable" for the sweet and wily Frances was that her love for Seymour should in time die out (after he became headless) and that she should love and wed her jailer, Talbot of the Tower, the "Watch-Dog of the Crown." A good tale this, and no nonsense of "inhibitions" and irresistible moonshine about it.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

THE NEW BOOKS

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

ESSAIS POUR UNE ESTHÉTIQUE GÉNÉRALE. By George Migot. Eugène Figuière et Cie. Paris.

We hardly realize the relationship which binds to all other art formulas the particular art formula characteristic of any artist, group, nation, race, or epoch. This relationship is emphasized in the present volume. Again, while many of us are able to criticise a work of art from the standpoint of composition or perspective or symmetry or rhythm, we hardly comprehend the unity of the combination of its own individual rhythms. It is to be feared that other peoples are not far ahead of Americans in this respect; hence the pertinence of what M. Georges Migot tells his French readers in these well-written and suggestive "Essais." As to

¹The Captives. By Louis Couperus. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

²Main Street. By Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace & Howe, New York.

³The Inevitable. By Louis Couperus. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

⁴The Watch-Dog of the Crown. By John Knipe. The John Lane Company, New York.

¹The Captives. By Hugh Walpole. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

styles in art, M. Migot brings out more clearly than we have seen elsewhere the difference separating the Greek from such non-Hellenic styles as the Egyptian, the Japanese, and the Gothic. The Greeks placed emphasis on purely physical perfection to the detriment of the spiritual. This is why the faces in most Greek statues seem so monotonous; even the statues themselves seem often immobile; the faces of the statues and the portraits of non-Hellenic art are more individual, and the attitude of the figures more mobile and dynamic. With Greek, and largely with Renaissance, artists exterior atmosphere seems to stop with the exterior of a work of art; with a Gothic work of art, however, as M. Migot reminds us, the exterior atmosphere seems to penetrate to the interior and animate it.

SKETCHES OF GREAT PAINTERS. By Edwin Watts Chubb. Illustrated. The Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati.

This book is full of interesting information, well conveyed, about Raphael, Leonardo, Rembrandt, Rubens, and other old masters and about such modern masters as Millet, Corot, Turner, and Whistler. From such a volume of sketches we sometimes gain more atmosphere than we do from a formal history of art.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY PAN-AMERICANISM: ITS BEGINNINGS. By Joseph Byrne Lockey. The Macmillan Company, New York.

This scholarly study of the beginnings of Pan-Americanism comprises the first generation of the nineteenth century. Hence it considers the policy of Canine, Adams, Clay, Bolivar, and, above all, the effort to establish an American League of Nations, an effort which has received little historical comment. The present volume is notable because of such comment.

PEACE CONFERENCE DAY BY DAY (The). By Charles T. Thompson. Introductory Letter by Colonel E. M. House. Brentano's, New York.

Such a useful volume as this should assuredly have had an index. The work is not only extraordinarily informative but equally entertaining. Most of the book is in the form of a diary. It narrates the processes by which the Treaty of Versailles and the League Covenant were created. But its value is far more than a mere chronicle of the Paris Peace Conference. It reveals here and there the real character of those who made that Conference and gives many indications of the byplay going on all the time. Particular interest attaches to the references to President Wilson, as, for instance, his confidence as to the popular judgment in America concerning his Paris endeavors. "It will, in my opinion," he said, "approve the work we have done here." Or, again, when the President made the remarkably sweeping statement, "We have liberated peoples who never had a chance of liberty before." The author himself, however, is not above indulging in those statements, as when he speaks of "endless lines of American soldiers." His per-

sistent misspelling of foreign names is one of the amusing features of the book.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS SAINTS AND THEIR STORIES. By Peggy Webling. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

This book tells us about Saints Christopher, Denis, Alban, George, Gregory, Augustine of Hippo, Augustine of Canterbury, Hugh, Dunstan, Zita, and other saints well known and not well known. The volume's chief value lies in the narrative of those not well known. The language is adapted to young readers. The illustrations are beautiful.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION LEGENDS AND ROMANCES OF SPAIN. By Lewis Spence, F.R.A.I. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

Mr. Spence adds to his informative volumes about the legends of Brittany and the Rhineland a volume concerning the legends of Spain. Here we find, as we have a right to expect, the great Spanish romances of the Cid and of Amadis de Gaul. We also find mention of Don Quixote in a final chapter.

WAR BOOKS BUILDING THE EMERGENCY FLEET. By W. C. Mattox. The Penton Publishing Company, Cleveland.

We do not suppose that the general lay reader will be especially interested in this rather expensively gotten up book in spite of the fact that it is profusely illustrated and contains some interesting statistics and records of American ship-building skill during the World War. But perhaps the book is especially designed for those who had anything to do with the important ship-building phase of American war work. As a record of achievement the book has real value.

GALLIPOLI DIARY. By General Sir Ian Hamilton, G.C.B. Illustrated. 2 vols. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

"There's nothing certain about war," says Sir Ian Hamilton, "except that one side won't win." Again: "The winner is asked no questions; the loser has to answer for everything." These are examples of the author's often epigrammatic style. His is a frank, unstudied account of a tragic campaign. The account is lightened somewhat by his characterization of Lord Kitchener, Winston Churchill, and others, including himself. As the reader turns page after page of these volumes he may be surprised to find that he is getting not only a valuable narration of a particularly interesting campaign, with the sidelights it throws on the careers of certain men of our time; he will find that the military man who writes the account is frequently capable of brilliantly atmospheric and poetic text.

MAKING OF THE REPARATION AND ECONOMIC SECTIONS OF THE TREATY (The). By Bernard M. Baruch. Harper & Brothers, New York.

In Mr. Baruch's book we have the first adequate account of the work accomplished by himself and his associates on the Commission on Reparation established by the Paris Peace Conference. Lloyd George had just been re-elected

to power on the platform of collecting from Germany the costs of the war "shilling for shilling, ton for ton." As Germany could not pay such a colossal sum, the Allies finally acquiesced in the fundamental principle, originally enunciated by the American delegation, namely, that Germany's reparation obligations were to exclude war costs and be limited to what may be called actual damage. What were such damages as distinguished from war costs? Among them were damage to injured persons and to surviving dependents by personal injury to or death of civilians caused by acts of war or acts of cruelty, violence, or maltreatment, and also damage in respect of all property, wherever situated, belonging to any of the Allies. The reparation to be made, if in voluntary default, may, according to the Treaty of Versailles, take the form of seizure of German goods and property in the territory of the Allies. The principle of seizure had already been evoked by the chief belligerent countries, which had taken possession of private enemy property within their respective dominions. Now, as Mr. Baruch says, "irrespective of whether a belligerent country has a strict legal right to confiscate property of enemy nationals within its territory, we know that confiscation has been generally severely condemned in modern times." Mr. Baruch's book appears at a timely juncture, as the British Government has just renounced its right of confiscation of German property in the United Kingdom. It does so because it aims to restore trade between England and Germany. This trade has been hampered because German merchants, fearing a seizure of their goods, have avoided using British ships and have delayed re-establishing commercial agencies in Great Britain. The present volume should prove a valuable book of reference on any subject mentioned in the economic and reparation clauses of the Treaty of Versailles.

MISCELLANEOUS KING'S TREASURES OF LITERATURE (The). General Editor, Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Ten small volumes sent us by the publishers form part of a library which proposes to do for young readers what the well-established and popular Everyman's Library offers their elders. The series will give young readers little classics of literature in brief compass and in neat and attractive shape, and thus form a nucleus of a library and cultivate the love of good books. The scope and purpose of the library perhaps may be shown by quoting the titles of some of the specimens sent us: Addison's "De Coverley Papers" (we wonder if children really would read this); Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" (a capital selection); a version of the "Adventures of Odysseus" (well suited for juvenile reading); Miss Sewell's "Black Beauty"; Charles Kingsley's "The Heroes" (Greek myths); and selected essays by "Alpha of the Plough" (good reading, but not, we should say, especially adapted for children).

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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY¹

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

1920

WHAT has 1920 meant to you? Do you feel that 1920 has been a constructive or a destructive year?

Do you feel that 1920 can be made to serve as a foundation stone for a more constructive 1921?

What is the difference between fighting to make the world safe for democracy and fighting for liberty? Wherein did the real purpose of America entering the war fail and wherein did it succeed?

Does The Outlook correctly classify those who look upon 1920 with discouragement? What reasons can you suggest not mentioned in The Outlook's editorial for wishing to forget or remember the record of the past year?

Social Sanitariums and Social Doctors

Who is William R. George? What has been the influence of the Junior Republic idea upon American education?

Wherein does the criminal differ from the normal citizen? How has popular feeling towards the convict changed in the last one hundred years?

Do we maintain penitentiaries to protect the public, to punish the convict, or to reform him? Upon which of these three purposes do you think society should place the greatest emphasis?

Are there limits to the usefulness of the self-government idea? Is the prison community which Mr. George proposes a really self-governing community?

Is "legal infancy" an absurdity? Is it a fiction which the law has made into fact as a matter of social expediency, or has it been adopted as part of our legal system because it has been proved to further the real ends of social justice?

What lessons can be derived from the experience of Judge Lindsey in Colorado, of Thomas Mott Osborne at Sing Sing and at the Portsmouth Naval Prison, and from the experience of the War Department with the disciplinary company at Fort Leavenworth, which would tend to justify or vitiate the conclusions reached by Mr. George?

Foreign Impressions

On page 26 there is an article by the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University on America. On page 30 there is an article by an American missionary on India.

What is the chief value to be derived from the study of critical articles such as these? Is the detached view of the foreigner more trustworthy than the intimate knowledge of the native?

What are the factors most likely to distort the truth as reflected in the observations of a foreigner? Of a native? Have the best studies of American gov-

¹These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestion to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—THE EDITORS.

ernment been written by foreigners or natives?

Sir Arthur Shipley's View of America

What is the chief difference between the electoral practice of Great Britain and the electoral practice of America?

Do you agree with Sir Arthur's estimate of the value of the franchise? If you felt compelled to choose between a man whose politics you detested and a man whose past you deplored, would you feel justified in staying at home on election day? Are there ever any elections in which the issues are drawn with perfect clearness?

Can you justify or refute Sir Arthur's statement that the Declaration of Independence was drawn up and signed by Englishmen? Was a typical American character in process of development prior to the American Revolution? Name an American of Revolutionary times who was typically a product of American environment? Can you name more than one?

An excellent book to study in this connection is Henry Cabot Lodge's "Life of Washington," published by Houghton Mifflin.

British Rule in India

What do you really know about India besides the knowledge you derived from "Plain Tales from the Hills" and "Gunga Din"? How much of our impressions of foreign countries is formed by literature and how much by historical study?

Mr. Downie states that most of our general information in regard to Indian conditions comes from interested and biased sources. In a court of law what weight is given to evidence from interested witnesses?

Wherein does the problem of governing India differ from that of governing a comparatively homogeneous country like the United States? How many nations, races, religions, and castes exist within the territory known as India?

What is the prospect that these diverse elements will some day be united under the leadership of some one native group? Do you believe that such a unification is either feasible or desirable?

What tangible benefits has British rule conferred upon India? What items should be placed on the debit side of the accounting? What would be the probable result if Great Britain should withdraw her forces and agents from India tomorrow?

Our Declaration of Independence states that "governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." Is this an axiom or a glittering generality to which definite exceptions may properly be made? What groups exist under the United States Government to-day which have not consented to the form of government which is over them?

Is a minority party in a democratic government governed without its consent?

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY



SSANDOR L. LANDEAU, whose painting "The Three Wise Men," appropriate to Twelfth Day, is reproduced on the cover of this week's issue of The Outlook, is an American painter. He

lived in Paris for twenty-five years, where he was a pupil of Jean Paul Laurens and Benjamin-Constant. He has traveled widely in Egypt, Palestine, Morocco, and Mexico. He was awarded a gold medal at a Paris Salon, 1907, for his picture "Prayer for Lost Seamen." The Boston "Transcript" finds his canvases of a temperamental character in affinity with Rembrandt. Mr. Landeau's studio is at Willink, New York, near Buffalo. In an interpretation of the story which this painting illustrates Dr. Abbott, Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook, contributes to this issue one of his "Knoll Papers."

MMA MAURITZ LARSON has written numerous stories dealing with immigrants of various nationalities. She was born in Minnesota and has lived most of her life in St. Paul. She has been secretary of the St. Paul Play-round Committee and reference librarian of the Minnesota Historical Library.

DR. DAVID DOWNIE is one of the veteran missionaries of the American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of New York, and has served forty-seven years in India.

SIR ARTHUR EVERETT SHIPLEY became Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1910, and was later made Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University. He was a member of the Central Medical War Committee. He is the author of many scientific volumes.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON needs no new introduction to Outlook readers. Since Theodore Roosevelt reviewed his "Children of the Night" for The Outlook in 1905 Mr. Robinson's work has frequently figured in its columns.

W. R. GEORGE could not make up his mind as a youth whether he wanted to be a prize-fighter, a missionary to China, a preacher, or a New York traffic "cop." Instead, he went into the manufacturing business, but retained strong predilections toward these various other callings. He was worn in as a special officer under Roosevelt when T. R. was Police Commissioner of New York. He organized "Law and Order Gang" which made war with gusto upon the "Graveyard Gang" that hung out around St. Mark's. Mr. George organized his Junior Republic at Freeville, New York, twenty five years ago.

"The conditions there for opening a Great World Port are Beyond Comparison."—P. H. W. Ross, President National Marine League of U. S. A.

1/6 of the Nation's Waterpower is tributary to Seattle—plus Coal (an unfailing supply)



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Snoqualmie Falls, a 270-foot cataract of roaring, iridescent beauty, within an hour's motoring of Seattle—whence comes a portion of the city's hydro-electric power.



The sources of eastern fuel power are fast waning. Seventy per cent. of the coal and 70 per cent. of the water power of the United States lie west of the Mississippi river. Industry can more readily move to power than power to industry. When the East loses its cheap power it loses its industrial kingship. The West is young, vigorous and aggressive and ready to snatch away the scepter.—Alexander T. Vogelsang, First Assistant Secretary of the Interior, in Leslie's, Oct. 23, 1920.

The Seattle Chamber of Commerce and Commercial Club
PUBLICITY BUREAU—
903 Arctic Building—SEATTLE

BY C. T. CONOVER

The water power gives a name to a range of mountains, the Cascades. It gives Seattle hydro-electric energy for almost limitless industrial expansion at the lowest possible cost.

Washington has also practically the only coal in the Pacific States, much of it immediately contiguous to Seattle—an enormous and unfailing supply for all purposes.

Probably nowhere on the Earth's surface is assembled such a wealth and variety of raw materials. Seattle's back country is preeminent in timber, grain, fruit, minerals and other basic products. Seattle is the chief fisheries port of the world. Into her lap pours the wealth of Alaska—Gold, Copper and Fish—a country capable of supporting 10,000,000 to 20,000,000 prosperous citizens, and with vast untouched resources. Seattle dominates in the trade with China, Japan, and that supreme undeveloped treasure land, Siberia, by the immutable law of distance. Consequently Seattle is the chief American port in the importation of Oriental Vegetable Oils, Raw Silk, Crude Rubber, Hemp, Tea, Hides, and the products of the Far East. Practically all offer outstanding manufacturing opportunities in Seattle.

Seattle's market is the world. Her harbor—194 miles of salt and fresh water frontage—is unequalled on the western hemisphere.

Seattle's climate gives her an advantage of 20 per cent. in manufacturing costs—a fact well proven by experience. Seattle has a scenic setting unequalled and is the healthiest city in the world.

Seattle has a large supply of skilled and common labor of the highest class. She has adopted the American plan—the open shop. A vital feature of her labor policy is "cards on the table face up" between employers and employees. No American city has a better labor condition or one brighter with promise.

Seattle is the leading railroad center on the Pacific Coast.

In volume of water-borne commerce Seattle is America's chief Pacific port. Inevitably, it would seem, she must become one of the great industrial centers of the world.

Seattle wants you, if there is a legitimate field for your particular industry, whether you are a little manufacturer or a big one. If your line is fully occupied or there does not appear to be an opening for it that promises success, Seattle will so advise you frankly. Seattle's climate is the best on the continent—you'll live longer here. Send for the booklet, "Seattle, the Seaport of Success."

Manufacture in Seattle—The Seaport of Success

THE OUTLOOK CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION

Advertising Rates: Hotels and Resorts, Apartments, Tours and Travel, Real Estate, Live Stock and Poultry, sixty cents per agate line, four columns to the page. Not less than four lines accepted. In calculating space required for an advertisement, count an average of six words to the line unless display type is desired.

"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, including the address, for each insertion. The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. Other words may be set in capitals, if desired, at double rates. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, twenty-five cents is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered. Special headings appropriate to the department may be arranged for on application.

Orders and copy for Classified Advertisements must be received with remittance ten days before the date on which it is intended the advertisement shall first appear.

Address: ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, THE OUTLOOK
381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Tours and Travel

RAYMOND-WHITCOMB TOURS & CRUISES

CALIFORNIA

Tours twice a week visiting all the well known resorts.

FLORIDA

Frequent tours during the height of the social season.

CRUISES

WEST INDIES

Delightful cruises with many shore excursions. \$450 and up.

SOUTH AMERICA

Wonderful 50 day Cruise-Tour. Sailing Feb. 15. \$1485 and up.

OTHER TOURS: Round the World, Europe, Arabian Nights Africa, Japan-China
Send for Booklet Desired

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.
Boston
New York Phila. Chicago San Francisco

EUROPE 1921

Parties enrolling now. Moderate prices. Most interesting routes. Great success 1920.

TEMPLE TOURS 65-A Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Choice Tours to Europe

Selected itineraries. Parties limited. Expert leaders. Reasonable prices. Tenth season.

DEAN-SCHILLING TOURS

161 A Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.
Capital National Bank, St. Paul, Minn.



SPRING TOURS

SICILY, GREECE, and ITALY

Sailing March 23rd from New York

Scholarly leadership

Freedom from annoying details of travel

REGISTER NOW

Other tours to suit individual purse and purpose

Write to

BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
15 Boyd St., Newton, Mass.

TRAVEL IN EUROPE

Superb routes ART, LITERATURE
Splendid leaders HISTORY, FRENCH
Satisfactory prices SPANISH, ITALIAN

INTERCOLLEGIATE TOURS
65-A Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Hotels and Resorts

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

The HAMILTON 14th & K Sts., N. W. WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Select Family and Transient Hotel
Ideal Location. Modern appointments and Home-like. Good table. American plan. Rates reasonable; special rates for a prolonged stay. Booklet.
IRVING O. BALL, Proprietor.

MASSACHUSETTS

HOTEL PURITAN
Commonwealth Ave. Boston
THE DISTINCTIVE BOSTON HOUSE
Globe Trotters call the Puritan one of the most homelike hotels in the world.
Your inquiries gladly answered and our booklet mailed.
O. Costello Mgr.

If You Are Tired or Need a Change
you cannot find a more comfortable place in New England than

THE WELDON HOTEL GREENFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

It affords all the comforts of home without extravagance.

NEW YORK CITY

A Constantly Delightful Country Home
With City Conveniences

Kew Gardens Inn

KEW GARDENS, L. I.

Only 16 minutes from Penn. Station
Open Throughout the Year

New York's Newest and Finest Suburban Hotel
Kew Gardens Inn is a residential Hotel of Charm and distinction operated entirely on the American plan. An excellent table, with room arrangements, newly equipped and beautifully furnished, in one, two, three or more rooms, with one or more private baths.
Moderate prices. Golf-Tennis
Under KNOTT Management
GEO. H. WARTMAN, Manager
Telephone Richmond Hill 3892

HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square
adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates \$3.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

Hotel Le Marquis 12 East 31st Street New York

Combines every convenience and home comfort, and commands itself to people of refinement wishing to live on American Plan and be within easy reach of social and dramatic centers.

Rates with Illustrated Booklet gladly sent upon request. Under KNOTT Management

SOUTH CAROLINA

THE Kirkwood
On Camden Heights
SOUTH CAROLINA
OPEN JAN. TO MAY
18-hole Golf, Riding, Climate
T. EDMUND KRUMBHOLZ

Health Resorts

Crest View Sanatorium

Greenwich, Ct. First class in all respects home comforts. H. M. HITCHCOCK, M.D.

"INTERPINES"

Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Over 26 years of successful work. Thorough, reliable, dependable and ethical. Every comfort and convenience. Accommodations of superior quality. Disorder of the nervous system a specialty. Fred. W. Seward, Sr., M.D. Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D. Goshen, N. Y.



Sanford Hall, est. 1841 Private Hospital

For Mental and Nervous Diseases

Comfortable, homelike surroundings; modern methods of treatment; competent nurses. 15 acres of lawn, park, flower and vegetable gardens. Food the best. Write for booklet.

Sanford Hall Flashing New York

LINDEN The Ideal Place for Sick People to Get Well

Doylestown, Pa. An institution devoted to the personal study and specialized treatment of the invalid. Massage. Electricity. Hydrotherapy. Apply for circular to ROBERT LIPPINCOTT WALTER, M.D. (late of The Walter Sanatorium)

The Bethesda White Plains, N. Y.

A private sanitarium for invalids and aged who need care. Ideal surroundings. Address for terms Alice Gates Bugbee, M.D. Tel. 241.

Apartments

ITALY American family, long resident in their own pleasant old villa with spacious grounds on hill just outside Siena offers quite separate eight-room apartment, plainly furnished. Rent two hundred dollars year. Address Mrs. GEORGE R. NEWELL, Orlando, Fla.

Real Estate

FLORIDA

A FEW DESIRABLE COTTAGES FOR RENT, ORMOND BEACH, FLA. For particulars apply to W. E. REESE, 243 Fifth Ave., New York City.

NEW YORK

Westport, on Lake Champlain. Comfortable house for summer season. Four downstairs rooms, 5 bedrooms, modern conveniences, wide piazzas, spacious grounds. Beautiful view of Lake Champlain. Reasonable rent. Offers considered. 4,007, Outlook.

FARMS-33 STATES- \$10 to \$100 an Acre. Stock, tools, crops often included to settle quickly. Write for big illustrated catalog. Strout Farm Agency, 150 B.M. Nassau St., New York City.

WASHINGTON

APPLE ORCHARD producing high-grade fruit FOR SALE, 35 acres completely equipped with a modern bungalow and all machinery, tools, and buildings. A highly productive property in a new, growing district. Address PAUL MCKERCHER, White Salmon, Wash.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES MANUSCRIPTS

BOOKS on pedigrees, genealogies, and coats-of-arms. Every Anglo-Saxon and Celtic name. Kindly inquire for particulars. Chas. A. O'Connor, 21 Spruce St., New York City.

STORIES, poems, plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 325, Hamilton, Mo.

BOOKS. Order all books relative to the Negro and by colored authors through Young's Book Exchange, 135 West 135th St., New York.

1104 Pictured Nouns makes French, Spanish and Italian attractive and easy. \$1. C. Swezey, 21 Spruce St., New York.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES

MOTHERS desiring hand-made and hand-embroidered dresses for their little girls six months to six years of age buy the "Mary Moore" dresses. They are exclusive in design, reasonable in price, best in material and workmanship. Write for sketches. The Irish Linen Company, Retail Dept., Davenport, Iowa.

FOR THE HOME

DOMESTIC SCIENCE correspondence courses. Good positions and home efficiency. Am. School Home Economics, Chicago.

DUPLICATING DEVICES

"MODERN" DUPLICATOR.—A business getter. \$2.25 up. 50 to 75 copies from pen, pencil, typewriter. No glue or gelatine. 40,000 firms use it. From dealers or on 10 days' trial from us. You need one. Write for free booklet BL. Durkin, Reeves & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

LANTERN SLIDES

LANTERN slides made and colored. Highest grade work. 25 years' experience. Edwards Van Alstena, 6 East 39th St., New York City.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

INVENTIONS wanted. Cash or royalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 217 St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

WRITE photostats. \$25-\$300 paid anyone for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary; complete outline free. Producers League, 438, St. Louis.

WANTED—1,500 Railway Traffic Inspectors: no experience; train for this profession through spare-time home study; easy terms; \$10 to \$200 monthly and expenses guaranteed; or money back. Outdoors, local or traveling, under big men who reward ability. Get Free Booklet CM-27. Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

WANTED—Experienced bookkeeper, refined personality, for Eastern girls' boarding school. Thoroughly competent to take full charge of financial office. Protestant. Good salary and comfortable home. Good social environment. Give full particulars in first letter. 9,353, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

DIETITIANS, superintendents, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, social workers, and secretaries. Miss Richards, Providence, East Side Box 5, Boston, Fridays, 11 to 1, 16 Jackson Hall, Trinity Court. Address Providence.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

WANTED—Teachers all subjects. Good vacancies in schools and colleges. International Musical and Educational Agency. Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

EXPERIENCED KINDERGARTEN TEACHER WANTED at once. Apply Superintendent Institution for the Feeble-Minded, Frankfurt, Ky.

TEACHERS WANTED, men and women, for all departments of colleges and schools. Immediate and future vacancies. The Interstate Teacher's Agency, 717 Macheca Building, New Orleans, La.

GOVERNESS, experienced, or kindergarten, Montessori trained, for four-year boy. Mrs. J. Reed Lit, Jenkintown (Phila.), Pa.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

LADY, degrees B.S. and B.D., present employment secretary-stenographer to executive in manufacturing plant, desires position, religious work preferred. 9,324, Outlook.

PAGEANT master available. Experienced. Capable of assuming full direction. 9,331, Outlook.

WANTED—Clerical position, by young man determined to succeed, with LAWYER where there is opportunity for study. SALARY to meet living expenses. 9,338, Outlook.

Professional Situations

MALE ATTENDANT with special experience in bladder troubles wishes position as private nurse. 25 years old, high school education, speaks four languages, has traveled extensively. Highest class references. Write: A. Goumaz, 220 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco.

TRAVELING companion, social secretary, young woman with business experience. Speaks French. 9,335, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

POSITION as managing housekeeper. January 15. References exchanged. Mrs. Edwards, 4414 North Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.

YOUNG woman wishes position with person or persons going West or South for the winter. 9,350, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

VISITING governess, experienced, takes care children, teaches languages, music, desires engagement mornings. 9,339, Outlook.

TUTOR in private family by cultured, refined young man from South. Age 25. University graduate. 3 years' experience. Most excellent references. 9,332, Outlook.

WANTED, by Southern gentleman (normal and college graduate with teaching and tutoring experience), position as resident tutor. City, country, or travel. 9,343, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will send things on approval. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

WANTED—Young women to take nine months' course in training for the care of chronic and convalescent invalids. Address: F. E. Parker Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 44 West 22d St., New York.

WANTED, for summer gift shop, space in established tea shop or private home on automobile road, preferably north shore of Massachusetts. 9,349, Outlook.

CRUISES TOURS INDEPENDENT TRAVEL

A Few Suggestions

WEST INDIES

A Cruise de Luxe will sail from New York on March 12 by palatial GREAT WHITE FLEET steamer S. S. "ULUA." Most attractive itinerary.

CALIFORNIA—ALASKA

Luxurious tours—frequent departures.

JAPAN—CHINA— PHILIPPINES

Escorted tours will sail from the Pacific Coast February 5, 19, March 5, 16 and April 21.

SOUTH AMERICA

From New York February 8 and 26, visiting all parts of East and West Coasts.

EUROPE

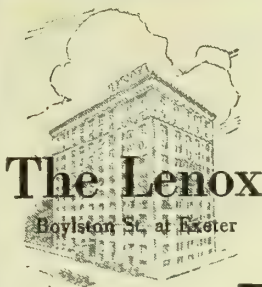
Exceptionally well-planned spring and summer programs. Escorted and individual travel.

Our service leaves you free to enjoy everything that your travels should mean to you. Talk over with us your tentative plans and make reservations now.

THOS. COOK & SON

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Montreal, Toronto

THE LENOX and THE BRUNSWICK



The Lenox
Boylston St. at Rector

Boston

The Brunswick Shop

Louis Sherry candies, luncheon, ices, and tea in delightfully different surroundings.

The Egyptian Room

The brightest spot in Boston's night-life.

LEO REISMAN'S FAMOUS
DANCE ORCHESTRA

*Music that makes midnight
come too soon.*

The Brunswick

Boylston St. at Copley Square

Both hotels in the heart of the fashionable Back Bay near the railroad stations.

Both convenient to the shops and theatres.

Both providing complete, adept service under the same management.

L. C. PRIOR, Managing Director

HELP WANTED!

Are you in need of a Mother's Helper, Companion, Nurse, Governess, Teacher, Business or Professional Assistant? The Classified Want Department of The Outlook has for many years offered to subscribers a real service. A small advertisement in this department will bring results. The rate is only ten cents per word, including address.

Department of Classified Advertising

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

TO PROTECT



At night—an intruding cough or cold, a sore throat or hoarseness is soon relieved by Piso's. It can gain no foothold and become serious, if yours is one of the million homes that keeps Piso's always within reach on the medicine shelf.

35c at your druggist's

PISO'S

for Coughs & Colds



THE HAMILTON HOTEL—Bermuda

The Queen of Winter Resorts

THE largest and finest hotel on the Islands—and of fireproof construction; modern in equipment and operation. Golf, tennis, boating, riding, driving, dancing, fishing, bathing in the sea; glass enclosed sun parlor 200 feet long. Grill. 400 outside rooms—250 with connecting bath.

HAMILTON HOTEL COMPANY, Ltd.

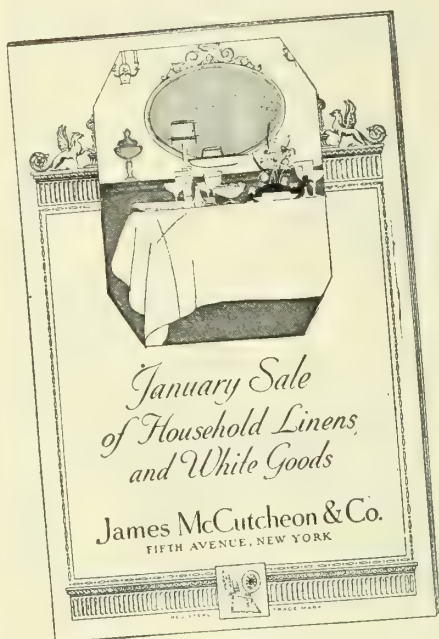
Management of J. A. Sherrard

Cable Address
"Hotel Bermuda"

(Booklet)

Summer resort—Hotel Preston, Beach Bluff, Mass.—June to Sept.

McCutcheon's



Twenty-four
pages of
remarkable
values

Send for McCutcheon's January Sale Book



We have planned that this January Sale shall be the most important of any in our long experience. By careful and foresighted buying all through the war years we have been able to keep our Household Linen prices an average of about 20% to 25 % below current market prices. Recent reductions in Belfast Manufacturers' prices therefore only bring their prices to the level at which we have been offering our goods for some time.

But in order to do our part in helping to bring prices back to normal and to meet present conditions and demands, we shall make reductions during January on our Household Linens from these already moderate prices—amounting in many cases to 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent.

We make these reductions with the full realization that it may be impossible for us to replace the goods offered at the same prices.

The range of goods on which these reductions are made is so wide that all may find what they want.

The special catalogue No. 35, giving detailed descriptions and prices of Household Linens, as well as special values in other departments, will be mailed upon request.

James McCutcheon & Co.

Fifth Avenue, 34th and 33d Streets, New York

BY THE WAY

OF late years few things "made in Germany" have been worthy of anything except opprobrium; but a German newspaper recently instituted an idea that has elements of merit in it. This was a Good Manners Week, which certainly seemed a thing badly needed in Berlin, not only for one week but all the year round. The reporters of the Berlin "Morgenpost" were instructed to watch for acts of chivalry, such as helping old ladies with their bags, giving up one's seat in the last 'bus home, and so on. If they caught you in the act, you received a handsome prize. For one week, good deeds are said to have been numerous in the German capital.

A New York City paper has also started a campaign for politeness. It gives \$50 as a daily prize for the person most polite to its representative who ask questions at random in the streets and either get "turned down" or receive courteous replies which are rewarded in proportion to their civility.

The Southern Pacific Railway has just completed a motion picture depicting graphically the story of oil, tracing its history from production to consumption. The film, according to the "Railway Age," will be shown at all terminals and at principal points of the System as an aid in teaching the conservation of this product. The Southern Pacific uses 60,000,000 gallons of oil a month or about 16 per cent of all oil produced in California. The fuel industry, it is said, faces a crisis; those who depend upon the industry must take heroic measures if they would stave off disaster, and the picture shows what these measures are.

"'Tis said that Brother K—— R—— arrived home very late from our last meeting," a fraternal news sheet reports, "and that the next morning at the breakfast table he had to answer for it. 'Didn't I hear the clock strike 2 as you came in last night?' 'Yes, you did. It started to strike 11 and I stopped it so's not to waken you.'"

The American language as overheard in a Missouri hospital, according to the "Journal" of the American Medical Association:

Son (at the bedside)—"She'll be all right now if nuthin' don't set up."

Father—"Nuthin' 'll set up. She lay down all the time."

The "smart" Parisienne, according to the Paris correspondent of the "Millinery Trade Review," must have at least six different hats to wear on various occasions. "Everybody must have a fur hat," she says—"that is, a toque with a narrow brim. The second indispensable hat is a small wireless affair, a soft crown swathed in folds of ribbon or velvet. Next on the list comes the largish ribbon shape which is so smart with less severe tailor-mades for lunches, picture shows, or the races. For receptions and teas, the large ha-

reigns supreme. For evening gowns we find a new idea; the tight Persian turban rolled and ending at one side in a fold of the stuff long enough to form a scarf. The sixth type of hat, for restaurants and hotels, belongs to the galling round crownless variety." Thus Fashion is coming to her own gain in her chosen capital.

Legends of the terrible deeds of Christophe, the black King of Haiti from 1811 to 1820, are so numerous that it is a relief to find one of them discredited in an article in the National Geographic Magazine." The writer of the article says that on a visit to Christophe's famous "citadel" a masonry chute was shown to him and described as a "death slide," through which, Christophe hurled his victims down to the valley far below. "Subsequent investigation," he says, "revealed the fact that the end of the 'death slide' was less than twenty feet above the terrace and that it must have been designed merely as a chute for refuse!"

A Pine Mountaineer who plays the fiddle gives his philosophy of music in the "Pine Mountain Settlement Notes:" "I take my fiddle when things are botherin' me, maybe the financial matters of the world, an' I sit down an' play me a tune, and, don't you know, I feel better. Or when the aggravations comes round about me, or I get mad, I can set down an' play, an' pretty soon the aggravations is plumb driv' away."

Which is good philosophy and enforces the lesson that a hobby on the side is a good thing for everybody to drive away the aggravations."

Two farmers met after church, as reported by an up-State correspondent, and had this conversation:

"Sold your pig?"

"Yes."

"What d'ye get?"

"Thirteen dollars."

"What'd it cost ye to raise it?"

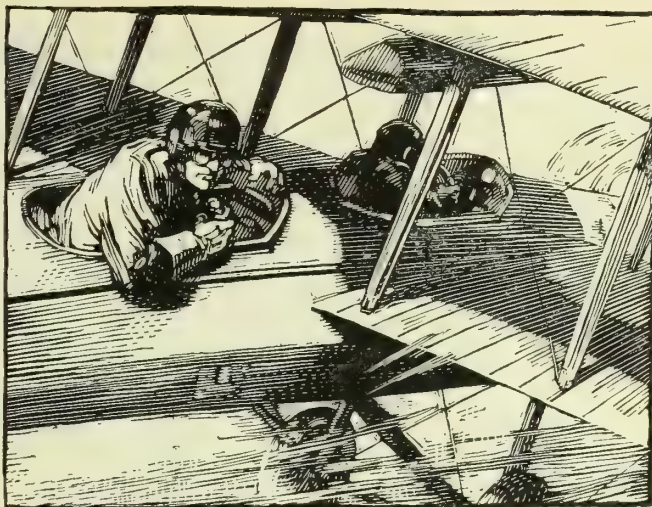
"Paid three dollars for the shoat, five dollars for the lumber in the pen and house, and five more for the feed."

"Didn't make much, did ye?"

"No, but I had the use of the pig all summer."

A correspondent, who satirically inserts extra "p's" throughout his letter, takes us to task for putting a city named "Binghampton" on the map of the only established air route across America" which appeared in our issue of November 24. In urging us to mind our "p's" if not our "q's" he asks: Why insult the memory of Patroon Bingham, after whom the city is named, by making his name appear to have been Bingham? The city is not 'Hampton' allied to a 'Bing' prefix. It is simply 'town' or 'ton' added to the name of the old-time proprietor of the territory now covered by the city of Binghamton."

We apologize, in the name of our map-maker, to Patroon Bingham and trust that he will be kind enough not to haunt our typographical dreams.



Even the upper air is charted

TO guide the aviator, the air-lanes have been mapped—in the field of finance, the roads that lead to careful investment are also marked.

Our Monthly Securities List is in effect an investment chart. It represents the results of careful analysis backed by our experience and judgment, and lists only securities which we have purchased and recommend for investment.

This list is yours for the asking. Send for Z-152.

Facts for CAREFUL INVESTORS

OUR book, "Men and Bonds," giving information on the following subjects, will be sent on request:

Why we handle only carefully investigated investment securities.

The wisdom of purchasing securities from a Company large enough to maintain far-reaching investigation service.

The importance of buying investment securities from a house with more than 50 offices and international connections and service.

Why the careful investor selects

securities from a broad range of offerings.

How 10,000 miles of National City Company's private wires keep our offices in leading investment centers of the country in constant touch with our New York headquarters.

Your advantage in dealing with a Company whose representatives talk with an average of 3,000 banks a day.

Why these sales representatives are especially qualified to helpfully discuss your individual investment needs.

For a copy of this book, address our New York office, asking for Z-139.

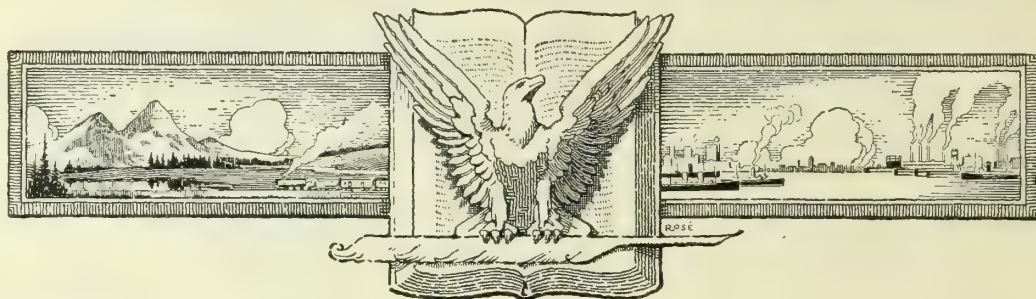
The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York
BONDS PREFERRED STOCKS ACCEPTANCES



Important Announcement!

THE COUNCIL TABLE



Fifteen notable Americans to speak to you through *THE WORLD'S WORK*. Every outstanding question of the day will be discussed for the benefit of *THE WORLD'S WORK* readers—Education, Politics, Government and Foreign Affairs; What's Ahead in Business. On these and many other important problems before the country none can speak with greater authority than these foremost citizens.

Edwin A. Alderman
President, University of Va.

Charles W. Eliot
Pres. Emeritus Harvard University

Cass Gilbert
Architect and Publicist

James G. Harbord
Major-General U. S. Army

Henry J. Haskell
Editor, Kansas City Star

Henry Morgenthau
Former U. S. Ambassador to Turkey

William S. Sims
Rear-Admiral U. S. Navy

Henry L. Stimson
Ex-Secretary of War

Herbert Hoover
Chairman, American Relief Admin.

Erie C. Hopwood
Editor, Cleveland Plain Dealer

Franklin K. Lane
Ex-Secretary of the Interior

Robert S. Lovett
Railroad President and Financier

Daniel D. Moore
Editor, New Orleans Times-Picayune

Booth Tarkington
Novelist and Publicist

Casper S. Yost
Editor, St. Louis Globe-Democrat

There is an important Council Table Contribution in the January number

And among many other intensely interesting features are :

The Czar baffled by the oriental guile of Li Hung Chang—*Sowing the seed for the Red Russia of to-day—a remarkable chapter in the Memoirs of Count Witte, former Prime Minister of Russia.*

Lion Spearing with the Natives in East Africa—*The engaging adventure story of Carl E. Akeley, of the American Museum of Natural History.*

Needed 200,000 trained teachers—*an interview with P. P. Claxton, Federal Commissioner of Education.*

The Social Influence of Motion Pictures—*by Ellis P. Oberholtzer, widely known writer on Motion Pictures.*

Kings of Chemistry—*by Samuel Crowther.*

THE WORLD'S WORK

On Sale at all News-stands

SPECIAL OFFER.—Although the regular price for *THE WORLD'S WORK* is \$4.00 a year, we will enter your subscription for Seven Months for \$2.00 to "Get Acquainted." Just your name and address on the coupon attached. *You need not send the money now—you can send that later after your subscription has been entered.*

THE WORLD'S WORK, Garden City, New York
Enter my subscription for seven months. I will send you the two dollars upon receipt of your bill, after my subscription has been entered.
Name
Street
City
State
0-15

051
0 R. R. cop. 1

The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life

P. T. BARNUM, SHOWMAN

BY

LYMAN ABBOTT



Waldenmere,
Bridgeport, Ct...

Oct 5 1878

Dear Lyman Abbott
Your letter
is recd and I am
pleased to include an
explanation of the T. T. matter
by the way my
show opens at Waldenmere
on the 14th inst for
a month & I hope you
will take occasion to see
a really novel & interesting
exhibition. Truly very
P. T. Barnum

THE FIRST
OF THE ANNOUNCED

SNAP-SHOTS OF MY CONTEMPORARIES

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1921
PRICE: FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY
FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR
31 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Enter this Prize Contest You May Win \$50

YOU do not have to be a subscriber to The Outlook to enter one or all of its five prize contests for 1921.

A first prize of \$50, a second prize of \$30, and a third prize of \$20, all in cash, will be awarded in each of the five contests.

PRIZE CONTEST NUMBER 1

For the Best Criticism of The Outlook and Suggestions for its Improvement

Limit your letter to five hundred (500) words. Give us your candid estimate of The Outlook. If you have faults to find, don't hesitate to express your opinion. The force, style, and human interest of your letter will be considered; its form will count as well as its substance.

To your letter you may append practical suggestions for the improvement of The Outlook. These may include suggestions of subjects or titles for articles that you would like to see in The Outlook. You may suggest the names of writers whose work you would like to see in The Outlook. You may suggest new fields or new treatment of material that you would regard as effective. These appended suggestions

will not be published, but the weight of these suggestions will aid us in estimating the value of your criticism.

This contest closes on January 31, 1921; all letters must reach us on or before that date.

All letters must be typewritten, on one side of the paper only.

Letters will not be acknowledged or returned. We suggest that you keep a carbon copy of your letter.

The Outlook reserves the right to publish, in addition to the three prize-winning letters in this contest, any additional letters received, for which payment at a lower rate will be made.

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The Outlook

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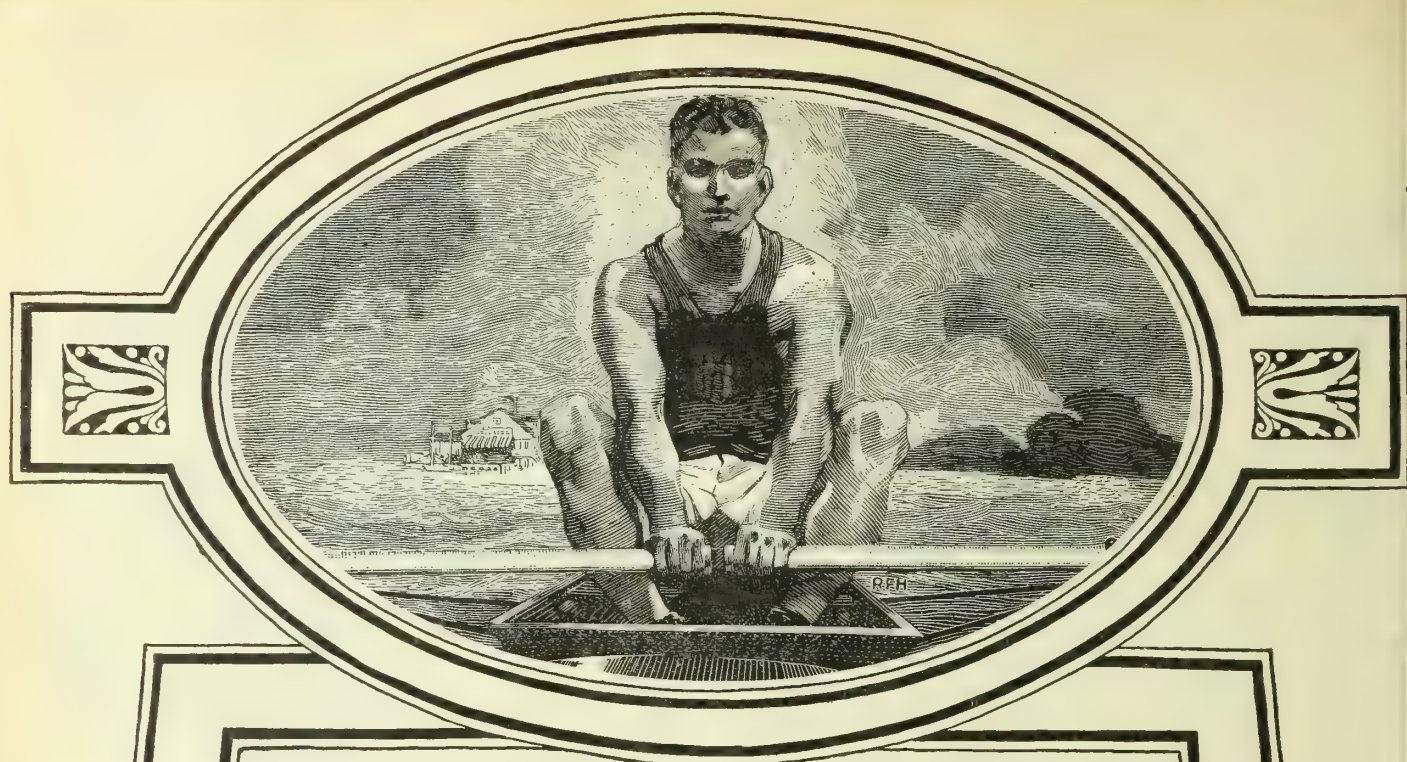
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The Outlook

JANUARY 12, 1921

A DINNER AT A THOUSAND DOLLARS A PLATE

A DINNER at a thousand dollars a plate was recently given in New York City.

Despite the high price, the bill of fare was limited to rice stew, bread, and cocoa. The cocoa was served in army mess cups. The rice stew was served on tin plates. The bread was without butter. This is the same meal which the European Relief Council has been giving and will give to 3,500,000 children in Europe who are actually starving.

Nor was the food served on the usual dinner tables; it was served on pine trestles without any covering at all, and the chairs arranged alongside were of the folding camp variety. The waiters were women volunteers in the Red Cross garb of those who actually feed the children in Europe.

Those who partook of the dinner were the men and women who had contributed a thousand dollars apiece to the \$33,000,000 fund which the European Relief Council is trying to raise; thus they could reckon their dinner at a thousand dollars a plate. More than one-third of the amount desired has already been raised.

The cost of saving the life of a child until next summer's harvest is \$10. When harvest comes, it is hoped, Central Europe may become self-supporting, though of course on a very much lower scale than before the war.

On the speakers' dais was placed a child's high chair. This symbolized the

children who were unseen guests at the dinner—the children who are being saved. According to ex-Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane, who is Treasurer of the Relief Fund, they sent this message:

We, the unhappy children of Europe, send you our gratitude. . . . We are only boys and girls, you know, not men and women. We did not make this awful war. We are its last victims and we cannot help ourselves. . . . When we are men and women we shall tell our children what you did for us, and some time, maybe, we can keep other boys and girls from knowing what we know of the cruelty that comes to children out of war.

Among the speakers were Mr. Hoover and General Pershing. The first reminded the diners that the entire fund asked for did not exceed the cost of a single battleship. He also mentioned the sums spent in this country on luxuries, and declared his belief that the American people were not unable or unwilling to help to save the lives of the starving children of Europe. General Pershing pointed out that the greatest suffering of the war had been not among armies but among women and children. He added:

There is another thought that forces itself upon our attention tonight. As we contemplate the causes of the World War and realize its horrors, every right-thinking man and woman must feel like demanding that some steps be taken to prevent its recurrence. An important step would be to curtail expenditures for the maintenance of armies and navies. . . . It is a gloomy commentary upon

world conditions that expenditures several times greater than ever before in peace times should be considered necessary. . . . We may well ask ourselves whether civilization does really reach a point where it begins to destroy itself.

General Pershing's words afford another illustration of the fact that no one is more eager than the true soldier to prevent war. But, whatever may be done to that end in the future, there is an immediate and pressing need, and that is to send relief to those children upon whom the past war has brought undeserved wretchedness.

THE CHIEF TASK OF CONGRESS

WHEN each Congress assembles for its last session of three months, it is commonly said that little legislation can be expected except the passage of the appropriation bills. This sounds as if Congress were dilatory, inefficient, uninterested in its larger legislative duties, and unresponsive to the popular demand for corrective or progressive laws. A very general impression is that the passage of appropriation bills is a routine matter that a small group of business men would get through with in short order.

Again this year we are hearing the same report—that little can be expected from Congress before March 4 except the passage of the appropriation bills. Very few Americans have any idea of the enormous amount of labor and the financial knowledge required of those who are charged with this duty. There



(C) Keystone

THE EMPTY CHAIR AT THE "THOUSAND DOLLAR A PLATE" DINNER

Left to right: Herbert Hoover; the "Empty Chair"; General Pershing; Mrs. John T. Pratt; the Minister from Finland; John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

are thirteen regular appropriation bills, each authorizing the expenditure of money from the National treasury for a certain object or group of objects. These regular appropriation bills are the following: Agriculture, Army, Diplomatic and Consular, District of Columbia, Fortifications, Indian; Legislative, Executive and Judicial; Military Academy, Naval, Pensions, Post Office, River and Harbor, Sundry Civil. In addition to these regular appropriations there are permanent annual appropriations for interest on the public debt and for sinking fund purposes. There is also a miscellaneous item covering the estimates of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, the Railway Labor Board, the United States Employees' Compensation Commission, etc. Finally, in consequence of supplementary estimates from various departments, there are the deficiency bills.

Last year the amount actually appropriated by Congress was nearly four billion eight hundred and sixty million dollars. This year the estimates transmitted by the Secretary of the Treasury amount to about two hundred million dollars less. Congress will, of course, not provide the money called for in these estimates, but will exercise its right of telling the administrative offices of the Government that they must spend less than they would like to spend. The appropriations, it is believed, will be less than the estimates by about a billion dollars.

THE POWER OF THE PURSE

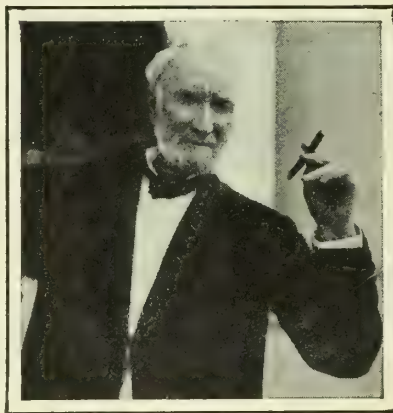
THERE are three places in which Congress is expected to make great saving. In the first place, Congress will not provide nearly as much money for the Army or Navy as is asked. In the second place, there are not going to be so many improvements of rivers and harbors as are requested. In the third place, Congress is going to deny money for the continuation of bureaus and commissions which have been and are now duplicating work.

Much of the labor in preparing the appropriations would be saved and a great deal of the labor would be more intelligent if the United States had a proper National budget. At present executive branches and special bureaus, many in number and great in variety, submit estimates to the Secretary of the Treasury, who passes them all along to Congress. There ought to be a central agency to co-ordinate all the estimates to prevent duplication in work and save to the taxpayer a vast unnecessary expenditure.

Even with a budget system, however,

the task of appropriating money for the Government of one hundred million people is a vast enterprise. It is not a matter of routine, but it requires intelligence, imagination, courage, and a constantly developing sense of the Nation's needs.

This task of appropriating moneys is, moreover, the fundamental task of a legislative body. It is the exercise of the greatest power in government, the power of the purse. As long as monarchs had access to the treasury of their realms they were essentially autocrats and their peoples were not free. As long as they could tax the people and use the money raised by taxation as



Bain

"UNCLE JOE" CANNON

they pleased they were in control. Free government came when the common people took from the monarch the right to tax and the right to appropriate money for public use. We Americans are inclined to undervalue Congress. Those men in Washington are not merely symbols of our liberty, they are actual preservers of free government; and at no time are the Representatives and Senators in Congress assembled doing more strictly the people's business than when they are at work on the appropriation bills.

"UNCLE JOE" CANNON

ON December 28 "Uncle Joe" Cannon established a new American record for length of service in the National Legislature. For nearly forty-four years he has served in that body. Since his first election in 1872 he has been a member of Congress continuously with the exception of two terms. For eight years he served as Speaker of the House of Representatives. At the age of eighty-five he is now courageously looking forward to beating Gladstone's record of fifty-three years of service in the British House of Commons.

Congressional practice has changed very much in the years since Mr. Can-

non first entered the House of Representatives. Under the leadership of a succession of powerful Speakers, the authority in the House gradually centered in a few commanding hands. When Cannon himself took up the Speaker's gavel, it was indeed a scepter wielded by a czar. The power of appointment to committees gave the Speaker almost complete control over legislation, a control which Mr. Cannon did not hesitate to exercise.

When the revolt came against his autocracy, the party caucus was substituted in large measure for the undivided control of the Speaker. Certainly the old system had grave faults, but it can be said that the new system has not wholly justified the hopes of its proponents. The House of Representatives has still to develop a system which will be at the same time efficient and democratic, a system in which responsibility is held and exercised in the open.

When Mr. Cannon was in power, he bore the brunt of the attack upon a system of which he was as much the product as the source. Now that he has been shorn of his power, there is a curious tendency to sentimentalize over his career as that of a typical and representative American. Certainly he is an interesting figure, but he does not represent, in our minds, those qualities which we like to think of as distinctly American. Human and humorous he undoubtedly is, but his whole career is indicative of a lack of vision and a limited understanding which removes him without much discussion from the class of great nation builders.

THE NATIONAL PARKS

A WEEK or two ago we called attention to the fact that there are two bills before Congress, one espoused by Senator Jones in the Senate and the other by Congressman Esch in the House of Representatives, providing that no permit, license, lease, or authorization for the use of the National Parks as irrigation or hydroelectric reservoirs shall be issued without the specific authority of Congress.

We said then and we believe now that this seems a very simple and just provision. The National Parks were created by Congress, and Congress ought to have something to say about their final disposition. Those who are interested in our National Parks ought to familiarize themselves with these bills and should urge their passage.

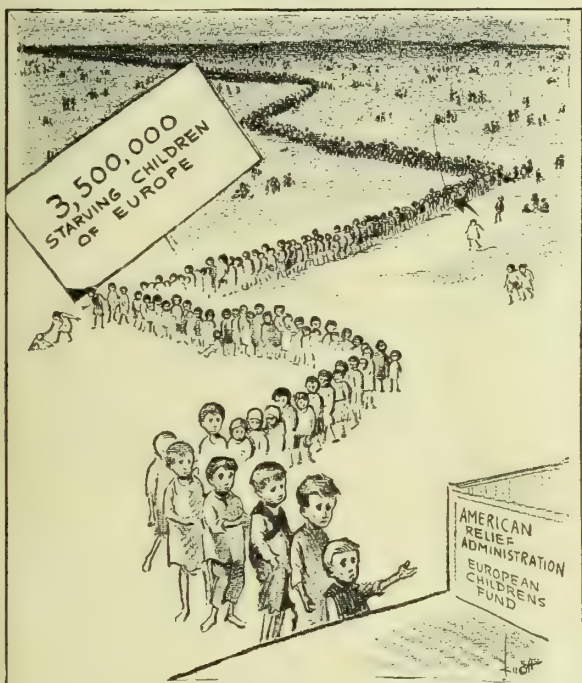
It is interesting to report that public opinion about the National Parks in the States which would be the ones most to benefit from irrigation and electric-power projects is not solidly in favor of

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

AS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

(See offer on page 80)

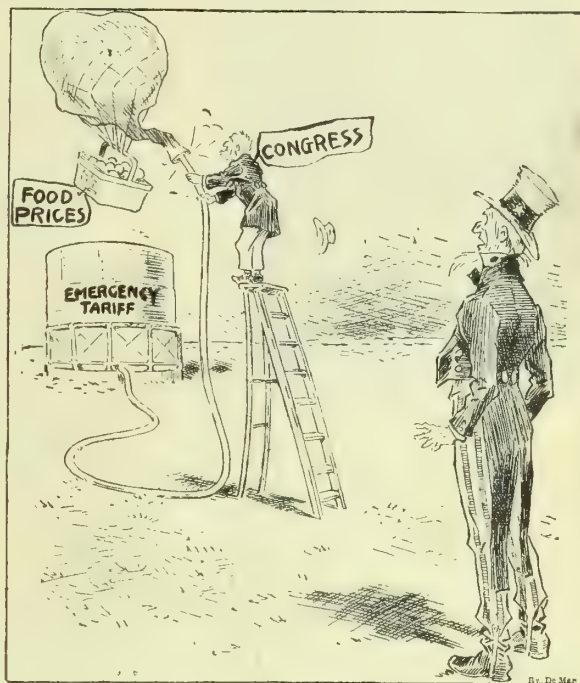
Knott in the Dallas News



THE BREAD LINE IS WAITING FOR THE BREAD

From Ruth McKay, Dallas, Texas

De Mar in the Philadelphia Record



"AND JUST AS IT WAS A-COMIN' DOWN!"

From Grace S. Nevius, Flemington, N. J.

Perry in the Portland Morning Oregonian



THE CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS

From O. J. Honska, Portland, Oregon

From the Denver Times



"THOU SHALT NOT PASS"

From Lena M. Weller, Golden, Col.



(C) Harris & Ewing
PROF. ALBERT MICHELSON

the use of the National Parks for these purposes. The Commercial Club of Great Falls, Montana, a strong organization, originally passed resolutions in favor of using the Parks for proper industrial purposes. But after getting all the facts in the case the Club reconsidered the matter, withdrew the resolution, and notified the Congressman to whom the resolution had been sent of their revocation. The Chamber of Commerce of Cheyenne, Wyoming, is urging Congress to oppose the plan of building a reservoir in the Yellowstone Park.

The entire Congressional delegation from Wyoming is on record as opposing any encroachment upon the National Parks, Senator Kendrick, for example, writing thus to a constituent: "While I have always been an ardent believer in the maximum development of the waters of our Western States for reclamation or for power purposes, I feel very strongly that such development should not be extended to the National Parks."

These are encouraging incidents. When the American people have all the facts regarding a question of public policy, they are generally guided in their decision, not by local and selfish motives, but by a broad general view of public welfare.

THE TEN POINTS OF THRIFT

THRIFT is a conventionally commended quality, the true meaning of which is not always fully understood. Thrift does not mean miserliness; it means wise spending as well as wise saving. The Y.M.C.A., in again putting forward a plea for a National Thrift Week, has this point clearly in mind, a point which is doubly pertinent at this time when business is slackening

and the war-time budgets of individuals and nations are being painfully readjusted to a peace-time basis.

The Thrift Week of the Y.M.C.A. is scheduled to begin on January 17. The creed of Thrift Week is included in ten financial injunctions, to which citizens are asked to give heed. These ten injunctions are:

Work and earn.
Make a budget.
Record expenditures.
Have a bank account.
Carry life insurance.
Own your own home.
Make a will.
Pay your bills promptly.
Invest in reliable securities.
Share with others.

These are not counsels of parsimony; they are counsels of judicious and intelligent expenditure. There are some items on this list which Uncle Sam himself will do well to profit by. "Make a budget," for instance, is as good advice for Uncle Sam as for John Citizen.

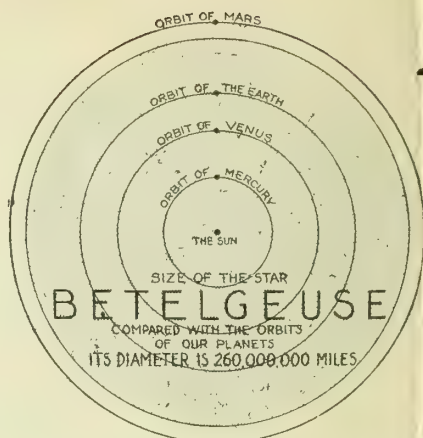
A GREAT FEAT IN ASTRONOMY

IN his remarkable book "The Outline of History" H. G. Wells closes his chapter on the development of writing as a means of communication between man and man with these words: "Our world to-day is only in the beginning of knowledge."

At first glance this seems an extravagant statement. The wonderful achievements of science during even the first twenty years of the twentieth century make the layman wonder sometimes whether there are many fields of knowledge left for man to conquer. And then, just when we begin to think that man has about become lord of all creation, along comes science with a new discovery which shows how puny he really is and how the majesty of the universe towers above and beyond him, unfathomable and unknowable.

It was in this mood that the old Hebrew poet wrote, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him?" And it is this mood which must have been impressed upon the minds of thousands of men and women who read the recent announcement, in the last week of December, of the unprecedented astronomical achievement of Professor Albert Michelson, of the University of Chicago, who has successfully measured the size of the star Betelgeuse, in the constellation of Orion.

Betelgeuse (sometimes spelled Betelgeux) is an incandescent star or sun, doubtless very much like our own mysterious and flaming Orb of Day, except in point of size. Professor Michelson has discovered that it would take twenty-seven million suns like ours to



Courtesy of the New York "Times"

The shaded portion of the diagram shows the size of Betelgeuse compared with the orbits of our planets. As will be seen, the star would nearly fill the orbit of Mars. The sun and the planets as shown here are greatly exaggerated. The sun, for example, if correctly drawn to scale, would be only 1-150th of an inch in diameter. It would take 27,000,000 suns like it to equal Betelgeuse, although the diameter of our sun is 866,000 miles.

make one Betelgeuse, which has a diameter of nearly three hundred million miles. Since the circumference of a globe is 3.1416 times its diameter, it would take an airplane flying one hundred miles an hour about one thousand years to circumnavigate this gigantic sun, without stopping a second for the birth and death of generations of pilots.

No wonder that the special correspondent of the New York "Times," reporting from Chicago the overwhelming measurements and calculations made by Professor Michelson, remarks: "These dimensions make the bodies in our solar system seem most minute and insignificant and present the conception of celestial bodies of magnitudes hitherto unmeasured and almost beyond comprehension."

Terrestrial and human pride seems pretty small after such a glimpse into the illimitable universe. And yet we cannot resist adding, with some satisfaction, that Professor Michelson received his scientific education at the United States Naval Academy, at Annapolis, but resigned from the Navy in 1881 to devote himself to scientific research. He has successively held the chair of Physics in the Case School of Applied Science, at Cleveland; in Clark University, at Worcester; and for the last twenty-eight years in the University of Chicago.

A CONCERT OF ENGLISH MUSIC

FOR many years English composers seemed unable to rise above the level of mediocrity. Scarcely a name in the nineteenth century among all the

names of even second or third rate composers is English. The one striking exception is not English at all, for it is Irish—Sullivan; and that can be counted English only because Sir Arthur was born in London, though his father was a native of County Cork. The twentieth century has seen a change. Among living composers the German Richard Strauss has perhaps been most widely advertised and has perhaps created the greatest sensations, and the French d'Indy is perhaps the most interesting to the students of the development of music, but no one has become more deservedly distinguished than the Englishman Sir Edward Elgar. And among the younger composers those of England are giving as much promise as those of any other country except possibly France. Here in America we ought to hear more of English music, just as we ought to hear more music of American origin. Simply because the very greatest composers have been German is no reason why we should hold our breaths every time a German composer makes a noise. American audiences listen with respect to music labeled German which would frankly bore them if it were marked "Made in England" and which they would not listen to at all if they knew it was by an American.

All this is by way of lengthy introduction to the statement that one of the last orchestral concerts of the old year in New York City consisted of English music under the direction of an English conductor.

At the invitation of Walter Damrosch, conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, Albert Coates has been visiting this country to lead the orchestra as guest conductor. His first appearance was in a programme consisting of a suite arranged and edited by himself for string orchestra from the works of Henry Purcell, Sir Edward Elgar's "Enigma" Variations, and Vaughan Williams's "London" symphony.

Purcell represents the high-water mark of English music previous to the present century. That was a good many years ago—about two centuries and a half. At that time English musicianship was of the highest order.

Sir Edward Elgar's Variations constitute one of the most beautiful compositions produced in our day, which grows with repeated hearings. Its theme, which seems strange and almost awkward at first, has the kind of beauty that is denied to mere prettiness. The Variations, supposed to be representative of the temperaments of some of Sir Edward's friends, are of widest variety; one is buoyant; another, mincing; another, pretentious; another, suave and

noble. The composer has lent a factitious interest to this work by saying: "Through and over the whole set another and larger theme 'goes' but is not played."

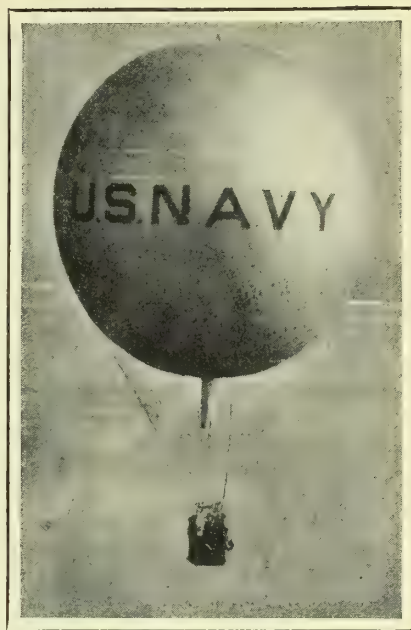
The symphony in this concert is frankly the starkest kind of programme music. It is supposed to describe the city of London. The Thames flows silent in the dawn, the Westminster chimes strike the half-hour, the Strand becomes all bustle and turmoil, a costermonger sings a coster song, a bit of shabby-genteel London comes into view, and then the turmoil of the Strand reappears. Thus endeth the first movement. In the second movement is pictured the region known as Bloomsbury, and an old musician plays a plaintive tune on a fiddle in front of a public house. In the third movement the composer undertakes to give his audience through the ears a glimpse of the slums. The last movement might be called the labor movement. It is supposed to depict the hunger and unrest of London; but it brings us back to old Father Thames still flowing silently. This symphony is really a movie in sound, and as an art production may be ranked with the movies. Those who prefer to see moving pictures and those who prefer to hear something else beside movies will be alike unappreciative of this composition. Nevertheless there are passages of beauty in it. It is written with great skill and mastery of modern musical resources. Vaughan Williams, the composer, received his musical education chiefly in England, and he has worked with Maurice Ravel in Paris; but he writes a good deal like the modern German.

Albert Coates, the guest conductor, is English in name and in his paternal ancestry, but he was born in Russia of a Russian mother, and, though he studied science under Sir Oliver Lodge in Liverpool, he received his musical education in Petrograd, was a member of the Gewandhaus under Nikisch, and became conductor of the Imperial Opera of Petrograd. More recently he has been conducting in London.

FROM LONG ISLAND TO HUDSON BAY

ON December 13 three naval officers left Rockaway Point, Long Island, in a spherical balloon. Twenty-four hours later they descended near Moose Factory, Ontario, close to the shores of Hudson Bay, after covering a distance of some eight hundred miles.

It was not for some three weeks, however, that any news of their safe descent reached the United States, for the balloonists, when they landed in the Canadian wilderness, were far from tele-



International
THE BALLOON THAT MADE A
GREAT ADVENTURE

graphic communication with the outside world. As it was, they wandered for four days before they found the Hudson Bay Post at Moose Factory. Meanwhile the American Naval Air Service and the Canadian authorities were bending every effort to locate the missing men. It was a matter of international relief and congratulation when the adventurous voyagers were finally reported safe. It is expected that it will take two weeks for the officers to return from Moose Factory to the nearest rail head. Certainly their journey to Canada and return may be described in similar language to that used by the Chinaman after his first ride upon a toboggan. When asked what it was like he said: "Wi-s-s-s-s-h! Walkee back three mile!"

We are a little at a loss to know what military or naval purpose is served by such a flight in a craft which belongs, so far as modern warfare is concerned, in a category with flintlocks and blunderbuses. Perhaps, however, the stimulus which such a voyage gives to qualities of courage and self-reliance may have justified the risk involved.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE winter season is not generally celebrated for its sporting events of international interest, but there are exceptions to almost every rule.

The last week in December saw a closely fought contest between the Cornell cross-country team, intercollegiate champions of America, and a team representing the combined forces of Oxford and Cambridge. The Oxford-Cambridge team won by the narrow margin of 26 to 29. The Cornell runners arrived in

England only a week before the race, and, though they were defeated, their achievement against the pick of two universities is therefore especially creditable. The race of seven and one-half miles was run over the famous Thames Hare and Hounds Course, which includes three severe water jumps, a long stretch of plowed field, and numerous hills. The English runners have always been at their best in long-distance races, and the Oxford-Cambridge runners are said to comprise the strongest 'varsity team which has been assembled in many years. It is reported that next year Oxford and Cambridge will not only send their track teams, but also their boat crews, to compete with Cornell. It is to be hoped that this report is true.

Even if an American team did not succeed in defeating Oxford and Cambridge, American tennis players have once more gained possession of the famous Davis trophy. At Auckland, New Zealand, on January 1, William T. Tilden and William M. Johnston made a clean sweep of the Davis cup lawn tennis championship by defeating Gerald F. Patterson and Norman E. Brookes in both the singles and doubles. The Davis trophy has been in the antipodes since the beginning of the war. Doubtless America will be called upon to defend its possession at Forest Hills, Long Island, this coming summer.

On New Year's Day a third athletic event took place which, while not of an international character, was at least of continental interest. The eleven of the University of Ohio played the eleven of

the University of California at Pasadena that day. The game resulted in the favor of the Western university by the very decisive score of 28 to 0. California apparently swept the Ohio team off its feet by the precision and brilliancy of its overhead attack.

FIUME SURRENDERED

As was anticipated, the Italian regulars made short work of Gabriele d'Annunzio's legionaries at Fiume. As for some time the citizens of Fiume had been saying, "*Liberaci dai Liberatori*" (Deliver us from our deliverers), it was appropriate that the new Provisional Government of Fiume should begin the disarmament of the defeated legionaries and should preserve order in the city by its own police. The poet-commander begged permission to leave Fiume at the head of his legionaries. This was refused. On January 5 the troops which had held Fiume for sixteen months began to leave the city under the guard of regulars on special trains in relays of three hundred legionaries each. They will be enrolled with their original units in Italy. The regulars worked as quickly as possible, so as to establish the new Independent State of Fiume at once. The Provisional Government will hold an election almost immediately.

Thus ends a chapter of history.

Some three years ago at Fiume a member of The Outlook's editorial staff, noting the independent spirit of the Fiumani, asked one of the City Councilors: "Why should Fiume not be an

independent republic?" "Ah, that would be the ideal solution," was the reply, "*una repubblica fiumana*." This ideal might have been realized by the heads of the Paris Peace Conference. But the extremes of Italian realism and Wilsonian idealism prevented.

A CIVILIAN'S FIGHT WITH THE MILITARY

YEARS ago, at the University of Bonn, William II and Theobald von Bethmann Hollweg were students together, and friends. Doubtless this friendship made Bethmann's path easier to the presidency, first, of the district of Bromberg and, second, of the province of Brandenburg; to the Secretaryship of the Interior and the Vice-Presidency of the Prussian Council; to the Imperial Vice-Chancellorship and to the Chancellorship itself.

A highly trained bureaucrat, Bethmann represented the tendencies of a Prussian patrician, not of a Prussian Junker—that is to say, though beginning with strong prejudices, he was susceptible of change. He had fought against giving to the people a larger share in the government of Prussia, but later became an apostle of universal franchise.

Bethmann has just died, sixty-four years old. With him passes the broadest of the Kaiser's generally narrow-minded counselors—certainly he was in glaring contrast to such bigots as Tirpitz and Ludendorff.

Bethmann's Chancellorship meant a trial of strength between two forces—the military and the civil. It was to last eight years and was to end with a tragic military triumph.

In his recently published memoirs he blames the German army for starting the World War.

In 1914, however, he also blamed England. It was he who said that Great Britain was going to make war "just for a scrap of paper."

This phrase discrediting a solemn treaty and his other statement admitting the wrong done to the Belgians but defending that wrong on the ground that necessity knows no law revealed in him a kind of honesty not characteristic of all Germans, together with a characteristically German disregard of the conscience of mankind.

Bethmann's divergence from the militarists increased as time went on. It was illustrated by his protest against the German aerial bombardment of London, his opposition to a ruthless submarine campaign, and, above all, his instigation of a peace resolution in the Reichstag.

When Ludendorff, the chief of the militarists, and Bethmann resigned at



Underwood

D'ANNUNZIO MESSING WITH HIS SOLDIERS IN FIUME BEFORE HIS SURRENDER

the same time, the Kaiser turned against his old friend, accepting his resignation, and reinstated Ludendorff. That was the end of Bethmann's career.

LYNCHINGS IN 1920

PROFESSOR WORK, of Tuskegee Institute, annually compiles a list of lynchings in the United States. His report for 1920 has at least one encouraging feature, for he records fifty-six instances in which officers of the law prevented lynchings either by the removal of prisoners or by the use of armed force. Ten of these instances occurred in Northern States and forty-six in Southern. Armed force was used to repel lynchers in fourteen cases and in four instances mobs were fired upon.

There were sixty-one lynchings in the year 1920. Of these fifty-two were in the South and nine in the North and West, a total reduction of twenty-two from the year 1919. The victims of these lynchings numbered fifty-three Negroes and eight whites. The roll of dishonor of the various States follows:

Alabama, 7; Arkansas, 1; California, 3; Florida, 7; Georgia, 9; Illinois, 1; Kansas, 1; Kentucky, 1; Minnesota, 3; Mississippi, 7; Missouri, 1; North Carolina, 3; Ohio, 1; Oklahoma, 3; South Carolina, 1; Texas, 10; Virginia, 1; West Virginia, 1.

The record for 1920 shows some advance over the previous year, but it still constitutes a blot upon American civilization.

THE PLIGHT OF FRANCE

ON January 3 the Paris "Matin" published an article by ex-President Poincaré, in which he cites the provision of the Versailles Treaty requiring the German army to be reduced by March 31, 1920, to 100,000 men, and the German police force to a number not to exceed the ratio to population as it was in 1913. Yet, adds Mr. Poincaré, the Interallied Commission of Control reports that even now Germany has not fulfilled her obligations. It is believed by some, we would add, that Germany has from two and a half to three million men trained for army emergency and a million and a half of rifles ready.

As long as France is not safe from a vengeful and aggressive Germany, the victory in which America participated will remain endangered.

If the Germans could be rendered unaggressive and brought to real repentance, if they could be so changed in spirit as honestly to seek to repair not only the material damage that they have done but also the injuries they have wrought in the social fabric of the

world, the victory of the cause of the Allies would be permanent and would need no other safeguard. But the French have no illusions on that score. They live next to the Germans. They know that nations are not converted in a day or a year. They are not unreasonable. They do not demand the impossible. They are not looking for any one to provide them with a formula for universal peace. They believe, however, that, having borne the brunt of the Germans' assault upon civilization, they have the right to expect such safeguards as will save France from the peril of national extinction. It is not quite fair—is it?—for other nations in positions of comparative security to leave France insecure.

When the armistice brought hostilities to an end, there were four measures which might have been taken to keep Germany from repeating her adventure.

One measure would have been to deal separately with the different elements in the German Empire, and thus deprive Prussia of the strength that she derived from employing the resources of the other German states. Modern Europe has never feared Bavaria or Saxony or Württemberg singly. But Europe, including peoples of German speech and culture, has feared Prussia. If the Allies had offered Bavaria, for example, a separate peace on terms better than she could obtain in partnership with Prussia, she might have been glad to abandon an enterprise that had proved disastrous in the past and was full of ill omen for the future. This, however, was not to be. For some reason of political expediency the managers of the Peace Conference decided to consolidate the German Empire by treating with all the German states as a whole. That safeguard, therefore, was abandoned.

Another measure would have been to make France correspondingly strong. This would have involved the transfer to France not only of Alsace and Lorraine but of other regions inhabited by people for generations German in speech and tradition. There were objections to this measure apart from considerations of justice to the inhabitants of the territory involved. France has been successful in implanting loyalty to the Republic in the heart of many people who are French neither in speech nor in ancestry; but it would have been of doubtful benefit to the French Republic to include such masses of Germans within French territory as would have been necessary if a purely military frontier had been arranged. This second safeguard was thus likewise abandoned.

A third measure would have been to exact from Germany such a price for her orgy as to have convinced her that

a war of conquest does not pay, to have put the leaders of her iniquity under such restraint as to have furnished a warning for others who might seek to imitate them, and to deprive her so completely of military resources as to make it impossible for her to employ the might which she had abused. In some degree this measure was attempted in the Treaty; but it has not been put into effect. What France had to pay for defending civilization is recorded in her devastated area and in the sad disorganization of her social and economic life. What Germany has had to pay for her assault upon civilization is not so evident. It is true that her population has suffered physically and morally from the war as have other peoples, but her factories are intact, her towns and cities remain standing. Germany has not begun really to pay for even the limited amount of damage for which she agreed to make reparation. All accounts agree that she does not intend to pay. She has not surrendered her criminals, and does not intend to surrender them. She has made a show of disarmament, but she still retains military forces and military weapons that she had agreed to dispense with. This safeguard, though not abandoned, has therefore so far failed.

The fourth measure would have been to perfect and strengthen the alliance which proved effective ultimately in thwarting Germany's purpose. That alliance, or league, or association, or whatever else it may be called, was in good working order two years ago last November. Hardly, however, was the armistice signed, than an attempt was under way to abandon it and to substitute for it something else planned for a different purpose and organized in an unprecedented way. It is true that at the same time the three strongest nations associated together in the war tentatively made an agreement to resist German aggression in the future. That Franco-Anglo-American treaty still remains tentative. It has never been ratified. Meantime the League of Nations, devised as a substitute for the War Alliance, has proved ineffective. The fourth safeguard has therefore disappeared.

Americans, far from the scene of the war, should not forget the plight of France.

MIXED MARRIAGE

THERE is a great deal of evidence on which to base the conclusion that art should have little concern with ethics or morals. Certainly many instances may be found wherein an artist with an impelling moral or social purpose has failed to create the artistic



MRS. RAINEY (MARGARET WYCHERLY), AND MICHAEL O'HARA (HARMON MAC GREGOR) WHO HAS BEEN WOUNDED BY A PROTESTANT SYMPATHIZER, APPEAL TO JOHN RAINEY (AUGUSTIN DUNCAN) TO RELENT IN HIS DETERMINATION TO REPUDIATE HIS PREVIOUS ALLIANCE WITH THE CATHOLIC WORKMEN OF CORK

effect which he has simultaneously sought.

Perhaps before admitting the absolute divorce of art and ethics as a philosophic axiom it might be well to inquire whether this division between the worlds of art and morals is not apparent rather than real; whether or not the failure which frequently follows the attempt to be both moral and artistic at the same time does not arise from the shortcomings of the artist rather than from the impracticability of his purpose. Mediæval painters and architects certainly found their religious fervor no drawback to their artistic efforts, for with them the two purposes were completely absorbed the one in the other. Perhaps dramatists of social reform can learn something from contemplating this thought. We are moved to this rather ponderous philosophizing by St. John Ervine's "Mixed Marriage," a dramatized picture of the religious bigotry of the north of Ireland.

Obviously, Mr. Ervine had a distinct social purpose in mind when he wrote "Mixed Marriage." He wanted, first, to make a plea for a united Ireland, an Ireland tolerant of religious differences. He wanted, secondly, to express the present conflict in artistic and dramatic

form. Now this conflict is indeed essentially dramatic, and Mr. Ervine is too much an artist entirely to lose touch with the potential dramatics of any situation. Yet we suspect that many of those who have witnessed "Mixed Marriage" left the little Bramhall Playhouse not wholly satisfied with their evening's fare.

"Mixed Marriage" in its presentation of character is indeed worthy of the man who was later to write "Jane Clegg" and "John Ferguson." The greatest fault of this earlier work is the failure to achieve crystallization of purpose and content. In this presentation of character the work of St. John Ervine is ably seconded by the remarkable cast which has been assembled by Mr. Augustin Duncan, who is not only the stage director of "Mixed Marriage" but also plays the leading male rôle, that of John Rainey. No less effective is the work of Margaret Wycherly, who plays the part of Rainey's wife.

John Rainey is a Protestant workingman of Cork. His older son, Hugh, falls in love with a Catholic, Nora Murray. His chum is also another Catholic, Michael O'Hara. A strike is called by the workingmen in the shipyards, and Michael O'Hara persuades John Rainey

to take the leading part in helping Protestant and Catholic workingmen to co-operate towards their common end. John Rainey, Orangeman though he is, and a stubborn one to boot, is flattered by his success in bringing the two factions together. All goes well until he discovers that his son is to marry Nora. Then his old animosities break forth, and he discovers in O'Hara's plea for co-operation a Popish plot designed to put the Protestants of Cork under the dominion of the Catholics. His renunciation of the cause of co-operation results in a riot in which Nora is killed and the cause of the workingmen goes crashing down to disaster. John Rainey in his bigotry understands nothing of the effect which his blindness has had upon the course of events. In the face of the death of Nora and the failure of the strike he can only say, "I was right all the time." The character of his wife is not one which can easily be described. She is a commonplace woman with an intuition for the underlying verities of the situation. We suspect that in less able hands than those of Margaret Wycherly the part of Mrs. Rainey would not have been especially convincing. The tolerance and human understanding of Mrs. Rainey as played by Miss Wycherly made an admirable background for the heavy-handed and heavy-witted John Rainey of Augustin Duncan.

It is said that the play is to be moved from the intimate neighborliness of the Bramhall Playhouse to a Broadway theater. Whether the play is one which will carry in a larger theater than the one in which it is now appearing remains to be seen.

WITCHCRAFT IN 1921

ONCE in a while the readers of the daily press must open their eyes with astonishment as they glance from the news columns to the date lines, and question whether the date should not be 1621 instead of 1921.

There are to be found pagan lightning myths still current under the guise of witching for water with a hazel twig; astrologers still pay curious tribute to the influence of the moon and the stars; and once in a while there appears a recrudescence of that belief in witchcraft which blackened the records of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries.

As a matter of fact, these vermiform appendices of ancient superstitions are not much to be wondered at, for, unlike water, the rising tide of human intelligence does not find a common level. There are some people living to-day with neolithic minds, some with minds which belong in the days of the Spanish In-

quisition, and there are some, fortunately, with minds which transcend even the experience and knowledge of the twentieth century.

We are moved to these remarks by two items which recently appeared in the New York press. One item told the story of a mother who accused a neighbor of possessing the evil eye. This neighbor was charged by the complaining mother with having stolen her daughter's affection. The second item was of even a more striking nature. It told of a suit at law based upon a charge of real witchcraft. In this second instance the defendant was charged with having cast a spell upon a child, causing its limbs to wither away. Add the melting of a waxen image to the charge, and the story might have been taken from a witchcraft trial at the time of the great delusion.

After all, the belief in witchcraft, granted certain premises, is not as il-

logical as it may seem. The case for witchcraft is put cautiously but nevertheless positively in the Catholic Encyclopædia, a reference work which in most matters leans towards a liberal Catholicism. The Catholic Encyclopædia says:

The question of the reality of witchcraft is one upon which it is not easy to pass a confident judgment. In the face of Holy Scripture and the teaching of the Fathers and theologians the abstract possibility of a pact with the Devil and of a diabolical interference in human affairs can hardly be denied, but no one can read the literature of the subject without realizing the awful cruelties to which this belief led and without being convinced that in 99 cases out of 100 the allegations rest upon nothing better than pure delusion.

In other words, if the presence of evil in the world is to be explained by a belief in a personal devil and by an adherence to Miltonic theology, the step

towards a belief in the possibility of a compact with that devil is not difficult to effect. The point of view of the Catholic Encyclopædia is not an isolated one. The belief in "malicious animal magnetism" held by certain Christian Scientists is distinctly on all fours with the earlier explanation offered for certain psychological phenomena which the world of science has not yet succeeded in explaining. Not until we know much more than we do at present concerning hysteria and certain other forms of mental derangement can we hope to eliminate from all minds the fear of the evil eye and the belief in direct Satanic intervention in human affairs.

The problem of the existence of evil has perplexed philosophers and theologians in all ages. We should not be discouraged by the little we have learned. We should be stimulated by the vastness of the field of knowledge still left for us to conquer.

A CRACK AT THE JAW OF GENIUS

I
IF it was the object of Lawrence F. Abbott to start a riot on Grub Street, he used admirable methods in his article in *The Outlook* of December 29 entitled "A Musical Missionary." For in paragraph three of this otherwise delightful and instructive article, without the slightest warning, he doubles his fist, hauls off, and takes the following crack at the jaw of genius:

I have forgotten what the textbooks say, but I name the four great fine arts as follows: Painting, Sculpture (including Architecture), Poetry, and Music.

Taken literally, Mr. Abbott's words oust the novel and the drama from the realm of great fine art, save when drama is written in iambic pentameter. He banishes prose from the class of great fine art, even the prose of the Bible itself.

The one who writes music, even though it be no more than a fiddler's jig, works in a medium that represents great fine art; while one who writes mere prose, even though it be such a novel as "Les Misérables," works in a medium that does not represent great fine art. Thomas Hardy, architect, worked in the field of a greater art than Thomas Hardy, author of "The Return of the Native." Robert Louis Stevenson only when grinding out jingles for children worked in the medium of a great art.

One is asked to believe that the Woolworth Building, being one of the best things to which we can point in American architecture, is a finer and greater work of art than "The Scarlet Letter," which is one of the best things we can point to in American prose. Stanford

White is glorified above Washington Irving, while Edith Wharton fades in critical appraisal before the one who drafted the plans for the Bush Terminal. "Vanity Fair" represents a lesser art than "September Morn," while the novels of Tolstoy shrink in artistic stature before the art medium in which Irving Berlin raps out his royalties.

John Barrymore, playing "Justice," chose a lesser art form than when he played the popular bedroom thing entitled "The Jest," since the latter was poetic in form.

Beethoven, conveying to the world his expression of life in the form of musical compositions, was a great artist. But if he had conveyed the same expression of life to us with equal power and understanding, but in the form of the novel, he could in nowise have been regarded as a great artist. Balzac and Flaubert and Turgenev lose stature as artists because their genius led them into another field than those tilled by Whistler, Paul Bartlett, James Whitcomb Riley, and Victor Herbert. The firm of Eliot and Eliot, architects of motion-picture theaters, are closer to art than George Eliot, creator of "Daniel Deronda." The wooden Indian in front of the cigar store, representing the art of sculpture, lords it over the Indians of James Fenimore Cooper. NOVELIST.

II

If Novelist's premises were correct, his conclusions would be irresistible. But his premises are wrong. "Fine Arts" and "fine art" are not synonymous phrases, as he apparently assumes. If Novelist is interested enough to look at one of the longest (and, let me confess, one of the driest) articles in the Encyclopædia Britannica—the article on

Fine Arts, by Sir Sidney Colvin, the friend and interpreter of Robert Louis Stevenson—he will find that "Fine Arts" is a phrase which philosophers, historians, and students of æsthetics have agreed to use in defining Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, Music, and Poetry; for æsthetics has its species, varieties, and classifications, like botany and zoology. The prime function of the five Fine Arts (except Architecture, which has a pronounced utilitarian element) is to arouse emotions, not to convey ideas or facts. Thus to a certain extent putting five arts into a group and calling them the Fine Arts is a matter of arbitrary definition. Novelist has a perfect right to make his own definition, but it will not be very effective until he can get at least ten or twenty generations to agree with him. It must be said that Novelist, in his protest against what he thought was my supercilious treatment of his particular art, has a famous ally. Plato thought that shoemaking was a finer art than the "Fine Arts" because it was useful. On that basis, I doubt whether he would admit that the modern "best seller" among the novels is any kind of art—except perhaps an artful method of picking the pockets of a public too credulous of the newspaper puffers. I am pretty sure that he would say, if we could get him on the ouija, that James Fenimore Cooper's Indians are as wooden as those that used to decorate New York cigar stores in the days before the Tobacco Trust made smoking an industry instead of a fine art. Perhaps for that reason Cooper's novels ought to be included in the five great Fine Arts on the ground that they belong to the art of Sculpture.

L. F. A.

CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



From Elon Jessup, New York City

A MIDWINTER EXCURSION OF THE DARTMOUTH OUTING CLUB—CLIMBING MOUNT LAFAYETTE

Dartmouth students make a yearly trip in winter to some of the scenic points of the White Mountains. The scene depicted is in the Pemigewasset Valley, near the beginning of the "hike"



International

THE PEOPLE OF CORK, IRELAND, GAZING AT THE RUINS OF PART OF THEIR CITY

The scene is on Patrick Street, one of the principal thoroughfares of the city. Buildings covering an area of five acres are said to have been destroyed by the fire



(C) Underwood

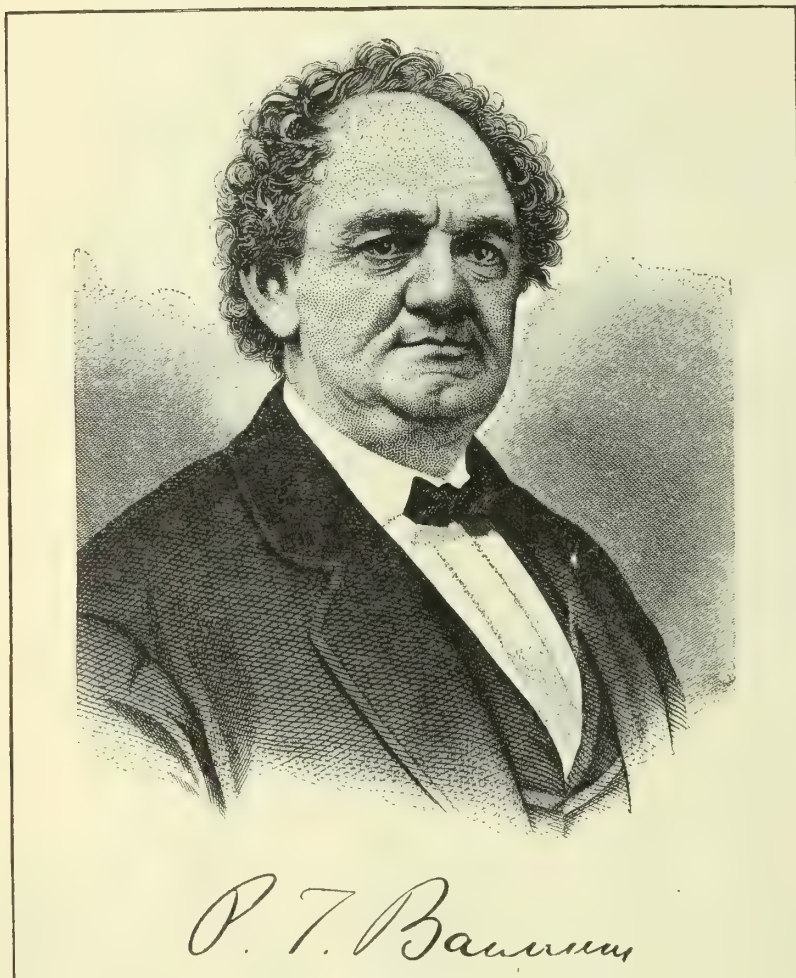
MOVING PLYMOUTH ROCK FROM AN ARTIFICIAL FOUNDATION TO ITS ORIGINAL BED

Some years ago the Rock was removed from its original site and placed at the base of a canopied monument. It has now been returned to its former bed and occupies the place where it is believed the Pilgrims landed

SNAP-SHOTS OF MY CONTEMPORARIES

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

P. T. BARNUM, SHOWMAN



From "Struggles and Triumphs," by P. T. Barnum

"He was frankly an entertainer, and not a reformer. If I am right in defining a good-natured man as a man who desires to make other people happy, then the word good-natured would adequately describe him"

I HAVE a liking for the faith of the small boy who said to his mother, "God must have laughed when he made a monkey." Why not? If we argue from the beauty in the world that the Creator has an appreciation of beauty, why not from the humor in humanity that the Creator has a sense of humor? I have read the story of a dancer who, being converted, thereafter expressed his devotion to the Virgin Mary by daily dancing before her as the best possible method of bringing her honor. Dickens has rendered a good service by his sympathetic picture of the life behind the curtain in his portrait of the Crummles family, and by his sympathetic picture of life in the sawdust ring by his portrait of Mr. Sleary. Let the reader of this article, then, understand the writer's point of view. There is a place in God's world for play, and the pro-

fessional entertainer is doing God service if he carries into his profession the spirit of honesty, generosity, and purity—that is, if he gives his audience their money's worth, treats his employees and associates with generosity, and rigorously excludes from his entertainments anything which panders to vice or tends to degradation.

In my collection of autographs, which number nearly if not quite a thousand, is the following characteristic letter from P. T. Barnum, written to me in answer to a request for some information concerning Tom Thumb:

Waldemere,
Bridgeport, Ct.,
Oct. 5, 1878.

Rev. Lyman Abbott:

Dear Sir—Your letter is recd. and I with pleasure enclose an explanation of the T. T. matter.

By the way my big show opens at Gilmore's Garden on the 14th inst for a month & I hope you will take

occasion to see a really sound & interesting Exhibition. Truly yours,
P. T. BARNUM.

I call this letter¹ interesting not merely, not mainly, because it exhibits the born advertiser, but because it illustrates what I think was very characteristic of Mr. Barnum, his professional pride. He was a great showman, and he was proud of being a great showman; a great advertiser, and he had a naïve pride in his curiously ingenious advertising schemes. He made it clear in his autobiography that he considered himself called to be a showman; the business came to him, he did not seek it out. Looking back from his first success as the creator of "Barnum's Museum," he writes:

The business for which I was destined, and I believe made, had not yet come to me; or rather, I had not found that I was to cater for that insatiate want of human nature—the love of amusement; that I was to make a sensation on two continents; and that fame and fortune awaited me so soon as I should appear before the public in the character of a showman. These things I had not foreseen. I did not seek the position or the character. The business finally came in my way; I fell into the occupation, and far beyond any of my predecessors on this continent, I have succeeded.

He did not conduct his enterprise to elevate society. He was frankly an entertainer, and not a reformer. If I am right in defining a good-natured man as a man who desires to make other people happy, then the word good-natured would adequately describe him. He was desirous of making money and took at times what might be called a gambler's chance in making it. But he was much more than a mere money-maker. If from any entertainment which he provided the spectator had gone away disappointed, he would have regarded the entertainment as failure, no matter what money brought him. His ideals were not at ways of the highest, but he lived up to them. He never sacrificed his self-respect in order to get the money of the public into his own pocket. He writes "As I always justly boasted, no one could visit my Museum and go away without feeling that he had received the full worth of his money." It was his ambition—and it was gratified—"to have men and women all over the country say: 'There is not another place in the United States where so much can be seen for twenty-five cents as in Barnum's American Museum.'"

When I came to New York City

¹The original is reproduced in facsimile the front cover of this number.—The Editors.

1849 to enter the New York University, Barnum's American Museum was one of the best-known show places in the city. It was situated on the corner of Ann Street and Broadway, in what was then the center of a city which now has grown so great that it has no center, because it has many centers. Opposite it on Broadway was the best-known hotel in the city, the Astor House; three or four blocks to the north was the best-known restaurant, Delmonico's; between the two was "The Park," and in the Park the City Hall. The two most famous Episcopal churches of the city, Trinity and St. Paul's, were one five or six minutes' walk distant, the other on the corner opposite the Astor House. St. George's (Episcopal) and the Brick Church (Presbyterian) had a few years before moved farther uptown. The "Tribune" and the "Times" newspapers were close at hand. There were then no traffic policemen, and the picture which accompanies this article, taken by permission from Valentine's "Manual," represents a scene which might be witnessed at that point almost any hour of any day. In the afternoon a band of half a dozen pieces played on a balcony overhanging the street. At night a curious kaleidoscopic collection of highly colored and illuminated glasses was kept by some contrivance boiling and bubbling on the walls of the Museum.

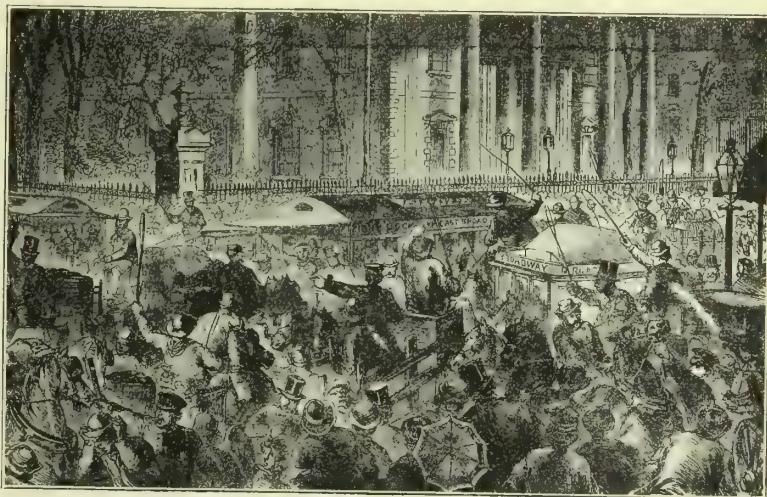
Within the Museum was a constantly increasing collection of all sorts of curiosities, real and spurious, natural and artificial. This was long before the days of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Natural History Museum, and before the days when those serious and instructive unadvertised collections would have drawn any such group of spectators as they now draw. It was a more credulous, perhaps a more curious, age. Periodically the newspapers took up the question, Is there a sea serpent? for serious discussion. When, therefore, Mr. Barnum advertised a "Feejee Mermaid," the people thronged to see it. In truth, it was a curiosity, though an artificial one. A naturalist whose judgment on it he obtained replied that "he could not conceive how it could have been manufactured, for he never saw a monkey with such peculiar teeth, arms, hands, etc., and he never saw a fish with such peculiar fins; but he did not believe in mermaids." But it served Mr. Barnum's purpose; it advertised his Museum. He subsequently concluded that it was a product of Japanese ingenuity. He purchased for \$200 a model of Niagara Falls in which the proportions of the falls, the hills, rocks, buildings, etc., in the vicinity were given with mathematical accuracy, "while the absurdity was in introducing 'real water' to represent the falls." When the Water Commissioners summoned him to pay an extra water tax, he showed them that the water flowed back into a res-

ervoir, from which it was pumped up to repeat its service. "A single barrel of water, if my pump was in good order, would furnish my falls for a month." The hazard and expense of new enterprises did not daunt him. He learned of the capture of a white whale at or near the mouth of the St. Lawrence; sent up an expedition; captured two; built a tank of salt water in the basement of the Museum; and while they lived they proved a paying feature.

These attractions served as advertisements, but he did not depend upon them. As an inventive advertiser he has had, I rather think, no equal in the history of American advertisers. A tramp applied to him for a job; would be glad to do anything for a dollar a day. Barnum gave him a breakfast, then told him to lay a brick on the corner of Broadway and Ann Street, another close by the Museum, a third on the corner of Broadway and Vesey Street, and a fourth on the sidewalk in front of St. Paul's Church; then with a fifth brick in hand to "take up a rapid march from one to the other, making the circuit, exchanging your brick at every point and say nothing to any one." At the end of an hour the sidewalk was packed with curious people watching the inexplicable proceeding and enough of the number followed the brick-layer at the end of each cycle into the Museum to more than pay for his hire. The profit to Mr. Barnum was in the talk created and the consequent free advertising of the Museum. He announced baby shows with prizes for the finest baby, the fattest, the handsomest. Emulous mothers crowded the Museum and the reports of the baby shows found their way into the newspapers far and near. He set an elephant in charge of a keeper in Oriental costume plowing on a six-acre lot close beside the track of the New York and New Haven Railroad. The keeper was furnished with a time-table, and did his plowing when

trains were passing. A friendly farmer criticised him for his folly. "Your elephant," he said, "can't draw as much as two pair of my oxen can." "You are mistaken, my friend," replied Mr. Barnum; "he can draw more than forty yoke of oxen; for he can draw the attention of twenty millions of American citizens to Barnum's Museum!"

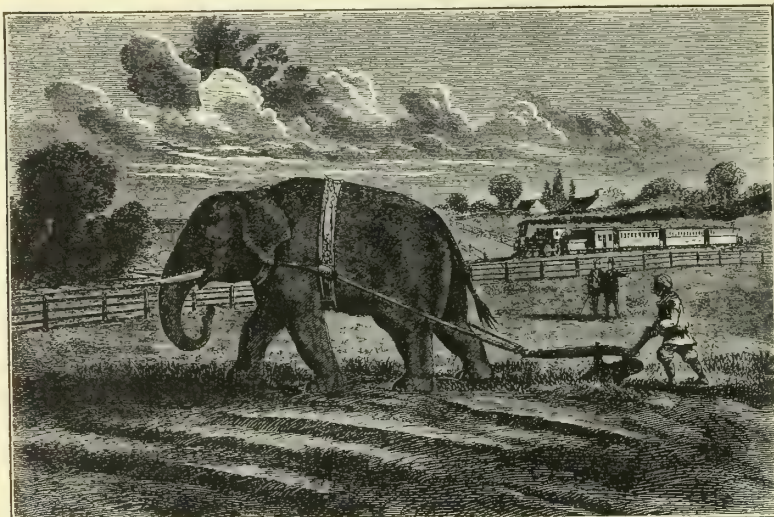
One important feature of the Museum was its "Lecture Room." The theater had a bad name, and thousands of people came every year to New York City who would not go to a theater but who were delighted to go to Barnum's Lecture Room to be entertained by what in these days would be called a vaudeville performance. They included "educated dogs, industrious fleas, automata, jugglers, ventriloquists, living statuary, tableaux, gypsies, albinos, fat boys, giants, dwarfs, rope-dancers," and the like. But from the first the Lecture Room differed from the average theater—certainly the cheaper ones—in more than a name. Barnum forbade what was common at that time—the setting apart of a certain section of the house, popularly known as the "third tier," where women of the town might ply their trade. He would allow no bar upon the premises, and, finding some of his patrons going out, as was the custom, for a drink between the acts, he ceased giving return checks to such as went out. My shadowy recollection of that time confirms his claim that he allowed on the stage no indelicacies of costume and no salacious dialogues. When the reputation of the Lecture Room was established, he substituted for the "educated dogs, industrious fleas," and the like, "moral dramas" such as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Drunkard." In his Philadelphia Museum, where the prejudice against the theater was greater than in New York, the Lecture Room was very popular; and when "The Drunkard" was being played there was a temperance pledge at the box-office which thousands signed,



From "Valentine's Manual, 1918-1919"

BROADWAY AND FULTON STREET NEAR BARNUM'S MUSEUM IN 1866

"When I came to New York City in 1849 to enter New York University, Barnum's Museum was one of the best-known show places in the city. . . . There were then no traffic policemen"



From "Struggles and Triumphs," by P. T. Barnum

"He set an elephant in charge of a keeper in Oriental costume plowing on a six-acre lot close beside the track of the New York and New Haven Railroad. The keeper was furnished with a time-table, and did his plowing when trains were passing"

and in his autobiography he tells us, "Almost every hour during the day and evening women could be seen bringing their husbands to the Museum to sign the pledge."

Mr. Barnum had inherited from his father and grandfather an irrepressible fondness for practical jokes, and he sometimes played them upon the public. But he always did it in such a fashion that the public enjoyed the joke with him. That his "humbuggery" did not impair the public faith in his commercial honesty is sufficiently established by two incidents. When he wanted to buy Scudder's American Museum, which was financially a failure but which he believed he could make a financial success, he borrowed the necessary \$15,000 on his personal credit, giving as security the purchased collection; and when eight years later, in order to carry out his contract with Jenny Lind, he had to deposit in the hands of her bankers in London the sum of \$187,500, he borrowed a considerable portion of the sum largely on the confidence which American bankers had in his commercial ability and his financial honesty.

I have defined Mr. Barnum as a good-natured man and defined a good-natured man as one who desires to make other men happy. This is not the highest ambition of which man is capable, but it is a not unworthy ambition, and in Mr. Barnum it appeared not only in his resolve to send away contented all those who came to his entertainments, but also in his resolve to make his associates and his employees sharers in his happiness. The cynics may say that this is good business. I think it is. But not every one has sufficient faith in this principle as good business to practice it. A slight illustration of Mr. Barnum's faith in it is furnished by his giving a dollar and a half a day to the brick-laying tramp, who only asked for a dollar a day; a better illustration,

by his steady increase in Tom Thumb's share in the profits of their joint enterprise as its increasing profitableness became manifest. But the most striking illustration is that furnished by his proposal to Jenny Lind to change the contract between them after the first auction sale of tickets had taken place and before the first concert. This change I copy from Mr. Barnum's autobiography:

On the Tuesday after her arrival I informed Miss Lind that I wished to make a slight alteration in our agreement. "What is it?" she asked in surprise?

"I am convinced," I replied, "that our enterprise will be much more successful than either of us anticipated. I wish, therefore, to stipulate that you shall receive not only \$1,000 for each concert besides all the expenses, as heretofore agreed on, but after taking \$5,500 per night for expenses and my services, the balance shall be equally divided between us."

Jenny looked at me with astonishment. She could not comprehend my proposition. After I had repeated it and she fully understood its import, she cordially grasped me by the hand, and exclaimed, "Mr. Barnum, you are a gentleman of honor; you are generous; it is just as Mr. Bates told me; I will sing for you as long as you please; I will sing for you in America—in Europe—anywhere."

Mr. Barnum ends the narrative of his engagement with her by a financial statement of the "total receipts, excepting of concerts devoted to charity." They are given in detail. We report only the totals:

Jenny Lind's net avails of 95 concerts.....	\$176,675.09
P. T. Barnum's gross receipts after paying Miss Lind	535,486.25
Total receipts of 95 concerts	\$712,161.34

Mr. Barnum does not state what his

net profits were; but as he paid all the expenses, including traveling expense and hotel bills for Jenny Lind and the entire musical company, the amount to be deducted from the gross receipts must have been considerable.

That Mr. Barnum recognized the human values as well as the commercial possibilities of his "natural curiosities" is evident from his relations with the famous dwarf, "General Tom Thumb," Mr. Barnum's own name for Charles Stratton, whom he discovered as a child of five and so trained that when the boy went some two years later to be exhibited in France Mr. Barnum won a judgment from the authorities that the "General's" presentation of various characters in costume entitled him to be counted an actor and therefore liable only for the eleven per cent "theatrical license" and not the twenty-five per cent license for "natural curiosities." From the European tour from which they returned in 1847, when the "little General" was ten years of age, Tom Thumb's father had acquired a fortune from which he settled a large sum upon his valuable son. Some ten years later, when Mr. Barnum "failed" as the result of an extensive real estate development enterprise, among the letters of friendly offers which came to him was the following:

Jones' Hotel, Philadelphia,
May 12, 1856.

My dear Mr. Barnum.—I understand your friends, and that means "all creation," intend to get up some benefits for your family. Now, my dear sir, just be good enough to remember that I belong to that mighty crowd, and I must have a finger (or at least a "thumb") in that pie. I am bound to appear on all such occasions in some shape, from "Jack the Giant Killer," up stairs, to the doorkeeper down, whichever may serve you best; and there are some feats that I can perform as well as any other man of my inches. I have just started out on my western tour, and have my carriage, ponies and assistants all here, but I am ready to go on to New York, bag and baggage, and remain at Mrs. Barnum's service as long as I, in my small way, can be useful. Put me into any "heavy" work, if you like. Perhaps I cannot lift as much as some other folks, but just take your pencil in hand and you will see I can draw a tremendous load. I drew two hundred tons at a single pull today, embracing two thousand persons, whom I hauled up safely and satisfactorily to all parties, at one exhibition. Hoping that you will be able to fix up a lot of magnets that will attract all New York, and volunteering to sit on any part of the loadstone, I am, as ever, your little but sympathizing friend,

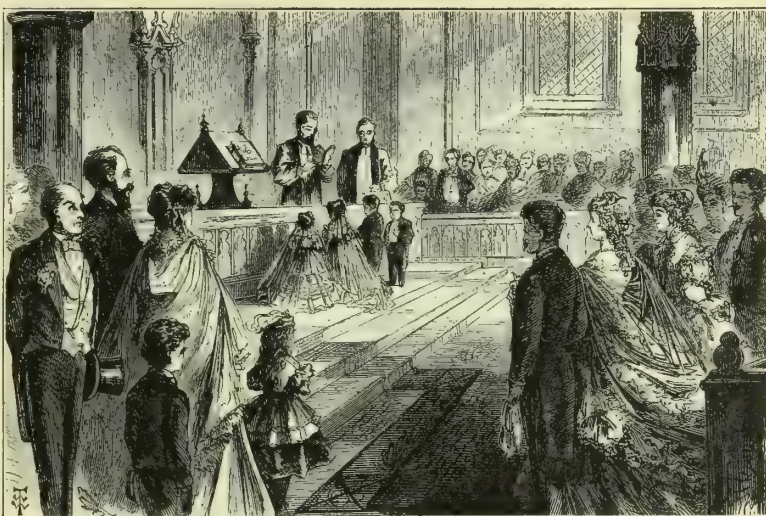
GEN. TOM THUMB.

Although Mr. Barnum felt compelled to refuse this offer, he could hardly have forgotten it. When he had so far recovered himself that he was free to do so, he again went abroad, taking with him the "little General," repeating the former successes, and canceling his

indebtedness at the end of four years. In 1862 the General had a country home in Bridgeport where he spent his "intervals of rest with his horses, and especially with his yacht, for his fondness for the water was his great passion." On one of his trips to New York, upon which occasions he always visited the Museum and Mr. Barnum, he met a recent acquisition of the showman, Lavinia Warren, a dwarf, a "most intelligent and refined young lady, well educated and an accomplished, beautiful and perfectly developed woman in miniature." With the hearty sympathy of Mr. Barnum the young people shortly became engaged and Miss Warren was released from her contract to go abroad for exhibition. Moreover, although Mr. Barnum "did not hesitate to seek continued advantage from the notoriety of the prospective marriage," when his offer of fifteen thousand dollars if they would postpone the wedding for a month was declined, he did not lose his human interest with the monetary loss.

"It was suggested to me," Mr. Barnum explained, "that a small fortune in itself could be easily made out of the excitement. 'Let the ceremony take place in the Academy of Music, charge a big price for admission, and the citizens will come in crowds.' I have no manner of doubt that in this way twenty-five thousand dollars would easily have been obtained. But I had no such thought. I had promised to give the couple a genteel and graceful wedding, and I kept my word."

The ceremony took place in Grace Church, in the presence of an audience of ladies and gentlemen admitted only by cards of invitation, even to the exclusion of a highly irate pew owner, who afterwards wrote the rector a sharp letter of protest and received



From "Struggles and Triumphs," by P. T. Barnum

"The ceremony took place in Grace Church, in the presence of an audience of ladies and gentlemen admitted only by cards of invitation. . . . Not a ticket was sold"

from him a sharp though perfectly courteous and dignified reply. Numerous applications were made for tickets to witness the ceremony and as high as sixty dollars was offered for a single admission; but not a ticket was sold, and to the charge brought by disgruntled critics that the marriage was

a money-making scheme Mr. Barnum made the following characteristically good-natured reply:

"It was by no means an unnatural circumstance that I should be suspected of having instigated and brought about that marriage of Tom Thumb with Lavinia Warren. Had I done this, I should at this day have felt no regrets, for it has proved, in an eminent degree, one of the 'happy marriages.'"

If this were a sketch of Mr. Barnum's life, it would be fatally defective, for I have said nothing of his temperance activities, his patriotic services during the Civil War, or his battle, when a member of the Connecticut Legislature, against political corruption of a formidable description. But I have deliberately confined myself to a sketch of his professional career as Showman, in which he did nothing to degrade, something to elevate, and much to entertain his generation.

Hardly a greater contrast can be imagined than that between P. T. Barnum, the enterprising and jocose showman, and the gentle mystic, John Greenleaf Whittier. Next week in his "Snap-Shot" Dr. Abbott will picture the Quaker poet as he saw him.

OUR CHANCE NEXT DOOR

THE OPPORTUNITY THAT OFFERS AFTER REVOLUTION FOR RECONSTRUCTION IN MEXICO

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

MEXICO is so near we have overlooked it. We know more of Japan and the Japanese than we do of our next-door neighbor. We do not know Mexico. We misunderstand and misinterpret Mexico. We do not effectively hear the cry for help from a people seventy-five per cent of whom are illiterate, with the masses in squalor and wretchedness beyond words. President Obregon's administration is largely to settle whether in Mexico there shall be revolution or peace; democracy and hope or despotism and despair; a nest of Bolshevism just over

the line or social order; disease, with the ravages of yellow fever, bubonic plague, and typhus, or health along our border.

Recent revolutions have been not merely waves of sentiment that have swept one set of officials out of the way to make room for another group, as in other years. They have been the waves of a mighty tide out of the heart of a people blindly but surely moving on toward freedom, equity, and a chance for a living and the larger life. The particular wave may break and recede, but the rising tide in the long

run always reaches the mark. The people believe they have won in the person and triumphant election of Obregon. Not a soldier guarded the polls. The army is being reduced. Obregon has discarded his uniform to emphasize the civil character of his administration. He believes in the people and has their needs in his thought and plans. He insists that his chief mission is to help the people. His firmly expressed desire for friendship, co-operation, and good will with the United States seems to open an era of peace. He has come over to the border to clasp hands with



A PATIO OF A HOME OF THE POOR IN PUEBLA, NEAR THE SITE OF A NEW CHURCH SCHOOL

us. It is an opportune time for our people to go more than half-way, to be real neighbors and to reach out a helping hand to a nation that for ten years has been ravaged by revolution. We have next door a chance for service to a war-stricken people as well as over the sea.

There is clear evidence that Mexico is now wide open to a modern gospel

of Christian education and social service that shall interpret the awakening spiritual and intellectual hunger of a rising people. For example: On my arrival for dedication of the new church school building at Papalotla, a town of three thousand inhabitants fifteen miles out from Puebla, a gun boomed out from the stone fort and bombs sounded for a mile along the way. People

thronged the road. Was it a bandit attack on the bishop and his company? No. It was the glad acclaim of the people, welcoming him and General Maximo Rojas, their ex-Governor and the commander of the State military forces, with other State representatives, who had come to participate in the dedication of a Christian school. There were two brass bands, and that means good music, for the Mexicans have genuine musical genius. There was a company of armed soldiers with four splendid silk State and national banners. Children strewed flowers in the way. Five hundred people were present. The songs and addresses gave a note of high jubilation. And all this under the auspices of an American Church. Thus Mexico eagerly welcomes our help.

What are the needs of Mexico? A study of the field reveals four ways in which we may help our sister Republic.

First, not through sectarian antagonism and proselyting, but through a clear, positive preaching of the Gospel with its message of hope and saving grace. "The entrance of thy Word giveth light." And the people are hungry for the Word.

Second, there is a call for religious social centers that shall reach the desolate homes and empty, hungry lives of the people through dispensaries, hospitals, day nurseries, playgrounds, and reading-rooms. "Thy Kingdom come on earth," said the Master.

Third, a fundamental need is the establishment in several States at strategic centers of farm schools for peons. The land problem is fundamental. The peon has been dispossessed of millions of acres. One hundred estates own one hundred million acres; six thousand people hold five hundred and fifty-six thousand square miles. President Obregon plans to purchase some of these vast estates and to sell the land on long-term payment to the peon farmer. The peasantry of France is the backbone of that Republic, and land ownership will broaden the base of Mexican democracy and create an enlightened and trustworthy public opinion. There are no agricultural schools for the training of the peasantry and teachers for the peon farm group. Our mission now owns a farm and the uncovered walls of vast buildings with a capacity for 400 students right at the station of Queretaro, where railways radiate to a number of States. A moderately small sum will equip such a school as will be an example to all central Mexico.

Another need is a foundation on the same general basis as the Jeanes Foundation, that has transformed in a quarter century the common school system among a backward people in the Southern States. Unless the schools are reinforced and the people through some such programme of service are awakened to a sense of their educational needs the future of Mexico is far from hopeful. Even in the towns two-thirds of the children are without school privi-



THE SITE AND OLD BUILDINGS AT QUERETARO OF THE PROPOSED FARM SCHOOL

leges. It is far worse in the country. There is some evidence that our great corporate interests that now own seventy-three per cent of the oil wells and eighty-two per cent of the mines, with holdings of one billion dollars and more, are getting a vision of their obligation and immense opportunity in changing these conditions. United States capital has done much in developing the material resources of Mexico. The way seems now opening to an opportunity for unmeasured service in quickening the social, intellectual, and moral development of the people.

In the fourth place, this Nation is under bonds to Mexico. We have been more of a big boss than a big brother. We have taken, exclusive of Texas, 520,000 square miles of her territory, extending from the border of Texas on to the golden shores of the Pacific. Mexico now is our menace and our opportunity. Our menace in that one-tenth of her population have spilled over our border. Ignorance, disease, low moral standards, a degraded womanhood, and a low standard of home life are a menace. Our opportunity is to help Mexico to realize her latent possibilities. Her people show intellectual gifts, unusual artistic talent, especially in music and drawing, and no little mechanical genius. The immediate need is an adequate school system. Is it too much to hope that the United States, under conditions agreeable to both nations, thoroughly safeguarding the funds for school uses, shall make to Mexico a long-time loan, at a low rate of interest, of, say, \$20,000,000? On invitation we should also lend a small group of our most competent and trusted educators for the schools of our sister Republic. Self-interest has led us to do this in the Philippines. Let an altruistic spirit and a sense of justice and neighborly good will incline us to do this for Mexico.

To enlarge upon the second urgent need, of centers for social service, it is a matter of astonishment that after nearly a half-century of missionary work by the several denominations there is not a single well-equipped social settlement in any Mexican city.

Yet here is a form of service that will most readily open doors of entrance into the homes and lives of people. The claims of an ennobled motherhood and a redeemed child life have been largely ignored. Such forms of social service will lead the dominant Church into neglected fields of service, and a favorable reaction upon a Church that holds the allegiance of millions must ever be kept in view if a nation is ever to be redeemed. All such work should be constructive and on a basis as broad as the charity of Almighty God and ever imbued with the tolerant, helpful spirit of Jesus Christ.

I have in view such a settlement in Mexico City in what is agreed to be a strategic center, where the mission now



TESQUE BABY AND WAR DRUM. EDUCATE THE ONE AND DISCARD THE OTHER

owns a quarter of a block with the stone walls of former extensive Spanish buildings, which only need to be roofed and fitted up for service. Here we would reach a dense population through a dispensary, an operating room, a small hospital, a nursery for babies otherwise neglected by mothers forced to labor, each baby opening the door into a mother's heart and a mother's home. Nurses and deaconesses would follow up this work throughout the community, entering open doors with the gospel of sanitation, child welfare, healing, and saving grace through the open Word for spiritual comfort and help. There will be a gymnasium, recreation and reading rooms, and a playground. When the need of playgrounds was presented to the president of the Municipal Council some months since, he said: "Go pick out two public squares for

your playgrounds and, as a token of our American spirit and good will, we shall call one Washington and the other Lincoln." There will be ample room in these buildings for the head of the settlement, nurses, and teachers. The entire plan will head up in an impressive church in Spanish style, appealing to a people with a genuine feeling for ecclesiastical architecture. This will be surmounted by an electric cross, the first in the city. One man has agreed to erect the cross and keep it ablaze, with its message of hope shining for miles up and down Aztecas Avenue. We shall not try to reach the whole city, but shall center our work, after careful survey, on fifteen or twenty blocks. Into these homes we shall strive to bring such a message of the light and love of God as to illustrate and enforce the transformations

possible through intensive Christian service.

WILBUR PATTERSON THIRKIELD,
Bishop of the Methodist
Episcopal Church.

Mexico City.

[We may add to Bishop Thirkield's letter the statement that we have seen his plans for a social settlement in the City of Mexico, and they are both practical and, what is quite as important, architecturally beautiful. American churchmen of Puritan ancestry have too often forgotten that there is a mighty deal of religious inspiration in the famous lines from Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn:"

Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that
is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need
to know.

—THE EDITORS.]



A MEXICAN, ONCE A BAREFOOTED ROUSTABOUT, NOW A PRODUCT OF AMERICAN EDUCATION, WITH HIS FAMILY

IN THE RECTOR'S STUDY

BY FRANK ELMER WILSON

MEMORIES OF SOME PLAUSIBLE CROOKS

"GOOD-DAY, sir, and thank you, sir"—and away he went with a ticket in his pocket good for fifteen cents at a neighboring restaurant.

Two things about this man were perfectly plain. First, he had lied to me; and, second, he certainly was hungry. In view of the latter I was nothing loth to overlook the former, though it was a bit discouraging to think that a man would resort to a patently inconsistent story for the sake of a meal ticket, when the truth would have served him quite as well. It was not, I think, that the man preferred an untruth, but simply that he was playing his game according to the generally accepted rules, one of which was that in approaching a clergyman a good story would always go down.

In this my visitor was not far distant in principle from many people in better circumstances, who harbor a kind of superstition that a clergyman is a different sort of person from any one else.

By virtue of his profession he is supposed to think only very lofty thoughts and to cultivate an impractical etherealism to a remarkable degree. Only books on very ponderous topics are recommended to him; painfully serious reflections on the faults and frailties of mankind clutter up the freedom of conversation with him; and for his edification only the most high-class gramophone records in the house are produced, when it may well be that the poor man longs for the relaxation of the joyful rhythm of some popular airs. That he might be interested in politics or baseball or the manufacture of steel ingots doesn't seem to occur to them, and of course it is axiomatic that he knows nothing about business. Said a well-known bishop on a certain occasion: "I have to do with a great many vestries made up of business men, and I have yet to meet the vestry to whom I could not give cards and spades and then stump them on the business end of the church."

So the fellow with the itching palm inherits certain traditions which lead him to consider the clergy as his natural and legitimate prey. He seems to act on the assumption that upon entering the ministry the clergyman has promptly taken leave of all his common sense, and may be prodigiously imposed upon by the most obviously impossible tales. If it turns out that the clergyman insists on exercising the intelligence with which Heaven has endowed him, then the disappointed caller feels very badly used indeed. I have had men with breath strong enough to flavor the whole room solemnly declare that it was against their principles to touch a single drop. I have had men reeking with the fumes of bad whisky reluctantly admit that they had been forced to an undesired glass of beer in order to avoid starvation by access to the free-lunch counter. In my younger days I have had bedraggled fellows come with about the usual story, and have good-naturedly

given them a little money, only to be harassed for the next couple of days by a succession of their duplicates. Finally I would send one of them away with an abrupt refusal, and then the procession would cease. Some of them plead distress as living examples of injured virtue. Others play the straightforward story and tell candidly in the first breath that they are bad characters. In a small town in the Middle West a man in a sadly battered condition stopped me on the street one day. "Your reverence," he said, with cordial heartiness, "I came over here from G— last night with a bunch of fellows, and I got most awfully drunk. You can see for yourself what they did to me. Now I haven't a cent of money in my pocket, and if I don't get back to-day I'll lose my job."

But for the most part they indulge merely in petty trickery to secure a few cents without physical exertion, and a good many of them seem to accept it as a perfectly natural method. I knew a clergyman to whom a rough-looking man came one day in search of work. He was promptly handed a card with the comforting assurance that it would introduce him to all the work he could possibly do. But the place named on the card was a long distance away, much too far to walk, and the necessary car-fare had to be forthcoming. A day or two later a lady in his congregation met this clergyman, and asked if a man had come to him for money on the afternoon in question. He replied that a man had done so, but wondered how she knew of it. "I was passing a saloon that afternoon," she said, "and there were several men standing by the door. Just as I came within hearing one of them remarked, 'Well, I guess I'll have a drink.' 'Where will you get any money for a drink?' another of the group asked him. 'Oh, I'm going to the little preacher around the corner and touch him for a nickel.'" And he did.

Now and then some of them rise to real heights in their efforts. They both aspire to larger sums of money and also often exhibit commendable powers of the imagination in their determination to secure them. Frequently, to be sure, they overstep themselves and produce a story which is practically impossible for any one to swallow. But here and there crops up an unexpected ingenuity which makes certain cases stand out in bold relief from the usual drab uniformity of forlorn hopes.

Here, for instance, is a case in point. A young man came to my home early one afternoon, and with a most becoming ease of manner seated himself in the most comfortable chair in the room, leaned back his head, crossed his legs, and smiled at me engagingly. He was tall, thin, and shabbily dressed, but had a certain air about him which tended greatly to disarm suspicion. I could not quite determine whether his lined face and sunken cheeks were the result of dissipation or illness. He

spoke slowly and evenly and with the slightest touch of a Southern accent.

"I haven't come to you to ask money," he began, "but in search of help of a different kind. You can understand when I tell you something of myself. My father is rector of St. —'s Episcopal Church in Washington, D. C. I'm the youngest member of the family, and I must confess that I am the black sheep." The engaging smile continued to play over his face during the recital. The man certainly spoke well. "Contrary to the wishes and advice of my father, I left home several years ago and wandered from place to place seeing the country, and living by bits of occasional employment. I got along well enough in this way for some time, but a few months ago I was taken ill. I had been working in the Illinois coal mines, and typhoid fever took me and laid me up for nearly two months. By the time I was able to be around again I had very little money left. I came here to Chicago in search of work which would not be so hard on me until I could recover my strength, but work seems to be very scarce, and I find I am not as strong as I had supposed. I have been thinking it all over to-day, and I have concluded that my father was right and I was wrong. Now I have made up my mind to go back home and acknowledge it."

"I think I understand," I said, after a few minor questions to verify the several points of his story. "Now what is it you want me to do about it?"

"It's like this," he replied. "My father has told me that he will pay my expenses back home whenever I am willing to brace up and take a fresh start. But, you see, he has lost confidence in me during the past few years and he would never send the money directly to me. All I want of you is permission to use your name. I will write my father this afternoon, tell him of my desire to return home, and ask him to send a check to you. Then I would like to have you buy my ticket for me. That plan, I think, will quiet all his fears until I can reach him and convince him of my change of heart."

"Very well," I said. "I shall be glad to do what I can. Let me write down your father's name and address. To-day is Monday. Come back here Friday morning. By that time we should have an answer. And be sure to mail your letter this afternoon."

The young man thanked me very naturally and sauntered easily down the street.

I went straight to my clerical directory and found the name and address of the rector of St. —'s Church, Washington, D. C., just as my visitor had given them. Then I went to my typewriter and wrote the rector a long letter, describing the man and giving the main points of his story. I added that if the man were his son I should be only too glad to do anything I could for him, but that I realized the possibility of fraud, involving the for-

warding of a bogus check, and culminating in my discomfiture and financial embarrassment. Therefore would the rector kindly wire me at once as to whether or not the man was his son, and, if so, what he would like me to do for him?

On Wednesday afternoon the telegram came, saying simply, "Man not my son." Armed with this, I awaited my visitor's return. But he anticipated our appointment and came on Thursday afternoon when I was out. Whether his suspicions were aroused or not I do not know. He never put in another appearance.

A day or two later I received a letter from the rector in Washington. He explained that he had a son by the name which my man had given, but that he was teaching in a New England school. My description of my visitor, however, was easily recognized. He was a young man who had visited at the rector's home frequently, but who had fallen into evil ways and had dropped out of sight. Evidently he was making capital of a former friendship.

This is one variety of the ingenious fraud. There are many others of them and they are by no means confined to the male sex. Women are apt to be just as brazen in deceit, only it is a more delicate matter to probe their stories with a string of doubting questions. I recall the case of one woman which brings with it a touch of amusement at the expense of a brother of the cloth. It was eleven o'clock one evening, as I was just turning out the light in my study, that the door-bell rang. I opened the door myself, and there entered a woman of about middle age, plainly but neatly dressed. She sat down wearily, and in an appealing voice asked me what a poor woman in her plight could do. It seemed that the night before she had come from a small town in Michigan, and on her exit from the train had in some strange fit of absent-mindedness left her handbag in the seat she had occupied. She had come to Chicago to meet her daughter, who was an actress, and who was on her way from the West to play an engagement at a local theater. They were to meet at a downtown hotel, but something must have happened to detain the actress, for she had not yet arrived. The mother had gone straight from her train to the hotel in hopes that her daughter might be there to provide for her until she could receive more money from home. For, with her handbag lost, she had only fifty cents left, which happened to be tucked away in a coat pocket. This was insufficient, of course, to keep her at the downtown hotel, and her heart sank as she realized that she was alone in a strange place without friends and without money. After a wearisome search she had finally discovered a cheap hotel where she could secure a room for fifty cents a day. There she had spent the night, and in the morning she had walked to the railway sta-



Etched by Earl Horder

IN THE ITALIAN QUARTER, NEW YORK CITY

"At present the British strain," wrote Sir Arthur Shipley in the course of his article printed in The Outlook last week, "tends to become swamped by an overflowing immigration from Central and Eastern Europe. The percentage of British descent is diminishing, and many who have the welfare of the United States at heart wish that it should be increased." And this week Sir Arthur notes among his observations the acute overcrowding of American cities

tion to inquire at the office for her bag. No one had seen it. Repeated inquiries for her daughter during the day had brought only negative responses at the downtown hotel. Now it was late at night and she had no place to go and was entirely out of funds. She was in despair and did not know which way to turn.

"Why did you come to me?" I asked her.

"The girl at the desk in the hotel gave me your name," she replied. I made no comment on the doubtfulness of her statement, nor on the obvious fact that the hotel in question was far away in another part of the city, with many churches between. There were several points in her story which seemed a bit out of harmony, and besides I had an ill-defined suspicion that the woman had been drinking, though I could find no real signs to support it.

I excused myself for a moment and went in the next room to my telephone. Carefully closing the door, I called up the hotel where she was supposed to

have spent the previous night. Something to my surprise the clerk replied that she was registered there, and had been there the night before. I began to wonder if my suspicions were groundless, but decided to call up the railway station to make sure. They answered that there had been no inquiries for a bag lost on the day mentioned. I returned to my visitor with a view to further questioning, only to find the room deserted and the door ajar. Evidently some bits of my telephone conversation had filtered through.

The amusing part of it came later when I was chatting informally one day with two or three others of the clergy. During the conversation I casually mentioned the incident.

"What was that name?" asked one of the group, reminiscently.

I repeated it.

"And did she come from such and such a town in Michigan?"

"Why," I said, "has she been to you too?"

He laughed heartily. "She came to me one evening just as I was prepar-

ing to leave town for my summer vacation. She told precisely the same story, and I was suspicious, just as you were. I also used the telephone, but when I found her registered at the cheap hotel I didn't stop to go further, as I was in a hurry to catch my train. She got two dollars out of me."

And a very human sense of humor enveloped that little group of the clergy.

Whether this woman went further with her attempts on the ministry I do not know. There are those who make a business of it. I have known men detected in false representations in my home to go directly across the street to the home of a minister of a neighboring church and make another trial of their luck. The labor some of them go to for a few dishonest dollars would earn them a comfortable living in any legitimate field of work. Perhaps there is a certain spice in the game of deception which gives added value to its limited fruits. At any rate, the diligence of the gamblers sometimes makes it interesting for the clergy.

Not all who ask for money from the clergy are crooks. In concluding next week his record of experiences with pleading visitors in his study, Mr. Wilson distinguishes a sheep from a goat

THIRTY-THREE YEARS OF CHANGE IN THE UNITED STATES

BY SIR ARTHUR E. SHIPLEY, F.R.S., Sc.D.

IT is, as I have said before, thirty-three years since I first visited America, and I have been trying to recollect what I thought of it then and what changes I have noticed since 1887. Never having kept a diary, I must rely on a memory which at times is apt to be treacherous.

I know I crossed in the Alaska, which was then known as the "Greyhound of the Atlantic." I left Liverpool in Christmas week and the "Greyhound" took some twelve days of stormy weather before it entered New York Harbor. In those days ships were not well ventilated, and were lit with oil lamps, which not only smelled abominably, but when the ship rolled one way they rolled the other. These circumstances did not promote a healthy appetite, and I was looking forward to my first meal ashore, little knowing what was ahead of me. I took refuge in the Windsor Hotel, which was then fairly uptown on Fifth Avenue, and was burned down, I understand, many years ago. I have vivid memories of the man who took your hat outside the dining-room door. In those days, so it seems to my memory, everybody wore top-hats, and the hat-keeper prided himself on handing back to the wearer the right hat, which was in no way "checked."

There was an old story of a diner, who received back what he took to be

the wrong hat, saying to the attendant, "That's not my hat." The attendant replied, "Don't know whether it's your hat or not; it's the hat you give me." Having got rid of one's hat, one was shown into a large dining-room where many hundreds of eaters were eating in deathly silence. I was set at a table of some fourteen fellow-guests, and each of us was surrounded by some dozen or more little dishes, rather like soap-dishes. These severally contained portions of each item on the menu. Nothing would induce the waiter to serve the courses in sequence. Everything must be brought in at once and dumped before you on a tray, and while the hot things grew cold the ice-cream grew warm. When one reached it, one felt inclined to exclaim with Disraeli under similar circumstances, "Thank God, there's something hot at last!" The meal was certainly depressing, but it was before the time of prohibition, and I gathered that the male portion of the guests, after it was over, restored their spirits by recourse to the bar.

Thirty-three years ago most of the hotels, though by no means all, were run upon the American system, and except during certain stated hours one could get nothing whatever to eat, a highly inconvenient arrangement if one had come off a long journey just "after hours." The changes between

the American hotel of the late eighties and those gilded palaces of the present day are as marked as anything in American life. Delmonico's was then the fashionable restaurant, and I well remember seeing there a gentleman who, having performed some slight service to the proprietors, was given a free dinner any night he chose to claim it, at a table specially reserved for himself alone. Since those days Sherry's has risen and collapsed; a few years ago one would readily expect it to have outlived Delmonico's. Its premises at present are an example of the latest word in business offices.

Central Park was then a favorite resort, but I have no recollection of the American Museum of Natural History, nor of the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Art. The elevated railway was there, supplemented by curiously slow horse cars, but there was no subway. At the present time the state of crowding in New York is so appalling that one is inclined to think that Professor Langley's prophecy will prove true, and that the leading business men will arrive downtown in airplanes. Some weeks ago two friends of mine flew down from the neighborhood of West Point to the city in a few minutes over half an hour. Business men are living at increased distances from their offices. Thousands of them have to leave home before half-past seven to be in the city by nine

o'clock, and they take another hour and a half in returning; eighteen hours of the week, or two working days, spent in the train! Of course this hardly seems an economy of time, but very likely it is rendered imperative by the conditions of modern American life.

I think Mr. Pullman's attention should be drawn to his cars. I cannot recollect that they have very greatly improved in comfort since my first visit, except that they are now lit by electricity. I feel quite confident that the genius of the American people could devise something a great deal better than the existing cars. They are ill ventilated, and the conditions of life in them are too rigid. There is no provision for the unusual or the unexpected. I have known a European hat-box upset the comfort of the whole carful of people. "The berths, when you once get in them, are not uncomfortable, and, although you lie down with the firm conviction that you will never get to sleep, you are very soon asphyxiated by the atmosphere of the car, and, as a matter of fact, if you are lucky enough to secure a lower berth, you generally sleep uncommonly well. The upper berth is not so comfortable, though when somebody remarked this to a German traveler he replied, "My wife has not complained." I think Americans are the most patient people. They put up without grumbling with inconveniences which would drive the European to blasphemy. Overheating of the cars and hotels causes as much trouble to the European as the underheating of similar institutions in Europe causes American travelers, and it is no use complaining to the colored gentleman who regulates the temperature. The last time I complained of the heat he replied, definitely and finally, "Wall, it suits me."

America is so large and its population so numerous that the war has left but little superficial mark on the country. Paper, however, has markedly deteriorated, and I doubt if their newspapers filed in their libraries will survive for long the effects of time. The paper they are printed on is certainly inferior to that which obtains in Great Britain, and is far less inflammable. The small print of the paper is also trying for "tired eyes." The postage-stamps have deteriorated as much as our own, and, like our own, are backed by a "mucilage" which is anything but adhesive.

It is quite impossible to write of the innumerable institutions and buildings set apart for bettering the lot of suffering humanity. Not being hide-bound by traditions, Americans love new experiments. Many of these are successful, and in the bigger cities their hospitals and clinics are superior in

number and equipment to those of Europe. In the more modern of these the students, dressers, and house surgeons wear suits of spotless white. After all, if the nurses are expected to wear uniforms, why should not the other helpers in the good work?

"The material installation," as Matthew Arnold called it, of their schools leaves nothing to be desired, but the teachers are underpaid and are increasingly difficult to obtain. The problem of educating the millions of children of varied birth is perhaps the biggest problem before the American people. One feature struck me in the schools, and it also struck me in the hotels and in private houses, and that is the avoidance of sunlight. A well-conducted window in America must have lace curtains drawn across it, and two blinds, one brown and one green, pulled accurately half-way down. Even in the great country houses, where no one could look in, and no one look out without seeing spacious lawns and flower-beds, the curtains are closed and the blinds are drawn half-way down. Living in them is like living in the house of an owner who is half dead. The electric light is all the time turned on full. Even in the hotels if you leave your room for half an hour, having raised your blinds, you will find them carefully drawn down again on returning. The large number of folks—clerks in offices, workers in factories, attendants on elevators, bell-boys and hotel clerks—who live their life in artificial light forms a large percentage of the population, and this absence of outdoor life may account to some extent for the pallid and sallow complexion of those who have to endure it. It certainly cannot be healthy. "*Dové va il sole non va il medico.*"

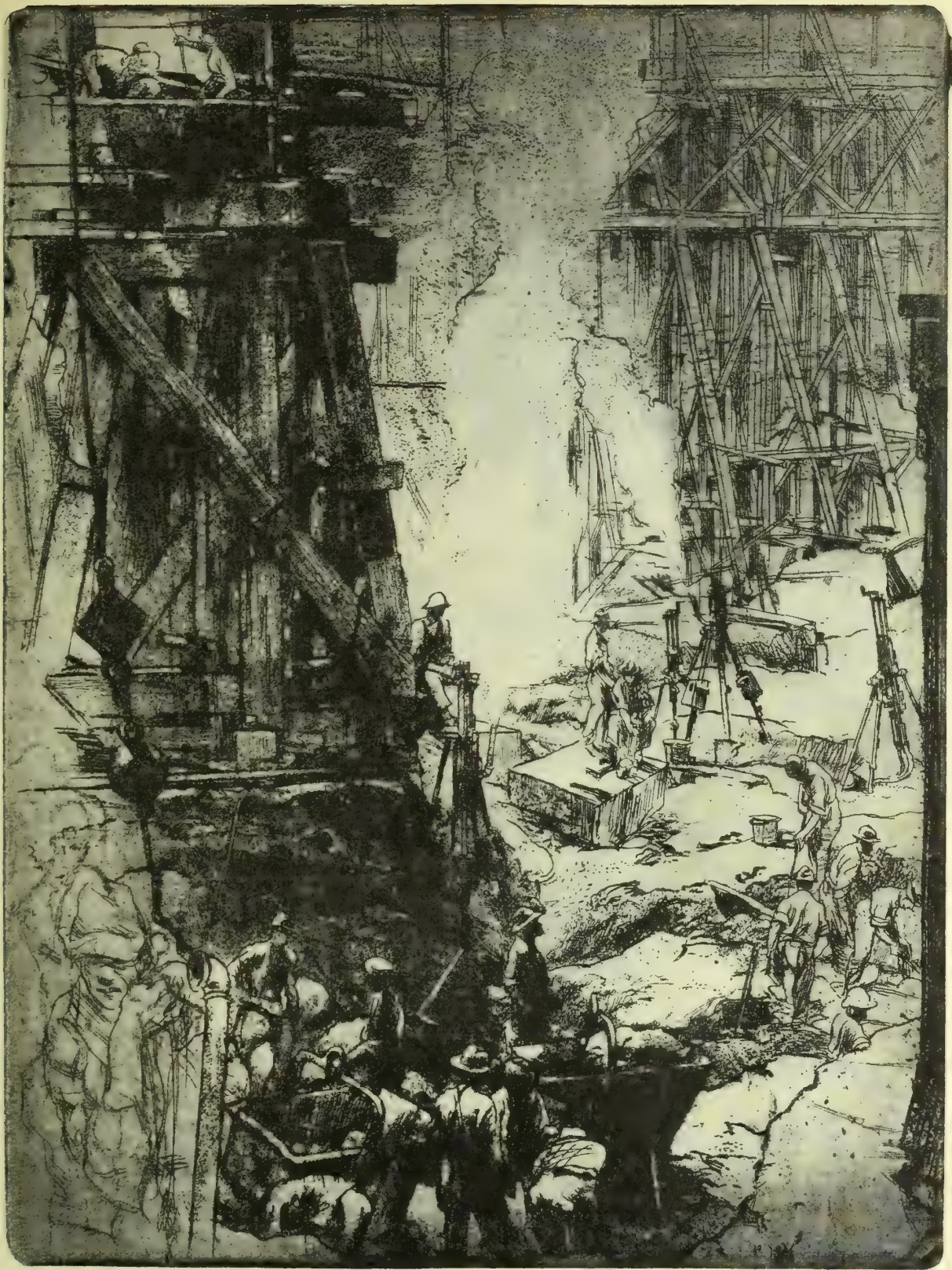
Another feature cannot fail to strike the visitor from Europe. Very crowded as are the great cities of that Continent, the overcrowding in America seems even more acute. Fabulous prices are paid for small flats in New York; on the railways the cars are always full. The higher the rates are, the more folks seem to travel. People have money now who never had money before. Profiteers or, as the Chinamen call them, "those who have grown prematurely rich owing to the disorders of their country," are constantly moving about, and make themselves felt, not only by their ostentatious wealth, but by their lack of certain conventions which alone make travel tolerable.

The crowd on the subways and on many of the elevators in the big business buildings is terrible. As more and more passengers force their way in, each gradually becomes hexagonal in cross-section from neutral pressure. Such overcrowded conveyances are a fruitful source of infection, and probably account for the widely and rapidly spread epidemic of influenza which devastated the States two years ago.

A while ago I published a little book on a tour I made in America during war time. I dedicated it "To the kindest people in the world," and I put the dedication in Latin to spare their blushes. Should I write another work of the same kind, I think I should dedicate it "To the most good-natured, tolerant, and patient people in the world." Although as the election grew imminent interest in it became keen and discussion eager, still I only once heard an acute disagreement between the supporters of the rival candidates, and this was between a husband and wife. It seemed based upon a fundamental difference of opinion on that most innocuous and unexciting fluid, milk.

As a rule the discussions were most amicable, and usually finished up, after the method of Lincoln, in a joke or a story. Their toleration equals their good humor. They bear patiently every variety of religious dogma; these are almost as numerous in the United States as are patent medicines. They quietly endure and ignore the most infernal noises. Owing to the enormous distances one has to traverse in the States, one spends a considerable part of one's time on the train, and it is this reason which possibly accounts for the fact that Americans persist in talking on the cars. Mr. Lucas has recently reminded us that Carlyle bequeathed certain books to Harvard University because of his esteem and regard for the American people—"particularly the more silent part of them." The latter exist not only in the imagination of the Chelsea philosopher. They are perhaps not very numerous, still they exist.

The habit in their great cities of pulling down huge and commodious buildings which seem to the stranger in the first blossom of youth and replacing them by still huger structures is accompanied by an amount of interference with the traffic which is almost incredible. Clouds of fine dust and the closing of the sidewalk are accompanied by the most appalling clang and clatter. Owing to the habit they have acquired of putting up a steel skeleton which is riveted together on the spot, one feels as though ship-building docks have been transferred to the sidewalks. Nobody seems to mind, and indeed nobody takes any notice. At first one is a little shy of asking for help or guidance, for the Americans cultivate the type of "the strong silent man" familiar to us in the drama; but once you get over a certain shyness and approach them, they are kindness itself, taking infinite trouble to put you on your way, even at considerable inconvenience to themselves. Of the hospitality one received in the United States it is difficult to speak. It is not only the hospitality of the heart, but of the brain. The inhabitants seem to be always trying to think out how they can give you a really good time.



Etched by Earl Horter

A TYPICAL BUILDING OPERATION IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK CITY

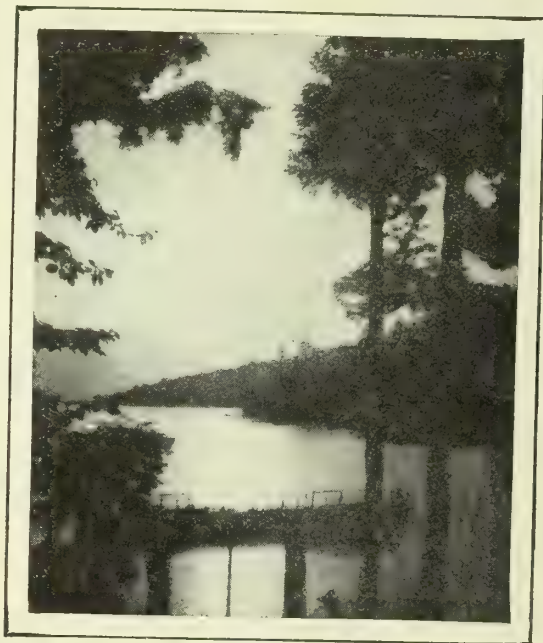
"The habit in their great cities of pulling down huge and commodious buildings which seem to the stranger in the first blossom of youth and replacing them by still huger structures is accompanied by . . . the most appalling clang and clatter"

GLIMPSES OF A JAPANESE LAKE

WHAT AN OUTLOOK READER SAW ON LAKE CHUZENJI



A JAPANESE STONE LANTERN



A CHARMING VISTA

The Lake of Chuzenji is situated about ten miles from the city of Nikko. It is surrounded by beautiful hills and on its shores are several temples and shrines. Pleasure boats ply on the lake, which abounds in fish, including American trout, with which it was stocked by the Japanese Government in 1892



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE LAKE

From Mrs. H. B. Landon, Cambridge, Mass.

THE BOOK TABLE

FROM LANCELOT TO STEEPLECHASING

HERE is a certain bookseller, critic, and poetaster in New York City concerning whom a story is going the rounds of those whose talk is of books. It is said that this gentleman (whose politics and knowledge of English literature were both derived from Russia) hotly declared to an acquaintance that Edwin Arlington Robinson was the greatest narrative poet of our times.

"I grant you Robinson's greatness," the acquaintance replied, "but I should not have thought of classifying him first of all as a narrative poet. It seems to me that his greatest claim to recognition is that of a portrait painter and student of character." The bookseller waxed wroth. "Of course he's a great narrative poet. No one but a great narrative poet could have created such a story as 'Lancelot'!" All of which proves nothing, except the fact that while a little information is sometimes dangerous there are also occasions on which it is useful.

Mr. Robinson's "Lancelot,"¹ like his "Merlin," is a vital contribution to the literature which has sprung from the Arthurian legends. Trusting to an unrefreshed memory, we should say that Mr. Robinson follows Malory much more closely than did Tennyson, and his tale of the Round Table and the fateful lives of Lancelot and the Queen gains much thereby.

Mr. Robinson's poem moves swiftly and surely to its allotted end. As a narrative there are indeed no flaws in its construction, but its supreme beauty lies in its analysis of character and motive. Mr. Robinson's Lancelot and Guinevere are creatures of flesh and blood, dwelling in a world of high romance and great adventure, it is true, but still lacking nothing of those human qualities without which romance and adventure lose substance and meaning. This emphasis upon character appears in the opening lines of the poem, lines which present with startling vividness the setting of the story of that immortal tragedy which follows:

LANCELOT

Gawaine, aware again of Lancelot
In the King's garden, coughed and
followed him;
Whereat he turned and stood with
folded arms
And weary-waiting eyes, cold and
half-closed—
Hard eyes, where doubts at war with
memories
Fanned a sad wrath. "Why frown
upon a friend?
Few live that have too many,"
Gawaine said,
And wished unsaid, so thinly came
the light
Between the narrowing lids at which
he gazed.
"And who of us are they that name
their friends?"

¹ Lancelot. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Thomas Seltzer, New York.

Lancelot said. "They live that have not any.

Why do they live, Gawaine? Ask why, and answer."

Of Mr. Robinson's version of that tragedy we have too little space to speak here. From the garden of Camelot to the nunnery at Almesbury, where Lancelot at last parts from the Queen who was his and yet not his, the story moves forward with a sureness and dignity seldom found in the work of a modern poet. But something of what

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lies between Camelot and Almesbury may perhaps be glimpsed from the concluding lines of the poem. We quote from them here:

A word stronger than his willed him
away
From Almesbury. All alone he rode
that night,
Under the stars, led by the living
Voice
That would not give him peace. Into
the dark
He rode, but not for Dover. Under
the stars,
Alone, all night he rode, out of a
world
That was not his, or the King's; and
in the night
He felt a burden lifted as he rode,
While he prayed he might bear it for
the sake
Of a still face before him that was
fading,
Away in a white loneliness. He made,
Once, with groping hand as if to
touch it,
But a black branch of leaves was all
he found.

..... Once even he turned his
horse,

And would have brought his army
back with him

To make her free. They should be
free together.

But the Voice within him said: "You
are not free.

You have come to the world's end,
and it is best

You are not free. Where the Light
falls, death falls;

And in the darkness comes the Light."
He turned

Again; and he rode on, under the stars,
Out of the world, into he knew not
what,

Until a vision chilled him and he saw,
Now as in Camelot, long ago in the
garden,

The face of Galahad who had seen
and died,

And was alive, now in a mist of gold.
He rode on into the dark, under the
stars,

And there were no more faces. There
was nothing.

But always in the darkness he rode on,
Alone; and in the darkness came the
Light.

Since the publication of "Lancelot" still another volume from Mr. Robinson's pen has appeared. It is a book of dramatic poetry similar in scope, though not in form or manner, to Browning's "Dramatic Lyrics." One poem representative of this volume, "The Wandering Jew," first found publication in the *The Outlook*. Perhaps we would not select this volume to introduce Mr. Robinson's work to one unfamiliar with his method and manner, for in "The Three Taverns"² he carries his characteristic use of ellipsis to the extreme. Yet little of his old magic of intonation and rhythm is lacking from "The Three Taverns," even though the intellectual appeal overmasters at times the poetic. The two volumes which we would first of all choose to serve as an introduction to Mr. Robinson would be "The Children of the Night" and "The Town Down the River." There are poems in his latest collection which, however, are as direct and comprehensible as his earlier "Richard Corey" or "Shadrach O'Leary." One such poem is a sonnet of the war, "The Rat:"

As often as he let himself be seen
We pitied him, or scorned him, or
deplored
The inscrutable profusion of the Lord
Who shaped as one of us a thing so
mean—
Who made him human when he might
have been
A rat, and so been wholly in accord
With any other creature we abhorred
As always useless and not always
clean.

Now he is hiding all alone somewhere,
And in a final hole not ready then;
For now he is among those over there
Who are not coming back to us again.
And we who do the fiction of our share
Say less of rats and rather more of
men.

There are few of Mr. Robinson's poems in any volume of his which can

² The Three Taverns. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Company, New York.

bear quotation in part. It is like attempting to concentrate an essence to select passages from his verse for quotation. Dangerous as this attempt is, perhaps it may be permissible, with a particular purpose in mind, to give the first, second, and last stanzas of the opening poem in "The Three Taverns." It is called "The Valley of the Shadow."

There were faces to remember in the
Valley of the Shadow,
There were faces unregarded, there
were faces to forget;
There were fires of grief and fear
that are a few forgotten ashes,
There were sparks of recognition that
are not forgotten yet.
For at first, with an amazed and over-
whelming indignation
At a measureless malfeasance that
obscurely willed it thus,
They were lost and unacquainted—
till they found themselves in
others,
Who had groped as they were groping
where dim ways were perilous.
There were lives that were as dark as
are the fears and intuitions
Of a child who knows himself and is
alone with what he knows;
There were pensioners of dreams and
there were debtors of illusions,
All to fail before the triumph of a
weed that only grows.
There were thirsting heirs of golden
sieves that held not wine or
water,
And had no names in traffic or more
value there than toys:
There were blighted sons of wonder
in the Valley of the Shadow,
Where they suffered and still won-
dered why their wonder made no
noise

So they were, and so they are; and
as they came are coming others,
And among them are the fearless and
the meek and the unborn;
And a question that has held us here-
tofore without an answer
May abide without an answer until
all have ceased to mourn.
For the children of the dark are more
to name than are the wretched,
Or the broken, or the weary, or the
baffled, or the shamed:
There are builders of new mansions
in the Valley of the Shadow,
And among them are the dying and
the blinded and the maimed.

These stanzas we quote because they afford an interesting opportunity for comparison with the work of another poet whose manner and method has been regarded as belonging to a different world from that in which Edwin Arlington Robinson moves and has his being.

We are thinking of a sonnet sequence in John Masefield's "Enslaved,"² a volume which reveals anew the amazing power and versatility of that English poet. There are four poems in this sonnet sequence. We quote here only the first and last:

SONNETS

Like bones the ruins of the cities
stand,
Like skeletons and skulls with ribs
and eyes

² Enslaved. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Strewn in the saltness of the desert
sand
Carved with the unread record of
Kings' lies.

Once they were strong with soldiers,
loud with voices,
The markets clattered as the carts
drove through,
Where now the jackal in the moon
rejoices
And the still asp draws death along
the dew.

There at the gates the market men
paid toll
In bronze and silver pennies long
worn thin



JOHN MASEFIELD, WHOSE TWO LATEST VOLUMES ARE REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE

Wine was a silver penny for a bowl
Women they had there, and the moon
and sin.

And looking from his tower the
watchman saw
Green fields for miles, the roads, the
great king's law.

So shall we be; so will our cities lie,
Unknown beneath the grasses of the
summer,

Walls without roofs, naves open to
the sky,
Doors open to the wind, the only comer.

And men will grub the ruins, eyes
will peer,
Fingers will grope for pennies, brains
will tire

To chronicle the skills we practiced
here,

While still we breathed the wind and
trod the mire.

O, like the ghost at dawn, scared by
the cock,

Let us make haste, to let the spirit
dive

Deep in self's sea, until the deeps
unlock

The depths and sunken gold of being
alive

Till, though our Many pass, a Some-
thing stands

Aloft through Time that covers all
with sands.

The comparison between these sonnets and Mr. Robinson's "The Valley of

the Shadow" is one which we leave to our readers to draw for themselves.

We have a feeling that a review of volumes of poetry should be very largely a matter of quotation wherever quotation is possible, for the best interpreter of any poet is that poet's own work. Comment, for instance, is superfluous when it comes to a consideration of Mr. Masefield's double sonnet "On Growing Old," which likewise appears in "Enslaved." We regret that we have room only for the first half here.

ON GROWING OLD

Be with me Beauty for the fire is
dying,

My dog and I are old, too old for
roving,

Man, whose young passion sets the
spindrift flying

Is soon too lame to march, too cold
for loving.

I take the book and gather to the fire,
Turning old yellow leaves; minute by
minute,

The clock ticks to my heart; a withered
wire

Moves a thin ghost of music in the
spinet.

I cannot sail your seas, I cannot
wander,

Your cornland, nor your hill-land nor
your valleys,

Ever again, nor share the battle yonder
Where the young knight the broken
squadron rallies.

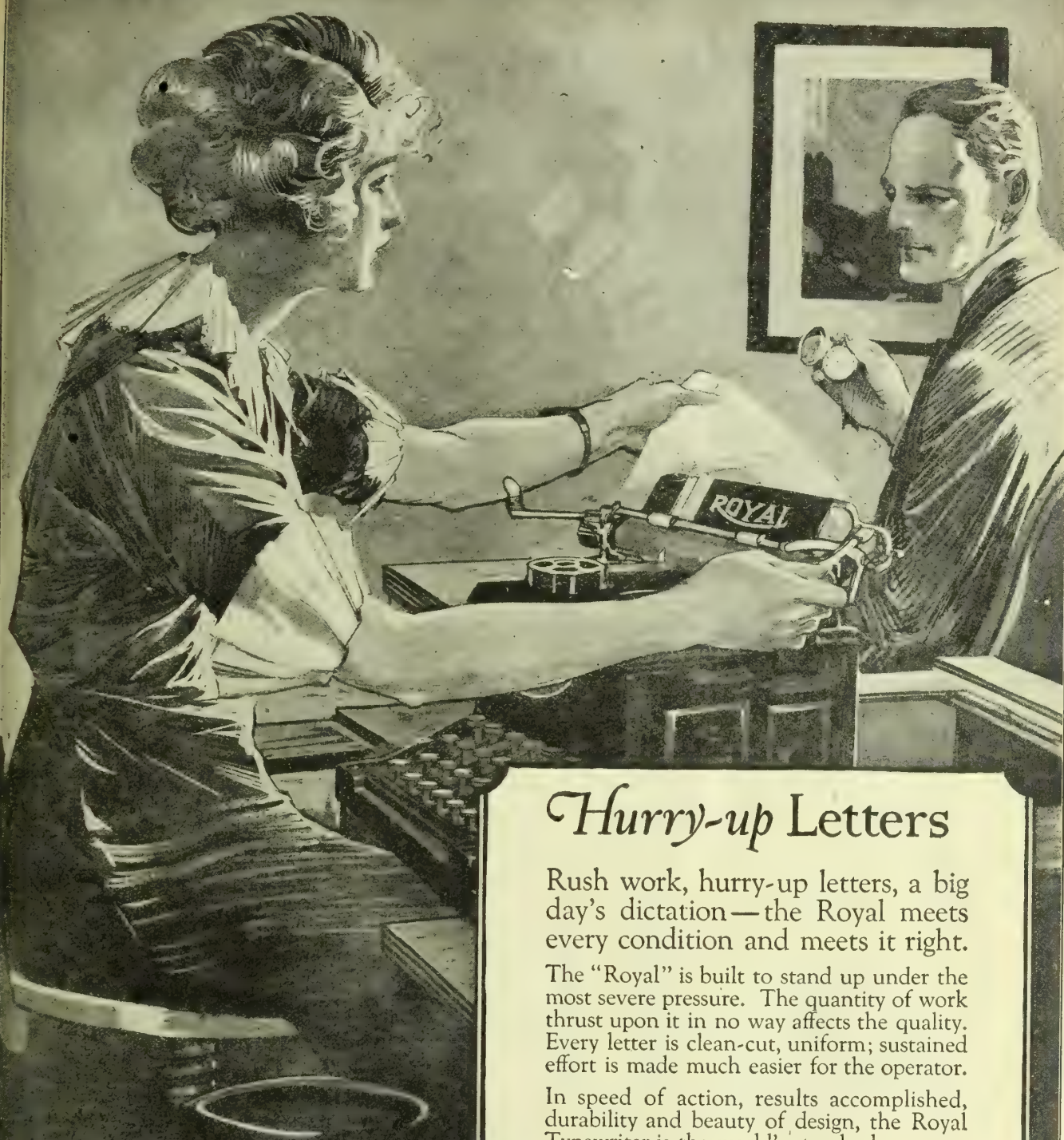
Only stay quiet while my mind re-
members

The beauty of fire from the beauty of
embers.

It is not to be judged from the illustrations which we have given that Mr. Masefield has wholly deserted more elastic verse structures for the sonnet form. The title poem of "Enslaved" is a long, romantic ballad. Following this is still another ballad of pirates and rapine. Following this is an eerie and mystic record of strange adventures on an English down, which contains passages not unworthy of "The Ancient Mariner." A third ballad in the volume is "A Tale of the O'Neill," a romance of Scotland and of a strange enchantment.

In another volume recently published Mr. Masefield returns to a manner and subject which lovers of his poetry can more easily associate with his name. In "Right Royal" he has done for steeplechasing what in "Reynard the Fox" he did for hunting to hounds. Perhaps we are mistaken in thinking "Right Royal" less successful than "Reynard the Fox," for there are many who would quarrel with us in such an estimate of his present work. There is indeed little to choose between the two volumes in vividness, color, and rapidity of action. The feeling that "Right Royal" deserves to be placed below the earlier volume may be purely a matter of individual temperament on the part of the reviewer. In any case, it is a volume which occupies an enviable place in the field of modern poetry.

⁴ Right Royal. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company, New York.



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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Our Chance Next Door

ON another page Bishop Thirkield tells us that we know Japan better than we know Mexico. If this is so, what is your explanation for it?

Is it possible really to know and understand Mexico well? What reliable sources of information have we on Mexico?

What reasons can you suggest why we should know Mexico better? Can you suggest how we can get at the real truth of conditions in Mexico and the attitude of the Mexican people toward Americans?

What is Mexico's land problem? How essential do you consider landownership to democracy and sound public opinion? What illustrations can you give in your answer?

What is the Jeanes Foundation mentioned on page 58? When was it established? Of what value has it been?

Is the fundamental trouble with Mexico lack of education? What do you feel sure a public educational system, such as the United States has, would do for the Mexican people?

On page 59 Bishop Thirkield says: "This nation [the United States] is under bonds to Mexico." Does the Bishop make clear what he means? What, with reasons, do you think of the proposition which he suggests?

What points would you consider essential in a constructive policy for future relations between the United States and Mexico?

Define *proselyting*, *strategic centers*, *peons*, *menace*, *social settlement*.

If you are interested in reading a popular history of Mexico, secure the book entitled "Mexico from Cortez to Carranza," by Louise S. Hasbrouck (Appleton). An interpretation and solution of the Mexican problem is presented in the book entitled "Intervention in Mexico," by S. G. Inman (Doran). Read also in connection with this topic "Viva Mexico!" by C. M. Flandrau (Appleton).

The Plight of France

Are there any evidences that Germany is vengeful and aggressive toward France, or are the French under illusions in this matter?

If Germany should again attack France as she did in 1914, do you think that the great civilized nations of the world would go to her rescue? If so, is that enough protection for France?

What is your opinion of the four measures which The Outlook states in

¹These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestion to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—THE EDITORS.

this editorial would have kept Germany from repeating her adventure? Are these proposed measures just and democratic?

If you were a member of the United States Congress, would you advocate the ratification of the Franco-Anglo-American Treaty? Why has it not been ratified?

In connection with this topic it would be well worth your while to read "France and Ourselves," by H. A. Gibbons (Century), and "France Facing Germany," by G. E. B. Clemenceau (Dutton).

The Chief Task of Congress

What are the financial powers given to Congress by the Constitution? Is the power of Congress to levy and collect taxes unqualified and unlimited?

Is the money received by the Government from loans to it a part of its income? Do you know of any other sources of National income except gifts, sales, and taxes?

Now that the Great War is over, do you think that we ought to spend more or less on National defense? Does preparing for war lead to war?

How many specific returns to you personally can you name from our National expenditure?

What comparisons can you make between our present system of appropriating Federal money and the method that would be used in appropriating money by a National budget system?

Is The Outlook right in maintaining that the chief task of Congress is that of appropriating moneys? If you think otherwise, name and explain what you consider the chief task of Congress to be.

What history can you give to back The Outlook up in its belief that "free government came when the common people took from the monarch the right to tax and the right to appropriate money for public use"?

How do you think the United States Government could reasonably and safely save money?

An explanation of how our Government gets its money and how a budget system works is found in Chapter XXI of "Community Civics," by R. O. Hughes (Allyn & Bacon). Can you answer all the questions at the end of this chapter?

The Ten Points of Thrift

What is thrift?

What can you give from personal experience or observation that could justly be considered as illustrations of thrift?

If you were to make a four-minute speech upon each of the points mentioned in this editorial, which points would you emphasize?

Have you read the book entitled "Thrift and Success," by B. B. Jackson (Century), and the "Thrift Series," by A. E. Moore (published by Macmillan)?

Mediterranean Cruises

Throughout all the world there is no region more saturated with history, richer in wonderful scenery or more replete with different human types than the countries bordering upon the Mediterranean.

For seven long years Mediterranean Cruises had to be discontinued entirely and we are much gratified that it becomes our privilege to inaugurate their resumption with the sailing of our well-known and popular—

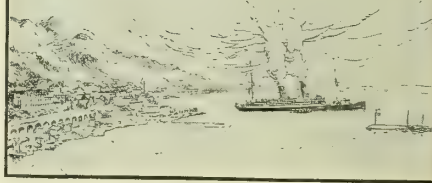
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The itinerary of the cruise includes skillfully planned entertainments on board and excursions ashore, directed by Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son and the American Express Company. Calls will be made at MADEIRA, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MONACO (RIVIERA), NAPLES (ROME), ALEXANDRIA (CAIRO—UPPER EGYPT), PIRAEUS (ATHENS), returning to New York via NAPLES, PALERMO and GIBRALTAR.

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THE REV. FRANK E. WILSON, who contributes Picaresque side-lights on a modern rectory, describes incidents that occurred during his rectorate at St. Andrew's Church in Chicago, where he served for seven years. He resigned his parish to

accept a chaplaincy in the Army; he was senior chaplain of the 86th Division, with which he served in France; he was later transferred to the 332nd Infantry in Italy and was for several months with the Army of Occupation in Fiume. He is now rector of Christ Church parish in Eau Claire, Wisconsin. He was graduated from Hobart College in 1907, and from the General Theological Seminary in 1910.

LYMAN ABBOTT, who begins in this issue "Snap-Shots of My Contemporaries" with his reminiscences of P. T. Barnum, describes some of his own early experiences in New York. He was graduated from New York University in 1853, and was admitted to the New York bar in 1856. He entered the Congregational ministry in 1860. He began his eighty-sixth year a week before Christmas just past. He is Editor-in-Chief of *The Outlook*.

SIR ARTHUR E. SHIPLEY, F.R.S., Sc.D., who concludes in this issue his American impressions, is Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University. He was formerly Vice-President of the Linnean Society, and is Chairman of the Council of the Marine Biological Association. He is an authority on plant diseases in the Bermudas.

D. R. WILBUR PATTERSON THIRKIELD has been a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church since 1912. He has been in the ministry since 1878. He was the first President of Gammon Theological Seminary, at Atlanta, Georgia; he has been President of Howard University, in Washington. He has been General Secretary of the Epworth League. He is a sympathetic student of the Negro question and has written numerous volumes on this and other subjects. His home is at New Orleans.

EARL HORTER, two of whose etchings illustrate Sir Arthur E. Shipley's article in this issue, is one of America's leading etchers. He was awarded a medal by the Pan-American Exposition, and has frequently exhibited in New York. Many of the leading American magazines have published examples of his work. A group of his Philadelphia subjects were recently published in the "Century." His home is in Philadelphia. He has traveled extensively abroad and his exhibitions have included many subjects drawn from Switzerland, Italy, the Riviera, London, Germany, and Holland. He is a rapid worker, and often does a subject directly on the plate at the scene itself without the usual preliminary pencil study.

WATCH YOUR NERVES

By **PAUL von BOECKMANN**

Nerve Specialist and Psycho-Analyst

THE high pressure, mile-a-minute life of to-day, with its mental strain, worry, anxiety, grief and trouble is wrecking the nerves of mankind. This applies especially to people with highly active brains and sensitive nerves.

I have for more than thirty years studied the health problem from every angle. Far over a million of my various books on Health Subjects have been sold all over the world during this time, and as a result about 300,000 people have written me in detail regarding their weaknesses and their experience with different methods of treatment they applied. I am more convinced to-day, than ever before in my life, that worry, grief, anxiety, mental strain, and, of course, abuse of the reproductive functions, are the basic causes of nerve weakness (*Neurasthenia*), which in turn is the cause of nearly every ailment of civilized man and woman.

How can we reason otherwise? We know that mental strains wreck the nervous system, and the Nervous System is the great governing force of the body, the force that gives Life and Power to every organ, every muscle and cell. When the Nervous Forces are depleted through strain, how can the vital organs, muscles and other tissues retain their power? It is impossible.

The power of the nerves is infinitely great for good or evil. So great is this power that a tremendous nerve strain, as for instance, intense fear or anger, may cause instant death through bursting of a blood vessel. A less intense shock will cause the cheeks to pale or become flushed with blood. It can make the heart beat wildly and paralyze breathing. It can make cold sweat break out over the body, and make the knees tremble and become weak. It can paralyze the digestive powers in an instant. Long extended nerve strains of even mild intensity will undermine the mind and body of the strongest man and woman that ever lived.

Nerve Force is a dangerous power when uncontrolled, and if controlled, it can be made to give us Strength, Health, Character, Personality, Success and Happiness. It is the greatest force of all bodily forces.

Care for your nerves as you would the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living, for to be dull nerved means to be dull brained, insensitive to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves.

You are earnestly advised to read my 64-page book, *NERVE FORCE*. It is mainly a treatise on Nerve Control, teaching you how to prevent your Nerves from running "amuck," which is the basic

cause of Nerve Exhaustion. The book teaches how to soothe and calm the nerves, besides containing hundreds of other important points of information. It will give you a thorough understanding of nervous and high-strung people, which will enable you to account for their irritability, crankiness, restlessness and other mental and physical peculiarities. In other words, the book will give you a deep knowledge of human nature, which is the most valuable and profound of all sciences.

The cost of the book is only 25 cents. Bound in durable Leatherette Cover, 50 cents. Send stamps or coin, if you wish. Address Paul von Boeckmann, Studio 330, 110 West 40th St., New York. I have advertised my various books in this and other high-class magazines for more than twenty years, which is ample guarantee of my responsibility and integrity. If the book does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money, *PLUS* your outlay of postage. I might add that large corporations have bought my book by the thousands for their employees. Schools have bought them as text books. Physicians recommend them to their nervous patients. Extracts from the book have been again and again reprinted in magazines and newspapers, which is the strongest proof of merit. So send for the book *TO-DAY*, subject to my guarantee.

If you have strained your nerves through overwork, worry, grief or have ignorantly abused them otherwise, *submit you case to me*, and I shall tell you definitely the exact nature of your weakness, and whether I can help *YOU*, as I have helped over 90,000 men and women during the last thirty years.

I am a *Nerve Specialist and Psycho-analyst*, besides being generally experienced in all sciences pertaining to the Body and Mind. I have treated more cases of "Nerves" than any other man in the world. My instruction is given by Mail only. No drugs or drastic treatments are employed. My method is remarkably simple, thoroughly scientific and invariably effective.

Positively no fee is charged for a "Preliminary Diagnosis" of your case, and you will be under no obligation to take my course of instruction, if you do not care to. Do not explain your case in your first letter, as I shall send you *special instructions* on how to report your case and how to make certain "nerve tests" used generally by Nerve Specialists; and I shall send you *FREE*, other important data on the subject which will give you an understanding of your nerves you never had before.

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The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

FUNCTIONS OF A TRUST COMPANY

IT is said that ninety-seven per cent of Americans die without making a will. Every one intends to do it, but only too often it is neglected or postponed until too late; and frequently the failure to dispose of property by will results in hardships and tragedies which might easily have been averted by the exercise of only slight trouble and a minimum of forethought. This is a duty every man owes to his family, no matter whether his property amounts to millions of dollars or only a few hundreds. Few people will argue that this statement is not true; in fact, nearly every one will heartily agree with it and say that he is certainly going to attend to it some day. Too often "some day" does not come until his last sick-

ness; and then relatives may try to break his will, alleging that, due to his illness, he was not of sound mind, or that undue influence was exerted on him because of his weakened condition. The time to make a will is now.

It is not wise to attempt to draw your own will. Our laws are becoming so numerous and complex that it is increasingly difficult for a layman to draw a legal will, and to have an expert perform this service for you is good insurance that your wishes in regard to the disposition of your property will be carried out.

One of the things to be done in connection with the drawing of a will is to name an executor or, if you leave a portion o

The Banking Situation

THE rapid changes in commodity prices, the industrial readjustments, and financial disturbances incident to the periods of war and reconstruction have provided a severe test for the credit and banking resources of this country.

It is a matter of national congratulation that our banking system has successfully met that test and occupies today an intrinsically sound and strong position. The combined resources of all banks in this country are in excess of fifty billion dollars. Approximately one-third of all the gold coin and bullion of the world is held in the United States, and underlies our credit structure.

During the five years of prosperity which we have just enjoyed, the banks of the country accumulated ample reserves out of their earnings, and have been able to more than meet the conditions due to the decline in commodity and security markets.

In the readjustment period since the Armistice, as during the war, the Federal Reserve System has functioned constructively and conservatively. It has met the problems of the hour in a manner to serve and protect the best interests of the nation. Credit has been liberally extended, but without impairment of reserves. And if the readjustments which

the existing situation require are left to the orderly operation of economic laws, they will be made safely and to the ultimate welfare of the country.

As a member bank of the Federal Reserve System, this Company has met the essential requirements of its clients. In the working out of the constructive business program the country now faces, this Company, with its trained organization of five thousand members; its capital, surplus and undivided profits of more than \$60,000,000; its resources of more than \$800,000,000; and its world-wide banking facilities, is prepared to render the fullest measure of service.

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

all of your property in trust, an executor and trustee. This is an extremely important matter, one that merits the most careful attention. Perhaps the lawyer who drew your will is a friend of yours and you would like to name him, or it may be that you would like some other friend appointed, or possibly a member of your own family. All very well. But suppose this person should die or be incapacitated before the affairs of your estate were wound up. Suppose he mismanaged your estate, misappropriated the funds, or through lack of knowledge or training lost a large portion of the principal. What recourse would your heirs have? If he died, a new trustee would be appointed; but you would not be alive to select him, and very possibly he would not meet with your approval. So it would be better he should be incapacitated. In the case of mismanagement or fraud your heirs could of course bring suit, but the chances would be in favor of his being insolvent and their recovering nothing. This may be a rather gloomy picture, but all of these things have happened only too often; and is there any use in running the risk? Not when we have trust companies.

Trust companies are empowered by law to act in all fiduciary capacities. They can do all things in this connection that an individual can do, and do them better. They do not die. The officials and employees are experienced and used to this kind of work, so that the risk of their making mistakes is reduced to a minimum. Their books are periodically audited by Government examiners and the securities they hold are verified at regular intervals. As trust companies are always "on the job," they do not go to Europe for three months and leave the direction of your affairs in the hands of somebody else; as an individual may do. And it costs exactly the same amount to have a trust company act as trustee of your estate as it does to have an individual, for all such fees are fixed by law. Many people do not appreciate this fact; but so long as it is a fact and costs no more money, why not get the benefit of the best services to be had? These are rendered by a trust company.

Incorporate in your will the simple form, "I appoint — Trust Company, executor and trustee of this, my will. That is all. You can appoint an individual, a friend of yours, if you wish, but appoint a trust company to act with him. Play it safe. It is well, of course, to talk things over with the trust company before you appoint, but trust companies are like most business enterprises in that they are always on the watch for new business, and the chances of their not accepting such an appointment are slight. They will have their own lawyers draw your will as you desire it, and will hold the document for you in their vaults for safe keeping.

A trust company is one of the most useful of modern business institutions and it is especially so as regards its fiduciary functions. People are coming

to realize more and more that it is much safer and in the long run cheaper to intrust their property to a trust company than to an individual. Trust companies are experienced in the making of investments; they know about securities, and their knowledge is at the disposal of their patrons as a matter of course. They keep in touch with the securities in their trust estates and make reinvestments as occasion demands. Further, they collect the income and pay it over to the beneficiaries as required. And a trust company's faithful performance of its duties is guaranteed by its capital and surplus.

A trust company may be appointed administrator of an estate. It may be appointed guardian of an infant's property or committee of the estate of an incompetent person. If you wish to establish a trust fund for somebody or something during your lifetime, you can appoint a trust company trustee of this fund; it will keep the securities, manage the property, collect the income, and pay it to the beneficiaries at the times agreed upon. The fee charged for these services is small compared with the value of your own time were you to attend to all these matters yourself. You can even establish a trust fund for yourself if you want to, and shift the care of your affairs to a trust company. A trust company will also act as agent for you in the management and care of your property. All of these arrangements can be made practically on your own terms and terminated at your pleasure, so that you never need worry about losing control of your property.

These various functions enumerated above are of a personal nature and come under the supervision of the personal trust department of a trust company. There are also corporate trust departments. When a corporation issues bonds, some trust company is almost always appointed trustee of the mortgage or deed of trust; it thereupon supervises the issuance of the bonds, keeps the original indenture in its possession, and assumes the responsibility of seeing to it that all of its provisions are complied with.

You may keep your bank account with a trust company, and most of them allow interest on balances over and above a certain amount. A trust company will arrange the purchase and sale of securities for you.

Trust companies are often appointed registrars and transfer agents of stocks and bonds; they act as agents for the payment of dividends and interest. They have boxes and compartments to rent in their vaults for the safe-keeping of securities and valuable papers, and one of these boxes is an excellent thing to have. In fact, the facilities of a trust company are so many and varied that it is not possible to enumerate them all in one brief article. The best way to get a first-hand acquaintance with them is to make a personal call and have a talk with one of the officers of a trust company; you will find him eager to explain anything connected with his business in which you may be interested. Trust companies are formed to serve the community. It is a good thing to get into the habit of close relations with them.



The Business Side of Happy New Year

ALL over this country there are families whose happiness this and every New Year's Day is the result of the foresight of men who, while still living, made wise provision for the future.

One of these men, who is typical of the others, at the beginning of a New Year now long past, looked into the faces of his loved ones and thought: "They are happy now, but how can I insure their happiness in the years to come?"

He made a will. For his wife, inexperienced in business matters, he planned a trust fund, to protect her against the tragedy of ill-advised investments. A fund was set aside for his children's education. The boys were to be given their whole share of the estate at a mature age; the daughters' shares were to be kept in trust during their lives, so that, married or single, they would be financially independent.

Then came the question: "Who is to carry out these plans?" He decided that it was unfair to his wife to ask her to manage property which it had taken his utmost labor and trained effort to accumulate. He named a trust company, therefore, as executor and trustee, because it had attributes which only a corporation could have—continuous existence, accumulated experience, financial responsibility, perfected mechanism, the counsel and direction of many men skilled in business.

And today, long after his death, the trust company is serving this man's family from one Happy New Year to the next, its officers acting with understanding of each individual's needs, yet observing a strict impartiality.

As this man made provision, so any man can provide, in proportion to his desires and means, for his family's future.

This is the first of a series of messages to be published by associated trust companies of the United States concerning the services they render. A new book, *Safeguarding Your Family's Future*, explaining these services, may be obtained upon application to a trust company, or upon request to

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30 minutes from Boston. Express trains. Well located for those who enjoy the country but must be near the city. Just the place in which to take a short vacation free from household cares or to make your home for a long stay. Hot and cold running water in nearly all bedrooms. Private baths. Many comfortably furnished rooms for general use, several with open wood fires. Sun Parlor. Fern Room. "Crows' nest" Outlook. Edison Phonograph—laboratory model. Casino (separate building) with playground for children. Bowling, skating, tennis, croquet—in season. Pleasant forest walks and country drives. Free taxi to A.M. and P.M. Boston trains. Milk, cream, berries, fresh eggs, chickens. Terms moderate. Tel. Wellesley 51164.

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AT LAKEWOOD MADISON

Madison Avenue and First Street
A homey, Christian house, accommodating thirty guests. One block from the lake and away from the business section. For further information address Miss M. A. MERRIMAN.

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A Constantly Delightful Country Home
With City Conveniences

Kew Gardens Inn

KEW GARDENS, L. I.
Only 15 minutes from Penn. Station
Open Throughout the Year

New York's Newest and Finest Suburban Hotel
Kew Gardens Inn is a residential Hotel of Charm and distinction operated entirely on the American plan. An excellent table, with room arrangements, newly equipped and beautifully furnished, in one, two, three or more rooms, with one or more private baths.
Moderate prices. Golf—Tennis
Under KNOTT Management
GEO. H. WARTMAN, Manager
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HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square
adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates \$3.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

NEW YORK

Marlboro-on-Hudson Within two hours of New York. Convenient for week-ends. Comfortable and homelike. All improvements, sun-parlor, open fireplaces. Would take a convalescent. Mrs. JULIA ORMSBY, Marlboro, N. Y.

NORTH CAROLINA

Pinehurst

Guests have returned year after year—not alone for ideal sport, but for the constant revival of happy memories, the renewal of old friendships.

CAROLINA, HOLLY INN, and BERKSHIRE HOTELS now open

GOLF—SHOOTING—RACING—MOTORING—RIDING—DRIVING—TENNIS—AIRPLANING
For Reservations or Information address:

General Office, Pinehurst, North Carolina, or
LEONARD TUFTS, 282 Congress St., Boston

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On Camden Heights
SOUTH CAROLINA
OPEN JAN. TO MAY
18-hole Golf, Riding, Climate
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A modern health resort, delightful in autumn. Let us send you our booklet.
D. E. DRAKE, M.D.

Health Resorts

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The Ideal Place for Sick People to Get Well
An institution devoted to the personal study and specialized treatment of the invalid. Massage. Electricity. Hydrotherapy. Apply for circular to
ROBERT LIPPINCOTT WALTER, M.D.
(late of The Walter Sanitarium)

The Bethesda White Plains, N. Y.

A private sanitarium for invalids and aged who need care. Ideal surroundings. Address for terms Alice Gates Bugbee, M.D. Tel. 241.

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ARIZONA

An Irrigated Garden

Under the great Roosevelt Dam in the Salt River Valley, Arizona
will make you a fine living and steady profits. Ten to twenty acres enough. Moderate cost, easy terms. Raise dates, oranges, grapefruit, lemons, lettuce, early vegetables, cotton, alfalfa, grains, sorghums, poultry, live stock, and dairy products. Write for free folder. C. L. Seagraves, Supervisor of Agriculture, Santa Fe Ry., 962 Railway Exchange, Chicago, or a letter to Chamber of Commerce, Phoenix, Arizona, will bring you full information.

MAINE

FOR RENT, Portland, Me.

Within one door Western Promenade
Attractive, modern furnished house, 9 rooms, 3 baths. Will rent to family adults 8 months, February 15th to October 15th. \$200 month. Reply Box 709, Portland, Me.

NEW YORK

FURNISHED HOUSE TO RENT

Palisades, Rockland County, N. Y.
Overlooking Hudson. 4 bedrooms, living-room, dining-room, open fireplace, furnace. Excellent cook in house who may be engaged. Will rent until May or by month if preferred. \$60. Unusual opportunity. Write 4,023, Outlook.

Westport, on Lake Champlain.
Comfortable house for summer season. Four downstairs rooms. 5 bedrooms, modern conveniences, wide piazzas, spacious grounds. Beautiful view of Lake Champlain. Reasonable rent. Offers considered. 4,007, Outlook.

PENNSYLVANIA

FOR SALE—Brick House

Slate roof, hot water heat, 2 bathrooms, situated on corner of village in midst of rich and thickly settled farming country 2 hours from Philadelphia. Specially suited for professional office, drug store, etc. For information address 2401 South St., Philadelphia.

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BOOKS on pedigrees, genealogies, and coats-of-arms. Every Anglo-Saxon and Celtic name. Kindly inquire for particulars. Chas. A. O'Connor, 21 Spruce St., New York City.
STORIES, poems, plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 325, Hamibal, Mo.
BOOKS. Order all books relative to the Negro and by colored authors through Young's Book Exchange, 135 West 135th St., New York.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES

MOTHERS desiring hand-made and hand-embroidered dresses for their little girls six months to six years of age buy the "Mary Moore" dresses. They are exclusive in design, reasonable in price, best in material and workmanship. Write for sketches. The Irish Linen Company, Retail Dept., Davenport, Iowa.

DUPLICATING DEVICES

"MODERN" DUPLICATOR.—A business getter. \$2.25 up. 50 to 75 copies from pen, pencil, typewriter. No glue or gelatine. 40,000 firms use it. From dealers or on 10 days' trial from us. You need one. Write for free booklet BL. Durkin, Reeves & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

FOR THE HOME

OLD FASHIONED NEW ENGLAND RAISED DOUGHNUTS—25 in box—sent special delivery parcel post, \$1.75, check or money order. Miss G. E. Peck, 164 Waverly Place, New York City.

LANTERN SLIDES

LANTERN slides made and colored. Highest grade work. 25 years' experience. Edward Van Altena, 6 East 39th St., New York City.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

INVENTIONS wanted. Cash or royalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 217 St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers
WORKING housekeeper for refined family near New York. 9,364, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

DIETITIANS, superintendents, cafe managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, social workers, and secretaries. Miss Richards, Providence, East Side Boston, Fridays, 11 to 1, 16 Jackson H. Trinity Court, Address Providence.

PLACEMENT BUREAU for employer: employee: housekeepers, matrons, secretaries, governesses, attendants, traveling companions, chaperons. 51 Trowbridge St., Cambridge, Mass.

Business Situations

WRITE photoplays: \$25-\$300 paid for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary. Complete outline free. Producers League, 438 St. Louis.

WANTED—1,500 Railway Traffic Inspectors: no experience; train for this profession through spare-time home study; easy terms \$100 to \$200 monthly and expenses guaranteed, or money back. Outdoors, local traveling, under big men who reward ability. Get Free Booklet CM-27. Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

WANTED—Experienced bookkeeper, refined personality, for Eastern city's board school. Thoroughly competent to take charge of financial office. Protestant. Good salary and comfortable home. Good social environment. Give full particulars in letter. 9,353, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers Agency, Albany, N. Y.

TEACHERS WANTED, men and women for all departments of colleges and schools. Immediate and future vacancies. The Institute Teacher's Agency, 717 Macheca Building, New Orleans, La.

WANTED, at once, lady, Protestant, teach girl 6. Mending and light duties. \$1.00 per 30. Country. Good references. Send picture. Salary fifty dollars a month. 15, Fairville, Chester County, Pennsylvania.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

DRAMATIC and ATHLETIC instructor girls' school in New York or vicinity. Qualified to teach dancing, swimming, diving, sailing, riding, shooting, tennis, rowing, fencing, physical culture, and full dramatic training, including play construction. Helen Kittredge, 537 West 121st St., New York. Telephone: Morningside 4197.

Business Situations

PAGEANT master available. Experienced. Capable of assuming full direction. 9,351, Outlook.

YOUNG college graduate wishes position with large oil concern. Practical experience in oil production methods, drilling, engineering work, and oil geology. Foreign work preferred. Available immediately. 9,356, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

DIETITIAN wishes position in institution, cafeteria, or school. 9,355, Outlook.

GRADUATE student, Columbia, returns to California in January will act as travel companion in return for expenses. References exchanged. 9,358, Outlook.

NURSERY governess, mother's help. Young, experienced, American, Protestant. New York suburbs preferred. Willing to travel. 9,359, Outlook.

YOUNG lady desires position as secretary, companion, or mother's helper to lady traveling. E. Swanson, Roosevelt, Okla.

HOUSEKEEPER desires position in plant home. Capable of assuming all responsibilities. 9,361, Outlook.

MATRON, housemother, housekeeper, school or institution. Years of experience. Highest credentials. Box 198, Ridgefield, N. J.

PRACTICAL nurse or companion.—Educated, Protestant, American lady. Willing to travel. References. Mrs. G. H. Chand 124 Chapel St., New Haven, Conn.

GENTLEWOMAN, middle age, position, trust with lady. Good traveler, packer, excellent needlewoman. Highest references. 9,370, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TUTOR in private family by cultured, refined young man from South. Age 25. University graduate. 3 years' experience. Most excellent references. 9,332, Outlook.

WANTED, by Southern gentleman (normal and college graduate with teaching, tutoring experience), position as residential tutor. City, country, or travel. 9,343, Outlook.

ENGLISH governess, proven ability, sires position; kindergarten, primary grade. Best physical care; fine needlewoman. Highest references. 9,359, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, send things on approval. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

WANTED—Young women to take 6 months' course in training for the care chronic and convalescent invalids. Address F. E. Parker Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

OWNER of small but comfortable bungalow in Oranges, New Jersey, will exchange two rooms and bath, rent, light and heat, for caring for bungalow, preparing of meals, etc. Small family. Ten minutes from station and trolley. Best references required. 9,354, Outlook.

FOR SALE—Hammond multiplex typewriter, price \$48, perfect condition, list used, cost \$125. Also mahogany roller desk, nearly new. 9,360, Outlook.

WHERE A TRANSLATION EXPLAINS

A FRIEND called attention to the apparent similarity of the three following expressions:

"Deutschland über Alles" (Germany over all),

"Sinn Fein" (Myself alone),

"America first,"

and suggested that they were but varying forms of the same rampant selfishness now causing so much misery and distress in the world.

Do you concur in such a view? If not, what, in your opinion, would be the difference between the three forms of national aspiration above referred to?

T. H. Hood.

[Translate the phrase "Deutschland über Alles" into the terms of personal relationship. If our correspondent said, "My family above all others," he would be rightly condemned.

Likewise, if he said, "I will work for myself alone," he would be guilty of selfishness and unsocial practice. But suppose he says, "I will make my family my first concern," then he would merely be acting in accordance with the most correct ethical principle.

As Mr. Roosevelt once pointed out, the abby internationalist who says, "I love all countries as well as I do my own," is just like the man who says, "I love other men's wives as much as my own." "America first" does not mean a disregard for others.—THE EDITORS.]

ADJECTIVES AND STYLE

[From the Gossip Shop of the "Bookman"]

THE abstruse question which Boswell once upon a time used as conversational bait for Dr. Johnson, "How many angels could dance on the point of a needle?" is a small matter compared with the question with which William Bayard Hale wrestles in "The Story of a Style." How many adjectives does Woodrow Wilson use? Mr. Hale has combed the centuries for data, and his statistics rival in ingenuity and novelty those problems propounded and solved in the old "Penny Magazine" of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, such as: "How many obelisks the size of Cleopatra's Needle would need be balanced one upon the other to reach to the top of the dome of St. Paul's?" Or, "How many papers of pins would you have to buy if you wanted to lay a train of them from London to Edinburgh?" For the accommodation of all ingenious persons, we quote Mr. Hale's conclusions, which show the present Patersque incumbent of the White House to be far from the ne of "normalcy," adjectively speaking:

In Wilson the ratio is 1 pure verb to 30 adjectives; with Ruskin the ratio is 16 to 7; Carlyle 12 to 4; Macaulay 11 to 3; Poe 12 to 5; Shakespeare 14 to 9; Scott 11 to 8; Dickens 16 to 6; Hardy 14 to 1; Shaw 14 to 4; Clemens 13 to 3; Hewlett 13 to 3; Gibbon 9 to 8; Bazin 18 to 3; Sienkiewicz 11 to 1; Stendhal 15 to 2; Maeterlinck 10 to none; Rousseau 14 to 6; Amiel 9 to 7.

The "Double-Action" Dentifrice

COLGATE'S

RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

ACTS in 2 safe and effective ways to clean the teeth thoroughly.

1 The calcium carbonate which forms the base of this favorite dentifrice, when brought into action by the brush, *loosens* the food deposits that gather upon the teeth.

2 These deposits thus loosened are then *washed away* by the liquid detergent that results from the motion of the wet brush.

The smooth cream, being softer than the teeth, cannot scratch or otherwise injure them. The *washing* is effected without the introduction of harmful acids or dangerous drugs.



COLGATE & CO.
Dept. Z
199 Fulton Street
New York

More dentists recommend Colgate's than any other dentifrice. For sale everywhere—or generous trial tube sent on receipt of 2 cents in stamps.

MAKE IT GROW!

PERHAPS you have a small business which is capable of consistent growth if you could tell enough people about your service. Yet any substantial expense is not justified. Many small proprietors in this situation have found Outlook Want advertisements will bring in business at a cost of a very few dollars. Many such have used these Want advertisements for years and secured steady returns.

Does your business fall under one of these headings or something similar?

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES BOOKS, MAGAZINES, MANUSCRIPTS
GREETING CARDS OFFICE DEVICES LANTERN SLIDES
BUSINESS SITUATIONS CHILDREN'S CLOTHES EMBROIDERY
WOMEN'S GOODS JEWELRY ANTIQUES
PROFESSIONAL SHOPPERS GARMENTS REMODELED

Other headings given when warranted.

The Irish Linen Company, Davenport, Iowa, has just written us—"We are getting very good results from our advertising considering the conditions all over the country."

Your advertisement in this Classified Department of The Outlook costs only ten cents a word! Every word may bring you dollars' worth of business. Write us about your business and we will be glad to make suggestions as to how it can best be built up.

Address

Department of Classified Advertising, The Outlook Company
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

How Many Ways Do You Use 3-in-One?

Use 3-in-One Oil to *lubricate* all light mechanisms—typewriters, sewing machines, phonograph motors, cash registers, adding machines and other bank and office mechanisms, guns, fishing rods, automatic tools, magnetos, Ford Commutators, bicycles, cream separators. Use

3-in-One Oil

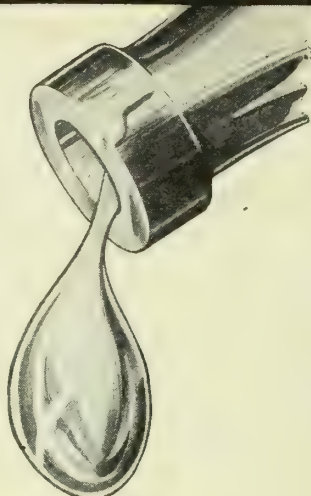
to *clean and polish* all veneered and varnished surfaces—pianos, phonographs, fine furniture, office desks and filing cabinets, hardwood floors, automobile bodies, golf clubs. Use it to polish mirrors, cut glass, automobile windshields. Use it to make dust-less dust cloths and polish mops—very economical.

Use 3-in-One to *prevent rust and tarnish* from forming on all metal surfaces—bathroom fixtures, stoves and ranges, metal parts of automobiles. Use it to *stop the squeaking* of automobile springs, door hinges, locks and bolts. Use it on razors, safety and old-style—make shaving quicker and easier.

3-in-One is sold at all good stores in 1 oz., 3 oz., and 8 oz. bottles and 3 oz. Handy Oil Cans.

FREE Liberal sample of 3-in-One Oil and Dictionary of Uses—both sent *free*. Write us a postal.

Three-in-One-Oil Co., 165 O. Broadway, N. Y.



This Drop of
3-in-One Oil
Has 79 Uses



(Patent Pending)

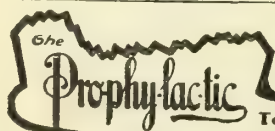
THE LAST WORD IN DESKS

(MADE IN GRAND RAPIDS)

The New Gunn Desks, exclusively equipped with "Lino" Green Tops, provide an Ideal Writing Surface. No Varnish to Mar. Restful to the Eyes. Flush wood border with rounded edges.

Colored print and full particulars mailed free on request

THE GUNN FURNITURE COMPANY
1877 Broadway GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.



Tooth Brush

A clean tooth never decays—the
Pro-phy-lac-tic keeps teeth clean

BY THE WAY

ONE side of the medal shows an angel hovering over the prostrate form of a man on the railroad tracks. So reads part of the description of a gold medal presented by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company to an employee who tried to save the life of a fellow employee by giving his blood in a transfusion operation. The angel's name in real life was Joseph Sweeney; the man on the tracks was Thomas J. Thornton, who had both legs crushed in an accident. Sweeney asked that his part in trying to save Thornton be kept secret, but the facts leaked out. The medal was presented to him by the company vice-president in the presence of many officials of the road.

"Copperfield House," No. 13 Johnson Street, London, is one of the few remaining houses of the several in which Charles Dickens lived as a boy. "When Charles Dickens's father, John Dickens, was released from the unsavory Marshalsea Prison," says the London "Sphere," he took the boy from lodgings to live at this house. "Charles was at that time working at the blacking factory at Hungerford Stairs, and despite his intense loathing of his soul-destroying work, he felt much happier after his reunion with his parents." The house is now to be used as a children's library.

The Chinese hen seems to be laying superfluous eggs. According to "Shipping," a cargo of frozen eggs, recently sent from Hankow, China, to New York weighed 6,200 tons, representing the enormous number of 11,573,333 dozen eggs.

"I'll ring for Nora to bring a fresh pitcher of water," said the professor's wife, as reported in a Western paper. "You doubtless mean a pitcher of fresh water," corrected her husband. Ten minutes later the professor said: "The picture would show to better advantage if you were to hang it over the clock." "You doubtless mean above the clock," his wife retorted quietly; "if we were to hang it over the clock we couldn't tell the time."

Fully half of the population of Buenos Aires is foreign-born, according to Harry Franck, "and it is an even bet on any man of this half," he says, "that he came from Italy." There is also a small colony of aristocratic Irish, Mr. Franck reports, who pronounce their names "Kel-ye," "O-bree-en," etc. "It is a comparatively ordinary experience in Buenos Aires, the author adds, to come across business men with English or Irish names who speak only Spanish.

From the voluntary allotment slips of our soldiers a subscriber copies these peculiar names, which seem to have been signed in dead earnest:

Victor Castoria Hicks, Hilarius Drees, Dewey Lane, June Cloud, Anthony Butinski, Legal Tender Fairchild, Cash Double, Lordly Lucas, Leonard Peachie Lemon, Narry Chance, Broadus Long;

and finally, "to boost your column, Philip Bytheway."

As an example of "perplexed English" reader contributes this:

A German woman who had resided in his country thirty-five years but had not become "emancipated" either as to politics or as to using the English language freely, said apropos of the suffrage amendment movement, "Don't them suffrages are done yet?"

A story that might be taken to heart by the factions that are making Ireland miserable is told in Frederick Lynch's *Recollections of Andrew Carnegie*. When the circus came to town, Mr. Carnegie said, Pat had no money for a ticket. He offered his services to the circus manager for the price of admission. The manager said, "Pat, the lion died last night, and we saved his pelt. If you'll crawl into that till the show begins, you can see everything." Pat got into the pelt and was led to the cage. As he was getting in he saw a huge Bengal tiger glowering at him from the farther end of the cage. "I'll not go into the cage with that terrible beast," he shouted. Whereupon the "tiger" lifted up its head and said, "Come right in, Pat; I'm an Irishman too."

A file of "La Libre Belgique," the Belgian bulletin of patriotic propaganda which was published during the war in spite of the severest restrictive measures on the part of the German invaders, was recently sold in New York City for \$1,000. In future years when the full story of the means by which it was printed and circulated is made public, a set of "La Libre Belgique" will no doubt become one of the rarest prizes of collectors of memorabilia of the Great War.

Sir Herbert Tree, the English actor, was a maker of pungent phrases. Some of them, as quoted in a recently published book of "Memories," follow:

"A committee should consist of three men—two of whom are absent."

"He is an old bore. Even the grave awns for him."

"If we don't take ourselves seriously, who will?"

An example of American terseness: A man went into a store in Chicago. "I want some powder," he said. "Face, gun, or bug?" asked the young lady."

In an article by Senator F. M. Davenport in the November 3 issue of *The Outlook*, entitled "Treating Men White in Akron Town," Mr. Davenport stated that the process of vulcanizing rubber had been discovered by Dr. Goodrich. He has since written to the editors of *The Outlook* stating that this was an error on his part and that credit should have been given to Charles Goodyear, of New Haven, by whom the vulcanization of rubber was discovered in 1839; by 1844 he had secured some sixty patents which protected his discovery. Dr. Goodrich began the manufacture of rubber goods in Akron in 1869, using the Goodyear invention, the Goodyear patents having then expired.

Is your blood pressure normal?

ALMOST daily you hear from some friend or acquaintance that he or she is suffering from high blood pressure. It is not a disease, but it is a symptom of a condition of the blood vessels that, if neglected, may lead to serious or even fatal results. The arteries, which carry the blood from the heart all over the body, are elastic, like a thin rubber tube. So, when the force pump action of the heart is suddenly increased by violent physical exercise, or severe mental or nervous exertion or strain, the arteries expand and thus accumulate the extra quantity of blood pumped into them.

Failure to properly digest food, or to eliminate its waste regularly and thoroughly, favors the absorption into the blood of irritating or poisonous matter, which if allowed to continue, hardens the arterial walls, and causes them to lose elasticity and become rigid and brittle. The blood current is impeded, causing high blood pressure, the heart enlarges, and the kidneys and liver become diseased.

Leading medical authorities agree that the best way to prevent or overcome high blood pressure is to cut down flesh foods and insure regular, thorough bowel evacuation.



For the latter they prescribe Nujol, as it is most efficient and safe.

Nujol relieves constipation without any unpleasant or weakening effects. It does not upset the stomach. It does not cause nausea or griping, nor interfere with the day's work or play.

Instead of forcing or irritating the system, Nujol simply softens the food waste. This enables the many tiny muscles in the walls of the intestines, contracting and expanding in their normal way, to squeeze the food waste along so that it passes naturally out of the system.

Nujol actually prevents constipation because it helps Nature maintain easy, thorough bowel evacuation at regular intervals—the healthiest habit in the world.

Nujol is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. Try it.

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For Constipation

Nujol is sold by all druggists in sealed bottles only, bearing the Nujol trade mark



Mail coupon for booklets, "Constipation—Auto Intoxication in Adults" and "Constipation in Advanced Years", to Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), Room 706, 44 Beaver Street, New York. (In Canada, send to Nujol, 22 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.)

Name.....

Address.....

YOUR WANTS

in every line of household, educational, business, or personal service—domestic workers, teachers, nurses, business or professional assistants, etc., etc.—whether you require help or are seeking a situation, may be filled through a little announcement in the classified columns of *The Outlook*. If you have some article to sell or exchange, these columns may prove of real value to you as they have to many others. Send for descriptive circular and order blank AND FILL YOUR WANTS. Address

Department of Classified Advertising
THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

FIRST FARM MORTGAGES AND REAL ESTATE BONDS

Yielding 6%, 6½%, 7%

The Middle West, where our First Farm Mortgages are made, is the home of the "Bread Basket of the World." Your money invested in our Farm Mortgages is secured by fertile farms, growing in value.

Covering an experience of more than 37 years, serving investors from all sections, no client has ever lost a dollar through us.

If interested in securities that will stand the test of a period of deflation, write for copy of pamphlet "S" and current offerings.

E. J. Lander & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1883

Grand Forks, North Dakota

You'll say you never tasted such delicious mackerel!

They can't help but be delicious.

They are *selected* fish and they are packed a few minutes after they are brought to the wharves at Gloucester by the fishing boats.

And when we say *selected* fish, we mean *selected* fish. We personally look over the various mackerel catches as they are brought in every day and we pick out only the very best. And we know how to pick them out, too—we've been fishermen ourselves for over fifty years and the mackerel we select are the same kind that we pick out to take home.

Fat, tender, mackerel with a real fresh-from-the-sea-flavor that you have always longed for.

And all you have to do to get them is to write your name and address on the coupon below and mail it to us. We will then send you our complete fish price-list so that you can send us your order. Then we send the fish along to you at once. *And remember, you do not pay for them unless you are entirely satisfied.*

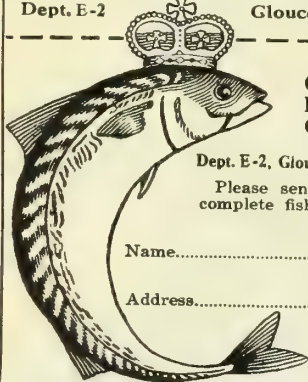
This list we send you, will give you a new idea as to the number and variety of the good things we have in store for you. Clams, lobster, shrimp, sardines, tuna, salmon—all fresh from the ocean, all carefully selected and perfectly packed.

Salt codfish is one of our big specialties. It is really boneless and comes to you in big, white, steak-like pieces just right for making the most mouth-watering codfish cakes or creamed fish. Be sure to remember it when you order.

Now here's the coupon. Fill it out now and mail it. It won't be many days before you'll say that sending in this coupon was one of the most satisfactory things you ever did in your life.

Crown Packing Company

Dept. E-2 Gloucester, Mass.



Crown
Packing
Company

Dept. E-2, Gloucester, Mass.

Please send me your complete fish price-list.

Name.....

Address.....

How to Reduce Your Weight

YOU CAN do it in a dignified, simple way in the privacy of your room and surprise your family and friends.

I know you can, because I've reduced 45,000 women from 20 to 85 lbs., and what I have done for so many I can do for you.

Don't reduce by drugs or diet alone. You'll look old if you do. You should have work adapted to your condition.

No woman need carry one pound of excess fat. It's so simple to weigh what you should, and you enjoy the process. My cheerful letters and your scales keep you enthusiastic.

I build your vitality, strengthen your heart and teach you how to stand, walk and breathe correctly, as I reduce you.

If you send me your height and weight, I'll tell you just what you should weigh. No charge—and I'll send you an illustrated booklet FREE, showing you how to stand correctly. Write me! I will respect your confidence.

Susanna Cocroft

Dept. 8, 215 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago



Brown's Bronchial Troches

Quickly Relieve Coughing, Hoarseness, Sore Throat in Catarrhal and Asthmatic Conditions.

Bronchial disorders will promptly be relieved by these tablets which are a genuine medicinal remedy—not a confection. They contain no opiates or other harmful ingredients, hence perfectly safe for children—a small piece will relieve a child's cough or throat irritation.

For Over Seventy Years

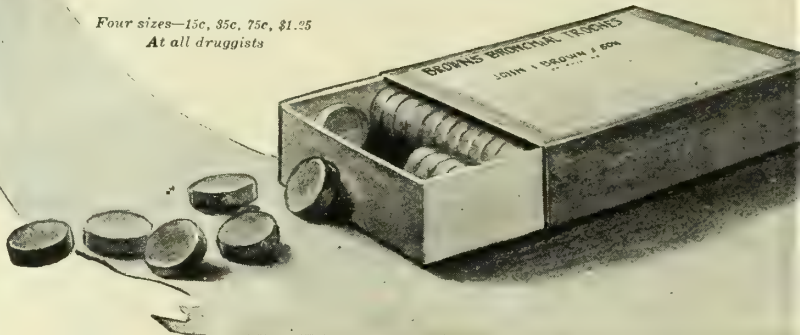
BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have been invaluable to public speakers and singers for clearing the throat, allaying hoarseness and soothing the irritation caused by vocal exertion.

No set directions for taking—to be used as occasion requires. Will not stain the hands or gloves.

JOHN I. BROWN & SON, BOSTON, MASS.

General Sales Agents: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Inc., New York—Toronto

Four sizes—15c, 35c, 75c, \$1.25
At all druggists



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The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life



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HAROLD
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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1921
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The Outlook

JANUARY 19, 1921

CROWDER IN CUBA

WHILE Mr. Colby, Secretary of State, has been visiting Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina, General Crowder has gone to Cuba on a visit of a very different kind.

It is important that Americans should understand clearly the difference between the relation the United States bears to Cuba and certain other neighboring countries and the relation it bears to the strong, stable nations to the south. It is important because such countries as Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Uruguay, Peru, which are both self-respecting and sensitive, should have no cause for thinking the United States unappreciative of their position. Just as we in this country have resented condescension in foreigners, to use Lowell's phrase, so the citizens of these independent American republics are naturally resentful of any sign of condescension in us. Such a trip as that of Mr. Colby ought to do good if it is accompanied with discretion. If reports of what Mr. Colby has said about the proposed treaty with Colombia are authentic, we are not sure that discretion has always prevailed. Nevertheless the very fact of the visit cannot help being fruitful of good.

Our relations to Cuba are entirely different. Though not exactly a member of our family, Cuba is bound to us by ties that are definite and close. If the United States were an empire, Cuba might be really considered a part of it. When the United States delivered Cuba from the control of Spain, the world expected the United States to retain Cuba as a possession. Instead of that the United States, after restoring order, put Cuba upon her own feet; but, for the sake of American as well as Cuban interests, retained the right, in case of disturbance or instability, to intervene. Since the recent election in Cuba, when there were frauds in the balloting, Cuba has been in a state of uncertainty. Reports have come to this country which made it desirable for the United States Government to take steps to ascertain the facts and to see whether anything could be done to avoid intervention. General Wood, because of his former record in Cuba, which has placed him among the great colonial administrators of history, would have probably been an ideal representative of the United States in Cuba at this time. Whatever other obstacles there were in the way

of sending him, the unfriendliness of the present Administration toward him undoubtedly eliminated him. We cannot think of any better substitute to send than General Enoch Crowder, who is the President's appointee as his representative in this emergency. General Crowder's understanding of the mental attitude of free, self-governing people was demonstrated in his creation of the Selective Service Law. He is a military man who understands not only discipline but liberty. We hope that he



GENERAL ENOCH CROWDER

Investigator of Cuban conditions on behalf of the United States Government

will find it possible to straighten out affairs in Cuba without formal intervention.

LIMITS TO THE RIGHT OF BOYCOTT

ONE of the most important decisions of recent years in labor cases was rendered on January 3 by the United States Supreme Court. The majority of the Court concurred in Mr. Justice Pitney's opinion, which may be summarized in this sentence embodied in it: "To instigate a sympathetic strike in aid of a secondary boycott cannot be deemed 'peaceful and lawful' persuasion."

The case was that of the Duplex Printing Company vs. Emil J. Deering *et al.* The judges were divided, six to three. The majority of the Court agreed in deciding against the claims of the International Association of Ma-

chinists, a labor union of which Mr. Deering and others were representatives. The three judges who dissented were Mr. Justice Brandeis, Mr. Justice Holmes, and Mr. Justice Clarke. The Court reversed the decisions of the lower courts, which the dissenting judges would have upheld.

This decision does not involve an interpretation of the Constitution. It is concerned only with the meaning of certain provisions of law and their application to this case. In substance it declares that under no circumstances is a secondary boycott legal, and that such interference with business as this union attempted is a secondary boycott.

It may thus be seen that there are two questions involved in this case. One is a question of law, the other is a question of fact.

The law involved is the Anti-Trust Act as modified by the Clayton Act. The Anti-Trust Act prohibits conspiracies in restraint of trade. The Clayton Act permits the use of injunctions to prevent such conspiracies, but restricts the use of the injunctions so as to give immunity to a particular class. The law says that this injunction shall not be used to prohibit persons from terminating any relation of employment, or from ceasing from work, or persuading others by peaceful means to do so. The question of law is whether this provision applies strictly to the relation between employees and those who directly employ them, or whether it applies to employees more generally, as in the case of a labor union in its relation to those who employ its members. The majority of the Court interpret the law as applying strictly to those who have direct relations of employer and employee, while the dissenting judges hold that the law should not be confined to those cases but applied to all employers and employees whose interests in any case are involved. It cannot be said that the dissenting judges necessarily defended the use of the secondary boycott; for the secondary boycott can be so defined as to exclude it from any case which the dissenting judges think justifiable.

THE INDUSTRIAL FACTS IN THE CASE

THE question of fact in this case was the larger and more important subject. As Mr. Justice Brandeis in his dis-

senting opinion points out, the changes in industrial law and in the interpretation of that law by the courts have come, not through the rejection of principles formerly regarded as inviolate, but through "a better realization of the facts of industrial life." The dissenting justices refer to the widespread impression that judges, in deciding that the courts should prevent damage which the judges consider done for a purpose socially or economically harmful, and therefore malicious and unlawful, have been governed by their economic environment and have thus translated their social and economic ideas into law. It was to prevent this very thing, these dissenting judges hold, that Congress passed the Clayton Act, so as to substitute for the economic ideas of judges the economic ideas of Congress.

In the last analysis the difference between the majority and the minority of the Supreme Court in this case is a difference in understanding certain industrial facts.

The Duplex Company manufactures printing presses. It maintains an "open shop." Practically all of its competitors have been "union shops." There was a strike in the plant of the Duplex Company. Out of its two hundred and fifty employees only fourteen went out on strike. The machinists' union, realizing that if the strike failed the other manufacturers of printing presses, in order to compete with the Duplex Company, would tend to become open shops and lower their union standard, undertook to interfere with the installation of Duplex presses in certain newspaper offices. The men who installed these presses were employees of the company, but the newspapers for whom these presses were provided had no quarrel with their own employees, and were involved in this struggle not as direct participants but as customers of the Duplex Company. The union not only endeavored to get truckmen to refuse to haul these presses but threatened purchasers or intending purchasers of the presses with labor troubles if they installed them. The Duplex Company asked for an injunction against the machinists' union to prevent them from interfering with their trade. The lower courts refused the injunction, on the ground that the law prohibited the use of injunctions in disputes between employers and employees. The Supreme Court has reversed this decision and granted the injunction, on the ground that this does not involve a dispute between employers and employees. The dissenting judges declare that the contention "that this case is not one arising out of a dispute concerning the conditions of work of one of the parties is

... founded upon a misconception of the facts."

The majority of the Court emphasizes the interest of the public, including the rights of large purchasers of goods, and thus restricts the field in which union labor can operate. The minority of the Court, on the other hand, emphasizes the importance of the legal rights of employees standing together for the common defense of their common interests.

Evidently the statute needs to be clarified by further legislation if public opinion does not concur with the decision of the Supreme Court. It is to be remembered, however, that this is a case concerning the right of combatants in industrial struggle. The ideal way out of the difficulty involved in such a case as this is the substitution of something more rational than force and intimidation in the settlement of industrial disputes.

SHALL THE AIR MAIL BE KILLED?

THE United States Air Mail Service was started May 15, 1918. The first air route was between Washington and New York. Now thirty-five cargo-carrying mail planes are journeying across the country every day over routes with a total distance of eight thousand miles—routes which touch Cuba and Canada, the Atlantic and the Pacific.

The Air Mail has been frequently under fire. It has been condemned as impractical, extravagant, and dangerous. Last year Congress attempted to kill the Air Mail and this year the appropriation for its continuance has been stricken from the Post Office Appropriation Bill in the House. If it is to be retained, it must be restored by the Senate.

Certainly at this time the country wants economy in the operation of its government. But there are some forms of saving which are very bad economy, and we are convinced that the attempt to kill the Air Mail belongs emphatically in this class. It is no argument to say that the Air Mail Service should be eliminated because it costs more to carry mail through the air than on trains. It costs more to carry mails on trains than on canal boats, but we do not send mail from New York to Buffalo by the Erie Canal because of that fact—though there is some evidence to the contrary.

Those who claim that the Air Mail Service is impractical belong in the class with those who ridiculed the Clermont as she puffed her way slowly but surely up the Hudson. Without the

Clermonts of industry there are no Aquitanias. We ought to be thankful that the Post Office in one instance at least has had the courage to be forward-looking.

If there are unusual dangers involved in the Air Mail, it is not the part of courage or intelligence to drop the service on that account. The challenge to us is not to eliminate the dangers by leaving the air, but by fully conquering it.

Above and beyond all this, there remains the fact that the Air Mail constitutes our only Governmental encouragement to civil and commercial flying. The development of the airplane industry in America is vitally necessary not only for the direct benefit which will accrue to the country from the existence of such an industry, but because this industry is of paramount importance in the preparation of our National defense. If we have no trained pilots and no facilities for building airplanes, our fleets and our armies will soon belong in a military category with the galleys of Rome and the bowmen of Assyria. The country not only can afford its Air Mail, it must afford it.

PROHIBITION AND CIVIL SERVICE

IT is obvious that the Volstead Act has not been enforced in many sections of the country with that rigor and honesty of purpose without which such an act can serve only to arouse popular contempt of law. It seems plain, too, that the failure to enforce the Volstead Act is in part due to the fact that enforcement agents have been chosen in many instances without regard to fitness and with undue regard for political influence.

At the time of the passage of the Volstead Act efforts were made to put the enforcement agents under the Civil Service Law. Those who were working for the passage of this act, however, feared that the insertion of such an amendment would result in the defeat of the act, and therefore it was not accepted.

A bill has now been introduced into the House of Representatives by Congressman Tinkham, of Massachusetts, designed to rectify this serious omission. This bill has the backing of the National Civil Service Reform League and its purpose is to be heartily commended. The measure in its present form has not the support of the Anti-Saloon League. It appears to us that if the form of the present bill is not satisfactory to the Anti-Saloon League that organization should take every possible means to help in the preparation of a

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

AS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

(See offer on page 119)

Ferguson in the Chicago Daily Drovers Journal



IT'S ALWAYS EMBARRASSING TO BE THE FIRST ONE OUT
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HE LOVES ME, HE LOVES ME NOT

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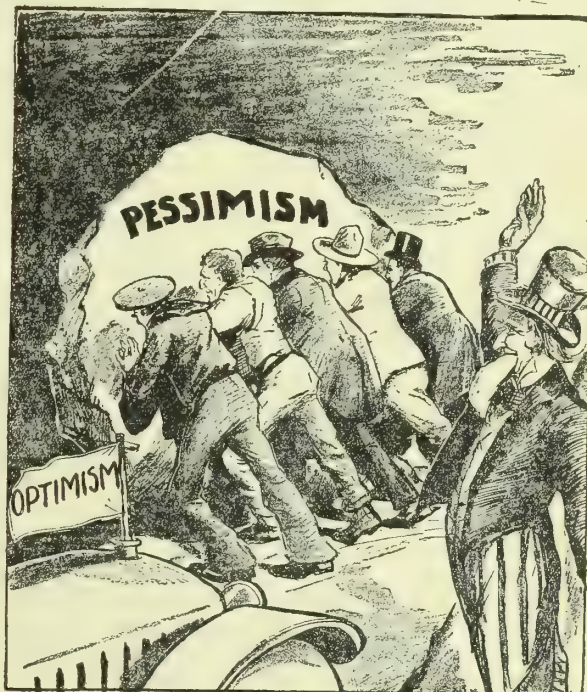
De Mar in the Philadelphia Record



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From Rev. Frank P. Parkin, Philadelphia

From the San Francisco Chronicle



NOW! ALL TOGETHER!!

From Col. John T. Knight, Fort Mason, San Francisco, Cal.

bill which it believes will meet the peculiar needs of the present situation. The Anti-Saloon League cannot afford to let the impression get abroad that it is not co-operating fully in the movement to put the enforcement of the Volstead Act upon an efficient and non-political basis.

THE FARMER'S CRISIS

THE American farmer is in a serious situation. During the war he made money. At present he is losing money. Prices for his products, he claims, are below the cost of production; in addition he has been, he says, hit harder than has any other producer.

What can the Government do for him?

Two remedies have been suggested. One is a tariff remedy, the other a credit remedy.

The first remedy would protect him by a tariff keeping Canadian and other agricultural products from competing with his. Accordingly, a hastily drawn Tariff Bill to this end has passed the House of Representatives. Its duties are so prohibitive that they practically amount to an embargo—and this in time of peace! This unscientific measure has apparently been drawn on the theory that we can sell abroad without buying abroad. Its framers do not seem to realize that they must not unduly restrict imports; otherwise, Europe cannot pay the war debt she owes us, much less contract for more of our goods to be exported; such exports would be checked not only by the terms of the bill itself, but also by reprisals from foreign countries. Finally, there would be inevitable profiteering in the necessities of life.

Senator Penrose at first was understood to oppose this so-called Emergency Tariff Bill, but later declared he was in favor of it with amendments. Whether it can survive the process of amendment in the Senate remains to be seen.

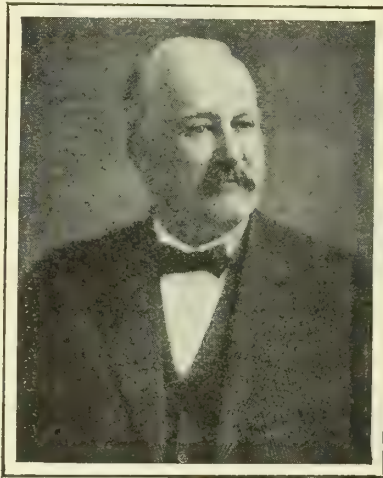
The second remedy—credit—might be applied in several ways.

One form is to revive the War Finance Corporation. The objection to this is that it will arrest the present encouraging deflation and cause inflation. A bill to embody this suggestion, having passed both houses, was vetoed by the President on the ground that it would raise hopes it could not fulfill, and that war agencies should now be abolished, not revived; but it was passed over his veto, and is now law.

A second method would be to direct the Federal Reserve Board to permit the member banks of the Federal Reserve System to grant liberal extensions of credit to the farmers. But, as a matter of fact, the Board is doing all pos-

sible in that direction; its extensions of credit for ultimate agricultural aid during 1920 were nearly three times as much as during 1919. Hence Congress has dropped consideration of the measure.

Another proposal has been to extend the provisions of the Farm Loan Law so as to establish more Federal loan banks and to change their administration in character so that it should acquire co-operative features and come more and more into the hands of the



(C) Harris & Ewing

JOSEPH W. FORDNEY

Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee in which the Emergency Tariff, or Fordney, Bill was framed

farmers; at present the farmers lack means for co-operative effort in securing credit. Strange to say, Congress has not yet taken up this plan.

Still another measure proposed is that of a very long-time Government loan, part of which shall be tax-free; this part to be issued at a minimum of 4 per cent and the other part at a minimum of 6 per cent, the loan to be used to extend credit to the countries which wish to buy our goods but lack the necessary credit. Congress has yet to consider this proposal.

AMENDING THE CONSTITUTION

IN a recent issue The Outlook warned its readers that the American Constitutional League, the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage, and the National Association Opposed to Prohibition have united in an attempt to stop what they believe is a dangerous tendency in this country to amend the United States Constitution. And how do they propose to reduce this dangerous tendency to make over the Constitution? By amending the Constitution! That is to say, they advocate a twentieth amendment, which shall provide that no State may ratify an amendment to the Constitution with-

out electing a special convention for the purpose and without holding a popular referendum.

We took an exception, and still take it, to this proposal of the American Constitutional League. Mr. Everett F. Wheeler, Chairman of the League and a distinguished member of the New York bar, who speaks with authority on Constitutional questions, thinks our criticism is unsound. He writes to The Outlook that in some States legislative action upon the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Amendments was not deliberate and was the result of great political pressure. He commends the statement of The Outlook that "action and reflection and adequate information are the sheet anchors of democracy," and adds that the proposal of the American Constitutional League to change the procedure of State ratification is necessary to secure all these. He continues:

Let me remind your readers that in every State in the Union except Delaware no amendment to the State Constitution can be adopted except as the result of a direct vote by the people of the State. What the States have with substantial unanimity adopted for themselves must equally be desirable for the Union.

We do not altogether follow Mr. Wheeler's argument.

The States with substantial unanimity have adopted the plan of electing not only each its own chief executive, but all its principal executive officers as well. According to Mr. Wheeler's argument, therefore, it would be desirable for the people of the United States to elect not only the President, but also the entire Cabinet. The practically unanimous opinion of careful students of American government is for exactly the reverse—that the States should conform to the Federal practice.

One of the foremost constitutional philosophers and authorities in the English-speaking world, James (now Viscount) Bryce, has pointed out that the great weakness of American democracy lies in its State constitutions, and that it has practically been saved by its Federal Constitution. Aside from the humorous aspect of strict constructionists of the Constitution endeavoring to protect it from further amendment by amending it themselves, we seriously object to a change in the procedure of ratification because, as a matter of fact, popular votes on Constitutional questions have not proved to be as sound, or as effective as legislative action.

WHY NOT CHANGE THE DATE OF THE PRESIDENT'S INAUGURATION?

EVERY four years our Government has a stroke of paralysis. It coincides with the long interval between

the President's election in November and his inauguration in March. A hundred and twenty years ago the new President was confronted by primitive conditions of saddle-horse and stage-coach travel to reach Washington for his inauguration. Now, however, there is no such excuse for delay. It is always ridiculous; it is sometimes pernicious; and once at least it was dangerous. After his election in 1860 Lincoln said:

I would willingly take out of my life a period in years equal to the months which intervene between now and my inauguration. . . . I who have been called upon to meet this awful responsibility, am compelled to remain here, doing nothing to avert it or lessen its force.

But if Lincoln could do nothing, his enemies did much. They made civil war inevitable.

In order to change this recurrent paralysis a Constitutional amendment may be necessary. Accordingly, two propositions have been made in Congress for such an amendment. One is by Senator Ashurst, of Arizona; it provides that the President shall be inaugurated on the third Monday in January, and, what is equally important, that the new Congress shall meet on the second Monday. The other and more debatable amendment was offered by Representative McArthur, of Oregon; it provides that the President shall be inaugurated on the second Monday in December and that Congress shall meet on the first Monday.

Recently we pointed out the importance of this change of inauguration to an earlier date.

We have long believed in the necessity for such a change. We are therefore all the more gratified that the resolutions to this effect have been introduced by a Democratic Senator and a Republican Representative. The reform is thus recognized as one apart from partisan politics.

NEGROES AND UNEMPLOYMENT

WIDELY published reports recently appeared in the press which told of a general round-up of unemployed Negroes in Buffalo, a round-up which, it was alleged, resulted in the terrorization of the Negro population of Buffalo and an enforced exodus from that city to the South. The real facts in the case have been sent us at our request by the Chief of Police, and by one of Buffalo's leading citizens who has personally investigated the situation at the instance of *The Outlook*. The latter writes:

There were about 3,000 Negroes in this city, men, women, and children, when the great demand for additional

labor caused many war industries to bring in Negroes from the South to do additional work. Naturally, these Negroes, most of them from rural localities, were absolutely unfamiliar with the conditions in the Northern cities. They were mostly of the happy-go-lucky character so common to-day among the young Negroes of the South. They readily obtained employment not calling for any particular skill, but calling for strength and willingness, and obtained this employment at wages they never dreamed of. They spent their money upon, for them, riotous living, often playing craps and other games to



HENRY F. ASHURST,
SENATOR FROM
ARIZONA



C. N. MCARTHUR,
REPRESENTATIVE
FROM OREGON

which they are addicted. They were willing to huddle together in small rooms to save rent, that they might have more money to spend in having a good time. Very few of them saved up any money. When the period of unemployment began, shortly before Thanksgiving, many of them at once began to feel the pinch, and the bad Negroes, of whom there were some, began to commit crimes. Thereupon the police arrested about 100 Negroes, largely upon suspicion, of whom, beyond doubt, a majority were innocent of any real crime. The majority of these Negroes were discharged, and only a few were convicted of crimes after trial or pleaded guilty to crimes because they were caught red-handed. The guilty Negroes were sentenced accordingly, and many of those who were discharged were thoroughly frightened, and either withdrew savings, where they had any, or borrowed money from friends and returned to the South.

This authority states that the percentage of unemployment among the Negroes of Buffalo does not differ much from the percentage of unemployment among the white laborers. He adds that the old resident Negroes of Buffalo have been substantially unaffected by the present increasing unemployment.

The Chief of Police states that the order for a general clean-up included whites as well as colored men, and the copy of the order which he sends us corroborates this statement. This order was given as a result of a very marked increase in crime. He says that in November there were twenty hold-ups in Buffalo, ten of which were perpetrated by white men and ten by colored men. During the same period there were

sixty-three burglaries committed, two by whites and four by colored men, and fifty-seven of whom the authors were unknown.

According to the Buffalo "Express," a Negro attorney from New York has investigated the situation in Buffalo and reached the following conclusions:

I have found the courts and the people of the city in sympathy with the Negro people. I have found that there was a real outbreak of crime in the city, and I know from my experience as an attorney that the police were justified in taking precautionary measures.

This Negro attorney puts his finger upon the real nub of the situation when, in discussing the Southern emigration to Buffalo, he says:

When those boys began to come up from the South the Negro people of Buffalo should have taken measures to form societies to work among these boys to direct them along the right paths, to befriend them, and help them become useful citizens of the city.

Such clean-ups as took place in Buffalo and are taking place in many other American cities to-day are necessarily matters of local expediency rather than of real social benefit. It is of no National advantage to drive the vicious element of one community to another community. As a method of social reform, the order to "move on" accomplishes nothing. It is very like the objectionable practice of dumping garbage over your neighbor's fence. If all the neighbors indulge in the same tactics, the community in the end will be back just where it started.

A SERVICE IN SIX LANGUAGES

ON Sunday, January 2, at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York City, prayers were offered and addresses made in six languages for the recovery of the Mosque of Saint Sophia, at Constantinople, to the Christian Church. The place of the late Bishop Burch, who had suggested the holding of this service, was appropriately taken by Bishop Darlington, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, chairman of the Commission of Episcopal Churches to Confer with the Eastern Orthodox and Old Catholic Churches. Bishop Darlington spoke in English. Bishop Stephan, a gorgeously robed prelate, spoke in Hungarian. The Rev. Father Kalimakos, pastor of the Greek Church in Brooklyn, who wore a long purple cape spangled with gold, spoke in Greek. The Very Rev. Basil Kerbawi, Dean of the Syrian Cathedral, Brooklyn, who was dressed in white silk, spoke in Arabic. The Rev. John Kromalny, also of Brooklyn, and Dean Terkevich, of

the Russian Orthodox Cathedral, New York City, spoke in Russian. Archimandrite Dabovitch, of the Serbian Church, spoke in Serbian. Other prelates and priests representing various branches of the ancient Church of the East were present, dressed in the vestments peculiar to their orders. There was a stained-glass effect of scarlet, purple, pale blue, and dark red robes spangled with silver and gold.

The occasion was thus spectacular. But it was also impressive because of the union of ecclesiastical forces represented. As similar services were held in Philadelphia, Washington, St. Louis, and other places, attention is thus directed to the increasing movement to unite the Episcopal Church in America and the Church of England with the Eastern Orthodox Churches.

In many minds the question would be likely to arise whether the movement to bring together the Protestant Episcopal Church and the Eastern Orthodox Churches will do more to give spiritual impetus to the Eastern Churches than to give ecclesiastical impetus to the Episcopal Church. There is no better definition of the demands of the religion of the Bible than "doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God." One would like to know what the Greek, Syrian, Russian, and Serbian churches have done in their respective countries to inspire the government with the spirit of justice, or what in Brooklyn and New York they are doing in works of mercy and charity analogous to the work done by the Episcopal Church in St. Luke's Hospital and in local parishes

like those of Grace, St. George's, St. Bartholomew's, and others.

SHADOWS OF OLD EGYPT

THERE is now gathered in the Metropolitan Museum in New York City a revealing collection of Egyptian antiquities. These remnants of a departed civilization have been dug largely from the tombs of the Nile Valley.

In a recent Museum report describing the work of excavating these tombs we came across a sentence which seemed to us strikingly suggestive. It reads: "The end of the war in November, 1918, found the work of the Expedition centered on its concession at Thebes under the direction of Ambrose Lansing, who had maintained the excavations single-handed during the two later years of the war." So while dynasties were tumbling in Europe there were those who labored among the tombs of dynasties which had passed from earth long before the Christian era. What is a thousand years more or less to an archaeologist?

After the end of the war the Museum forces were augmented and the labor of these scientists was rewarded by the discovery in the tomb of Mehenkwtetre, a chancellor and steward of the royal palace of the Eleventh Dynasty, who lived about 2000 B.C., of one of the finest collections of Egyptian statuettes which has yet been unearthed.

These statuettes, two of which are reproduced on this page, were buried with the bodies of Egyptian dignitaries to serve the spirits of the illustrious dead. In the tomb of Mehenkwtetre were found not only such individual figures as we reproduce here, but miniature granaries, gardens, stables, breweries, slaughter-houses, carpenter shops, and almost every other adjunct of Egyptian life. From these strangely preserved models a vivid picture of Egyptian life may be recreated in almost every detail. We can see fishermen harpooning their fish or catching them in a seine drawn between two papyrus canoes. We can see traveling boats accompanied by floating kitchens, the traveling boat complete even to the detail showing a steward on guard over trunks pushed beneath a bunk just as we push our steamer trunks under bunks to-day!

Many of these little models were retained at the Museum in Cairo, which has the first choice of all the material excavated in Egypt, but others have found a home in the city of sky-scrapers on the shores of a continent which the Old World did not even know existed until three and a half thousand years after Mehenkwtetre went to sleep among his

carved attendants in a cave among the Theban hills.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

IN the tempest of emotionalism which has been sweeping over the world during the past month the French have kept their heads.

Inexperienced observers a year or two ago predicted revolution in France because they saw some of the workers marching the streets and because they heard excitable French Socialists talking about barricades and communes. Descriptions of the French as unstable and emotional are, however, scarcely excusable after their exhibition of poise and determination in the war, and such descriptions ought to be impossible to any one who knows anything of the French rural population.

Again the French have given evidence of their sanity by the elections that were held on January 9. On that day one-third of the French Senate was chosen. The result was a gain for the Moderates. In America and England there are some so-called liberals inclined to be pacifistic and to be indulgent towards the Germans. These have allowed themselves to hope that the French elections would result in more power to the Radicals. They regard every one who is not willing to yield to most of Germany's demands as chauvinistic and reactionary. They were much irritated during the Peace Conference by whatever Clemenceau did to interfere with letting Germany down easily; and they were still more provoked with the refusal of Foch to yield French rights. They have therefore not concealed their hopes that the election in this case would reduce the power of the Moderates. The election, however, turned out, if anything, the other way.

It is not easy to tell from the despatches that come from Paris just what the situation is. Few American correspondents have been able to understand the French point of view. They very much overrate the influence of Radical Socialist journals, and take rather too seriously the utterances of the extreme monarchical party. There are many more shades of opinion represented by more or less organized parties in France than in the United States. Every French government must thus be to some extent a coalition government. Many of the changes that take place are only surface changes. As a matter of fact, in spite of the frequent changes of Ministry in France, the current of French foreign policy is likely to be even more steady in its flow than the current of foreign policy in America.

An interesting but perhaps not a very



Photograph by Henry Burton

FIGURES OF EGYPTIAN GIRLS BRINGING BASKETS OF WINE AND MEAT AND LIVE DUCKS TO THE TOMB OF MEHENKWETRE

significant incident in the election was the success of the candidacy of M. Deschanel. For over thirty years he had represented the Department of the Eure-et-Loire in the Chamber of Deputies. At the end of Poincaré's term he was elected President of the Republic. A severe illness, either the cause or the result of an accident in the course of a railway journey, caused his retirement from the Presidency. Now, having sufficiently recovered his health, he has been elected to the Senate and re-enters political life.

A PICTURE UNDER FIRE

THE OUTLOOK for December 29 contained an article on the problem of immigration which has called forth no little comment. One correspondent has put forward a criticism of this article which will be of interest to all those who are concerned with the well-being of the most important American industry—agriculture. This comment is based upon the caption of a picture which we used to illustrate the article on immigration. The illustration we re-reproduce on this page. The letter from our correspondent follows:

I should like to take exception to the comment under the first illustration on page 764 of your issue of December 29—"America needs men like these on her fields but not in her cities." Such a statement seems to indicate a very inadequate idea of the needs of America's fields and, in a sense, is a libel upon American agriculture.

The great need of the farms of America to-day is not brawn but brains. Farm work in this country has long since ceased to be merely a matter of manual labor. In the Middle West by far the greater part of it is performed through the use of machinery. Tractors, corn-huskers, manure-spreaders, milking-machines, etc., are rapidly becoming part of the equipment of every well-organized farm. As a result, an increasingly higher grade of labor is being needed on the farm, and at the present time the mental processes of the farm worker are of greater importance than his muscular power.

There is more need for unthinking, untrained labor in the cities than in the country. Men in whom physical strength is dominant would serve the Nation better by acting as hod-carriers, street-sweepers, delivery-men, teamsters, etc., in the cities and towns than by attempting to engage in agricultural labor.

The fact that a man has been a farm laborer in Europe—as some of the men pictured may have been—does not necessarily commend him for that work in America. There he was part of a peasant class in a system where man power meant hand power, where comparatively little use was made of machinery, and where



OF SUCH STUFF ARE NEIGHBORS MADE?

A correspondent protests against the caption which appeared under this picture in a previous issue. The whys and wherefores are discussed in an editorial on this page

there was not much opportunity for developing the mechanical skill necessary to the farmer of this country. There was of course even less chance for his mental development.

To place these men, who are entirely unfitted to adopt the new agriculture, on our farms in large numbers would be a step—a long step—backward. The Federal Government and the agricultural colleges are together engaged in a campaign which is steadily widening the gap between American agriculture and peasant farming, and the time will undoubtedly come when no one will dare suggest that a man unfitted for other employment be engaged as an agricultural worker.

DEETTE ROLFE.

University of Illinois,
Champaign, Illinois.

The illustration which we selected to illustrate the phrase "America needs men like these on her fields but not in her cities" was chosen because the men in the picture seemed to us to represent a particularly fine type of prospective citizens. While undoubtedly of peasant stock, the men evoked, in our mind, no temptation, quoting Edwin Markham, to ask, "Who slanted back that brow?" The thought in the mind of the author of the article from which the caption of the picture was taken, we are sure, was only that our cities were overcrowded and that care should be taken to direct the incoming tide of immigration to those agricultural regions where labor was at present in demand.

If we have disposed of the thought that we had any idea that modern farming was a matter of brawn rather than brains, we should like to consider some of the other points which our correspondent raises.

Mr. Rolfe is entirely right when he says that the trend of American agri-

culture is away from peasant farming. In fact, statistics covering a great many years show that the American tendency has been to increase its yield per man at the expense of its yield per acre. Only in some of the truck-garden regions which frequently are controlled, in the East at least, by foreign labor is intensive agriculture practiced in accordance with European standards.

On one farm in New York State with which we have been familiar for a number of years we have watched the change from manual labor to machinery with a great deal of interest. A few years ago this particular farm gave employment to some ten laborers. To-day, by the use of milking-machines, tractors, gang plows, side-delivery rakes, and hay-loaders, much of the work formerly done by manual laborers has been concentrated in the hands of two well-paid men, both of whom are graduates of agricultural colleges. The day laborer of the old type is still employed in rush seasons and for such work as the digging of drainage ditches. Even this work might be done either by dynamite or by the use of machinery if the amount of work to be done warranted the purchase of a modern ditch-digger.

Of course many of our immigrants who were peasant farmers in the Old World are unsuited because of their lack of education and their mental limitations to play a leading part in American agriculture as it is practiced to-day. Any attempt to colonize such men in large numbers in American farming communities would be disastrous; but we are convinced that men of the type shown in our illustration, if properly

distributed, would be a valuable acquisition in any farming section. Perhaps they themselves, in many cases, might not rise above the level of the day laborer, but their children and their children's children would be capable of playing their full part in American life.

Some of the most advanced agricultural communities in America to-day are largely peopled by the children of European peasants. We are thinking, for instance, of those dairy regions in the Middle West in the development of which the Danish immigrants have played so large a part. We suspect that many of the original immigrants to those sections would not appear to the casual observer to present any greater possibilities of development than the men whose pictures illustrated our recent article.

Of course the real problem involved in the distribution of intelligent agricultural labor is economic rather than social. The tide which is now running from the country to the city will not be turned by any fine-spun theories as to the type of man who ought to live in the country and the type of man best suited for city life. When American agriculture is placed on the same economic basis as American industry and the rewards for intelligent farming are made as great as rewards for intelligent industrial labor, there will be no need for the cry, "Back to the land!" Intelligent labor will gravitate to the country as surely as it now gravitates to the city. We know now how to manufacture farm products efficiently and scientifically. When we have learned to market these products with like efficiency, the labor tide will take care of itself.

NEITHER BOUQUETS NOR BRICKBATS BARRED

THE Outlook has announced five prize contests for 1921. The first contest of the series offers a due reward "for the best criticism of The Outlook and suggestions for its improvement."

One of the first letters which we have received commenting upon our offer contained the following sentence: "Why should I want to *criticise* The Outlook. I like it too much!" We are afraid that our all too complimentary friend has fallen into a very common error in her understanding of the word "criticism." Criticism has come in popular parlance to mean fault-finding and carping. It is actually "the art of judging of and defining the qualities or merits

of a thing." It is an "act of discrimination or discussion of merit, character, or quality." The fact that a word which primarily had simply the meaning of careful judgment has come to signify reproach and condemnation leads to an interesting speculation. Has the change occurred because we are all a tribe of pessimists reveling in destruction, or because there are more bad things to *criticise* than good?

What The Outlook, of course, hopes to receive from its readers is a large group of letters containing constructive criticism in the primary sense of that word. We want letters which will tell us what features of The Outlook are of most service to our readers, we want letters pointing out wherein we have failed to meet the needs of those who look to The Outlook for entertainment, information, and interpretation of current life.

Our contest is really an invitation to our subscribers to sit around the editorial council table with The Outlook staff and help its editors to make The Outlook a better journal. Those of The Outlook's editorial council wish to share with their readers the responsibility of producing a paper which will fill an increasingly significant place in American life.

There remain after the date of this issue only twelve days in which to take part in The Outlook's editorial council. The conditions governing the conference contest are to be found on page 112 of this issue.

"LITTLE OLD NEW YORK"

THE New York stage this winter has been rich in plays of more than usual vitality. But no theater-goer expects or really wants to find in every play a drama which he can classify as "significant" or "intriguing" or by any similar term which happens to be in fashion among the over-cephalized *jeunesse*. It is a quite legitimate proceeding to go to a play with the hope of being entertained and amused, leaving one's critical vocabulary safely locked up at home in the top bureau drawer. Plays which satisfy this hope may not linger long in the mind, but they have served their purpose if they provide the spectator with an evening of wholesome pleasure. In this class plainly belongs "Little Old New York," a play the scene of which is laid in Manhattan Island in the days when the first Astor ruled supreme, when the first of the Vanderbilts was running a ferry to Staten Island, when the original Delmonico was peddling

sandwiches, and when Harlem was only a remote place in the country.

The sound of such names to a New Yorker provides a ready substitute for real local color and for genuine character-drawing. After seeing a young Italian labeled "Delmonico" with a basket of sandwiches under his arm, the New York theater-goer is quite likely to be moved to pound his seat-mate on the back and enthusiastically exclaim: "What a picture of New York life in the old days!" Shift the scene a bit and change the name to McCormick or Pullman, shift the scene a bit farther and substitute that of Fair or Crocker, and the citizen of Chicago or San Francisco will doubtless rise to the bait with the same avidity.

The plot of "Little Old New York" involves an absurdity dear to stage tradition, an absurdity which did not even daunt the Shakespearean imagination, so perhaps it can be forgiven in the work of the author of "Little Old New York." The absurdity to which we refer is the idea that a girl can don boy's clothes and live for months in close companionship with an assorted variety of men and women without arousing the slightest suspicion of the deceit. But if Rosalind could do it, why not "Pat" in "Little Old New York"?

It appears when the curtain rises that a young blood of the tribe of Delavan has been left a fortune to be given him if a missing nephew of his stepfather has not been found within a year. The last day of the year is up as the curtain rises and finds young Delavan carousing with his cronies, who are labeled Fitz-Greene Halleck (secretary of the elder Astor) and Washington Irving. On the fateful day, however, as he is celebrating his expected fortune, there arrive from Ireland the missing boy and his father. The father dies (off stage) and Delavan is left with an unwelcome ward upon his hands and an empty purse. The part of the ward is played by Genevieve Tobin, whose picture appears upon the next page. The spectators are soon let into the "secret" that the dainty Genevieve is a girl who has masqueraded as her dead brother in order that the fortune may be kept from young Delavan.

Delavan is an inventor whose labors have been directed towards the perfection of the steam-engine. In company with young Cornelius Vanderbilt he is planning to establish the first steamship line. The loss of his expected heritage and his gambling deprive him of his chance to initiate the venture. In a desperate attempt to rehabilitate his fortunes he backs a prize-fighter, pledging his home as security for his bet. The prize-fight occurs. Bully Brewster,

whom he fancies, fails to justify his reputation, and the hopes of Delavan go glimmering. The prize-fight itself, played in a fire-house before a motley collection of thugs, firemen, and bloods, is one of the most marvelous exhibitions of unreality which we have been fortunate enough to witness upon the stage in a long time. We suppose that managers confronted with the task of staging prize-fights are at a bit of a handicap. They have to use their prize-fighting actors over again so often, eight times a week, including evening performances and matinées, that these gentlemen are doubtless forced to be sparing of their blows. They certainly were in this play, but they should at least have known how to "put up their dukes" in a workmanlike fashion.

At the crucial moment of the fight, if such a fight could be said to have a crucial moment, the masquerading step-cousin rings the fire-bell and empties the fire-house of both contenders and spectators. As a result of this well-intentioned maneuver young Delavan loses his bet, acquires a reputation as a welcher, and "Pat" himself is summoned before the City Council on the charge of inciting riot. To save Delavan's venture and to clear himself of the charge, "Pat" discloses the fact that he is not himself, but herself. Of course the elder Astor, head of the Council, relents, and of course—but why, with the present price of white paper, trouble to report news of a *dénouement* which it will require no great feat of imagination on the part of our readers to supply for themselves?



GENEVIEVE TOBIN, IN "LITTLE OLD NEW YORK"

Miss Tobin, in the leading part, is delightful to look upon, whether she appears in the garb of a boy or the finery of a girl. If her voice is at times too saccharine and if her Irish brogue is strictly Tobinesque rather than Hibernian, why should the auditor worry?

Miss Tobin and her capable support have held the attention of New York audiences for many weeks, and that, doubtless, was all that the producer of "Little Old New York" expected them to do. There are not many of us who can meet even so limited a test of success.

A FRENCH VIEW OF SENATOR HARDING'S ELECTION

LAST July we printed a letter from a Frenchman which had been addressed to Princess Radziwill, a Russian by birth, a Frenchwoman by marriage, but now an American by adoption. This Frenchman, who is a well-known politician and journalist, defended the reluctance of the American people to enter the League of Nations as framed at Paris. He frankly said that large bodies of French people could not understand the reluctance of the United States to follow blindly the leadership of President Wilson into the League of Nations. But he concluded his letter with these words: "Personally, knowing France as I do, I feel quite certain that her present opinion will undergo a change and that within a short time she will be the first one to appreciate the generous conduct of the American Nation and to remember it in the right spirit." Princess Radziwill now sends us a second letter from this French correspondent. It deals with French opinion regarding the recent Presidential election and is well worth reading.

AS you may imagine, the news that Senator Harding had been elected was received with a feeling of relief, not only here in France, but also all over Europe—from what I hear, because, more or less, everybody has by now come to the conclusion that, though

crowned heads were very mischievous things to deal with, swollen heads are even worse, for they can through their obstinacy bring about far more misfortunes and be the cause of a great many more misunderstandings among nations. And at the present moment it

appears as if there existed nothing but misunderstandings between all the people of the earth, which has become a real Tower of Babel from the political point of view. In fact, if you ask me for my candid opinion, I will tell you that as regards Europe I do not believe

that it can ever come to its senses by its own merits. It requires guidance by a man endowed with common sense and outside of all the party questions which divide it at the present moment. Such a man President Harding alone can be, and let us hope will be. He can, if not restore actual peace in Europe, at least establish there a *modus vivendi*, thanks to which the world will be able to recover its compromised equilibrium, and return to work, if not quite to life again. And if he consents to assume the part of a conscientious doctor for all the insane people contained in this vast lunatic asylum called Europe, he will be indeed a great man, though he may be considered only a second-rate one by his adversaries in his own country, a fact which ought not to trouble him, because as the old proverb says, "No one is considered a prophet at home."

What we require here the most just now is the voice of sober common sense telling us that this is not the time to quarrel and to put personal interests before those of mankind, which we all of us are doing at the present moment. France, England, and Italy, as well as all the other nations composing this huge joke called the League of Nations, are each of them pulling the cart on a different side and trying to give to general politics the direction which they consider individually the most useful to themselves, and to themselves only. Unity of action has disappeared in the world, and it would indeed be a mercy if a supreme command in regard to the conduct of international politics could be established on the same lines as was done in regard to the Allied armies at the critical stage of the Great War. Look, for instance, at this Greek affair. Neither France nor England seems to know what they have to do nor what they ought to

do in regard to it. To recognize Constantine would be like giving one's self a box on the ear, and yet it is to-day an acknowledged fact that much of what was said against this monarch was invented by a very cleverly conducted and executed propaganda. His greatest fault was to wish to remain neutral, and so of course he had to be put out of the way. To-day our so-called politicians will not see that their best course would be to bow down before accomplished facts and to try to make the best out of them by putting certain conditions to Constantine, which the latter now would be but too glad to accept, but which he may not be as ready to submit to after the plebiscite has taken place and given him, as it is almost certain it will give him, the majority which he requires to return to Greece and rule it according to the wishes of the Greeks themselves, rather than according to the real wishes of the Allies.

In regard to Poland and to the soviets, we are making the same kind of mistake. The Poles are no real friends of France, and to support them is to court disappointment. As for the soviets, the only sound policy would be to give them as much rope as possible for them to hang themselves on, but not to transform them into martyrs, which we are trying to do at present. The time for foreign interference in Russia has passed away. It would have met with success one year ago, but then no one would see it, so we allowed the opportunity to slip away from us and gave time to the patriotic feelings of the few real Russians still left in Russia to assert themselves and to rally around Lenine for the greatest triumph of the Bolsheviki. And please do not forget that Bolshevism at present is no longer confined to Russia, but has spread everywhere, even if it is not master

everywhere. No, the more I look round me, the less chance do I see for Europe to recover from her condition of distress and chaos unless she gets rid of her present leaders and accepts the advice of some sane politician outside the sphere of her own politics, such as Senator Harding undoubtedly would prove himself to be if he cared to assume such a part.

Therefore we are looking forward to the month of March when, perhaps, America will take pity upon us, take the lead, and try to drag us out of the mire. It is a mire, indeed, into which we have fallen, and the more we struggle the more deeply do we get submerged in it. The war was to have brought about the end of old feuds between the Allies, but instead of doing so it has, on the contrary, aroused new subjects of discord and new causes for quarrels. It has especially aroused new personal enmities between different statesmen. To-day Lloyd George hates Millerand, while Monsieur Millerand does not care for Lloyd George. Italy dislikes France, Poland abominates England, and Germany abominates everybody and dreams only of the day when between the everlasting dissensions of her enemies she will find the opportunity quickly to snatch away some advantage out of them, which she will not fail to do. And the Bolshevik, who is ever on the watch, will smile in his sleeve and discount the day when he alone will be the master everywhere.

To conclude, the general situation of Europe can be defined by five words: She is in a mess. Let us hope that America will show herself the good Samaritan and that the good sense of Senator Harding will pull her out of this mess. Otherwise we shall all go under, and this America cannot afford to let us do.

LOOKING FORWARD AS WE GLANCE BACKWARD

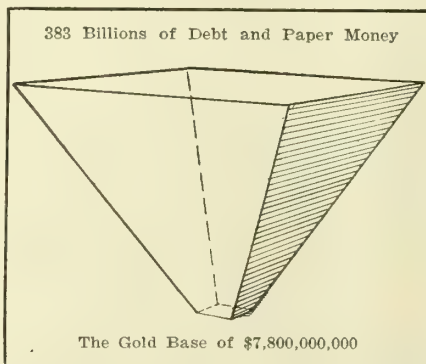
BY THEODORE H. PRICE

EDITOR OF "COMMERCE AND FINANCE"

THIS will not be a chronological record of the year's happenings in the world of business. Even if it were possible to compile such a record, which is doubtful, it would be too long to print, very few would read it, and it would have but little value.

For it is not true that history repeats itself and that we can best judge the future by the past. History does not repeat itself, because men and conditions are never the same and progress would be impossible if we insisted that the future should conform to and be measured by the standards of the past.

No; the World War has given us an absolutely novel and hitherto unthinkable set of conditions to consider. As



THE INVERTED PYRAMID OF THE WORLD'S DEBT AND PAPER MONEY, THE AREA OF THE GOLD BASE BEING TWO PER CENT OF THE TOP

yet we understand them but poorly; it is doubtful whether we shall ever comprehend them fully, and in attempting to shape our course as we sail the unknown seas of present-day finance our chief reliance must be common sense, aided by the sounding line, the sextant, the compass, and the log. These are all devices which enable us to ascertain existing facts, and it is by reference to them, rather than to the history of the past, that we must now be guided.

The twelve months now ending have, for instance, brought us face to face with an enlargement of the world's credit structure that was by every one regarded as impossible six years ago, when all economists were predicting a

short war because a long one could not be financed.

According to a recent compilation by Mr. O. P. Austin, statistician of the National City Bank of New York, the national debt of all nations is now about \$300,000,000,000 and their aggregate issues of paper money amount to an additional \$83,000,000,000. Against these obligations, which are figured at the par or gold value of the currencies in which they are payable, there is held a total gold reserve of only about \$7,800,000,000, or but little over two per cent. We have thus an inverted pyramid of government credit standing upon a base which in area is only one-fiftieth of its overhanging top. If drawn to scale, it would look somewhat like the diagram on the opposite page.

Superimposed upon this huge and perilously poised credit structure there is an unknown but enormous amount of other debt, including the commercial and financial obligations of the world, as well as the sums borrowed by its cities, counties, and subordinate political divisions. While we were at war and it was a question of keeping the armies in the field at any cost the peril of this inverted pyramid was disregarded, but with the advent of peace it has been recognized, and around the fact of its recognition the more important developments of the year 1920 are grouped.

It had been hoped that with the signing of the armistice and the cessation of hostilities there would be some reduction in debt and taxation, but the reverse has happened, and Mr. Austin's compilation shows that during the years 1919 and 1920 the world's loans and paper money taken together increased by about \$129,000,000,000.

Seemingly it has become impossible to check the borrowing and extravagance to which most governments became habituated during the war, and wise men have commenced to fear that unless they are checked the inverted pyramid may topple over and carry the entire credit structure down with it.

In the United States this fear has had a double effect. It has caused a severe decline in the market for foreign exchange, where the credit of the various nations is measured, and it has led certain bankers and Government officials to sermonize about the need of "deflation" with a seriousness that alarmed people and induced a general liquidation that has carried prices down all over the world. It is, however, noteworthy that this so-called "deflation" has not been followed by any reduction in bank loans in this country. They are as large as ever.

The reduction in the National debt is not appreciable. The chief result of the decline in prices that has been brought about is to diminish the money value of our foreign trade balance and to double the taxes (other than income taxes) of the farmer, the miner, and the wage-earner as measured in terms of what they produce. Lest this statement may

not be understood, it should perhaps be explained that the taxes on houses and land, which amount to an enormous sum annually, do not vary with the income of the owner, and that it takes a larger proportion of a lower wage and about twice as much cotton, wheat, or copper to pay them as was required a year ago.

Inasmuch as most of the debt now outstanding was incurred to meet our

NEXT WEEK

A FORESTRY NUMBER

WHEN forest fires roar through the tops of great firs and rage with furnace heat in the undergrowth, the fighting spirit of the forest rangers is often taxed to the limit. The old defensive measures of felling trees and digging trenches in the path of the fire are rapidly passing into history. The war has placed a new technique into the hands of the foresters. It is thrillingly described by Laurence La Tourette Driggs in a story entitled "Fighting Forest Fires from the Air," which appears next week.

Charles Lathrop Pack, President of the American Forestry Association, contributes to the same issue a thought-provoking article entitled "America's Forests—A Heritage and a Hope." He outlines the kind of National forest policy that he believes should be adopted.

"Guarding the Nation's Wood-Lot" is contributed by E. T. Allen, forester of the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association. He tells us that we are using and burning fifty-six billion board feet of timber each year, and points out the importance of averting a timber famine.

Each article will be illustrated.

disbursements when money was worth less because commodities were much higher than at present, it seems rather unjust to demand that its principal or the interest on it shall be paid in money that is worth more.

It is rather like lending one barrel of flour and insisting that two shall be returned. For this reason and because no reduction in loans has followed the decline in prices it is to be hoped that the financial powers that be will soon see the futility of attempting to bring about deflation by depressing values. Whether it be intentional or

not, it is in effect an effort on the part of the capitalistic classes to exact the repayment of the loans they made during the war in money of a much greater purchasing power, and as this becomes better understood the resentment excited will be more and more intense.

There is only one way to deflate, and that is by taxation which will produce enough revenue to enable the government to reduce its debts as well as to pay interest on them.

The interest on the national debts of \$300,000,000,000 now outstanding is estimated by Mr. Austin at \$12,000,000,000 annually. A sinking fund that would amortize these debts in fifty years would call for about \$4,000,000,000 a year in addition. Will the people shoulder this taxation? In so far as the United States and Great Britain are concerned, the answer is yes; but of the war-ravaged nations of Central Europe one cannot be so sure, and in making our calculations for the future we should take into account the shock that will follow a formal repudiation or admission of insolvency by one or more of these Powers. That such an event has been largely discounted by the prices at which bills of exchange on the Continent are selling is true.

The effect externally would not be great, but the internal political disorganization that might come about in Germany, for instance, would be serious if the mark ceased to have an exchangeable value; and the same statement is true of other countries whose currencies are seriously depreciated. As we enter the New Year all other questions become relatively unimportant when compared with that of whether the governments of the world can and will stop spending money unnecessarily and collect enough taxes to reduce their debts gradually.

An agreement to disarm is one essential to the necessary debt reduction.

A universal willingness to work and to work hard is another.

During the war we thought we were better off because we were able to get more for our labor or the things we owned. We came to believe that we were growing richer because we got bigger wages or bigger prices for what we sold.

But our gains have been more or less illusory. While we received more, we spent more; but we felt richer nevertheless, and the feeling made us lazy, inefficient, and "choosy" about the job we would accept.

The process through which we are now passing, euphemistically called "readjustment," is probably the only way in which we can learn the oft-taught and oft-forgotten lesson that work and self-denial are essential to real happiness and prosperity.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," should be our motto for the coming year.

For those who apply it there can be no hard times, for adversity will flee when industry appears.

CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



(C) Kadel & Herbert

A DEMONSTRATION THAT PRECIPITATED D'ANNUNZIO'S DOWNFALL IN FIUME

Here is Fiume's main street at the time of a procession that favored the Regular Army of Italy.
D'Annunzio's surrender soon followed



(C) Keystone

A PROHIBITION CRUSADE IN A MEXICAN TOWN

The evils of the drink traffic recently caused the authorities of this Mexican town, we are informed, to destroy all alcoholic beverages. The effects of their crusade, it is to be feared, will not be enduring unless they extend their operations also to pulque, the Mexican drink which is so popular among all classes of the natives



Wide World

**A CELEBRATION AT WITTENBERG, GERMANY,
OF THE 400TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BURNING
OF THE POPE'S BULL BY LUTHER**

Luther, with characteristic boldness, met the Pope's condemnation of his "errors" by burning the bull



Wide World

**A CELEBRATION AT PAU, SOUTHERN FRANCE,
OF THE 300TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE UNION
OF THE PROVINCE OF BÉARN WITH FRANCE**

Henry IV, King of Navarre and Prince of Béarn, appears in front of his castle with a lady of the Court



International

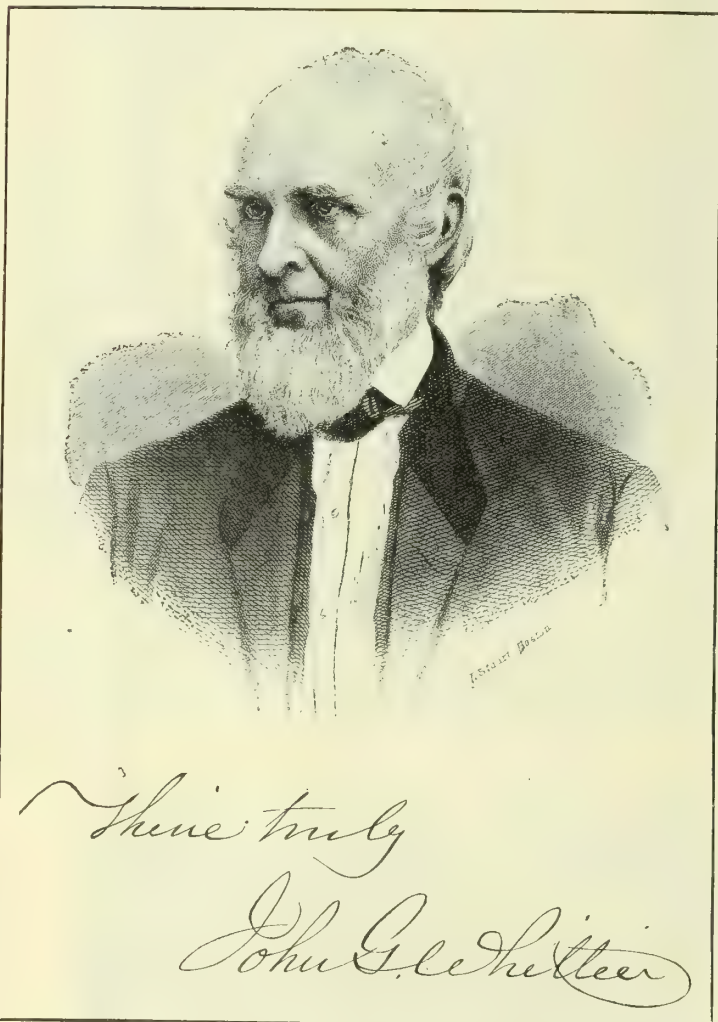
WHERE LABOR IS CHEAP

This unusual picture shows how Japanese women laborers load a big passenger vessel with coal. The scene is at Nagasaki, Japan. The women do not carry up the coal, but act as an endless chain in passing the baskets

SNAP-SHOTS OF MY CONTEMPORARIES

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

JOHN G. WHITTIER, MYSTIC



"No one could call his face handsome; it was better, it was beautiful. The features were homely, though the forehead was high and the eyes were luminous. His face was a transparency; the spirit within lighted it up"

"WHITTIER," says Mr. Higginson, "was a politician before he was a reformer." In 1832 he would probably have been nominated for Congress, but had not quite reached the Constitutional age of twenty-five years when the election occurred. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Henry Clay, for whom he wrote several spirited campaign poems; but when the slavery issue arose he was drawn into the anti-slavery ranks. He at first co-operated with Garrison, but could not agree in either temper or methods with that acidulous reformer. If not a leader, he was a wise counselor in the gradually developing party of liberty. He unsuccessfully urged the Liberty party not to make a separate nomination for President in 1860. "Do not gratify your enemies by making any nomination," he wrote to Elizur Wright. After the Mexican War he urged his fellow-abolition-

ists not to oppose the admission of Texas into the Union, but to fight against its admission as a slave State. He was mobbed for his anti-slavery utterances and on one occasion his life was in serious peril. If his health had permitted, he might perhaps have been a political leader in those troublous times, for he had principles, courage, tact, and ambition. But he was without means. "My brother and myself," he wrote, "are almost constantly engaged in the affairs of our small farm." And he was without health. In 1830 his physician warned him that he had not a year to live unless he gave up his political work. From the storm and stress of political campaigning he was driven to quieter but more enduring activity with his pen.

When I knew him, this was all past history. The Civil War was over; the slave was emancipated; abolition was

an accomplished fact. If my treacherous memory can be trusted, I first met him some time in the seventies in the hospitable home of Governor Claflin, of Massachusetts. I wonder if there is any man of wealth in our time whose home is dedicated to the uses to which their beautiful home in Newtonville was dedicated by Mr. and Mrs. Claflin. It was a meeting-place of preachers, authors, reformers. I lay down my pen for a moment and recall them—men and women all of whom have now joined the choir invisible. Mrs. Stowe, Henry Ward Beecher, John B. Gough, John G. Whittier, Charles Dudley Warner, Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, are a few of those in the procession which passes before me. Once I attended a house party given by Mrs. Claflin to a selected company, parents and children, gathered from the North End of Boston for their poverty and their need. A gaunt woman, one of the guests, approached the hostess with the question, "What made you think of doing this? Jesus Christ told you, didn't he?" "Yes," said Mrs. Claflin, "I guess he did." "I thought so," was the reply. "I knew you couldn't have thought of it yourself."

Mrs. Claflin in her "Personal Recollections of John G. Whittier" reports a conversation between Whittier and Emerson from which defenders of the faith might well take a lesson in theological tactics:

Whittier. I suppose thee would admit that Jesus Christ is the highest development our world has seen.

Emerson. Yes, yes, but not the highest it will see.

Whittier. Does thee think the world has yet reached the ideals he has set for mankind?

Emerson. No, no, I think not.

Whittier. Then is it not the part of wisdom to be content with what has been given us, till we have lived up to that ideal? And when we need something higher Infinite Wisdom will supply our needs.

I wonder what Emerson replied.

In the summer of 1878 I called on Mr. Whittier in his country home, Amesbury, Massachusetts. Had he invited me when I met him at the Claflins? Or had I a letter of introduction to him? Or, being a journalist, had I more enterprise than modesty? I do not know. I only remember with what hospitality I was received and how gladly I accepted the invitation to stay to dinner. Of Amesbury I have no recollection whatever. Indeed, I am not sure whether it was at Amesbury I found him. That was forty-two years ago, and the picture I retain is faded. All I remember is a story-and-a-half New England cottage by the roadside, simple furniture, a simple meal, two middle-aged ladies

Who were apparently the joint house-keepers, and the poet-prophet himself. He must have then just passed his seventieth year. No one could call his face handsome; it was better, it was beautiful. The features were homely, though the forehead was high and the eyes were luminous. Photographs but illy represent him. For his face was a transparency; the spirit within lighted it up; and photographs rarely, the older photographs never, interpret the spirit. His illuminated face has made quite real to me the picture in Exodus of Moses when he descended from the mount where he had talked with God and "his face shone." Whittier's was a shining face.

Mr. Whittier's friends have told me that he rarely talked about himself. I can well believe it. I do not recall that he told me anything about his early adventures as an anti-slavery reformer. I know that I was surprised when long after I learned from his biographers of his political ambitions and activities. But that afternoon it was the poet and prophet, not the reformer, whom I met; and he talked freely with me of his religious experience. Perhaps he realized that he was talking to a comrade of half his years who was eager to get the light and life he had to give. Perhaps it was because his thought was not upon himself, but wholly upon that light and life, as was my thought also. Why did I not go back to my hotel in Boston and write it all down while it was fresh in my recollection? I do not know, except that I had from my early youth a prejudice against the diaries and journals so popular at that time and never have kept one myself, save in occasional starts, soon abandoned. Nor shall I attempt now to recall that sacred conversation. But it led to some brief correspondence, and that I may put before the reader because in that Mr. Whittier will speak for himself.

Going back to my editorial office, I presently wrote to him asking him for an article on the religion of the spirit. The reader must remember that at that time such books as Sabatier's "Religion of the Spirit," Matheson's "The Spiritual Experience of St. Paul," Hocking's "God in Human Experience," were very few, and such as existed were little known. In reply to my request I received the following letter:

Bearcamp River House
West Ossipee, N. H.
4th 9 Mo. 1878

My dear Friend:

I wish I could comply with thy request, but the state of my health at this time forbids it.

I entirely agree with thee. The only safe and impregnable position in these days is the doctrine of the Divine Immanence—the inward Guide and Teacher. What Fenelon calls "the inexpressible voice of Christ in the soul." Believing and feeling this we have nothing to fear from the revelation of science or the criticism which assails the letter and the creed. In the Sept. Atlantic I have en-

deavored to give expression to the mystics of the Romish Church in the 15th century who were believers in a purely spiritual religion, independent of creed, ritual or even the outward letter of Scripture.

The only real proof of the inspiration of the sacred books is that we find the laws and the prophets in our own souls—that our hearts burn within, as we walk with Christ through the New Testament—that the hymns of David have been sung in our own hearts—that the Sermon on the Mount accords with our intuitions.

Have thee ever read Barclay's Apology or Dymond's Essays on Moral Philosophy? The subject is well treated in them.

I am very truly
thy friend

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The contribution to the "Atlantic Monthly" to which he refers was "The Vision of Echard," now familiar to the readers of his works. From it I venture to extract four verses because by this letter he makes it clear that the vision of Echard is also the vision of John G. Whittier:

For the dead Christ, not the living,
Ye watch His empty grave,
Whose life alone within you
Has power to bless and save.

O blind ones, outward groping,
The idle quest forego;
Who listens to His inward voice
Alone of Him shall know.

My Gerizim and Ebal
Are in each human soul.
The still, small voice of blessing,
And Sinai's thunder roll.

The stern behest of duty,
The doom-book open thrown,
The heaven ye seek, the hell ye fear,
Are with yourselves alone.

The above letter from Mr. Whittier was written, as the reader will see, in September, 1878. In May, 1879, he wrote me again on this subject. The "Friends'

Review" had published what was intended to be a commendation of a religious article of mine in the "Christian Union." What that article was I do not know, and I have not thought it worth while to spend any time in looking it up; for the object of this sketch is not to define or to defend my own theological opinions, but to interpret the spiritual faith of Mr. Whittier, or, rather, to give the reader Mr. Whittier's own interpretation of that faith. The paragraph in the "Friends' Review" to which Mr. Whittier refers and which he had cut out and sent to me in his letter was this. His comment follows the extract.

Lyman Abbott points out how dim is the light given to men by the Spirit compared with the full blaze of the revelation of God and of His truth given in the Gospel. Also how the effect of the light vouchsafed to men immediately begets a longing for a personal Saviour—leads to Christ.

Danvers
5 Mo 6 1879

My dear Friend:

I enclose to thee a notice of the S.S. Lesson in the Christian Union on Job xxxiii 14-30 which appeared in the Friends' Review, (a paper which professes to advocate Friends' principles)—of the 12th ult.

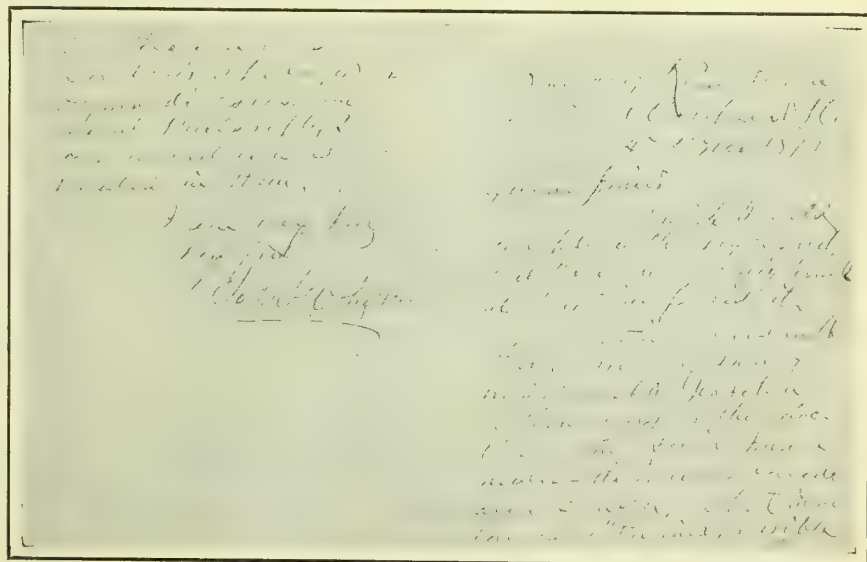
It is evident that the writer has greatly misrepresented thy views, so contrary to those expressed in some of the Editorials. If the light given immediately by the Holy Spirit is dim, what must that be which comes to us through the medium of human writers in an obsolete tongue? Is the bible more and better than the Spirit which inspired it? Shall the stream deny the fountain?

The writer in the Review evidently has abandoned the root principle of the early Friends and really has no reliance upon anything but the letter.

Thy friend

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

In my library there has been accumulated a large amount of material—letters, pamphlets, newspaper reports



FACSIMILE OF FIRST AND LAST PAGES OF A LETTER TO DR. ABBOTT FROM MR. WHITTIER, WRITTEN AT WEST OSSIPLEE, NEW HAMPSHIRE

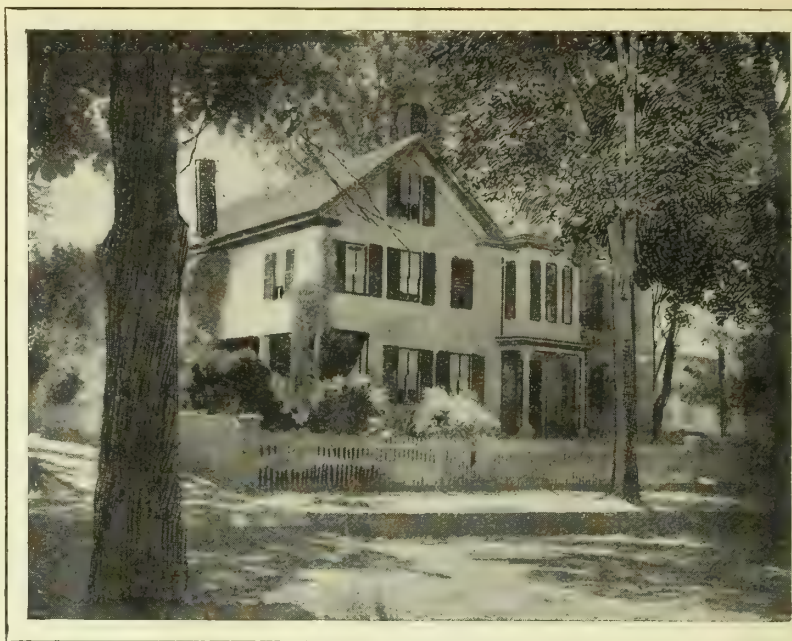
of sermons and lectures and the like. In this material I have found a sermon of mine on "John G. Whittier's Theology," preached in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, in 1893. It is said in this sermon that the faith once delivered to the saints is not a creed or form of doctrine; "it is always a personal experience in the heart of the individual"—"a seed planted which takes on many forms and many growths." I quote here a few sentences from an embodiment or expression of this faith in the biography of John G. Whittier, from which I quoted more fully in that sermon.¹

God is One; just, holy, merciful, eternal and almighty, Creator, Father of all things. Christ the same eternal One, manifested in our Humanity, and in Time; and the Holy Spirit the same Christ, manifested within us, the Divine Teacher, the Living Word, the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

The Scriptures are a rule, not the rule of faith and practice, which is none other than the living, omnipresent spirit of God. The Scriptures are a subordinate, secondary, and declaratory rule, the reason of our obedience to which is mainly that we find in them the eternal precepts of the Divine Spirit, declared and repeated, to which our conscience bears witness.

My ground of hope for myself and for humanity is in that Divine fullness of love which was manifested in the life, teachings, and self-sacrifice of Christ. In the infinite mercy of God so revealed, and not in any work or merit of our nature, I humbly, yet very hopefully trust.

I am not a Universalist, for I be-



THE WHITTIER HOME AT AMESBURY, MASSACHUSETTS

Mrs. Emily B. Smith, who in response to The Outlook's request of the postmaster at Amesbury has sent us this photograph, accompanies it with this statement: "The Whittier Home Association of Amesbury has recently purchased this house, which was the home of John Greenleaf Whittier for over fifty years, the purchase including the furniture, pictures, and books owned by him, with certain manuscripts"

lieve in the possibility of the perpetual loss of the soul that persistently turns away from God, in the next life as in this. But I do believe that the Divine love and compassion follow us in all worlds, and that the Heavenly Father will do the best that is possible for every creature he has made. What that will be must be left to his infinite wisdom and goodness.

Writing this sketch as I am approaching my eighty-fifth birthday, I accept this admirably clear and comprehensive statement as an adequate expression of my own spiritual faith, developed by over sixty years of Bible study and Christian teaching; and I gratefully wonder if I am not more indebted for that faith to John G. Whittier's influence than I have ever before realized.

Among his contemporaries whom Dr. Abbott will portray in later "Snap-Shots" are President Hayes, John B. Gough, and Edwin Booth

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE? ROUGH STUFF?

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

SEEKING information regarding an unusual amount of discontent in a certain large Chicago industrial plant, I stepped into the office of one of the union labor leaders of Chicago.

"I want to know," I said, as the secretary handed me a cigar, "what is the trouble at Mr. So and So's plant?"

"Well," was the quick response, "you've been through the works; what is the trouble?"

"I have formed my own ideas," I replied. "The reason I came here was to find out if you had arrived at the same conclusion."

"All right," he said. "Fair enough. It only takes a few words to make a full explanation. All the trouble in that plant is caused by incompetent foremen. They pay good wages; they

have good working conditions; the men believe that the 'old man' is all right; but every foreman in the place can swear in eight languages and for genuine snobbery they are unequalled. The men simply can't stand them, that's all, and that's why they have thirty per cent labor turnover each month. Is that what you found?"

"Correct," I answered. "I haven't been through the plant long enough to figure out if there is any other cause of trouble, but I do know that the foremen, or at least the few I met, gave me the creeps."

"Well," mused the labor leader, "it is certainly remarkable that a company would go to all the trouble and expense of equipping a great factory, installing the latest and most efficient machinery, engage in constructive educational work throughout the plant, put in restaurants and other conveniences for

employees, and then entirely ignore the greatest asset of them all: good will at the point of contact—the subforeman. Whenever a subforeman pulls a 'boner,' it naturally reflects back up the line. When the foreman continually manifests insolence, indifference, and intolerance, the workers in his crew quite naturally become convinced that the foreman is only reflecting the spirit of the master foremen, superintendents, managers, and president, when, as a matter of fact, the probability exists that the president, managers, superintendents, and master foremen are totally ignorant of the attitude shown the men by the subforemen, and the management really strongly disapproves of the underforeman's insolent method."

I fully agreed. However, if the president, superintendents, and master foremen are awake, I do not see how it is possible for an underforeman to com-

¹ I presume that this expression of Whittier's faith is to be found in the authorized biography by Samuel T. Rickard, Houghton Mifflin Company.

continue to use undesirable methods without their approval. If the master foremen and superintendents mingle with the men at times, as they should, arrogant, unreasonable foremen would be quickly called to account. If the plant owner would periodically ramble through his plant, sit down and question the men, it would be impossible for the superintendent to get by with policies that did not meet with his approval.

It's a simple matter; it doesn't take long, although it is quite true that the plant during a hot Tuesday afternoon is not as desirable a place as the cool, green grass of a golf course. I feel that automobiles, silver-knobbed golf clubs, and other fads are cheating workingmen out of many opportunities to understand their executives more clearly. There is nothing that will bring such instantaneous favorable response from workingmen as personal contact with the president of the company or general manager.

I have in mind several companies where the president spends more time among his men than he does in his office, and in each case there is very little labor trouble in the plant. However, the executive must be sincere in his efforts to understand the environments of the men employed and really desire to meet them at least half-way in bettering conditions and discussing wage scales.

Every successful industrial manager and reasonable labor union leader recognizes the necessity of team-work. Team-work has a very broad meaning, and can be inaugurated in a factory only where confidence between the management and the workmen has been fully established. Confidence is essential to effective team-work and is the keystone of successful plant management. Without it no plant can escape labor troubles for any great length of time. Confidence cannot be built on mere sham, nor can complete trusted relations between the office and shop be established in a day. No matter how favorably the management may feel toward the men there will be little success in establishing a feeling of trust until the foreman manifests strict confidence in the men under him. A foreman can, and will, have team-work in his crew and will enjoy the respect of his men if he starts in by showing them he has confidence in and respect for them.

A plant manager told me recently that the only way to compel discipline in a working force was to "treat 'em rough, cut out the mollicoddling, and fire a few men every day." I might add that there are very few misguided executives of this kind left. They are just about as numerous as Golden Rule employers were thirty-five years ago. I am in thorough accord with his remarks on mollicoddling. No red-blooded workingman wants paternalism or mollicoddling. There's no question

about that. But I emphatically state that respect will command more efficient discipline in one hour than arrogance will in a week. True, the foreman who has a strong pair of lungs and periodically uses them to give a bright-red blend to profuse profanity spoken in several languages will, by keeping men in fear, command discipline for a short time, but, like a good house built on a poor foundation, it doesn't last long. Discipline built on abuse doesn't result in team-work. That is absolutely certain, and discipline that results in team-work is the only kind that lasts and pays above par in efficiency, confidence, and respect.

Wherever there is an arrogant, abusive, unreasonable foreman there will be found a crew of discontented workmen—I don't care if the men are receiving two dollars an hour. Possibly the men will not go "up in the air" the first day, or the first week, but the intense resentment within their hearts will automatically result in a marked decrease of their efficiency. A workingman who is honestly giving the best that there is in him will instantly resent arrogance, and, personally, I wouldn't give a snap of my finger for any workingman who didn't stand on his feet squarely and demand respect and a square deal, not only from the foremen, but from the company. The workingman never lived who could give his employer an honest day's work if his heart is filled with resentment caused by abuse or ridicule. I am absolutely certain that nine-tenths of those who toil are willing to work their maximum for a foreman who treats them right and manifests the same degree of confidence and respect for the men that he demands from them.

I am certain that nothing pleases any worker, no matter whether skilled or unskilled, intelligent or unintelligent, black or white, red or yellow, highly paid or underpaid, so much as the knowledge that he has the absolute confidence of his employer.

I speak from personal experience, and I am certain that nothing in the world instills so much genuine enthusiasm in a man's labor; but let me emphatically state that there isn't a thing in the world that stirs so much revolt in the heart of a workman as the feeling that his employer distrusts him and has stool pigeons continually watching him. No workman on earth can have confidence in his employer when he knows that his employer has no confidence in him.

I believe that every honorable workingman despises an informer the way Satan hates holy water. There are some firms who have spy systems in their plants, and those that have will in the long run get just what's coming to them. Any man unprincipled enough to double cross and tattle on a worker will eventually double cross the employer. A stool pigeon must necessarily be a liar, and as soon as a workman

finds out that a character of this kind is watching him he becomes discontented, as he rightfully should become. If the foremen are close to the men, and they will be if they are real foremen, there is absolutely no necessity for paid informers. If there is anything wrong in the plant, the foreman will be the first man to know about it if he is employing the right system in handling men. If the foremen are not carrying out their work properly, a plant superintendent should, instead of hiring under-cover men, discharge the foremen and get leaders who are able through their own honesty, sincerity, and square dealing to command the respect and confidence of those working in the plant, which will eliminate the necessity of hired informants, who, as a rule, keep enough trouble stirred up so that they may keep their lucrative positions.

Discipline must be maintained if respect and confidence are to be expected. It wouldn't make any difference how pliable or diplomatic or charitable a foreman might be to his men, if his methods of maintaining discipline were loose his crew would immediately become disorganized and the men would hold him in contempt as a mollicoddle or an incompetent. Discipline, tempered with cool-headed judgment, is absolutely essential to proper industrial management, but the first thing a foreman must learn is the difference between discipline and abuse or arrogance. A foreman must at all times keep his head, never "fly off the handle," and always give proper consideration to all suggestions that the men under his charge may make regarding sanitation and more efficient methods in accomplishing their work. It adds a great deal of interest to the average worker to realize that he is an integral part of the shop organization instead of being a cog in the wheel, and whenever a workingman shows enough interest in his work to make suggestions he should be encouraged.

Modern foremen are real business executives; at least they should be, and they should be just as long on diplomacy in dealing with their men as the superintendent is in dealing with buyers.

A foreman can by using the proper methods, by realizing that the relationship of workman and management has entered a new era, eliminate a majority of the little misunderstandings that cause a great deal of the trouble to-day in industry. He can be successful in humanizing the workshop only by first thoroughly humanizing himself.

I am fully convinced that the responsibility of eliminating the present unrest prevalent throughout the country rests on the shoulders of the foremen more than any other American profession; mainly for the reason that the foreman is the proper man to create a perfect spirit of team-work in a factory, and team-work is the crowning necessity of modern business.

CLINTON FARMS

AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF AN AMERICAN EXPERIMENT IN PRISON REFORM

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OUTLOOK



A CORNER OF THE NURSERY

I HAVE it all vividly in mind—the drive in the snow-storm, the darkening winter evening, the distant light from a hospitable window, and then a door thrown open wide, a great stamping of feet to get rid of the snow, a broad, cheery farmhouse kitchen with white-clad girls moving hither and thither and an appetizing smell of goose such as an Englishwoman straight from England had not smelled since the first years of the war. I should like again to recapture that moment of light and brightness and hospitality, once again to be stamping the snow from my feet, to have the experience all before me, instead of as a remembrance. For this old farmhouse with its big tree to remind it of its age, its cheerful red farm buildings, its big barn where two lambs had just been born, was Clinton Farms; and Clinton Farms is a State prison for women. The girls who were cooking the goose were prisoners. So were the girls who were tending the lambs. So were the waitresses with their nice round necks and gentle manners. All of them in the ordinary world would be called criminals.

It was all rather unbelievable. Unconsciously, most people separate themselves from what are called the criminal classes to such an extent that they even expect them to look a little different from the ordinary human being. Probably I was no exception. "But for the grace of God, there goes Richard Baxter," said that good man on seeing a prisoner led to execution, and most

of us have less imagination than Richard Baxter. Prisons call up visions of bars and shameful clothes, and, though we pray for "all prisoners and captives," we most of us expect them to look the part. Yet here were thieves and murderesses and prostitutes moving freely about a normal house, carrying on normal occupations, encouraged in every way to be normal, no less. Indeed, the chief feature of Clinton Farms, as it struck me, was its absolute normality. Here was no suggestion that forgers and prostitutes were so sensationally or scientifically interesting as to merit preferential treatment over those who had done nothing more interesting than to remain outside prison. On the other hand, there was nothing to suggest degradation of any kind. Apart from the outstanding fact of perhaps child or husband murder, or shoplifting, or of keeping a disorderly house, there was nothing in the life at Clinton Farms to suggest that it was other than perhaps a training school for domestic science, or agriculture, or merely for human beings—which indeed it is.

After dinner I was told that there would be a council of student-officers. Half a dozen girls and women, representing incidentally as many nationalities, each with a bunch of keys, gathered together in the superintendent's office. They wore fresh pink-cotton frocks, made at the Farms, and most of them had some little individual touch, a necklace perhaps, a bluebird

brooch, and each of them her own boots, some of wonderful design. Their ages varied considerably, one being perhaps well over forty, another being a slip of a girl. There was Jane, whose monumental placidity had made her head of the kitchen, and whose consistent good humor misled you with regard to her overdeveloped cleverness. There was Minna, who for all the good milk and good food could not manage to get fat. She, it appeared, had charge of the linen cupboard. Ruth, an olive-complexioned youngster with keen dark eyes, took charge of the laundry, Mary of the dressmaking, Susan of the farm girls.

All of these girls had something of the dignity that goes with authority duly earned—an authority, be it noted, which can also be taken away should the occasion warrant it. Minna told me all about the "honor system." She had been at Clinton for some years, and she had it very much at heart. When a girl arrives at the Farms, she is first medically examined, and is isolated from the rest to prevent possible infection. In the majority of cases she proves to be infectious. Then follows a period of probation, during which she learns the ways of the place and is under observation both by the authorities and by her fellows. At the end of that period she is under intensive observation, and if she comes through she may be elected by her fellows to be an "honor" girl. This means that she pledges herself defi-

nately not to run away and to behave properly. Her fellows are chary of making her an "honor" girl until they are quite certain of her, as defection on her part reacts on the whole community, and, carried further, would, Minna said, inevitably result in the loss of the greater freedom of Clinton Farms as compared with the prison proper. The "honor" girls form an electorate, and by their votes the student-officers receive their authority. The student-officers, among other things, form a consultative committee—always of course under the superintendence of the head of the Farms. They lay complaints and advise as to the treatment of their fellows. Jane, for instance, complained that Joan was impertinent in the kitchen and incited the others to give trouble. Jane was as monumental as ever, and she made her complaint in unmoved, judicial tones. The superintendent asked whether she thought the case should come up before the Board of Managers. There had been complaints before about Joan. Jane thought not. She never used unnecessary words and beamed cheerfully. She thought Joan might be summoned to the Council. Joan came, a vivacious dark little girl all smiles and conversation. She did not deny the charge, so witnesses were called. "Yes, Miss Smith, I *know* I've a quick temper—I *always* had. I *know* it's a great fault, but I *do* try." Joan wants very much to be an "honor" girl some time, if only that she may wear her own boots. "Yes, I *know* I've a quick temper. I *did* answer Jane back. But I *do* try—I *know* I've a quick temper." Joan stood in the corner of the room, trusting by full and frank confession to escape disaster. She is a little too glib, a little too ready to make promises which in all probability she will not keep. The superintendent, who had merely conducted the proceedings, asks Jane whether she will be content with an apology. Jane thinks so—this time. So Joan gets off once more with a lec-



THE CHAPEL, WITH RESIDENTS ON THEIR WAY TO SUNDAY SERVICE

ture from the superintendent and hopes that she still may become an "honor" girl in time. Sarah is a different case. Sarah is sulky, or perhaps inarticulate. She listens in silence to accusations of insubordination. Her hair is smartly done and she cultivates a cynical expression. Ruth, of the laundry, who is going out in June, has evidently found her trying. There is a tinge more personal feeling in her charge. The superintendent has to sift it a little more, for, above all things, student-officers must lay themselves open to no charge of injustice. Sarah is asked whether she would like to call a witness. She says she doesn't care—a difficult girl. She also gets a lecture, to which she listens sulkily. Her moment has not come yet for response. Sometimes it takes many months to come.

The Council finally has to decide whether Madeleine can safely be made an "honor" girl. Opinions, which are moderately expressed, are divided. Each student-officer speaks with a great sense of responsibility. You have to be

very certain on the running away question. It is decided that Madeleine shall do four months' test instead of three. Her case is referred back for one month.

These student consultations throw the responsibility for most of the detail of the Farms upon the girls themselves. The effect is remarkable. For one thing, public opinion has reached a point where it is more formidable to receive the judgment of your peers than of the authorities, against whom it might conceivably be thought rather sporting to bear a grudge. Girls who, having given their word, run away after all, have asked not to be sent back to Clinton Farms, preferring the hardships of the ordinary prison to the scorn and gibes of their fellows. "Honor is become a precious thing," says the chairman of the board, "not the less precious because it must be won." With this public opinion behind it, Clinton Farms can accord privileges which would otherwise be impossible. In the summer large numbers of the girls sleep out with nothing between them and liberty but a tent-wall. They move freely about the Farms and most of them are not locked in their rooms at night. They earn such privileges as that of wearing their own boots and ornaments, and they have opportunities of winning the respect of their fellows, than which I can imagine no better panacea for one's own self-respect.

Another point which struck me as making for normality and saneness was the pleasantness of the surroundings, whether at the Farm itself or in the various other buildings on the Farm. Anything less like a prison it would be impossible to imagine. In the newer buildings, one of which is used for the colored girls, the girls have separate rooms, with nice little white beds, dressing-tables, and so forth. Here they may have certain little personal possessions. You can see small manicure sets carefully set out, for many of them of course come from quasi-luxurious



TRUCK GARDEN, SHOWING CONTEST TEAM AT WORK

surroundings; there are photographs about and picture post-cards. The colored girls in particular are immensely proud of these possessions, and one of them, having left open her bedroom door wide as we passed, had also turned all the photographs and pictures towards the door so that not one of them might be missed, she herself hiding behind the door to watch the effect upon visitors. The girls have a common sitting-room, in which they read, sew, or sing in the evenings, and generally amuse themselves. They are devoted to music, especially in the case of the colored girls, and I think I have never heard anything more beautiful than the singing of those girls. They sang beautiful old Negro melodies of which trained choirs give but a suggestion. This was the very fount of music—music as spontaneous and natural as that of a bird—rhythmic, harmonized, all because of the music that was in them. These darkies seem born singers, and they sing with a pathos that is full of tears, more particularly when considered in the light of their surroundings. Their faces as they sing, some of them grotesque, some with a certain beauty of youth, have an expression of submissive pathos which I can only liken to that of some of the Madonnas.

There was no pathos about the black baby upstairs—at least not until she was put back in her cot. It will be long before I forget the baby face—only six months old—with her little portion of wool all to herself, peering, as might the veriest grown-up, over a mountain of white bedclothes at the strangers who might perhaps be good enough to hold her up to see the big world and not mind too much if she cried when put down again, because she really couldn't help it. This baby was one of several, for among the girls taken at Clinton Farms are expectant mothers. There is a baby ward, and the mothers are taught to look after their babies, and become indeed deeply attached to them. This baby care is one of the most educative methods at the Farms. One girl, who murdered her baby, seemed absolutely callous about it. It happened that she elected to take charge of the lambs, which meant getting up in the dark winter mornings to look after them. She became devoted to her charges, and was brought back to a realization of what she had done largely by this means.

I could not help feeling most of the time how accidental was the fate which had brought these girls to Clinton. There was one woman, for instance, an Italian, who had come to America with her husband to make their fortune. They were not married, but they meant to make money and build a little house and live happily ever afterwards. With her own hands Angelina toiled and helped herself to dig the foundations of the little house. When, after years, it was all complete, her husband said he wanted children. Angelina was too

old. He was going to marry a young neighbor. He married the young neighbor, and she was expecting her first child. Angelina passed, who would never marry and never have a child. The young wife taunted her. Angelina stabbed her in the back. Or there was Topsy. Topsy's father—a colored man—ill treated her mother, who went to live with another man, taking Topsy with her. Mr. Topsy turned up one day, threatening to kill his wife. Instead, he was attacked with an ax by the lover, who, leaving him prone outside, thrust the ax in the child's hand—she was only a little girl—telling her that her father was going to kill her mother. Mad with terror, Topsy gave her father the *coup de grâce*. She was sentenced for murder in the first degree. Generally speaking, cases are much less deserving of sympathy. Some of them are frankly dreadful, and Clinton Farms has had to do with a class who would normally fill the State prison, and who, under normal prison conditions, would be treated solely as criminals expiating their crime. At the same time, by far the most of the crimes are sex crimes. Sex crimes imply varying degrees of abnormality, and there is hardly a girl who comes to Clinton who does not at first show marked abnormality. Nervously they are very much below par, and the good food, most of which is grown on the Farm, makes an astounding difference in a comparatively short time. In this connection, a dreadful nemesis overtook a girl who had been a prostitute. She was very lovely, but while at Clinton she grew so fat that all her beauty disappeared. It is realized of how great importance is this building up of the nerves and of the general morale. With this end in view, the particular occupation to which the girl is set is carefully chosen. A girl is not necessarily set to the occupation that she does best. As a rule, for instance, farm work is the best possible tonic for nerves, and an indoors girl will be set to do it, while a clumsy girl will be trained as a housemaid. In any case, she is trained definitely to some occupation. When her sentence is ended, suitable work is then found for her. Very often her training has been purposely such that she may be able to undertake something different from her previous work. Old associations are thus more easily broken. And the strength of these associations is rarely recognized. A girl, for instance, who has been brought up to lead a life of luxury by the one means that is open to her, who, from childhood almost, has learned to concentrate upon nothing but clothes and the sickly arts by which she may, for a term of years and at great bodily risk, prey upon society, cannot easily envisage any other sort of life—and mostly doesn't want to. It is not sufficient to teach her—compulsorily too—a new trade. She has to learn to *want* a new trade. I saw these girls at their dressmaking, cooking, laundering, hospital work, and it

would be difficult to find a more enthusiastic crowd. The colored girls, who have a special aptitude for dressmaking and the finest kind of laundering, are taught the work in all its details, with results that struck me as quite remarkable. As a matter of fact, many girls might pay to go to such a school as Clinton and learn far less, from the professional point of view.

This experiment—for experiment it is, judging by other prisons and reformatories which I have seen in America—is bound to have far-reaching effects. Everybody is agreed theoretically nowadays that judicial sentences should be educative and reformatory rather than purely punitive, with perhaps a touch of vengeance thrown in. To make the prisoner unwilling to commit further crimes offers the greatest safety to the community. To put this theory into practice is quite another thing, for it implies faith in a human being who has broken faith, and it implies a willingness on the part of the community to run the risks of the experiment. That this faith is justified has been actually shown by Clinton Farms. Some of the girls prove disappointments. Some run away, after all, the call of the outside world proving almost irresistible—an answer, by the way, to those who do not believe that prison should be humanized. The majority of the Clinton girls have so far turned out well and have been enabled really to start life anew. The same can hardly be said of the ordinary prison. The most rigorous punishment has never yet emptied jails nor stopped crimes. When hanging was the punishment for stealing sheep, sheep still were stolen, because sheep-stealers hadn't learned not to *want* to steal sheep. Clinton Farms, as I see it, is a proved effort to treat no one—not the lowest criminal—as common or unclean, no one as outside the pale of humanity, no one as having lost all chance in life. It is an effort to strike a balance between the momentariness of crime and the eternity of punishment, which many would have liked to do had they but discovered the way. Clinton shows that way with no uncertain voice. It seems to me that not the least of its effects will be its effect on the older countries. America has problems which are all its own; but the very greatness of its resources, both mental and material, make it able to afford experiments which in other countries are practically impossible. America not only builds up, but she has the youthful courage to tear down. Clinton Farms means the tearing down of a good many prejudices, all of which exist in the older countries, often in an intensified degree. "But for the grace of God, there goes Richard Baxter," is a lesson which Clinton Farms has made it possible, not only for one man, but for all of us to learn.

MURIEL HARRIS,
New York Office of the
"Manchester Guardian."

THE WORLD'S WORST FAILURE

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

I SUPPOSE that soon after Adam woke to consciousness he began compiling a list of the ten best fruits in the Garden of Eden. Certainly the generations which have followed him have counted that day lost whose low-descending sun saw not some list of ten best things begun. And I suspect that each generation has found out, as Adam undoubtedly did when Eve appeared on the scene and started to compile her own list of the ten best fruits, that every such compilation is purely a matter of individual taste.

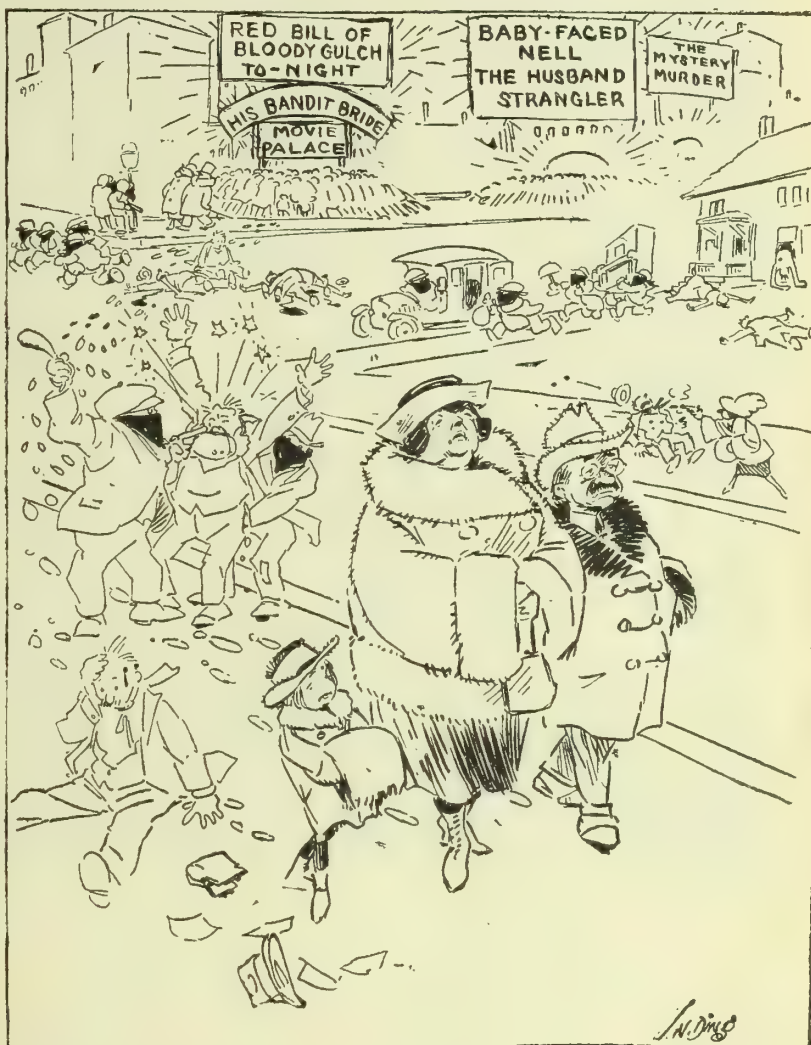
Personally, I have never been tempted to offer my views to an unexpected public on the ten best anythings, but more than once I have felt an urgent desire to erect a journalistic Hall of Fame for the ten worst failures in the world. There is something so much more satisfying and adequate about a complete failure than there is about a debatable success. Successes are such annoying things to contemplate. The average mind (whatever that is) is awed by successes into a sense of personal littleness which is not at all gratifying to its vanity. Stacked up against the Brooklyn Bridge, the Taj Mahal, the "New Republic," or The Climate of California (or any other work of man for the creation of which Providence has never even been credited with an assist), the average mind feels itself shrinking, shrinking, into insignificance. Before long, if care is not taken, the average mind under discussion may feel moved to admit that, after all, it is not the center of the solar system. And lack of self-confidence, as we all know, is one of those great dangers against which all good Americans have to be on constant guard.

Take this same average mind to which I have referred and place it in juxtaposition to a real dyed-in-the-wool, non-shrinkable, three-feet-to-the-yard historical failure, and it will begin to bud and blossom before your very eyes. Napoleon's retreat from Moscow? There is none of us so humble that he cannot point out the errors in that campaign. The tragedy of De Lesseps at Panama? Why, man, we could have done a better job with our bare hands! There is inspiration, I tell you, in failure; and the greater the failure, the greater the inspiration.

That is why I have felt that it might be of real public service to compile a list of the ten greatest failures in the world. The trouble is that, though there is such a wealth of material to draw from, I have never been able to get beyond the selection of the candidate for first place upon my ticket of disasters. What room is there for considering such secondary matters as Henry Ford's Knowledge of History; the Ben Davis Apple; the Very Rev.

Darling in the New York Tribune

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POOH! POOH! WHAT'S A LITTLE CRIME WAVE TO A REAL MOVIE FAN?

Wilbur F. Crafts's Sense of Humor; the New York Evening "Post's" late announcement that "The Tide is Turning Towards Cox;" Moral Football Victories, and other social impedimenta, when there is staring at the observer on almost every city street and country crossroad the greatest failure of the times?

Indeed, I have no heart to make a list of lesser lapses when I consider the Movies.

What, the Movies?

Yes, the Movies.

I hear thousands of protesting voices rising in chorus about me. You know, it is just as easy for a writer as it is for a president to hear voices that help his story or his argument. The ear which most writers and presidents keep close to the ground is an inner ear attuned only to echoes.

As I was saying, I hear thousands of protesting voices.

Don't you realize that there are umpty-seven thousand movie-picture theaters in America?

Don't you realize that these theaters take in umpty million paid admissions every day in the year?

Don't you realize that the films shown in these theaters if stretched end to end would make this old world of ours look like a kitten in a ball of yarn?

Indeed I do, and I grieve for it. For all of this I know and some of it, to my misfortune, I have been compelled to see. The fact that the movie bestrides our narrow world like a Colossus does not interest me. The real point at issue is what is the character of this Colossus?

Since the movies are generally considered to belong to the field of dramatic art, it may be well to look to my definitions before I proceed further. The heart of all drama, to my mind, is to be found in the impinging of incident



Courtesy of Harry Raver, Inc.

SCENE FROM D'ANNUNZIO'S PHOTOPLAY "CABIRIA"

"Honestly, now, what have the movies done? They have brought into being a few, and a very few, effective and convincing spectacles, such as 'Cabiria' "

upon character. From this central heart the field of drama extends to extreme emphasis upon incident on the one side and to extreme emphasis upon character on the other. But the great dramas of history have found their dwelling-place in the center of this spectrum of human activity.

Within the limits of this field, conscribed by time, place, and the confines of a single stage, the art of the drama has blazed forth in various ages as one of the brightest jewels in the diadem of human achievement. This is the record of the old drama. What has so far been the promise of the new?

The basic material of all art is life. Life lies as ready at the hand of the movie world as it did at the hand of Aristophanes and Shakespeare. But the spendthrift soul of the new drama has also been endowed with a fairy wand which Aristophanes and Shakespeare never knew. It has been gifted with power over time and space; all the world is literally its stage. The seas are ready to its command; the forest

and the stream are its handmaidens; the great plains and deserts lie open for its delight; the mountains bow to its bidding; and the peoples of the world lie within the hollow of its vast hand. The parable of talents provides a scale by which the failure of the movie picture must be judged. Gifted with the touch of Midas, the winged feet of Mercury, what spoil has the movie brought to Parnassus?

Somehow I don't seem to hear the chorus of voices which greeted my ears a short while ago; but that, as I have suggested, may be purely a matter of self-deception.

Honestly, now, what have the movies done? They have brought into being a few, and a very few, effective and convincing spectacles, such as "Cabiria." For the material for almost every serious production which they have attempted they have gone rag-snatching along the clothes-line of the other arts; they have borrowed historical episodes and failed to illuminate them; they have ransacked the granaries of drama

and fiction and borne off more often the chaff than the wheat; they have turned Thalia into a hurler of custard pies, dressed Terpsichore in a one-piece bathing-suit, and in pursuit of Melpomene treated the world to unpremeditated tragedy of which they themselves have been sublimely oblivious. Humor is virtually non-existent in the movies. Wholesome fun is at a premium and the movie tragedy is the only successful farce.

Such real characters as the movies have portrayed have generally been filched from printed books and marred in the filching. Almost the only kind of character development which the movies have recognized is a sudden and impossible conversion, repugnant to the spirit of art and to ordinary horse sense. The movies have been condemned as immoral. Very few moving-picture plays are immoral in the sense in which that word is used by the average would-be reformer of the movies. But I have seldom seen a moving-picture play which I did not regard as immoral because of its absolute failure to present truthfully the fabric of that cosmic drama which we call life.

I shall not dwell upon the relation between movies and the poetic spirit. Offhand, I should judge the relationship to be about that of a thirteenth cousin-in-law seventeen times removed. It is a rare evening when I see the work of any moving-picture producer which indicates even an elementary ability to discriminate between poetic fantasy and maudlin sentimentality.

About the highest poetic flight of which the average movie producer is capable can be summed up in a few words: "And grim death hovered over his bed." Grim death does so to lugubrious music. "But the angel of hope still fluttered in his heart." The angel successfully flutters for a while and at last drives *g. d. off stage r. u. e.* Is the evaluation which I have made of the worth of the motion picture unfairly colored by personal prejudice and a colossal sense of disappointment over what the moving picture has failed to achieve?

The first moving picture I ever saw was a study of a man cutting and eating a steak. When the brief and flickering roll was finished, the operator, by way of variety, ran it backwards. The result was regarded as a great achievement. The latest picture which I have seen is a million-dollar spectacle, photographed with rare technical skill and almost flawless in projection. This likewise has been regarded as a great achievement. Yet, as I look back over twenty-five years of pictures, I am compelled to confess that the development from steak-eating to spectacles of continental dimensions is no proof to me that the movie has found its footing among the arts. Considered as an art, the business of manufacturing moving pictures is entitled to top ranking in the list of the world's worst failures.

IN THE RECTOR'S STUDY

BY FRANK ELMER WILSON

TALES OF SPURIOUS AND AUTHENTIC WOE

IT was during Lent that I went to one of the suburbs to preach at a special Lenten service. I arrived in the afternoon and had dinner with the rector and his family. While we were at the table the rector suddenly turned to me:

"By the way, there is something I wish you would do for me. You are not far from 2050 Monroe Street, are you?"

"No," I replied. "That would be just around the corner from where we live."

"Well, first let me tell you the circumstances leading up to it. Last Sunday evening I went into the city to preach at St. E——'s Church. On Monday morning a man appeared here at my door. He was rather short, dark, nicely dressed, and talked well. His eyes were quite prominent, and he had a little lisp in his speech. He told me he had been at the service Sunday evening and something in my sermon had found a specially responsive chord in his own thoughts. He was in serious trouble and determined to make the trip out here to see me and talk it over. It seems that he had had a position in the office of a small business concern in the city, which had given him a very modest salary, but enough to get along on under normal conditions. He had a wife and four children. His wife had been ill for some time, and his expenses had far outrun his income. Finally had come the day when he couldn't pay the rent, and the landlord had threatened to turn them all out on the street unless he secured money at once. The following day he had come across a blank check in the office, and in his despair had forged the company's name for sixteen dollars. Detection, of course, was only a matter of time, and before long he was called to account. There was nothing to do but acknowledge his guilt and beg for leniency from his employers. They had given him a week in which to make good the amount. The week would be up the next day. So far he had kept his wife from knowing of his predicament, and he was quite fearful of the effect upon her in her weakened condition if he were to be arrested and taken away.

"It was a lot of money for the man to be asking me for, and I determined to find out whether he was telling the truth or not. In his own presence I telephoned the business house he claimed to have been associated with, and they replied that he had been with them, but had left the preceding week. My sympathies were now becoming quite strong for him. I gave him railway fare back to the city and promised to let him hear from me by the following morning. I saw him to the

train and took the next train in after him. He had given me his address as 2015 Monroe Street, and I went directly to that number. I must confess to disappointment when I found that the people living there knew nothing either of the man or of his family. Of course I dropped the matter at once as a bad job and came back home. This morning he telephoned me and seemed a little bit hurt that he had not heard from me. I was mad through and through and prepared to give him the benefit of my investigations.

"'Look here,' I said. 'What did you mean by telling me you lived at 2015 Monroe Street?'"

"'No, no,' he answered over the wire. 'You misunderstood me. I said 2050 Monroe Street.'"

"My wrath began to subside into doubt, and I ended by agreeing to take the matter up further. Now I can't make up my mind whether I really misunderstood him or whether the man cleverly turned the tables on me when he perceived my suspicions. I hardly feel like taking the time for another trip to the city to verify this new address, and I am unwilling to help him without knowing something further. If you would look in at 2050 Monroe Street, and let me know what you find, I would be greatly obliged to you."

Accordingly, the next day I sought out 2050 Monroe Street, and, as I fully expected, the man was as completely unknown there as he had been at the first address. I wrote the suburban rector to that effect and dismissed the whole affair from my mind.

A SEQUEL

Some days later a man called to see me about the middle of the morning. He was nicely dressed and looked well cared for, and I was somewhat surprised when he said he was in need of help. Then he threw back his overcoat and showed me that he was without an under coat of any kind. He gave me his name and stated that he lived with his wife and four children at 1825 Monroe Street. His wife had been ill and was still in a precarious state of health. He had lost his position, but had feared to tell her, and had gone away each day as though he had regular work to do. He had been unsuccessful in locating another place, and his money had all been spent. As a last resort he had pawned his coat, and to prove his story he handed me the pawn ticket.

The man's recital of his troubles was very appealing. He answered all questions easily and frankly, and on the whole it sounded like a good case.

"Come back to me this afternoon at

two o'clock," I said finally. "Meantime I'll look out for this pawn ticket and I will see what further I can do."

He thanked me and went away.

A little later in the morning I started for 1825 Monroe Street. I could easily find a way of talking to his wife without letting her know that he had been to see me. But there was no need for any such maneuvering, for the people at this house were totally ignorant of any such family. Another fraud. Anyhow, I would see what the pawn ticket meant while I was about it. The shop was not far off, and the bookkeeper speedily identified the ticket. The name was correct, but this time the address was 2015 Monroe Street. All at once the significance of it dawned on me. As I recalled the man's appearance and actions they coincided to a hair with the suburban rector's description of his persistent friend of a week or two before this time. Over I went to 2015 Monroe Street, and there received the anticipated negative to my inquiries. Like the other rector, I was rather disappointed, but, at any rate, the fellow would never have the presumption to return to me after such an elaborate fiction.

When the door-bell rang promptly at two o'clock, it scarcely occurred to me that he could really be coming. But there he was as big as life. I invited him to be seated, and then I just looked at him.

"Well," I said at length, "I never expected to see you back here."

"Why?" he asked, for the first time showing any concern. "You told me to come."

"What made you tell me all that stuff this morning?" I went on. "You knew it was untrue."

"He looked at me for a long moment to see if I was really in earnest. Then he realized that he was fairly caught.

"Yes," he admitted slowly; "I lied to you this morning. You would have lied, too, if you had needed a coat as badly as I do."

A vision of myself in his condition flashed across my mind, and I think I could scarcely have found the heart to upbraid him if I had not known at first hand of his previous duplicity when he did not need a coat.

"Now I want you to listen to me," I said, "and, as much for your own benefit as anything else, I don't want you to forget what I am about to tell you. You seem to think that because I wear my collar the other way around therefore I am a fool. You think you can tell me any cock-and-bull story you please and that I will swallow it like an imbecile and give you anything you ask. You're one of these men who

make a business out of telling lies, and you make it all the harder for an honest man to get help when he really needs it. I want you to understand that I know just the sort of fellow you are. I've made it my business to find out all about you. I know the game you tried to play out in M—— a couple of weeks ago. I know that you have no wife and four children and that you never lived at 1825 Monroe Street, neither have you lived at 2015 nor 2050 Monroe Street. You've used false names and you've made up your stories out of whole cloth. You didn't think I would go to the trouble to find out all this, but that's once when you missed your guess. Here's your pawn ticket. I intend to tell all the ministers I meet what I know about you, and the next time you try this trick you are likely to find yourself answering questions from the judge."

He took his ticket and went without a word. He was so completely chagrined that I felt honestly sorry for him as I watched him walk down the street.

AN EPILOGUE

Not long after this I met the suburban rector and told him the sequel to his story, much to his interest and amusement. I did not see him again for several weeks, but when we next did meet he wore a broad grin as he pulled me over into a corner of the room.

"I have still a further sequel to the continued story of our friend with the illusive wife and four children," he said. "Just after you told me your chapter I was having dinner one evening with the Rev. Dr. J—— and his wife. I recounted to him our little experiences with this stranger and he listened quite eagerly to the whole tale. When I had finished, he asked me to describe the man to him, and I did so in some detail. Dr. J—— collapsed and roared with laughter.

"What!" I said. You don't mean to say that you have more to add to this man's adventures?"

"Precisely," he said, still laughing. "That same fellow came to me with a pitiful appeal, and I didn't escape anything like as easily as you two did."

"How much did it cost you?" I asked, curiously.

"That is something," he replied, very solemnly, "which no man shall ever know."

And, for all we know, our friend may still be plying his trade. But I have an idea that his enthusiasm must have been badly dented by the unconventional statement of his case to which he had been treated at least once.

RUNNING THE CHANCE OF IMPOSTURE

Still it is not to be concluded from such cases as these¹ that all, or indeed the greater part, of those who come to us

in distress are merely clever purveyors of fraudulent appeals. On the contrary, the great majority of them are really in need of assistance, and to them it is gladly and cheerfully given. I am speaking now of those who come to us as strangers, of whom we have no previous knowledge. The needy in our own parishes we know without investigation. But of the strangers there are several different groups. There are those, for instance, upon whose persons and in whose stories falsehood and discrepancy are so obvious as to be almost ridiculous. There are others, comprising perhaps the bulk of them, who may or may not be honest. Frequently it is quite impossible to check up on their statements, and a doubtful probability is about the only conclusion to be had. In such cases, rather than run the risk of turning an inhospitable shoulder to a case of honest need, one is willing to run the chance of imposture, at least up to a certain point. Many of them drop out of sight, and we never know whether we have been mulcted or not. Sometimes we discover in after days that we have been the victims of fraud in certain cases. Now and then we are encouraged by seeing our best hopes verified, and a probably honest case living up to its appearances. Then again there is that smallest class of all, made up of those who are soundly convincing. From one such case I retain a lasting impression. I might be mistaken, but I doubt it. I believe this man was real.

ON THE EDGE OF A COUCH

It was about three o'clock one autumn afternoon, as I was just at the door about to start out on some parish calls, that he rang my bell. He was not much above average height, but was very strongly built, and apparently carried little superfluous flesh. As he removed his hat he revealed a head of very red hair. He was clean and well dressed and presented a good appearance throughout. He stood just inside the door, nervously fingering his hat and looking me over with a pair of very keen blue eyes.

"Is your name Wilson?" he asked, abruptly.

"Yes," I answered, leaving the conversation to him.

"Did you ever have a church in Evanston?"

"No, I've never lived there."

"When I saw your name on your church at the corner," he said, after a pause, "I thought you might be the one. You look a good deal like him, too."

He stopped and stood irresolute, not as one embarrassed, but as one disappointed and perplexed.

"Won't you sit down?" I asked him. "Even if I am not the person you were looking for, perhaps I might do."

He sat on the edge of a couch near a west window, and I sat on the other side of the room. I remember it all very distinctly, for he was there about

two hours, and as twilight came on I could see his clear-cut features more and more sharply silhouetted against the darkening sky. He was thinking, and I waited until he should be ready to speak.

"I don't know what to do," he said after a few moments. "I'm all bewildered, and I felt as though I would like to talk to somebody. I thought you might be the same clergyman I met before, so I came in here. His name was the same as yours. I didn't know him well, and maybe he's forgotten me. He came to preach once at the county jail, and I have never forgotten how he talked to me after the service."

That was it, then. He was a jail-bird. It was not the first time men had come to me telling how they had just been released from prison and asking a lift on their way to honest employment. But this man seemed different from any of the others. There was no predigested story on the tip of his tongue. He gave one the impression that he would much rather not be talking about it, but that he had to get it off his mind. Haltingly, in disconnected staccato phrases, he told of himself. There were awkward pauses now and then which I was obliged to help out with quiet questions, like a prompter reminding one who has forgotten his part. Sometimes he was at a loss for words and shifted uneasily, while I ventured to offer cautious suggestions, or assured him that I understood without his putting it into words. It was a study in natural simplicity to watch his childlike reticence, here and there broken by an impulsive outburst of pride. Chronologically his story was chaotic. In one breath he spoke of the events of last week, and in the next he was back in his childhood days. It was a picture-puzzle narrative, but, pieced together, it would run something in this way:

THE PETERMAN'S STORY

His name was Jim Robbins. Perhaps I had heard of him? At any rate, the police all knew him, for his criminal career covered nearly every big city in the country. He was one of five sons and had been born and raised in the Far West. His father he designated simply as a Mohammedan, possessed of a rigid belief in fatalism. Both parents were experienced criminals, and had carefully trained their sons in the same profession. He began the practice of theft when he was a mere child, but from the outset was taught to despise any such thing as petty robbery. There was an unconscious pride in his voice and his shoulders straightened as he told of his place in the criminal world.

"We were 'petermen,'" he said; "safe-blowers, you know. We never bothered with any small jobs. We turned some of the biggest tricks in the country. And we never killed or hurt anybody in our work. A good 'peterman' doesn't have to."

After their parents were dead the

¹Some of these Mr. Wilson described in *The Outlook* last week. The Editors.

five sons scattered and systematically carried on their several depredations on society, sometimes working together, sometimes alone, and often with other associates. Gradually their fame spread and they began to be hunted. Jails and penitentiaries ingulfed them for longer or shorter periods of time. Jim was as clever and successful as any of them, yet now, having reached middle age, he could look back on nearly half of his life spent behind prison bars.

His last term had kept him confined for five years. It was only a couple of months before this time that he had been released. The afternoon he left the penitentiary the warden had given him a hearty handshake and said, "Jim, go straight this time, and don't come back here again." The admonition was not forgotten, but Jim was too much interested in his return to freedom to give it more than passing thought. During the rest of the day he wandered from street to street like a child in a new playhouse. The power to go where he liked and do what he pleased had been denied him so long that it now possessed a fascinating novelty. He walked in and out of stores and shops and various public buildings out of pure curiosity, simply to feast his eyes on whatever was going on.

THE LADY OF THE MISSION

It was in the course of these idle wanderings that he came to a little mission hall in the early evening. They were singing, and he stepped inside to listen. There was a woman there, one of the mission workers, whose face attracted him, and he stayed without paying much attention to what was going on in the simple service. After a while the woman came over and sat beside him. She made him very uncomfortable, but he was glad to have her there. Then she spoke to him.

"She asked me something about religion," Jim explained. "I didn't know what to say, so I pushed her away. I didn't want her to go, you understand, but I didn't know what else to do."

She continued to speak to him kindly and very tactfully, until by the time the meeting was concluded she had quite gained his confidence. For a long time he remained talking with her, telling her his story, very much, I suppose, as he was then telling it to me. He made no profession of conversion to her (nor, indeed, did he to me), but before he left he had solemnly promised her that he would keep straight, and he meant every word of that promise. A good woman had come into his life and had left an indelible impression.

He was determined to begin right—but where? He could not remain in the penitentiary town, and he was not very well acquainted with avenues of legitimate employment. Then all at once he recalled a remark from a fel-

low-prisoner that the Ford automobile company would give an ex-convict a chance to make a fresh start and no questions asked. Accordingly, the next day he set out for Detroit. When he arrived at the office of the company, he told them frankly just who he was and what he had been. They gave him a position and he set to work under the happy assurance that the police could not interfere with him there and he would have a real opportunity to make good his promise to the Lady of the Mission. Everything went smoothly for a time. He proved himself a strong and able workman and he did his work with a will. Already he was beginning to think of himself in new terms. Then one day at the lunch hour two strangers appeared and called him aside. They were detectives from Detroit.

"We've spotted you, Jim," they told him, "and you had better be on your way."

"I'm working for an honest living," Jim protested, "and I'm going straight. You have no right to follow me up because of the things I used to do. Go back and forget you ever saw me. Besides, you can't touch me out here, for I'm under the protection of the company."

"No," they replied, "we can't touch you out here, but if you don't disappear we'll 'frame up a job' on you so the company will fire you, and then see what will happen. We don't want any of your kind around our town."

Poor Jim was panic-stricken. It was not until days later that it even occurred to him that he might have laid the whole situation before his superintendent and probably receive proper protection. Only one thing seemed important just then—to get away where the police could not find him. Under cover of the night he quietly slipped out, made his way to the river, stole a boat, and escaped to the Canadian side. But his pursuers had anticipated such a move, and the Canadian authorities were on the watch for him. He was sent back, with dire threats of what would happen if he ever attempted to enter Canada again.

He wandered from place to place, dogged by the constant fear of recognition. He dared not stop in any one spot long enough to earn anything, and his small stock of money was rapidly diminishing. At last he made for Chicago, and arrived three days before the day of his visit to me. For a single day he was unmolested. The next day the keen eye of the law detected his presence and he was haled into a police court and locked up on suspicion. They laughed at the idea of his living straight and tried to entangle him in some admission which they might turn to his injury. But he would not be tricked, and after detaining him for two days they were obliged to let him go for the want of a charge against him.

"They turned me loose this morning, and gave me till six o'clock to-night to get out of town. If they caught me here after six o'clock, they promised to put me away for another long term. I've been walking the streets ever since, wondering what to do. Down in the Tenderloin there are lots of my old friends who would take me in and see me through. But that would mean returning to the old life, and I promised her I would go straight. But I can't go on like this, and they won't give me a chance."

His story rang as true as a silver bell, but when he had finished I felt as greatly bewildered as he was himself.

ON ONE DAY AT LEAST

"Think a moment," I said. "Have you no friend free from a criminal reputation to whom you might go until things clear up?"

"That's the only thing I could think of too," he answered. "There is a man who used to work with my father. But he quit breaking safes a good many years ago and got a farm up in Wisconsin. I might go to him and he would give me a job on the farm. Then if I could stay with him and work for him for six months, there might be a chance. You see, if I could have some one to speak for me and say that I had been straight for six months, I could come right back here and they would have to let me alone unless I did something wrong. That might give me a chance, and that's all I want."

"How much money would it take to get you to this farm?"

"Not so very much. I'm used to getting rides on freight trains, and a little money carries me over a division. But I haven't even enough for that. I've used it all up."

"All right," I said, "I'll give you some more."

He took a long, questioning look at me. Then he made one stride nearly across the room and seized me by the arm in a grip that made me wince.

"Do you mean you're going to help me?"

"Yes," I replied. "Put this in your pocket and make it go as far as you can. Now it is after five o'clock and you must get to the railway yards. Be sure to look me up again when you come this way. I wish you God's own blessing, and, whatever you do, never forget the Lady of the Mission."

His good-by gripped both my hand and my heart like a vise. For days his face and his story haunted me. That is a good many months ago, and I have neither seen nor heard of him since. I do not know whether he ever reached his destination. I do not know what he did with my money. I do not know whether he has lived up to his promise to the Lady of the Mission.

This much I know. The day Jim Robbins came to see me, on that day he was an honest man.

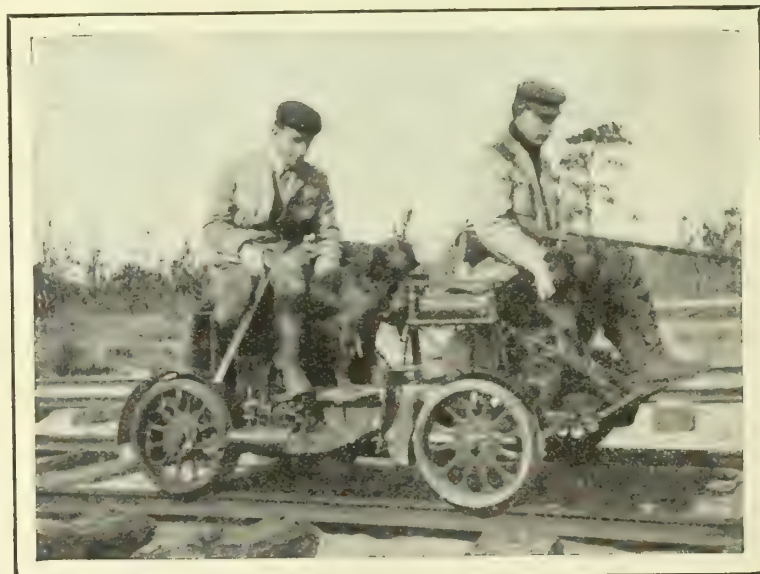
WINTER SPORTS IN THREE CONTINENTS

PICTURES FROM OUTLOOK READERS



A NORWEGIAN
SKI-ING PARTY

From Frank Presbrey, New York City



STRANGE AS IT
MAY SEEM,
THESE MEN
ARE GOING
QUAIL
HUNTING,
NOT RAIL
HUNTING.
THE PICTURE
IS FROM OUR
OWN SOUTH

From Frank Presbrey, New York City



A WINTER
CAMPING
PARTY IN
SOUTH AFRICA

From Prof. Florence M. Snell, Wellington, South Africa

THE BOOK TABLE

THE CHILDREN OF THE SLAVES

BY EDMUND CRANFORD WILLCOX

THE other day I got into a motor bus to go from one small Southern town to another. The bus had four transverse rows of three seats each. I took the last vacant seat in the third row. The fourth row was vacant, but a respectable, well-dressed colored man stood near. The bus was about to start and the colored man stepped in. "Ah, ha!" I said to myself; "here is where the Negro gets the best end of the Jim Crow plan, for we are crowded and he has a whole row of seats to himself." But wait a minute; two white lads drew near, looked at the bus, and talked to the starter; they wanted to go, too. The starter scratched his head and then addressed Mr. Negro. In the most friendly and genial way he said: "Say, old fellow, I don't see how we can handle you this trip, unless you stand on the running-board and hold on." And with equal good nature and a wide smile our colored passenger replied, "Sure! All I want is to get there." So white dignity and the law of race separation were satisfied; the two white boys had the three seats to themselves, the Negro "got there" all right, and there wasn't a bit of ill feeling.

Now this trivial incident is a symbol. "Say it with a smile" applies to race questions as to many others. In the North we often see an unhappy-looking Negro sitting in a trolley car while white men stand up uncomfortably rather than take a vacant seat beside the Negro. In the South, socially speaking, the laws of separation are known and, on the whole, are carried out with good feeling. Both in the North and in the South most intelligent people, including many Negro leaders, believe that separate schools, churches, and places of amusement are desirable, wherever practicable, for both races. The corollary is that, if the Negro is to be treated separately, he should be treated fairly—given proper and comfortable accommodations and incentives to live cleanly and to be self-respecting. One doesn't often hear nowadays the "Do you want your daughter to marry a Negro?" which used to be the retort when Northerners pleaded that the Negro should be taught and made into a good citizen. Practically the social question is settling itself.

But in other respects the true answer to the race question is in that very growth of good feeling and tolerance of which I spoke at the beginning. Time and a sense of justice will heal the scars made by hatred and contempt.

It is one of the faults of Stephen Graham's book, "The Soul of John Brown"¹ (published in England under a much better title, "The Children of Slaves"), that it puts too much emphasis

on the hateful side of things. To be sure, Mr. Graham does recognize that there is a sentiment among the best people of both races for friendliness and growth. Thus one colored banker told him that the Negro must *win* freedom, that "there is only one thing that can bring him respect, and that is achievement." And another said, "It would be better for Negroes to build their own libraries—we don't wish to intrude where we are not wanted." And

THE OUTLOOK'S BOOK STALL

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THE OUTLOOK'S BOOK STALL

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New York City

Mr. Graham reports with approval the forming of committees, half white, half colored, to inquire into social strife and see what can be done for life and freedom. And he avers: "The maximum of persecution of the Negro in recent years does not equal the misery of slavery. Even if all the lynchings and burnings and humiliations and disabilities be put together, they do not add up to one year of servitude. . . . They [the Negroes] are still progressing to an ever fuller freedom."

Yet, on the whole, the picture he paints is black and horrifying. One need not question his accuracy, nor doubt his assertion that a lust for cruelty has shown itself in some places where torture and horrors unspeakable have occurred, nor deny that such race riots as those in Washington and Chicago are danger signals not to be ignored. But he lays so much stress on the dark side that one might turn with profit to Booker Washington's "Up from Slavery" (first published, I remember, in your columns), or to the splendid

records of work done at Hampton and Tuskegee, or to the startling statistics as to the gains of the black race in business achievement, in order to get a fair balance-sheet of gains and losses.

Stephen Graham has a picturesque personality. His book on Russia and his account of his experiences in the Great War as "A Private in the Guards" aroused controversy, but no one denied their interest. If it is true, as I have seen stated lately, that he held that the soul of Russia was born through oppression and that *therefore* the Russians would always love their Czar, he certainly missed fire badly. Points in the present book have been questioned as to fact. But it is intensely interesting (and curious, too) to see the record of an Englishman's observation and his talks with whites and blacks in a journey for that express purpose up and down our Southern States. We are more impressed by what he saw and heard than by his arguments. Sometimes, indeed, the latter are based on lack of knowledge; as where he laments that the Constitution of the United States does not allow the Southern States to put an educational restriction on suffrage. Had he known better, he might have strengthened his own indictment of unfairness, for the last thing on earth that most Southern States would wish for would be an educational restriction that would actually disfranchise ignorant whites as well as ignorant Negroes.

Mr. Graham was started on his travels over the once Slave States by an idea that came to him while marching toward Cologne in the British army, namely, that he would like to follow Sherman's "march to the sea" as a sort of tradition-seeking tramp. This he did, with experiences that make a capital chapter.

I should be loth to accept all of Mr. Graham's comments on the condition and prospects of the Negro in America, but one of them is strong and clear. He says: "There remains just one obvious solution, and that is in distinct and parallel development, equality before the law, and mutual understanding and tolerance."

From the race question of to-day one turns to the race question more than half a century ago in Margaret Lynn's "Free Soil."² It is well to be reminded of the terrible struggle in Kansas that decided forever that its soil should be free soil. The battle of Ossawatimie is now little but a name to most of us, but it meant a great deal. Here we have the story of a sturdy, liberty-loving New England settler and his brave wife, who went West to fight for liberty and to build up a freedom-loving community that should defy the curse of slavery. As fiction pure and simple the novel has no great art, but it has historical reality and wide human sym-

¹The Soul of John Brown. By Stephen Graham. The Macmillan Company, New York.

²Free Soil. By Margaret Lynn. The Macmillan Company, New York.

pathy. As a sketch of Western living conditions in early days the book is also satisfying.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

DEAD MAN'S PLACK AND AN OLD THORN. By W. H. Hudson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Mr. Hudson is a master-stylist as well as a naturalist. Here he enters a new field; he gives us a sort of vision or visualization of a little Saxon drama that is supposed to take place in Hampshire a thousand years ago. There is a simple and plaintive charm in the narrative.

MEHITABLE. By Katharine Adams. The Macmillan Company, New York.

All the Mehitables we ever knew personally were called Hetty. But not this one. She is dignified, sweet, and gracious. Her school life near Paris, her trips to other lands, and her fine love story form a superior kind of story for older girls. The tale has its culmination in the outbreak of the Great War.

TAKE IT FROM DAD. By George G. Livermore. The Macmillan Company, New York.

A new kind of boys' book—and a good kind, too. These letters from "Dad" to his boy at Exeter are full of fun. If they preach at all, they do it in a roundabout and jovial way, and with sly hits and digs as from one fellow to another. They are spiced with slang and salted with worldly experience.

BIOGRAPHY

PERSONAL ASPECTS OF JANE AUSTEN. By Mary Augusta Austen-Leigh. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Not important as a contribution to literary history, but decidedly interesting because of its new material and its personal side-lights on Miss Austen's home life and social friendships.

ULYSSES S. GRANT: HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER. By Hamlin Garland. The Macmillan Company, New York.

We are glad to see a new edition of this work, first published about a quarter of a century ago. It is one of the best anecdotal biographies ever published—anecdotal, that is, in the sense that wherever incident, anecdote, and dialogue can bring out the personality of the greatest Union generals that method is here adopted. We commend the book especially for boys and young men.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

LETTERS FROM THE KAISER TO THE CZAR. Copied and Brought from Russia by Isaac Don Levine. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

This volume comprises letters found in the Czar's private correspondence after his death. They were written in English, the language always used by William II and Nicholas II in conversation or correspondence. They are wholly distinct from the "Willy-Nicky" correspondence published three years ago,

which was composed of telegrams only. They are only half satisfactory as correspondence because there are no letters of reply from the Czar to the Kaiser. It would be interesting to know whether these letters are now in Holland, guarded by the ex-Emperor. Regrettably incomplete as the present volume is, no book, we think, could present a greater revelation of the Kaiser's character. Here in his own letters he is a jumble of opposed qualities—lofty, petty; thoroughgoing, superficial; simple, theatrical; modern, mediæval. Mediæval certainly was his obsession concerning the divine right of kings. As he said in one of these letters: "We Christian kings and emperors have one holy duty imposed on us by heaven, that is to uphold the principle '*von Gottes Gnaden*.'"

On the historical side the volume is valuable because it exposes the hidden machinery of European international policies during the decade preceding the war. In this period William II was continually intriguing against England. He was willing even to include France as an ally if with Russia and Austria he could form the strongest league against England. He had another and more secret motive—to remove the menace of Russia herself. In order to be free of the dread of what might come from the East the Emperor was glad to sow suspicion of other Powers in Russia, so that the Russian Government would be kept well occupied with those Powers and would not realize the increasing commercial, and consequently political, conquest gradually being made by Germany to the east. Finally, this allusion to America is interesting:

It is very essential that America should not feel threatened by our agreement [the secret treaty between Germany and Russia]. Roosevelt, as I know, owing to the innate American dislike to all colored races, has no special partiality for Japan, although England does her utmost to work up American feeling in favor of the Japanese. Besides, the Americans have a clear perception of the indisputable fact that a powerful Japanese Empire is a lasting danger to the American Philippines.

Such a book should have had an index.

VENIZELLOS. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

The Greek elections make timely every such worth-while comment as this on the career of Venizelos, a statesman of commanding importance and one quite out of proportion to his country's size and prestige. Venizelos did more than merely to restore his native Crete to Greece, to reorganize the internal affairs of Greece and provide her with a Constitution. He was capable of doing more than merely to double her area and population. As Mr. Gibbons points out, Venizelos might have led his countrymen to Constantinople itself, and thus have realized their dream of centuries to occupy again the old

Byzantium. But, in any event, his action, as Mr. Gibbons affirms, has been a death thrust to the integrity of the Turkish Empire. The great Greek's successful formation of the Balkan Federation brought Turkey in Europe to its all but extinction in 1912. When the war began, in 1914, Venizelos saw his country's opportunity to put Turkey entirely out of business in Europe and to redeem the part of Asia Minor inhabited by Greeks. But the Powers felt it unnecessary to "play up" Greece (to use Mr. Gibbons's expressive phrase). As their control of the Mediterranean put Greece at their mercy, a more important duty seemed then to be the task of keeping Bulgaria neutral, thus isolating Turkey. Nor, as we learn in these pages, were the Allies above taking advantage of the friendliness of Venizelos to "play up" Bulgaria at the expense of Greece and Serbia alike. The Powers did more. As Mr. Gibbons shows, in the secret treaty of 1915 with Italy they awarded to her the purely Greek islands of the Dodecanese. Yet Venizelos persisted in planning for the day to come when, after her entry into the conflict on the Entente side, Greece would be in a position to stand up for what was due to Greater Greece. The conflict between the pro-Ententists and pro-Germans, led respectively by Venizelos and King Constantine, lasted throughout the war and since. During the first two years events favored the King. After that and until the elections of the other day they favored Venizelos. Now they are again favoring the King. But the Greater Greece of Venizelos, though temporarily defeated, will win again.

Mr. Gibbons, who came into close personal contact with Venizelos, also tells us of the splendid personal influence of that leader in strengthening the morale of the Greeks so that they appeared as liberators to the Macedonians and Serbians. Greek intervention under Venizelos on the Macedonian front had the same effect, says Mr. Gibbons, as did the intervention of the Americans on the fronts in France. German morale was broken by the appearance of a new army which gave to the enemy of the Germans an unquestioned superiority of numbers; Bulgarian morale was broken by the unexpected Greek resurrection. It is appropriate that we should be reminded of this at a time when the great Cretan has had to flee from Athens. Who can read the glowing accounts of a titanic work and feel that any other leader could come within a hundredth part of doing what he has done? Whether he is in power or not, the fame of Venizelos is secure.

WAR BOOKS

WAR DAYS IN BRITANNY. By Elsie Deming Jarves. The Saturday Night Press, Detroit.

This handsome volume comprises an account of what two Americans resident in Brittany were able to do during the war. It also contains references to the work which the American Red Cross and the "Y" did in that province.

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Idaho White Pine
Western Soft Pine*



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Norway Pine*

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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY¹

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

John G. Whittier

ON another page Dr. Abbott gives us an unusually interesting snapshot of John G. Whittier.

When and where was Whittier born? Was he a college man? Did he come from a family of wealth? What is your explanation of Whittier's influence upon American thought and life?

Garrison was a pronounced abolitionist. Was Whittier an anti-slavery man or an abolitionist? What contrast can you draw between the beliefs and the methods of these two kinds of reformers?

For what organization did Whittier write the following lines?

We cross the prairie as of old the
Pilgrims crossed the sea
To make the West, as they the East,
the homestead of the free!

Do you think Whittier wise in furthering the interests of the society for which he wrote the above lines?

For whom also did Whittier write this stanza?

Then sound again the bugles,
Call the muster-roll anew;
If months have well-nigh won the
field,

What may not four years do?

What were the political conditions in the United States at the time this stanza was written? What was the object of the group of men for whom Whittier wrote these lines and what do you know about the achievements of the organization which they formed?

Whittier was about eighty-five years old when he died. In your opinion, who were America's greatest religious and political leaders during Whittier's lifetime? For what reasons do you make the selections you do?

Explain the meaning of the following expressions: *Acidulous*, *Liberty party*, *interpretation*, *omnipresent*.

The French View of Senator Harding's Election

Judging from what is said in the correspondence from Princess Radziwill found on another page, what do you conclude Europe's present opinion of President Wilson to be? Does it seem to you that this opinion is fair and just?

What reasons are there why some people in Europe hold the opinion of Senator Harding that we find expressed in this French view of him? Is there any actual performance on the part of Mr. Harding to back up this conception of him?

Does America take as much interest

in French elections as France does in American elections? If a difference in interest exists, can you explain it?

Define the following: *Candid opinion*, *modus vivendi*, *propaganda*, *plebiscite*, *the soviets*, *Bolshevism*.

What's the Trouble? Rough Stuff?

If you were an employer, would you care whether you had the confidence of your employees? If you should prize their confidence, how do you think you would proceed to secure it?

Do you think Mr. Rogers has laid too much stress on the position held by foremen? What reasons have you for your answer?

What striking comparisons can you make between conditions under which laboring people worked in America in the nineteenth century and the conditions under which they work now? What conclusions do you draw from this comparison?

If you were to select a manager for laboring men and women, what special mental and temperamental qualifications would you require?

One writer says that "the heritage of the laborer is mistrust and prejudice against capital." Is he right? If so, who and what are to blame for such traits in our laborers?

If you are interested in a very thoughtful and open-minded discussion of an employer's view of labor problems, read "Labor's Crisis," by Sigmund Mendelsohn (Macmillan). Two other books of genuine interest and value on this topic are "What's on the Worker's Mind," by W. Williams (Scribners), and the "Workers at War," by F. J. Warne (Century).

Amending the Constitution

Do you think there is a dangerous tendency to amend our Constitution?

When and when only do you think our Constitution should be amended?

What is your criticism of a proposed twentieth amendment to our Constitution as advocated by the organizations mentioned in this editorial? How much confidence have you in popular referendums? What are your reasons for your views?

What do you think James Bryce means when he says that the great weakness of American democracy lies in its State constitutions, and that it has practically been saved by its Federal Constitution? Can you illustrate your answer?

Some say that there are four ways of amending our Constitution. Are there? It requires three-fourths of our States to effect a Constitutional amendment. Would it be better if we had an easier way of amending the supreme law of the land?

Spirited Contest Letters Reach The Outlook From Competitors Throughout The Country

THE first of The Outlook's five prize contests for 1921 has engaged the interest of competitors throughout the country.

The first letter to reach us came from a college professor in Canada, the second from a lawyer in Schenectady, the third from an associate professor of New York University, the fourth from a physician in Rochester, New York, the sixth from a bond man in Los Angeles, the seventh from a student in Macon, Georgia.

A first prize of \$50, a second prize of \$30, and a third prize of \$20 will be offered for the best letters in each contest.

PRIZE CONTEST NUMBER 1

For the Best Criticism of The Outlook and Suggestions for its Improvement

Limit your letter to five hundred (500) words. Give us your candid estimate of The Outlook. If you have faults to find, don't hesitate to express your opinion. The force, style, and human interest of your letter will be considered; its form will count as well as its substance.

To your letter you may append practical suggestions for the improvement of The Outlook. These may include suggestions of subjects or titles for articles that you would like to see in The Outlook. You may suggest the names of writers whose work you would like to see in The Outlook. You may suggest new fields or new treatment of material that you would regard as effective. These appended suggestions will not be published, but the weight of these suggestions will aid us in estimating the value of your criticism.

This contest closes on January 31, 1921; all letters must reach us on or before that date.

All letters must be typewritten, on one side of the paper only.

Letters will not be acknowledged or returned. We suggest that you keep a carbon copy of your letter.

The Outlook reserves the right to publish, in addition to the three prize-winning letters in this contest, any additional letters received, for which payment at a lower rate will be made.

The staff of The Outlook will be the judges of the contest

Address all contest letters to

CONTEST EDITOR

The Outlook Company

381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

¹ These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—The Editors.

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY



THEODORE H. PRICE is editor and proprietor of "Commerce and Finance." He has been the head of a number of cotton brokers' organizations in New York. He has contributed many articles on economic subjects to The Outlook.

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook, who contributes a paper on John Greenleaf Whittier as the second article of his series entitled "Snapshots of My Contemporaries," practiced law from 1853 to 1859 in New York, as a member of the firm of Abbott Brothers. Among the firm's clients was the New York "Times," whose libel suits the Abbott Brothers handled. The firm's activities were not only legal, but sometimes literary. The three brothers collaborated on a number of novels, to which they signed the pen name "Benjuly," a combination of the beginnings of their first names—Benjamin, Austin, and Lyman. "Cone Cut Corners" was the best known of these novels.

HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER is a member of the editorial staff of The Outlook.

FRANK ELMER WILSON recounts further episodes with alms-askers during his former rectorate at St. Andrew's Church, in Chicago.

SHERMAN ROGERS is known to the lecture platform as "the Lumberjack Orator." He has appeared before many distinguished audiences of financiers and industrial leaders. He is one of The Outlook's industrial correspondents. He learned to use his fists in the woods of Washington; and his Western friends will be pleased to know that he has not forgotten how to use them during his present residence in the tamer East. During the present wave of crime, as copy-desk English has it, Sherman Rogers had a brush with an adversary. As he describes it, Mr. Rogers entered a familiar elevator late one night. As the car started up, the operator, whose breath was tinged with the smell of one of our few remaining drinks, turned to his passenger and said: "You gimme a piece of money last month. What you goan to gimme now?" Mr. Rogers didn't like the approach. "Not a red," he replied in sonorous platform tones. The operator brought his car to a stop between floors and pronounced his ultimatum. Mr. Rogers produced the well-known wallop of the woods, landed on the elevator man's jaw and elsewhere, and soon found himself between floors with only an unconscious operator in the car. Not knowing how to run the car, Mr. Rogers was compelled to wait until the other "came to." Mr. Rogers argues against "rough stuff" in his article in this issue, not because he does not believe there are occasions when it is necessary, but because he would reserve it for the rare emergency.



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with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

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THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. This department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

MOTOR TRANSPORTATION

MOTOR transportation now occupies an assured place among American systems for the carriage of freight and passengers, says the National Bank of Commerce in New York. The older transportation systems will eventually adjust their facilities to accommodate the traffic for which they are best adapted, the bank believes, so that the motor truck must bid for business on the basis of efficiency alone. That it will meet this test, the bank declares, there is no doubt.

"Trucks are still carrying a considerable amount of freight which formerly went by rail," the bank states, "and it is probable that they will take more of this business in the future; but it is no longer to be feared that the railroads will be injured by this diversion of traffic. As the railroads adapt themselves to the increased post-war traffic, the use of motor trucks will be confined to the field in which their superiority can be demonstrated. Manufacturers who make deliveries by both truck and rail find that beyond a certain limit of distance the advantage of the railroad is decisive. This limit is proportionate to the railway terminal costs of the locality. In a region of very high terminal costs it has been estimated at about 125 miles. With the exception of shipments of goods for unusually fast delivery, it does not pay to ship by truck beyond this distance when railroad operation is normal. On the other hand, for shipments of 50 miles or less the advantage is all with the truck, except for the heaviest type of loose freight, and the recent railroad rate increases will accentuate this advantage.

"Railroad rates for short hauls are inadequate to meet the high proportionate terminal expense involved. Short-haul freight in less than car-load lots contributes nothing toward overhead expenses or profit, and may even cause serious losses by increasing terminal congestion. Motor-truck competition relieves this congestion and ceases to be effective at just about the point where the really profitable railroad business begins.

"Motor trucks are valuable supplements to railroad systems when operating as feeder lines, and in that capacity may replace the expensive light branch lines formerly found necessary to supply main-line business from outlying territory. The motor truck operates with success in districts formerly handicapped by inadequate transportation facilities and here performs a valuable service in creating new business. Motor express lines, privately owned and operated as public carriers, radiate from nearly all large metropolitan centers. Through these truck

lines the farmer can sell his produce without loss of time and at a minimum expense, and often is enabled to serve markets heretofore quite out of reach. Such marketing methods appear as the best solution of the difficult problem of supplying great cities with perishable foodstuffs, as it gives the city access to producing areas within a wide radius, many of which enjoy no other means of transportation, or at best slow and expensive facilities which discourage the daily shipment of perishable freight.

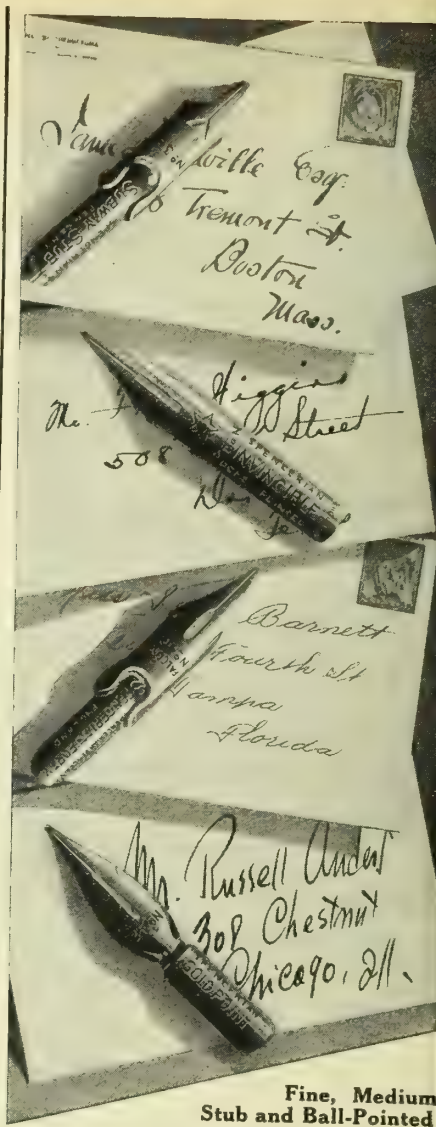
"In passenger carriage for public service the motor vehicle encounters the active opposition of electric railways. The outcome is not yet apparent, for the proper division of the field can come about only through free competition, and this, unfortunately, is not the situation where franchises are granted and rates fixed. The trolley car and the omnibus have distinctive qualities, however, which recommend each for particular types of service. The extent of the use of omnibuses in the United States is indicated by the fact that more than nine thousand are registered in New York City alone.

"Farmers are now the largest users of trucks in this country, as they own ten per cent more than manufacturers and fifteen per cent more than retailers. The Department of Agriculture reported that more than 49,000 farmers were using approximately 78,000 motor trucks in 1919. The stockyards of St. Joseph, Sioux City, Indianapolis, and Omaha report enormous increases in receipts of live stock by truck. In all, 881,000 head of live stock, or twenty-four per cent of all live stock received, were delivered there by motor truck in 1919."

The development of the industry to its maximum efficiency, the bank declares, depends upon the prompt solution of two problems which now confront it. These are the questions of fuel supply and the provision of proper highways.

"The production of motor fuel has not kept pace with its consumption," the bank says. "Between 1909 and 1918 the number of motor vehicles in use in the United States increased about 1,700 per cent, while the domestic production of gasoline increased but 560 per cent, and that of crude oil, the source, but 95 per cent. For the future, when the price of gasoline makes its extraction from shales and the use of substitutes commercially possible, there will probably be sufficient motor fuel at much higher prices than those of to-day. Motor transportation finds no threat of extinction in the fuel situation, but only the necessity of modification.

"Highway construction and maintenance have always been a problem, which has now become so pressing as to cause



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THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL
PROGRESS (Continued)

alarm. Under the present system of road financing it is impossible to build all roads of a type which can bear heavy truck traffic. A good concrete road costs from \$50,000 to \$70,000 a mile to build, which is more than most communities can afford. The cost of providing highways for motor trucks is properly a part of their operating expenses, but at present the consumer of truck-transported goods shifts his share of this burden to the community. The truck has enjoyed an unfair advantage over other methods of transportation while thus subsidized by the taxpayers, although subsidy during the period of development is quite in line with the history of other established means of transportation. The time is now approaching, however, when motor transportation must stand upon its merits.

"Trucks should be taxed in proportion to their destructive effect on roads, or rather in proportion to the cost to the community of providing roads for their use. Such restrictions would work for the benefit of motor transportation and are the only means by which the good roads which are vital to its future development can be secured."

IS CHIVALRY DEAD? NO!

SOME time ago I arrived in Providence with a heavy suit-case. A boy was found to carry it to Market Square, where I was to wait for my trolley. He dropped it on the sidewalk, and when the car came I carried it to the car, but found I could not lift it to the step. It was a cross-seat open car. I looked around, and near me was a very ragged, but clean, bright-eyed newsboy. I said: "Will you please lift this into the car for me? It is heavy." I got in and instantly the suit-case was at my feet. I smiled down into those bright eyes and said, "Thank you," then started to open my purse. Quick as a flash came: "Oh, no, ma'am, no ma'am; you said please and thank you," and he was gone.

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Here she was, dressed in her brother's clothes, among the mango trees, wiping with her soft, dark hair, the feet of the man she loved who lay desperately wounded. And when he recovered consciousness *he struck her in the face!*

"Daughter of a traitor!" he cried. "Infidel! At the very hour of my death you have desecrated my whole life!"

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Martin Johnson's first cruise into the Seven Seas was with Jack London on the *Snark*. Since then he has adventured much and far, making pictures of strange peoples in strange lands. Here is the story of how he filmed the wild men and animals of British North Borneo.

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By Robert Hamilton Rucker

With a vagabond caravan, the *sitt* (lady) and the master, made a pilgrimage through the Egyptian desert. The master's record of the journey gives fascinating glimpses of the life of the people who live today in the shadow of the pyramids.

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Albany, N. Y.TEACHERS WANTED, men and women
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state Teacher's Agency, 717 Macheca Building,
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teach girl 6. Mending and light duties. No
over 30. Country. Good references. Send
picture. Salary fifty dollars a month. Box
15, Fairville, Chester County, Pennsylvania.WANTED—College graduate, age 30, a
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ing French and music. State age, experience,
religion, and salary. Dupré, Box 34, P. O.
Station O, New York City.WANTED—Teachers all subjects. Good
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tional Music and Educational Agency, Car-
negie Hall, N. Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

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LADY desires to chaperone one or two
young girls for European travel April 15 to
October 15—longer or shorter period. Ref-
erences exchanged. 9,373, Outlook.ENGLISH lady, 30, going to England
France, early summer, will accept any pos-
ition of responsibility in return for fare.
References. 9,374, Outlook.DIETITIAN (young woman aged twenty-
three) desires position. College training and
teaching experience in home economics. Ex-
cellent references. Jessie Kreider, Route
Lancaster, Pa.LADY of refinement desires position
housekeeper-companion. Highest references.
9,378, Outlook.HOUSEKEEPER desires care of home
and children. 9,377, Outlook.POSITION as companion desired by young
woman with long experience in corrective
orthopedic exercises. References exchanged.
Edith T. Robinson, 830 Salem Ave. W., Eliza-
beth, N. J.HOUSEMOTHER in boys' or girls' school
Can give references. 9,380, Outlook.CULTURED young woman will travel with
elderly lady as social secretary and com-
panion. Experienced in executive work. Best
references Protestant. 9,382, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

REFINED, educated, young French lady
wants position as governess or companion to
older children. Highest recommendations.
9,371, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will
send things on approval. No samples. Refer-
ences. 309 West 99th St.CULTURED woman will care for a few
children in beautiful country home. Ideal
conditions for mental and physical develop-
ment. 9,376, Outlook.HONEY CHOCOLATES. Healthful and
delicious centers of pure honey which is prac-
tically predigested. \$1 per pound. Money
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REDUCE THE GAMBLE IN OUR INDUSTRIES

A CONSULTING ENGINEER SUGGESTS A WAY TO DO IT

ANTAGONISM between labor and capital is a natural corollary of our present labor system. With a given income, what one of these interests gets the other does not get. This equation is inherent in our present system, and antagonism is the natural and inevitable result. Of course the measures being taken by many concerns at present in recognition of the interests of employees neutralize this antagonism to some extent, but these measures are so varied, so experimental, and in some cases so flavored with charity or paternalism, that they are looked upon rather lightly by the people whom they are intended to benefit. Conditions cannot be expected to be greatly improved until the system is changed so that both parties shall have approximately proportional interests and responsibilities—so that real team-work will exist and efficiency be given a chance to function. The article in *The Outlook* of October 20, 1920, by a Sub-Master voices his need in the operation of schools. The radical change in our system needed to bring about the desired cooperation of labor and capital is seldom explained in the literature of the day, whereas it should be discussed fully, for it is the biggest economic question before the world at the present time.

It is evident that mutual interest is required to produce team-work, and efficiency cannot be expected without team-work. Mutual interest between capital and labor means that both shall share in the management and also in the profits of the enterprise. This is really all that our Sub-Master said in the page and a half of his article. But if employees are to share with owners in management and profits, the latter have not to surrender privileges that have been theirs since the beginning of industry, and privilege always dies hard. The struggles that the human race has gone through to free its members from the bondage of Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman slavery, the serfdom of the feudal age, imprisonment or debt, and the milder oppressions of apprenticeship, sweatshops, company stores, and the like in modern times have been simply an endeavor to wrest privilege from those who held what seemed to the possessors inalienable rights. The wars and parliamentary struggles to advance democracy among mankind have also been simply a process of taking privilege from its former possessors. We have reached a stage of culture where we see clearly that the divine right of kings was a fallacy, that slaveholding is not right, that the inhuman working of South American natives in the mines of Peru by the Spanish invaders was wrong, that the cruel driving of women and children in the coal mines of England a century and more ago by the titled owners was against Christian principles, and the future

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generations will just as clearly see that our present system of hiring labor is against the soundest principles of Christian ethics and of industrial prosperity. Experience has proved in this country to all students of economics that slave labor cannot compete industrially with free labor even in the agricultural field; and the day will come when the proof will be equally clear that our present system of labor cannot compete with a properly organized partnership scheme.

The outline of the proper scheme is simple: The owners, employees, and the public should share—three chosen representatives—in the directorate. The two producing interests—the owners and employees or capital and labor—should share in the profits *pro rata* according to the wage of each. The details require too much space for this communication, but they are precise and easily understood. The wage of capital is the commercial rate of interest at the time, enhanced, perhaps, according to the conditions pertaining to the particular industry involved. The wage of the employees is the payroll including so-called salaries and all compensation for regular service.

If the enterprise is a public utility under public regulation, the prescribed rates will be adjusted with the intention of making them just cover expenses and these two wages. Profit is

something that must be striven for; it must be won by efficiency and economy beyond the ordinary. With the incentives due to the partnership idea of the above scheme, team-work will be the natural outcome, slackers—the cause of the present situation—will disappear by the intolerance of their fellows, and efficiency of the highest order will prevail.

At present our industries are too much subjected to a gambling chance, and one of the principal gambles is the labor element. Let us reduce the gamble by sharing profits and thereby insure stability in our industries.

J. P. SNOW,
Consulting Engineer.
Boston, Massachusetts.

"MAIN STREET"

I CANNOT resist the impulse to express my gratification at the frankly adverse criticism by R. D. Townsend of "Main Street" in your late issue.


I agree with it perfectly.

It is refreshing indeed to find some one who knows the truth about small towns (I was born and lived in one for many years) and is not afraid to express it.

I had begun to think that every one had gone mad on the subject of "Main Street."

(Mrs.) MARY C. BERRESFORD.
New York City.

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YOUR PROPERTY

Do you wish to sell or rent?

If so, we suggest an advertisement in the Annual Real Estate Issues of The Outlook. These issues will be dated February 16, March 16, and April 20, and will contain special real estate sections.

The Outlook has for many years helped its readers to dispose of property through small advertisements in these special numbers. The cost of space is only 60 cents a line.

If you will give us a description of your property we will be glad to prepare a suggested advertisement for your approval. Write us immediately in order to catch the February 16 issue. Address

Real Estate Department

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

BY THE WAY

FOR the benefit of any city man thinking of buying a small farm to make a living on," say a correspondent of the "Rural New Yorker," "I would say, sit down and figure all the expenses for one year that you can think of. Then double this. If you do not have \$1,000 left over, do not try it." This sounds discouraging, but the writer concludes: "If you do have this \$1,000 left over, by all means go ahead, as this is the best life in the world."

A first edition of a collection of Thomas Hood's letters, picked up in an old-book store, contains this story. Hood crossed the channel during a severe gale; every passenger but one was seasick; the exception, a yellow-visaged individual, was the center of envy through the next morning. "You must have some secret remedy," said one passenger; "I'd give a sovereign to know it." "Done!" said the scathless one. Carefully putting the coin in his purse, he announced: "To avoid seasickness you should live on the sea, I have done, for thirty years!"

"According to an evening paper," "Punch" reports, "the lady who has just become Duchess of Westminster has 'one son, a boy.'" "On the other hand," comments "Punch," "the Duke himself has two daughters, both girls."

"A one-legged man brought a crippled boy over to our school in a buggy and left him. It was a sharp trick. He had no money to pay railroad fare back, and there was nothing to do but to take him. The boy soon developed into a very capable worker. There was nothing that he could not do. For several winters he was boss of the wood crew and only last year he had charge of the school farm. I know of no braver spirit that has ever entered the school than this boy. Well, he has now gone to work in a cotton mill. Last Sunday he came over here to visit me, and just before he left he handed me ten dollars and said that it was to go toward a million-dollar endowment fund." This runs one of the little life-stories told in the "Industrial Student" of Cahoon Hill, Alabama. They make encouraging reading for educators.

A Seattle subscriber gives this as an example of an attempt by a high school pupil at using a newly acquired word in a sentence. Word: *Ennui*—a state of being bored. Example: They tried to fill an *ennui* a hole in the box.

A dinky preacher, an exchange reports, after a sermon on "Salvation Free," proceeded to announce a collection. A colored brother took him to task after the service for not practicing as he preached. "Patience, brudder, patience," said the parson. "S'pose you was thirsty an' come to a ribber. You could kneel right down and drink your fill, couldn't you? An' it wouldn't cost

nothin', would it?" "Ob co'se not. 't's jes' de very t'ing—" "Well, osin' yo' was to hab dat water piped yo' house, yo'd hab to pay, wouldn't?" "Yassuh, but—" "Wal, brudder, it is in dis case. Salvation am free. s de habin' it piped to yo' dat yo' got pay fo'."

An advertisement in a New York City ily indicates that "Christians" must t up earlier if they are to secure jobs stead of letting them go to the more de-awake "others." It reads:

A Happy New Year? Yes, young ladies, because here are positions for you. . . . Christians call mornings, out call early, or the other girl may get the position.

Another advertisement shows that a lling worker is often "up against it:"

Will some one tell me how a college man, 27, competent bookkeeper and office man, but limited experience, can connect with a good concern? Will work my head off for the one who gives me a chance. Address, etc.


Professor Stephen Leacock, better own as a humorist than as pro-ssor of Political Economy in McGill iversity, tells in the "Harvard vocate" of his arid life as a student Toronto thirty years ago. "I lived," e says, "in seventeen different board-ghouses. We always had beef—and da biscuits that were better than g biscuits but with not so much snap. e had practically no opportunities for sociation on a large scale. . . . We e beginning to see that the text-book d the classroom are but a part of the udent's life. True education cannot e achieved by shoveling in informa-on."

Dr. Leacock feels so strongly that e educational system partly char-terized in the above paragraph is wise that he goes on to say:

If I were founding a university—and I say it with all the seriousness of which I am capable (just think of that!)—I would found first a smoking room; then when I had a little more money in hand I would found a dormitory; then after that, or more properly with that, a decent reading room and a library. After that, if I still had money over that I couldn't use, I would hire a professor and get some text-books.

A messenger pigeon, according to an ticle in "Harper's," was awarded the gion d'Honneur during the war. It rried from Vaux to Verdun a message r help sent by Commandant Raynal. is pigeon flew through a hail of fire d a gas barrage, and, wounded and ssed, dropped dead as it delivered s message. With a fine sentiment, the ench honored the dead bird-hero with decoration of the highest merit.

The Rector (as reported by "London inion")—"And now, I suppose, you e out of danger?" Parishioner—"Well, zur, not exactly; e doctor says 'e be a-comin' one or o more times."



WHEN your hatter recommends Stetson he is interested not only in affording you genuine money's worth, but also in having his customers numbered among the really well dressed men in the community.

Style, Quality and Sound Money's Worth assured by the Stetson Label in each Hat.

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STETSON

A Cash Offer for Cartoons and Photographs

Cash payment, from \$1 to \$5, will promptly be made to our readers who send us a cartoon or photograph accepted by The Outlook.

We want to see the best cartoons published in your local papers, and the most interesting and newsy pictures you may own. Read carefully the coupons below for conditions governing payment. Then fill in the coupon, paste it on the back of the cartoon or print, and mail to us.

THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

To the Photograph Editor of The Outlook:

The attached photograph is the property of the undersigned and is submitted for publication in The Outlook. Postage is enclosed for its return if unavailable. It is my understanding that The Outlook agrees to pay \$3 for this photograph if reproduced as a half-page cut, or smaller, and \$5 if reproduced in larger size than a half page. The enclosed brief account of the object or event depicted you may use as you see fit.

Name.....

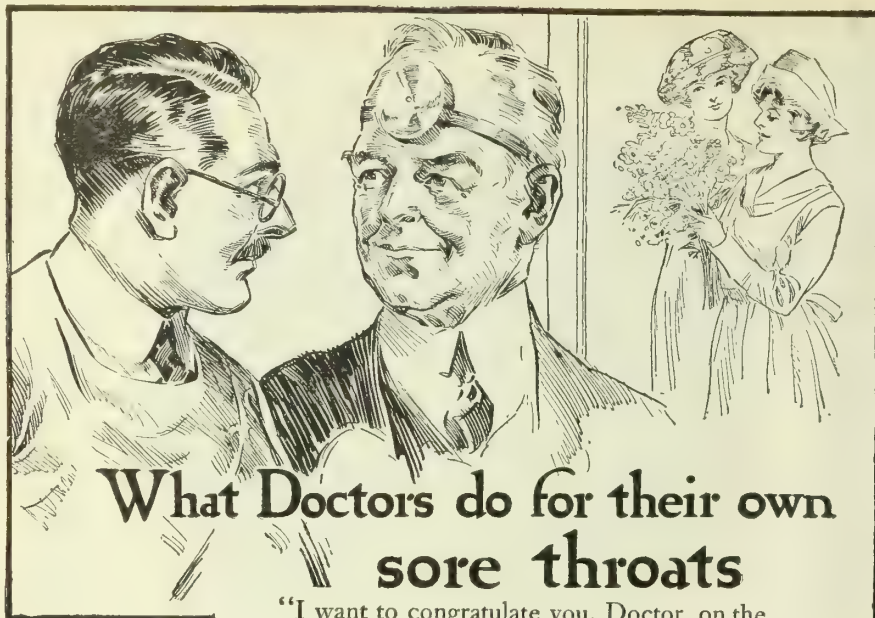
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To the Cartoon Editor of The Outlook:

The attached cartoon is clipped from the of the following date..... If this particular clipping is selected for reproduction in The Outlook, I will accept One Dollar as payment in full for my service in bringing it to your attention. I agree that if it is not used it will not be returned nor its receipt acknowledged.

Name.....

Address.....



What Doctors do for their own sore throats

"I want to congratulate you, Doctor, on the great success I hear you are having with your throat cases. I myself have attacks of inflamed throat every winter, can't seem to get rid of them. Wish you would take a look at mine and tell me what to do."

"I guess, Doctor, I will have to introduce you to Formamint. Here's a real good throat antiseptic with which you will keep the soft tissues in an almost constant antiseptic bath, because you will find Formamint pleasant and convenient enough to use frequently. I find that the average patient will readily dissolve a Formamint tablet in his mouth every hour or so, and you know how hard it is to get them to use gargles or sprays consistently, even two or three times a day, especially children."

"Formamint tablets certainly relieve sore throats and are heading off a lot of tonsillitis for me, but I am even more interested in their prophylactic power, and so I am advising my patients to use them freely during the throat and influenza season to prevent infection."

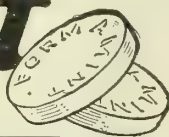
Any druggist will tell you how widely Formamint is recommended by throat specialists, physicians and dentists.

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Formamint

GERM-FIGHTING THROAT TABLETS

Formamint is our trade mark. It identifies our product.



HELP WANTED!

Are you in need of a Mother's Helper, Companion, Nurse, Governess, Teacher, Business or Professional Assistant?

The Classified Want Department of The Outlook has for many years offered to subscribers a real service. A small advertisement in this department will bring results.

The rate is only ten cents per word, including address.

Department of Classified Advertising,
THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Ave., New York

THE BLAINE-BURCHARD INCIDENT

A FORMER COUNCILOR OF THE GOVERNOR OF MAINE RELATES WHAT MR. BLAINE TOLD HIM

IMEDIATELY after the Presidential election of 1884 Mr. Blaine went to the city of Ellsworth, Maine, to the home of United States Senator Eugene Hale, for a fortnight's rest.

At that time I was a member of the Executive Council of the State of Maine, sometimes called the Governor's Council, and was in Ellsworth on State business.

On the morning that I left Ellsworth Mr. Blaine, accompanied by his daughter Margaret, entered the car I was in. Mr. Blaine said to his daughter: "Margaret, please take a seat opposite; I want to talk to Fessenden." She did so, and I sat facing Mr. Blaine from Ellsworth to Bangor. Mr. Blaine talked. I listened. He analyzed all the causes that contributed to his defeat without emotion or rancor. A stranger would not have known that he was conversing with a defeated candidate.

In that connection I said to Mr. Blaine, "Why in the world didn't you refute and negative Burchard's remarks right then and there?"

Mr. Blaine replied, and I give him my reply verbatim, for I have thought over many times: "Fessenden, I did not hear that remark. The gentleman spoke in a very low tone of voice. My mind was intent upon another matter and I neither heard nor knew of what he had said until the next morning."

Mr. Harlan, in The Outlook of December 8, states his recollection of what his father told him long afterward.

Mr. Lowell, in The Outlook of December 22, states his recollection of what Dr. McKelway told him, which tallies substantially with my recollection; but I state what Mr. Blaine himself told me within two weeks after the election upon his first appearance in public, and he knew that he was talking directly to a personal friend and as ardent a Blaine Republican as there was in the country.

"Ancient history" all of it. How the years pass! Principal and participant mostly all "gone west." Yet history ancient or modern, should recite facts.

NICHOLAS FESSENDEN.

Aroostook County Probate Court,
Fort Fairfield, Maine.

THE OUTLOOK'S POLARIZATION

PLEASE continue my copy of Outlook. We could not keep house without it after the daily papers have deluged us all week with rumors and near-facts, look to The Outlook to clear the muddy water. I do not always agree, but the polarization is helpful.

I have found The Outlook fair in its prophecies and interpretations, and consistent as any human agency can be in this twentieth century.

W. L. LILLIE.

New Bedford, Massachusetts.

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FORESTRY NUMBER

The Outlook

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LIBRARY

JAN 23 1921

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life



A VILLAGE THREATENED BY A FOREST FIRE

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BY CHARLES LATHROP PACK

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BY E. T. ALLEN

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81 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



Calvin Coolidge Calls Policemen “the Wardens of Civilization”

CALVIN COOLIDGE, Vice-President Elect of the United States, has reviewed for *The Outlook* a book about policemen which is causing a sensation both in England and America. It will appear

· next week in

The Outlook

“the most-quoted weekly journal in America”

It is the first time in his many-sided career that Governor Coolidge has written a book review. He has chosen *The Outlook* as the publication in which it is to appear.

His critical estimate of Raymond B. Fosdick's “American Police Systems” again illustrates *The Outlook's* policy of having important new books reviewed by the authorities best qualified to criticise them.

Who could be better qualified to write a critical estimate of a book on our police systems than the Governor of Massachusetts, who, by his treatment of the police strike in Boston, spoke the mind of the whole country when he said: “There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time.”

If your subscription to The Outlook is about to expire, renew it now

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

PUBLISHER'S NOTES

THE cost of manufacturing The Outlook continues to be excessive, and necessitates the careful restriction of its distribution to news-stands. If you are in the habit of securing your copy from your news-dealer, it is suggested that you guard against disappointment by placing a regular order with him. The strict limitation of the size of our current editions explains why it is sometimes impossible to supply requests for additional copies. Of this issue only 116,000 copies have been printed.

AWARD of prizes will be announced and winning letters in The Outlook's Prize Contest No. 1 will be published early in March. The widespread interest in the contest is disclosed by the fact that the first fifty letters received in the first contest came from twenty-one States and from Canada. The State of New York at the present count leads in number of contestants, with Michigan second, Massachusetts third, and Pennsylvania, Ohio, Missouri, and California tied for fourth place. Contest letters, in order to be eligible for this contest, must reach The Outlook office on or before January 31, 1921. You may still have time to enter. The first prize is \$50, the second prize \$30, and the third prize \$20, payable in cash. The subject and conditions of the second of our prize contests will be announced in a February issue.

THE flood of contest letters reveals an extensive but somewhat suppressed function on the part of our readers. Letters to the editors are welcomed even when there is no prize at stake. In order to encourage the not always gentle art of letter-writing, a new department, "The Editors' Mail Bag," begins in an early issue. It is anticipated that competition for a hearing in this inclosure will be lively and continuous.

THE publisher cannot help feeling a little proud of The Outlook's advertising record for the month of December, 1920. The figures for New England are particularly interesting, showing that The Outlook ranked third among general National weekly publications as to volume of advertising. It was surpassed only by the "Saturday Evening Post" and the "Literary Digest." The amount of advertising of New England concerns in The Outlook exceeded that carried by "Life," "Collier's," "Christian Herald," "Youth's Companion," "Independent," "Leslie's," and "Judge." The summary was made by the "Literary Digest."

IN deference to feminism, girls as well as boys may avail themselves of the opportunity to act as sales agents for The Outlook. We shall be glad to have your daughter's application for neighborhood work for us of this kind. A post-card, telling us that she is interested, will bring the application form.

PROPOS of Gilbert K. Chesterton's visit to America, The Outlook will tell you next week how to secure a free copy of his famous romance, "The Man Who Was Thursday."

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No Library, large or small, public or private, is complete without these
FIVE GREAT BOOKS

NO MAN CAN BE CALLED WELL INFORMED WITHOUT A THOROUGH GROUNDING IN THE HISTORY, ECONOMIC, SOCIAL AND POLITICAL, OF HIS OWN COUNTRY AND OF OTHER MODERN COUNTRIES; OR WITHOUT A BACKGROUND OF THE HISTORY OF THE RACE IN GENERAL. THESE FIVE BOOKS, EACH A CLASSIC IN ITS OWN FIELD, COVER THE FIVE BIGGEST TOPICS IN WORLD HISTORY, AND TOGETHER COMPRISE THE INDISPENSABLE FOUNDATION AND BACKGROUND OF INTELLIGENT CITIZENSHIP.

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HELP WANTED!

Are you in need of a Mother's Helper, Companion, Nurse, Governess, Teacher, Business or Professional Assistant? The Classified want Department of The Outlook has for many years offered to subscribers a real service. A small advertisement in this department will bring results. The rate is only ten cents per word, including address.

Department of Classified Advertising

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

**THE GUNN "LINO"
GREEN DESK TOPS**
Eliminate GLASS, GLARE and WEAR

(Patent Pending)

THE LAST WORD IN DESKS
(MADE IN GRAND RAPIDS)

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Colored print and full particulars mailed free on request

THE GUNN FURNITURE COMPANY
1877 Broadway
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

The Outlook

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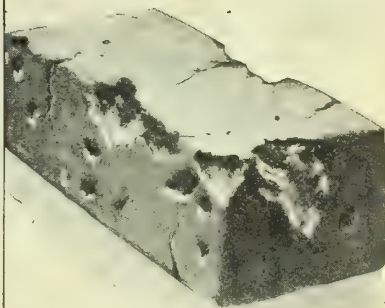


Exterminating the Fire Rat!

UP until a few years ago, no method had been devised to protect furnace walls from the gnawing of the great heats that modern boilers generate.

The most fire-resistant clays, brick and tile, succumb prematurely to this action, so that boiler plants were forced too frequently into idleness, while the chewed and broken walls of their fire boxes were torn out and replaced.

To the rectification of these fire clay failures, Johns-Manville has contributed largely, for by research and experiment it has made the science of refractories of practical service to man—and an important contribution to conservation.



Fire brick chewed out and cracked after exposure of heat. This means shutting down a boiler for days while new Bricks are set up in place of the old ones. Johns-Manville Heat Treatment reduces this shut-down and replacement expense.

TEMPERATURES run very high in boiler furnaces, sometimes exceeding 3,000 degrees F. Even the best materials commercially usable will stand such heat but temporarily.

Fire Brick, built into walls and archways becomes furnace masonry: which is expected to withstand such heats.

But as soon as the "bond" between the bricks begins to disintegrate, crumble or melt, the life of the fire bricks themselves is immediately threatened.

What happens in a boiler fire box

The great weakness, then, in all furnace masonry occurs at these joints between the fire brick. They may disintegrate, due to contraction and expansion or melt or crumble due to direct action of the heat.

Any of these reactions removes the fire clay from the brick joints. It is at the open joints thus formed that heat gets in its damage. Concentrating there, its effects pile up as more and more gnawing, either shaling off portions of the brick; deforming it by melting, or permitting the adhesion of clinker—

result, an expensive piece of masonry ruined in a few weeks and a boiler idle for repairs.

The Remedy

By ingenious mixtures and treatments of clays and minerals in combination with asbestos, Johns-Manville has devised a series of cements. One general class to be used as binders between fire bricks and another class as overall surface coatings.

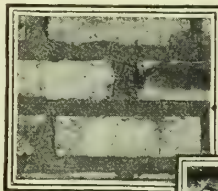
Of great elasticity, these materials

accept brick expansion and contraction without damage. They are resistant to high temperatures and retard the adhesion of clinkers. It is this treatment that has improved the life of boiler settings many fold.

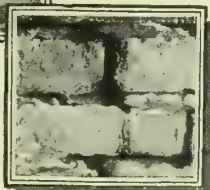
So successful has Johns-Manville heat treatment been in boiler practice that the application of its materials and principles has extended rapidly in the last few years, and today includes similar treatments for many types of furnaces and processes where high heats are employed.

A list of these materials is given below, together with other heat saving materials that combine to effect the conservation of power, fuel and equipment.

Johns-Manville Refractory Cements: Retort Cement No. 20; Refractory Cements Nos. 31 and 26 for use between bricks; No. 32 for use as coating; Monolithic Refractory Baffle Wall; Aertite Boiler Wall Coating. **INSULATIONS.** Asbesto-Sponge Felted, 85% Magnesite, Asbestocel, Zero, Anti-Sweat and Ammonia Insulation, Underground Conduit Insulation and Insulating Cements.



"Close-up" of fire brick work set up with No. 31 Refractory Cement—Note that the heat has not harmed it—in the least.



"Close up" of same kind of brick wall set up with fire clay. The fire rat has been at it.

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that keeps the heat where it belongs

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that make boiler walls leak proof

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that cut down fire risks

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that save power waste

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that make brakes safe

FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

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Economy

IVORY SOAP



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FROM every standpoint Ivory Soap is economical.

It is economical in its cost. No soap so big and so good sells for so little.

It is economical in its all-round bath and toilet use. Special toilet soap is not required in the home where Ivory is used.

It is economical in that it floats. You are reminded to take it out of the water instead of having it sink out of sight and waste away.

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The Outlook

JANUARY 26, 1921

THE FIRST REAL TEST OF MR. HARDING

MR. HARDING is going to be judged by the Cabinet he selects. For several weeks he has been consulting at Marion with men of different minds. Very soon he will have to make his own decision. As Mr. Nicholas Roosevelt says in a letter published elsewhere in this issue, his choice will determine whether he will enter upon his term of office with the support of public confidence or the handicap of public disappointment.

Most Americans have no particular candidates for particular offices; but they know the type of men whom they wish to see in places of executive responsibility. Though they might prefer one to the other, they would regard, for example, either Mr. Root or Mr. Hughes as fit to be Secretary of State. But if Mr. X, whom they do not know, or Mr. Y, whom they know only as a successful and shrewd politician, or Mr. Z, whom they know only as the candidate of a group or class, were chosen for the premier post in the Cabinet, they would rightfully chalk up a large black mark against the incoming Administration.

Cabinets cannot wholly be chosen with a view to individual fitness any more than a football team can be chosen with a sole regard to the merits of individual stars. A Cabinet, like a football team, must be made up of men who are not only good individual players, but men who can be made to play the game together. So far, and not much farther, may political expediency be recognized. If we are not mistaken, the American electorate is in no frame of mind to be tolerant of the payment of political debts through placement in high office.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE VETERAN

THE Bureau of War Risk Insurance and the Federal Board for Vocational Education have been under fire since their organization. Some of the criticism has been just; some has been unjust. Some of it has been put forward with the desire to help the men entrusted with the work of carrying on these two great agencies; some of the criticism has apparently been put forward out of spite and a desire for newspaper notoriety.

From a careful study of the situation

we are convinced that the men in charge of these two bureaus are engaged wholeheartedly and devotedly in the task of rendering to the discharged veterans the greatest possible service of which they are capable. The chief blame for some of the unfortunate situations which have arisen apparently lies with the organic law under which these two Governmental agencies are operating. This is, in the main, the conclusion of the American Legion and the Joint Committee for Aid to Disabled Veterans, of which Mr. Henry L. Stimson, ex-Secretary of War, is chairman.

Both the Legion and this Committee point out the need of co-ordinating the work of the Bureau, the Board, and the Public Health Service under a single assistant secretary, whose whole duty shall be to eliminate friction and prevent duplication of effort. The Legion also points out the need for decentralization of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance and the need of taking the Bureau to the veteran rather than forcing, as at present, the veteran to go to the Bureau. The Federal Board for Vocational Education has adopted this policy and has successfully decentralized to the limit permitted under the present law. What the Board has accomplished is adequately and fairly summarized in an article which appears in this issue from the pen of Mr. J. P. Munroe.

It should be the first duty of the present Congress to provide for the co-ordination of all the agencies dealing with disabled and handicapped veterans. As the American Legion says, these men require medical treatment, vocational training, and financial support. As the Legion also shows, the Government has recognized these three needs, but has overlooked the fact that they are the simultaneous needs of one man, not of three different men or of one man at three different times. Until the agencies dealing with this threefold problem are united under a common head and are functioning smoothly and efficiently the Government of the United States will continue to fall far short of fulfilling its duty to the men who gave their all for its preservation.

ANTI-JEWISH PROPAGANDA

FOR some months there has been carried on in this country an insidious but persistent propaganda against the Jews and the Jewish religion. It

probably had its origin in a publication issued originally from Russia called "The Protocols." This book professes to be an exposé of a Jewish plot to dominate the world. It bears internal evidence, however, of having been fraudulently manufactured more than twenty years ago in Russia under the Romanoffs as a part of a bitter campaign of members of the Romanoff autocracy against the Jews—a campaign which was partly political and partly inquisitorial. We shall publish in an early issue of The Outlook an article by Baron Korff, formerly an officer of the Romanoff Government, although a Russian liberal Christian, which gives the history of the origin of "The Protocols" and the evidence of their fraudulent character.

American Jews have been very forbearing in this crisis and have been reticent about complaining of the unjust attempt to incite prejudice and hatred against them, although a number of Jewish societies have issued a temperate statement of the facts. This statement has now been corroborated by a remarkable public protest, originated, we believe, by John Spargo, signed by more than a hundred American men of prominence, none of whom are Jews. The first four signers of this protest are President Wilson, ex-President Taft, Cardinal O'Connell of the Roman Catholic Church, and Lyman Abbott, Editor-in-Chief of this journal.

We wish that we had the space to publish the names of all the others who have signed this protest, for it makes a striking array of American citizens of distinction and authority. It includes such names as those of Evangeline Booth, the head of the Salvation Army; ex-Secretary of State William J. Bryan; James R. Day, Chancellor of Syracuse University; President Faunce, of Brown University; ex-Secretary of War Lindley Garrison; Martin H. Glynn, ex-Governor of New York; Archbishop Hayes, of the Roman Catholic Church; George Kennan, the Russian expert; ex-Secretary of State Robert Lansing; John Spargo; and Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. The number of prominent Catholics as well as Protestants signing the protest and defending their fellow Jewish citizens is very significant. The protest which these men and women have signed is against "the publication of a number of books, pamphlets, and newspaper articles designed to foster distrust and suspicion of our fellow-citizens of Jewish

ancestry and faith—distrust and suspicion of their loyalty and patriotism." The protest, continuing, says that these attacks are a threat and menace not only against the Jews, but against American citizenship and American democracy. In signing the protest Cardinal O'Connell, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Boston, says that such an anti-Jewish campaign as the protest denounces "is entirely at variance with America's best traditions and ideals, and its only effect can be the introduction of religious tests to determine citizenship and a reign of prejudice and race hatred wholly incompatible with loyal and intelligent American citizenship."

Such a protest signed by such representative citizens is a very healthy thing. It is an indication that the in-

landed his fist in a companion's face. There was a quarrel over the methods alleged to have been used in getting publicity for their story.

It is said in excuse that the Spirit of the North has a way of bewitching men who venture into its domains. Men, however, do not invariably lose their heads under such circumstances.

Captain Scott, of the British navy, who lost his life after having successfully reached the South Pole, left some letters which have been recently quoted in Christopher Morley's column in the New York "Evening Post." One letter, all we have space for here, was written

peace that millions of readers who not so very many months ago read with weariness of deaths by the thousand on the field of battle are now ready to read with eagerness whole pages of narrative concerning the fate of three undistinguished men.

From all accounts the commanding officer of the expedition, Lieutenant Kloor, behaved like an adult.

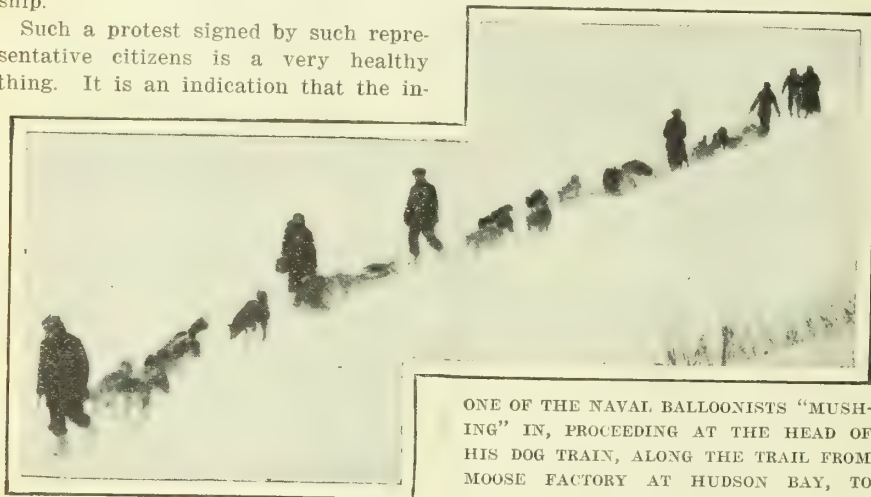
EVERY MAN HIS OWN RAILWAY

EVERY year there is an exposition in the Grand Central Palace of New York City which might fairly be called an exhibit of private railways, for the modern automobile has long since developed from a luxury into a vitally necessary form of transportation. When, a few years ago, automobile manufacturers stopped calling their vehicles "pleasure cars" and began to use the term "passenger cars," they were expressing not a hope, but an accomplished and recognized fact. This year's show at the Palace was of more than usual significance. By the success or failure of this exhibit many hoped to judge the prospects for the coming year, not only in the automobile trade, but in other lines of business.

The automobile industry is one of the key manufacturing enterprises of the country. So far as its products are concerned, the country has by no means reached a point of saturation, and if next year is to approach normal business conditions the demand for automobiles should be steady and sure. The sales results of the recent exhibition are naturally locked up in the archives of the exhibitors, but, judging by the throngs which packed the Palace, popular interest in the automobile has suffered no diminution.

Only a few new exhibitors entered the field this year and the standard cars showed few radical changes either in lines or in construction. The most radical innovations were presented, perhaps, on two of the newer cars; but as these machines have been put forward by men of wide automotive-engineering experience their radicalism may be said to have a sound and conservative basis.

It is interesting to notice that one steam car is still to be found doggedly and successfully holding its place against an overwhelming predominance of internal-combustion motors. The air-cooled motor, though vastly outnumbered by its water-cooled rivals, also occupied its usual place in the exhibit. While both of these types are a departure from current practice, they obviously fill successfully a real need or they would not continue to survive. It



ONE OF THE NAVAL BALLOONISTS "MUSHING" IN, PROCEEDING AT THE HEAD OF HIS DOG TRAIN, ALONG THE TRAIL FROM MOOSE FACTORY AT HUDSON BAY, TO MATTICE, ONTARIO

(C) International

sidious anti-Jewish propaganda may very well in its reaction be of great public service, for it has brought out in a striking way the truth that real Americanism is totally opposed to sectarian prejudices or race hatred.

MUSH ABOUT MUSHING IN

PERHAPS it is the influence of the movies which Mr. Pulsifer assailed last week and Mr. Fuessle this week defends. Perhaps it is the natural consequence of the emotional strain of war. Perhaps it is simply the innate liking for adventurous tales that displays itself early in childhood and lasts in most people until old age. Whatever it is, it set people reading column after column in the newspapers about the three naval balloonists who, starting from Rockaway, on Long Island, landed up on Hudson Bay.

Why they did it nobody seems so far to be able to give any good reason. If it was to show how men trained as officers of the navy can endure hardship with self-control and good spirit, the trip was not very successful. Upon arriving within range of the newspaper reporters the first thing that happened was that one of these naval officers

by Captain Scott to the wife of one of his companions:

My dear Mrs. Wilson: If this letter reaches you Bill and I will have gone out together. We are very near it now and I should like you to know how splendid he was at the end—everlastingly cheerful and ready to sacrifice himself for others, never a word of blame to me for leading him into this mess. . . .

As Mr. Morley's correspondent says, "A man can always live up to whatever traditions he possesses."

There is a naval inquiry under way concerning the naval balloon expedition. We hope it will go into the whole relation of the naval officer to the profitable use of publicity as well as into the practical use by the navy of free balloons.

The episode is not of very great importance or significance; but it took a great deal more space in our newspapers than more important and significant news. It served to illustrate the fact that most of our newspapers are in fact also story papers. The newspaper man's term "story" for pretty nearly everything he writes indicates the newspaper man's attitude toward the news. Of course this in turn is affected in great measure by the attitude of newspaper readers. Perhaps it is a sign of

LARGELY A MATTER OF BUSINESS

Thomas in the Detroit News



GET OFF THE HOSE!

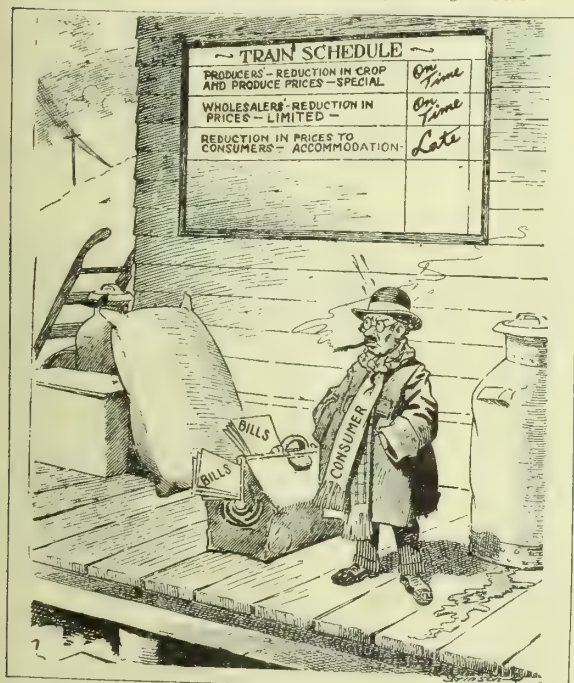
Calbert in the Toledo News-Bee



THE NEW TRAFFIC COP

From W. J. Moylan, Toledo, Ohio

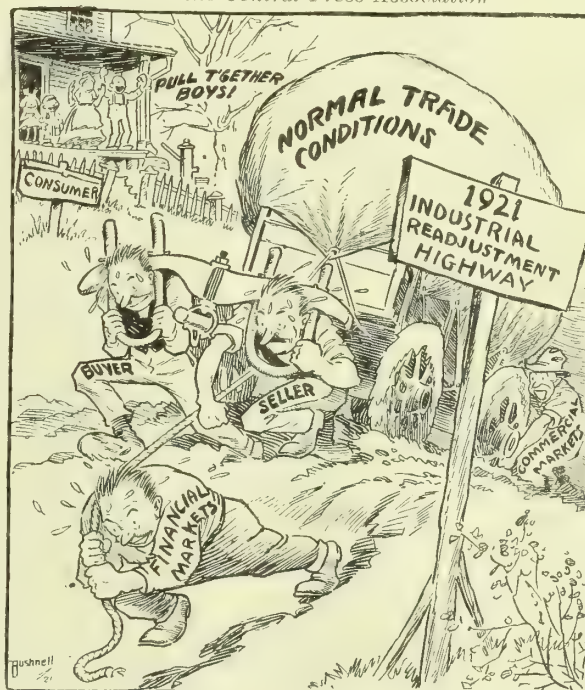
Stinson in the Dayton (Florida) Daily News



OLD ACCOMMODATION'S A LITTLE LATE, BUT SHE'S COMING

From H. R. Olney, Tarpon Springs, Florida

From the Central Press Association



NOW ALL TOGETHER—HEAVE HO, MY HEARTIES!



(C) Keystone

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

takes courage and strength to breast the current of popular favor.

CHESTERTON—ANGELS' ADVOCATE

AN undergraduate at Yale (at least we surmise he is an undergraduate) wrote to his father the other day an indignant letter. He had received from his father an article by a "fair lady" on G. K. Chesterton, and this is what he said about it, as printed in the New York "Globe:"

Modeling his life after Dr. Johnson—what a joke! The beer-drinker and the teetotaler! The Tory and the champion of the Middle Ages. The Leviathan of classical, pompous style and the facile master of the paradox. Surely you were joking.

Mr. Chesterton has arrived in this country for a visit. He is going to warn us against the danger of believing things that are not so. He is going to tell us of the untrustworthiness of the things which, in common with the rest of humanity, we have been accepting as truths. He is going to see that the skeptics are hoist with their own petard. He is going to pierce the hide of conventional heterodoxy. It is probably without significance that his manager arranged that his first lecture should be in Boston.

Most of those who will hear Mr. Chesterton will expect him to serve them paradoxes. Now there are paradoxes and paradoxes, and it is not difficult to turn off something paradoxical provided one is indifferent to its quality or its substance. Mr. Chesterton's paradoxes, however, are all of one kind, or rather they all serve one end. He is not interested in a paradox as such; he is interested in stating what he believes

to be truth in such a way as to indicate his enjoyment of disbelieving untruth.

One reason why the radical, the skeptic, the iconoclast, the heretic, gets a hearing is that he seems interesting. He is different from the crowd, and therefore is conspicuous. He introduces into common life the element of drama. As soon as heresy becomes the accepted belief it ceases to be interesting. Now what Mr. Chesterton has done is to lend interest to orthodoxy. Where others would seek for romance in the stars Mr. Chesterton finds it in a lamp-post. To him the exciting thing is not turbulence but order. Perhaps an idea of Mr. Chesterton's view of life may be conveyed by some excerpts from a conversation between Gregory and Syme in "The Man Who Was Thursday." Gregory is speaking:

"The man who throws a bomb is an artist, because he prefers a great moment to everything. . . . The poet delights in disorder only. If it were not so, the most poetical thing in the world would be the Underground Railway."

"So it is," said Mr. Syme.

"Nonsense!" said Gregory, who was very rational when any one else attempted paradox. "Why do all the clerks and navvies in the railway trains look so sad and tired, so very sad and tired? I will tell you: it is because . . . after they have passed Sloane Square they know that the next station must be Victoria. . . . Oh, their wild rapture! oh, their eyes like stars and their souls again in Eden, if the next were unaccountably Baker Street!"

"It is you who are unpoetical," replied the poet Syme. "If what you say of clerks is true, they can only be as prosaic as your poetry. The rare, strange thing is to hit the mark; the gross, obvious thing is to miss it. We feel it is epic when man with one wild arrow strikes a distant bird. Is it not also epic when man with one wild engine strikes a distant station? Chaos is dull; because in chaos the train might indeed go anywhere, to Baker Street or to Bagdad. But man is a magician, and his whole magic is in this, that he does say Victoria, and lo! it is Victoria. No, take your books of mere poetry and prose; let me read a time-table, with tears of pride. . . ."

In the rest of the book Mr. Chesterton describes the experiences of Mr. Syme, the man who was Thursday, which tend to prove, if the most highly imaginative kind of fiction can prove anything, that not the wildest dreams of Anarchists could supply the thrills that ensue when half a dozen men unite in the pursuit of law and order.

Most people like to listen when the devil's advocate is arguing, for his Satanic Majesty is reputed to live at least a picturesque life. Mr. Chesterton's distinction lies in the fact that

people sit up and take notice when he argues the case for the angels.

MARY GARDEN, DIRECTOR

To unite in one person the almost contradictory functions of the creative artist and the directing executive is an experiment always interesting to watch. It is this experiment which Mary Garden, long recognized as one of the most capable emotional and dramatically gifted opera singers, has undertaken. With the resignation of Herbert M. Johnson as director of the Chicago Opera Miss Garden has been appointed in his place. That of itself would be an interesting event, for, so far as we know, it is the first time that a position of that kind has been given to a woman. What makes the situation quite unprecedented is that Miss Garden will continue, so it is reported, to take her part in the stage performances.

Perhaps the experiment will succeed. If so, Miss Garden will have proved herself to be quite exceptional among both artists and executives. It is not that the qualities of mind and sentiment which make a great artist may not exist in the same person with those qualities of mind and sentiment that make the great executive. These qualities are not in themselves as rare as they are reputed to be. What is rare is the power to turn quickly from the activities of the executive to the necessarily ruminative frame of mind and the controlled emotional state essential to the interpretation or production of art. Almost everybody is two persons, but it is the rare individual that can be two persons at once.

Mary Garden's remarkable powers as an actress have been exercised in diverse parts. Few who saw her as



(C) Mishkin

MARY GARDEN IN THAYS

Melisande will ever escape attributing to the whole spirit of the Middle Ages something of Mary Garden's personality. Those who have seen her in Charpentier's "Louise" may have been convinced that opera was necessarily a hybrid art which could be justified, not by any principles of drama, but only as a social function and a means of entertainment; but they must have come away from the performance with some doubt as to their opinions on that score. Mary Garden made Louise a real character.

There are many musical critics who regard her voice as an instrument of rather inferior quality. We wish there were more singers with a voice like hers, because she sings so as to make people think less of her voice than of the music. There are some people who question the wholesomeness of the art she interprets as well as of her interpretation of it. We shall not enter into that discussion here. It is enough to say that she has done as much as any other opera singer to induce people to take opera seriously as an art.

THE LIVING ROOSEVELT

A PROMISING project has been undertaken by the Roosevelt Memorial Association—the formation of a Bureau of Roosevelt Research and Information, directed by Mr. Hermann Hagedorn.

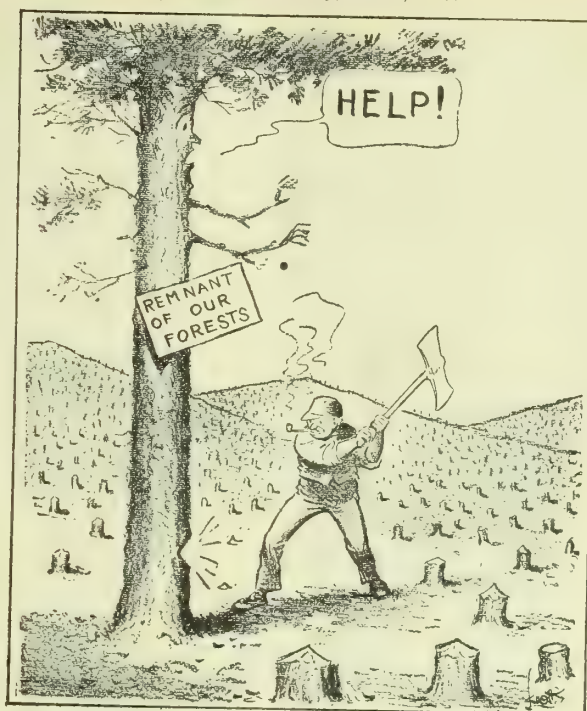
The purpose of this Research Bureau is to collect all available biographical matter concerning Theodore Roosevelt both from documents and from men and women who were close to Colonel Roosevelt; to collect the best photographs of Theodore Roosevelt, his friends, opponents, and scenes connected with his career; and to publish from time to time authoritative works dealing with his life. The services of this Bureau will be available for school-teachers and lecturers.

In the announcement of the creation of this Bureau Mr. Gifford Pinchot said:

We cannot have Roosevelt with us in the flesh. No more can we spare him as a vital force in American affairs. We ought never to lose our touch with his fearless, wise, American soul, or the way he dealt with the problems of his own time.

This Research Bureau can do for Theodore Roosevelt what the researches of Nicolay and Hay did for the memory of Abraham Lincoln, and it can do it far more thoroughly than any private individuals. With the resources at its disposal, it ought to succeed in collecting and preserving for future historians all the worth-while material which would otherwise vanish from the earth with the passing of the generation that knew Mr. Roosevelt in the flesh.

Knott in the Dallas (Texas) Morning News
From Ruth McKay, Dallas, Texas



THE WAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

THE TREE CROP

A TREE to some is nothing but a tree. To them it is as meaningless and uninteresting as the primrose by the river's brim. It comes into their consciousness only when they bump into it on the paved sidewalk or dash into it in an automobile. For them the world is bounded by asphalt, brick, and tile.

To others a tree is a symbol of a vacation. It is an invitation to out-of-doors. It suggests something to lie under or to pick blossoms from or, in youth, to climb.

To others a tree is an object of scientific study. It is something to be classified and numbered. It is something that tells by its rings of the passage of time. It is part of nature's museum.

To still others, and these are not a few, a tree is a thing of beauty. Such it was to Joyce Kilmer, who wrote:

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

To some who think of trees in this way a tree is almost sacrosanct. To cut it down seems to such almost like murder. To them a forest attacked by the timberman bears a close resemblance to the Cloth Hall of Ypres under the German bombardment. It is to such as these

tree lovers that we owe our National Parks. It is to them that is due the gratitude of the Nation for the preservation of at least some of the giant redwoods of California as monuments not built with hands.

Indifferent, however, as the confirmed city-dweller may be to things that grow, absorbed as the vacationist may be in his own enjoyment, concentrated as the mind of the scientist may be upon knowledge, stirred as the lover of beauty may be by arboreal strength and grace, not one of them is without vital interest in the tree as a product of the soil for merchandise and as a preserver of the soil from which their sustenance comes. To them all trees should be of vital interest as a crop.

It is possible to be a lover of beauty and to recognize this fact. We ought to preserve trees by the thousands for the sake of their beauty. There ought to be forests primeval kept free from the ax. There ought to be National Parks preserved not only as playgrounds but as repositories of natural beauty. But there ought also to be great areas of land on which trees are cultivated and harvested.

It is not necessary for us here to give figures showing the immense value of timber as a resource. Mr. Pack and Mr. Allen in their articles in this issue state the facts with authority. It is not necessary for us to attempt to picture that resource of trees as one might picture innumerable acres of growing grain. Mr. Driggs in his story in this



(C) Harris & Ewing
 REPRESENTATIVE SNELL
 Sponsor for the Forestry Bill

issue does that graphically. If our readers will heed what Mr. Pack and Mr. Allen and Mr. Driggs tell us, they will need no further exhortation from us to lend their support to those who are endeavoring to preserve an indispensable resource of the Nation.

A few years ago those who tried to stir public opinion in behalf of scientific forestry were as voices crying in the wilderness. There was fear at that time on the part of those who sought preservation of forests as public parks that scientific forestry would prey on all forests. There was opposition too on the part of some lumbermen, who feared any Governmental interference with the liberty of cutting trees of any size wherever they might be found. But, above all, there was public indifference, a lack of understanding that our trees are not exhaustless.

Now, however, there is a new spirit of co-operation rising. What Gifford Pinchot used to preach many who were then heedless are now willing to practice. Associations of lumbermen, of timber merchants, of scientific foresters, and of public-spirited citizens such as those in the American Forestry Association, whose concern is not primarily for any private interest but for the public interest, are uniting. On the very day whose date appears on this issue of *The Outlook* there is set a hearing at Washington on the Forestry Bill for which Representative Bertrand H. Snell, of the State of New York, is sponsor in Congress. This bill has the support

alike of those who realize that forest conservation is essential to their industries and those who realize that forest conservation is a matter of National concern.

At a time when there is a great and just demand for economy in public expenditure it is especially necessary to urge such appropriations of public money as will prevent extravagance and waste. It is no economy to withhold a dollar if the withholding of that dollar means in fact the waste of five or ten times as much. Such is the case with legitimate and wise appropriations for forestry purpose. The waste from forest fires, the waste from ruthless and ignorant timber-cutting, the waste from erosion of the soil on treeless mountainsides, the waste of unused lands incapable of producing anything profitably but trees, benefits nobody.

In some verses by Henry Abbey there is put concisely the nature of the crop which the forester sows and reaps:

What do we plant when we plant the tree?

We plant the ship, which will cross the sea.

We plant the mast to carry the sails;

We plant the planks to withstand the gales—

The keel, the keelson and beam and knee:

We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?

We plant the house for you and me.

We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,

We plant the studding, the laths, the doors,

The beam and siding, all parts that be:

We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?

A thousand things that we daily see;

We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,

We plant the staff for our country's flag,

We plant the shade, from the hot sun free:

We plant all these when we plant the tree.

POOR OLD HUMAN NATURE!

IT is blamed for many things, poor old human nature," smiled the Young-Old Philosopher. "There are those who say that there can never be permanent peace in this troubled world because of a certain characteristic in us all which loves a struggle, a scrap. They hold that when street brawls cease that will be the proper time to think of a real League of Nations.

"Frequently I, too, despair of poor old

human nature. But just as my courage and faith are at their lowest ebb I see something that makes me sit up and take heart again. For instance, how many contend that no one cares for the classics any more—that jazz and tumblers and bunny-hugging and I don't know how many other things, including cheap movies, are, and always will be, in the ascendant; that the hearts of the multitude have long since turned from the beautiful in art to the lowest forms of expression; that there their real loves lie, and nothing can change this awful state of things!

"Yet the other evening I went to a vast theater on the East Side of town where a fine actor was presenting 'Hamlet.' I thought there was no need of purchasing tickets in advance—no one would be there; so why waste my energy in engaging seats beforehand. To my amazement—and joy—I found a line of people stretching for a whole block, eager to get in. I had to take my place in that heterogeneous line—and you never saw so many kinds of people in your life! A Negro was right ahead of me; an Italian and his wife and child were not far away; and I noted the wistful faces of students and teachers who evidently feared there would be no room for them, since they had been so late in arriving. The shouting and pushing were good-natured and friendly; there wasn't the slightest semblance of rowdiness. And when at last we all got inside there was that expectant hum of an audience that is anxious to be pleased; that has come to the theater in the right spirit and hopes to make the best of its little time in the playhouse. Such spontaneous applause I have seldom heard. The actor was not one whose name means much to the so-called highbrow. The play was the thing these folks had come to see—'Hamlet,' not a Henry Irving or a Booth or a Forbes-Robertson, or even a Hampden or a Sothern.

"As the play proceeded I could hear discussions between the acts which revealed that these people had read Shakespeare, and not merely heard of him. And some one whispered behind me, 'Do you think we can afford "Julius Caesar" next week?"

"It was Arnold Bennett who said that the classics are kept alive, not by the man in the street, but by the passionate few. But here were more than a handful keeping alive what is perhaps the most glorious play in the English language, leaning forward to catch each line, each thought, as it came to them over the barrier of the footlights.

"Don't get too discouraged about art. It survives. Like truth, crushed to earth, it rises again.

"You know the story of the old lady

who said she liked 'Hamlet' very much; but it was so full of quotations. Had she but known it, she praised not only the play in that remark, but herself as well. For if she knew some of those matchless lines by heart she held within herself a feast for lean intellectual days—like the soul who, because of early training, can remember the Scriptures in some disastrous hour.

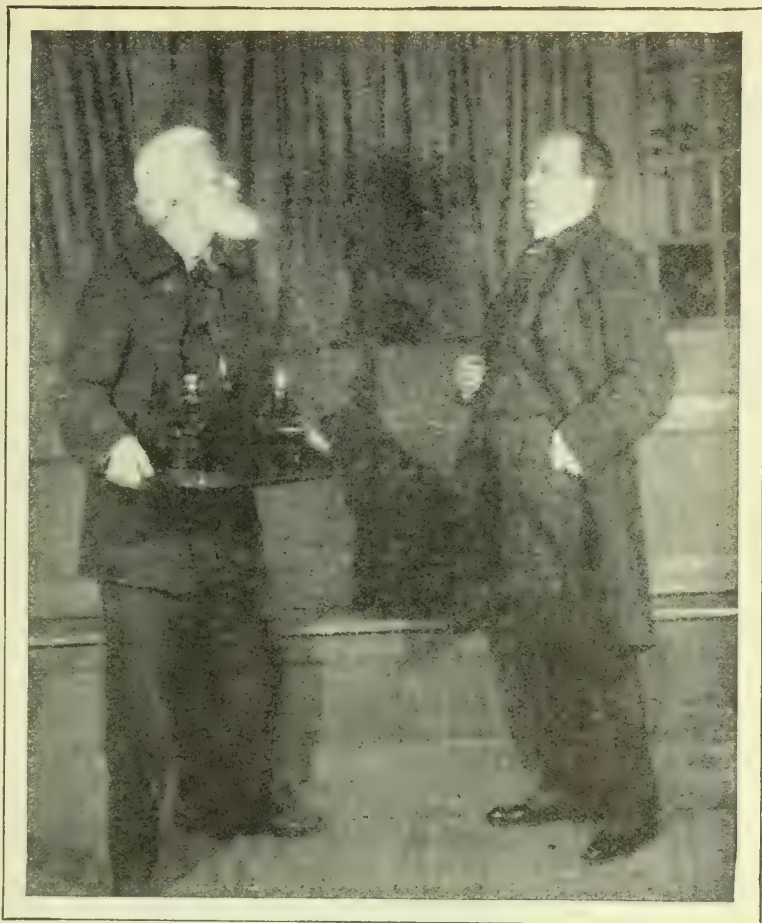
"The fact is that beauty endures, despite our frailties; and it is as inevitable that a work of art returns again and again as that April repeats her green magic year by year. The sordid, the vulgar, the stupid, and the commonplace have their little moment; but somewhere the eternal things go on and the stars are in the heavens, whether we notice them or not. They wait, like all wonderful things, for the extreme experience which forces us to lift our eyes to them. Nothing great ever perishes. Of that I am deeply convinced."

FIREWORKS

WHAT we want is action. Pep! Zip! Punch!" This, according to a widespread belief, is the monotonous demand of theatrical producers, editors, and publishers engaged in a gigantic conspiracy to keep intelligent plays, articles, and books from a hungry and expectant public. We have more than a smattering of suspicion that this belief has been born of the complaint of writers whose work has failed of recognition beyond the circle of their immediate friends. The plaint that is heard oftenest is the cry that plays with an intellectual interest stand no show of production when pitted against dramas of blood and thunder, and that even when intellectual plays are put upon the stage they fail of popular appreciation. All of which may be just another question of varying estimates of worth. Is the author who condemns the public as a congregation of bores or the public which condemns the author as an unmitigated bore the sounder critic? On the whole, we are inclined to think that the public has the better of the argument. For plays and books do frequently succeed which appeal chiefly to the intellect. The audience which awaits such plays and books is not as extensive as that which pays homage to the sportive Charlie Chaplin, but nevertheless it is not to be sneezed at.

For two months a play of this type has been drawing full houses at the Garrick Theater, in New York City. It is true that the play, "Heartbreak House,"¹

¹ Heartbreak House. By George Bernard Shaw. Brentano's, New York.



CAPTAIN SHOTOVER (ALBERT PERRY) AND HIS GUEST, BOSS MANGAN (DUDLEY DIGGES), IN THE THEATRE GUILD'S PRODUCTION OF "HEARTBREAK HOUSE"

bears the magic stamp of George Bernard Shaw; nevertheless its authorship is not its sole claim to popularity. Of course there are many who go to see Shaw because they are convinced that he represents the latest style in intellectual adornment. There are probably new ones of this type born every minute, but we are convinced that the bulk of the audience of "Heartbreak House" is made up of people who prefer good talk, if it really is good talk, to all the pep, zip, and punch of the latest melodrama.

"Heartbreak House" is emphatically a talky play. Save in the last act when a bomb from an airplane drops off stage and eliminates two members of the cast, the play is all talk from beginning to end. Gathered together in an English country home the presiding deity of which is a retired sea captain (who has trafficked with the devil in his youth) is a conglomerate group which at Shaw's dictation proceeds to rend the world limb from limb. After the pieces have been strewn over the stage for three acts, the play, according to the familiar Shaw precedent, just stops. No one even attempts to sweep up the remains.

As those who read the preface to

"Heartbreak House" in its published version know, Mr. Shaw withheld this play from the footlights during the war for the reason that "comedy, though sorely tempted, had to be loyally silent." But we suspect that the war would have still gone on to its conclusion even if "Heartbreak House" had been presented. We feel that Mr. Shaw in his consideration for the niceties of war-time etiquette may have overestimated the effect which his utterances would have upon the popular mind. Of course such an error in judgment would be an unusual one for Mr. Shaw to make. For he has so consistently erred upon the side of modesty, when it came to the judgment of his own writings, that perhaps we do him an injustice when we impute to him the fear that any work of his could influence popular opinion.

Whatever the truth of the matter may be, we are sure that those who have witnessed "Heartbreak House" at the Garrick have not left the theater with any feeling that the pillars of society were tumbling about their heads. We suspect that most of them went away with this thought uppermost in their minds: "What wonderful fireworks!"

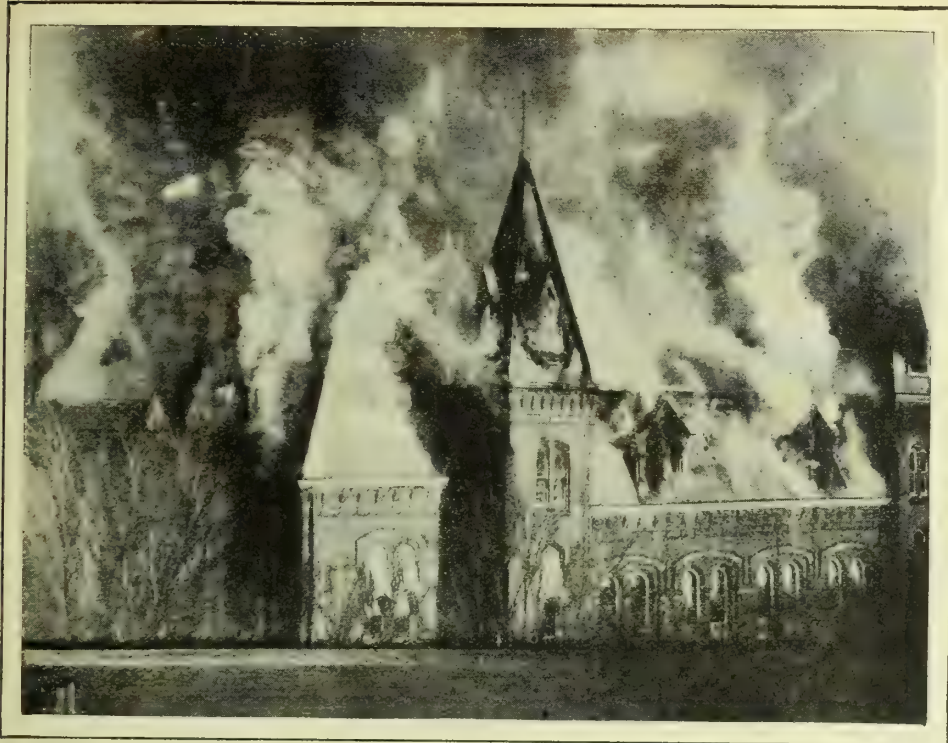
Will this conclusion satisfy or disappoint G. B. S.?

CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



RINGING DOWN THE CURTAIN ON A GREAT INTERNATIONAL DRAMA

The work for American soldiers in France during the European war which was carried on through the Paris headquarters of the Y. M. C. A. cost nearly fifty million dollars. Here were housed bureaus for purchase, manufacture, building, and transportation; for the distribution of magazines and newspapers; for the administration of religious work; and for the direction of entertainment of various kinds. In the Paris headquarters was carried on that vast business by which France was dotted from Bordeaux to Coblenz, from Havre to Cannes, with huts for the American soldiers. What this work accomplished is dramatically described in a remarkable book called "That Damn Y," by Miss Katherine Mayo, already reviewed in The Outlook and four chapters of which first appeared in its columns. The above illustration shows the final closing of these Paris headquarters of the Y. The man locking the door is Mr. F. A. Jackson, the Controller of the European Department of the New York Life Insurance Company, who has been a resident of Paris for many years. In connection with his own absorbing business he volunteered as a Y worker in Paris in November, 1917, and served as chairman of the Finance Committee until the close of the work. His companion in this final and simple but dramatic ceremony is Mr. W. C. Hill, an American business man who volunteered as a Y worker and served with Mr. Jackson in the finance department of the Y until the war ended.



Wide World

WEST VIRGINIA'S CAPITOL DESTROYED

Some critics would perhaps say, Why build the huge and often ugly structures in which our State governments are housed? But once built and paid for, no one will question that they should be properly cared for. The picture emphasizes a lesson that Americans are slow to learn—that every available means should be used to stop the terrible waste annually caused by fires in this country



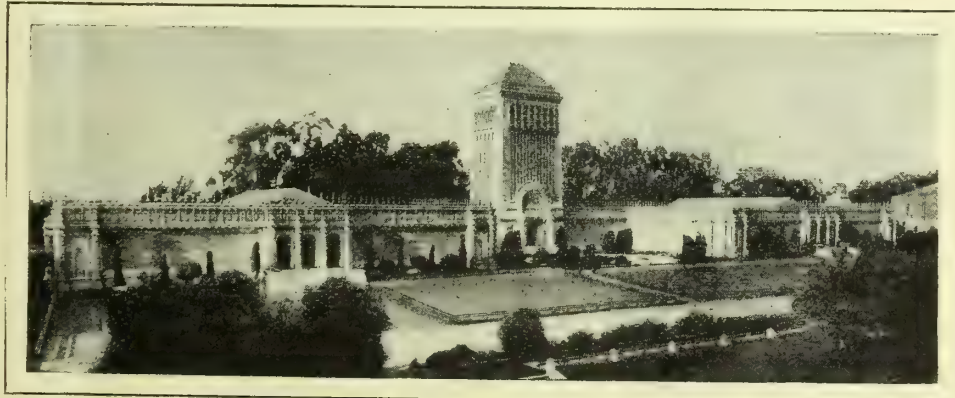
Wide World

LARGEST RADIO STATION IN THE WORLD OPENED IN FRANCE

The formal inauguration of what is said to be the largest wireless station in the world, built by the United States at Bordeaux, France, during the war and recently completed, took place a few weeks ago. It has been named the Poste Lafayette. Many prominent French and American officials attended the opening ceremony

THE SAN FRANCISCO MEMORIAL MUSEUM

This building has been given to the city of San Francisco by Mr. M. H. de Young, and was dedicated January 2, 1921. In the 45 galleries are more than one million objects, including paintings, statuary, ceramics, Oriental art, coins, medals, musical instruments, minerals, arms and armor. European war relics, tapestries, Indian and South Sea exhibits, a collection of Napoleonic relics, and material dealing with the early history of San Francisco and California



AMERICA'S FORESTS—A HERITAGE AND HOPE

BY CHARLES LATHROP PACK

PRESIDENT AMERICAN FORESTRY ASSOCIATION

THE people of the United States inherited from their fathers one of the greatest and richest heritages the world has ever seen—an area of timber-land which seemed, as was frequently remarked less than a generation ago, "inexhaustible." There were woods of nearly all known varieties, designed to meet the hundreds of uses to which man puts this most helpful and necessary of all natural resources.

ing the past few years that the Nation's forest resources are not inexhaustible. They realize this every time they buy a newspaper and pay twice or three times the former cost. They realize it when they interview the furniture dealer on the price of some needed chairs and tables. They realize it when they come to building that home of their own on which they have been counting and discover that lumber is

become seriously exhausted. They have been prodigal in cutting their timberlands; they have allowed vast areas which might have been producing trees during the past few decades to lie idle; they have not taken sufficient care to prevent the annual destruction by fire of thousands of acres of fine forests, with a loss of millions to the Nation's wealth.

In short, there has been no National policy applied to forestry. The reason



WESTERN FORESTRY ASSOC.

VIRGIN FOREST UNTOUCHED BY FIRE

It was because of the apparent impossibility of exhausting the great supply of timber with which this country was blessed that little thought was given by those of an earlier generation to the question of conservation—of saving, replanting, reforesting, the wooded territories of the United States. Doubtless it would have been impossible to persuade an audience of fifty or seventy-five years ago of the need of forest conservation.

"What foolishness is this man talking?" they would have asked.

"Save trees? What do you mean? Why, they grow faster than they can be used. And look at the limitless areas of untouched forest out West!"

No one preaching forest conservation to-day is called foolish. The people from one end of the land to the other have been realizing more and more dur-

now selling as high as \$70 per thousand feet against \$28 and \$32 before the war.

True, the present high prices of lumber and of most articles made from wood are not due entirely to the growing scarcity of timber supply in the United States. The present prices are due principally to war-time conditions from which we have not yet recovered. They are not due to an exhaustion which already has made itself felt in prices which belong to real famine days.

But the present prices have brought home to the people of the United States a fact which they had only begun to realize before, namely, that there is need of saving some of the Nation's heritage—as much as possible, in fact—before it is squandered any further. The American people have been spendthrifts in many ways, and they have allowed one of their greatest natural resources to

was because the people did not realize the seriousness of the situation and the importance of putting into effect some system of forest management which would help to save for the next generation—the people not of a distant future, but of the near future—some of the timber resources of the land.

To-day, for the first time in the history of the United States, there is united action ready to carry through the campaign for a National forest policy. It is America's greatest need to-day. The people of the United States—those who own wood, those who manufacture it into the articles of daily use, and those who buy the articles—all are ready to support the adoption of a policy which will help to save the forests, prevent them from being cut and burned down before they can be replenished.

To-day for the first time everybody

who is interested in any way in the question of forestry is standing ready to urge the adoption by the Congress of the United States of a National forest policy. This policy is to be in line with that which will be provided for in the various States by legislation suited to their individual needs. There must be co-operation, however, between the National Government and the States in order to make the policy a complete success.

There must be ample fire protection. Forest fires will destroy in a few days what it has taken nature from fifty years to a century to build. This is one of the most important single steps which can be taken at the present time

over and denuded lands, so that there will not be vast areas, as at present in growing acreage, lying waste and barren, of no use to man or beast. There are millions of acres of such land which should be producing wealth. At the present time it represents nothing but money not being employed for any purpose. Both the Nation and the States can help in getting such land back to usefulness.

It is not possible to get individual capital to take up this vast and most vital work on any large scale. It must be a National enterprise. On account of the length of time it will require under most circumstances to get any

on the head-waters of navigable streams. There may be additions to the National forests also through the transfer to that supervision of lands now in other forms of Government ownership, but which lands are found by investigation and reclassification to be chiefly suitable for permanent forest production. Some such land is now being held as agricultural or mineral, when, as a matter of fact, it is of no use for either of those purposes and should be put to work growing trees for the future economic welfare of the Nation.

The proper cutting and removal of timber crops is one of the most important features which must be included



Western Forestry Assoc.

FOREST SWEEP BY FIRE AND HURRICANE

in carrying out a National forest policy. Forest-fire protection can be started at once, and will result in an immediate saving of, which really is an addition to, the Nation's timber resources. Some of the other features of the forest policy which must be adopted cannot be put into practice and bring definite results as promptly as that of fire protection. For this reason, the allowance for this purpose should be ample. The National and State Governments should not skimp on a few thousand dollars for forest-fire-fighting purposes when it will mean the saving of millions of dollars annually. The present policy contemplates the asking of not less than a million dollars from Congress for use in co-operation with the States in fire-protection work.

The National forest policy should provide means for the reforestation of cut-

returns from money invested in the replanting of denuded and waste lands, it is necessary that the Government perform this service for the people of the Nation. Individuals cannot be persuaded to plant trees on a tract of land taxed annually and from which they cannot possibly expect to cut timber for fifty years or more. This work must be carried on over a period of time and on such a scale that the Government must undertake to do it.

There should be more rapid replanting of the vast areas which lie within the bounds of the forests already owned by the Government. Larger appropriation is needed for this work.

At the same time there should be an appropriation of \$10,000,000 a year for five years to permit the purchase of lands which should be added to the National forest system, whether or not

in any National forest policy. Unless a certain number of trees are left in any territory whose forest resources are being harvested, the process of getting a new forest started on the land will be a slow and expensive one. With some seed trees left, reforestation is certain and the vast denuded wastes will be avoided. It is important, if possible, to find a way by which all timber cutting will take place in a more rational way, with due regard to better forestry practice.

The National forest policy to be adopted should include provision for a study of forest taxation. The laws governing the taxation of forest lands should be such as to encourage the conservation and growing of timber. This is a problem which will require careful study in order to find the right solution. It must be approached in a wise

and statesmanlike manner, with a broad and far-reaching view-point, for it is a question which affects the Nation as a whole, and there should be uniformity of action in all the States, as far as local conditions allow. It is believed by those who have been looking into this phase of the forestry situation, giving it careful thought and attention for some time past, that a plan of taxation can be devised which will be satisfactory both to the State and the timberland owner, and which will encourage greater conservation.

Experiments, such as the Government has been conducting at the Forest Products Laboratory at Madison, Wisconsin, in reproduction methods, wood utilization and preservation, timber tests, and the development of by-products, should be continued and increased; for as a result of discoveries being made at this

laboratory, saving is being made in many directions in the use of wood. By helping to save what we now possess, by the use of right processes, much can be done to permit the growing up of new timber.

The time is now ripe to secure the adoption of a broad, wise, and comprehensive National forest policy. A bill will be introduced at this session of Congress, although it is not believed that there will be time, with the necessary legislation which must be passed during this short session, to have the forest bill passed. But there will be some discussion of it, and it will be ready for the new Congress, which President Harding doubtless will call immediately or soon after his inauguration.

Senator Harding himself is strongly in favor of a wise National forest policy. He voiced his approval of such a meas-

ure during the campaign. His support, therefore, can be counted on, and the placing of his signature to such a bill as that which has been proposed.

Every man, woman, and child in the United States is affected by the forest question, for wood enters into the daily life of most of us in more ways, perhaps, than any other product. Therefore every member of Congress should have the importance of adopting a National forest policy brought home to him by the voters in his district. The chances are that he is aware of the vital need of such a policy; but it should be impressed upon him, and his constituents should make him know that they expect his support of a measure which means so much to the economic welfare of the Nation, to the industrial prosperity of every community, and to the lessening of living costs.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE PICTURES

BY NEWTON A. FUESSLE

A reply to Mr. Pulsifer's article in last week's issue of The Outlook

ANY superlative is a tribute. Mr. Pulsifer's title "The World's Worst Failure" reveals his great expectation and his great disappointment. If the pictures have grown so important that their shortcomings can be described only in a world-wide phrase of anguish, then they have certainly scored. With what inordinate hope the Pulsifer pulse must have beaten, to be cast down thus into nethermost despair! Of his vast expectations has been born a vast impatience. Because no Aristophanes, no Shakespeare, of the screen has loomed before us it is folly to keep on turning the crank. Because the colt still gambols at the foot of Parnassus the pictures are the worst

failure of the world. Mr. Griffith, having written the first three letters of the movie alphabet, the same consisting of the close-up, the flash-back, and the fade-in (or is it the fade-out?), should abandon the quest because he has not triumphantly attained the "z."

Critics of the screen have no patience for gradual and normal growth. They would have every nursery cast aside, and would set up in its place laboratories for child research into the fourth dimension. They would wrest from every child its volume of "Mother Goose" and present it solemnly with a copy of "Père Goriot." They scorn the application of long patience to the development of any new art. Because

ages intervened between the first emission of an amazed whistle through the teeth of a caveman and Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony" they consider Apollo a melancholy frost.

Twenty-five years may indeed have elapsed between the first steak-eating picture and "Broken Blossoms," but what is a quarter of a century to the gods? Did Homer follow directly upon the heels of the first savage who with his toe inscribed the first symbol upon the sand? Did Michelangelo leap gloriously into sight within the brief span of a quarter of a century after the first artistic impulse in the jungles? Did Shakespeare score his *première* immediately after that naïve one-act skit beneath the boughs of Eden?

If one is going to consider the motion picture as an art, one must grant it what every other art has claimed—namely, time. Give it time, and the errant pie may yet blossom into heroic pentameter of pantomime.

As yet, who pretends that the motion picture is an art? It is a manufacturing business. It calls its three branches by the prosaic and businesslike names of production, distribution, and exhibition. True, it calls its factories "studios;" but one need only visit one of them and behold a scene being "shot" to discover that they are boiler shops, manufacturing goods rather than creating art.

Besides, what is art? If one may assume that art is the production of that which conveys emotions experienced or imagined by its author, with beauty of form and understanding of life, then our leading picture producers would probably be the last to lay claim to art as their objective. The pictures are an industry; they are the product of



METRO MAKES THE MOST OF MELODRAMA IN ITS ELABORATE MOTION PICTURE OF "THE FOUR HORSEMEN," SOON TO BE RELEASED

large manufacturing organizations, intent upon profits. Art is individual; its object is the expression of the artist's reactions to life. Is that the object of the big producers? Consider the remark of one of them when informed that a group of motion-picture stars had organized their own producing company.

"My God," he exclaimed, "they've put the inmates in charge of the asylum!"

Despite the gifted camera work of the leading producing companies and regardless of what their press agents may cause them to say, the men in charge have no illusions. The trouble is that this tree of the pictures is so huge that one expects every conceivable fruit to grow on its swaying branches. But why grieve because one cannot pluck the pomegranate from the weeping willow?

No one complains that Arnold Bennett composes no concertos, for his province is the novel. No one seems to complain that Tolstoy was not a sculptor, that H. G. Wells is not a portrait painter, or that Whistler did not play in a band.

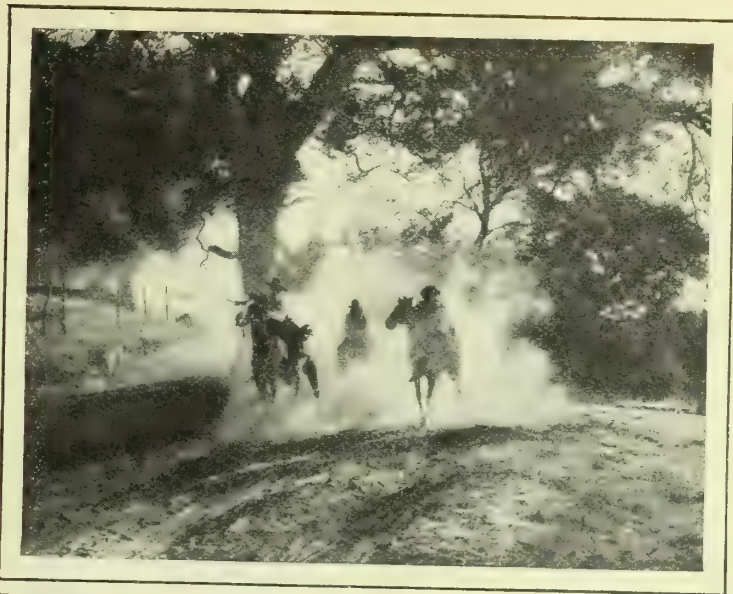
But Mr. Pulsifer is not alone in the complaint that the motion pictures ought to bear fruit that they were probably never intended to bear. The pictures of the future may attract their Galsworthys. The field of the pictures may in time acquire a soil that will nurture its Barries and its Brieuxs, but as yet the chemistry of its soil and the restrictions that hem it in seem to confine its province to melodrama. This is not merely the opinion of an outsider, but it is the opinion of an insider—one of the high executives of a large producing company. If the fruit of the motion-picture tree is for the present to be nothing more tasty to the cultivated palate than melodrama, then the producers propose to make the best of melodrama. Certainly the morality and mystery plays of the sixteenth century are not to be condemned as the then worst failures of the world because they were in essence melodrama. These morality and mystery shows must have seemed but crude and tawdry affairs to the highbrows of their time, their tastes elevated by Homer and burnished by Vergil. Yet these melodramas clasped the seeds of the Elizabethan stage.

The motion picture is as yet bound to melodrama with fetters that neither its gallant Griffiths, its ingenious Inces, nor its dauntless de Milles seem to have been able to break. Instead, therefore, of trying to "shoot" the fine subtleties of "Enter Madame" or attempting to reduce to the denominator of five reels the sparkling dialogue of Clare Kummer's "Rollo's Wild Oat," these producers, like chefs who know their jobs, sensibly go to market for raw melodrama, cook it brown for the populace, and season it to Main Street's taste rather than to that of Beacon Street. The hits of the screen, accordingly, are such things as "Shore Acres," "Way Down East," and "To Hell with the

Kaiser," while the best that Richard Washburn Child can do for the movies is the crook melodrama entitled "Heliotrope"—and Mr. Child learned his writer's trade at Harvard, he has been editor of "Collier's," and he spent the summer in Marion, Ohio, as a literary aid and adviser to Senator Harding. Surely a melodrama like "Heliotrope" is not the dramatic limit of this writer's skill; but he knew the limitations of the medium for which he wrote.

If one's taste runs to the dramatic artichokes of Lord Dunsany, or to the alligator pears of Strindberg, let him stay away from where "grim death" does its hovering; for the picture industry is organized for the moment on the basis of mass production and mass distribution, like Fords, and golden oak furniture, and Harold Bell Wright novels. One hears of Gertrude Ather-ton, and Sir Gilbert Parker, and Irvin Cobb, and Eugene Walter, and Winchell Smith, and James M. Barrie making contracts with the picture men and going to Hollywood or to the Claridge. One hears of Richard Le Gallienne writing titles for photo plays and of Benjamin de Casseres being taken in tow by one of the producers. And out of these developments there may dawn a new day of the pictures; but up to date the melodrama seems to be the only script that goes.

It would hardly be fair to Mr. Pulsifer to repulse his pleasant assault upon the screen by mentioning the service of the screen in helping muster the Nation to war and in helping raise its war funds; for he directs his pen only against the screen's failure to achieve high art. Nor would it be right to drag in the educational advantages of bolstering up pedagogical mediocrity and class-room indifference with motion pictures that drive in lessons in biology, history, and geology. Had there been



IT COST \$1,000,000, TOOK SIX MONTHS, GAVE EMPLOYMENT TO 12,500 ACTORS, AND CONSUMED MORE BUILDING MATERIAL THAN IS CONTAINED IN THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING FOR THE METRO PICTURES CORPORATION TO PRODUCE IBANEZ'S "THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE"

any motion pictures to inject a bit of melodrama into quadratic equations and solid geometry, my own records in these unspeakable subjects might have been less ignominious.

But that melodrama must remain the limit of the pictures can hardly be assumed. I don't know whether Mr. Pulsifer will concede that Miss Ethel Barrymore is an artist or that "De-classé" is a work of art. But it is a fact that this play was produced by motion-picture managers with motion-picture money. It was done so that a "legitimate" producer might not have the opportunity to produce this play with this star and then sell the motion-picture rights at an enormous figure to the screen men. Recognizing an extraordinarily fine play, and foreseeing that Miss Barrymore might score an unusual artistic success in it and establish a degree of popularity that would be profitable in the pictures, this picture firm made sure at the outset of cornering the market on this particular production. I question whether a single spectator seeing the play at the Empire Theater, and not knowing the facts of the production, would have considered the thing in the least of the pictures picturey. This is at least a step away from melodrama.

With the open volumes of all the gods of drama to draw upon, with the whole world for its stage, and though able to rise above the hampering unities of time and space, the motion-picture industry, being organized for mass production, is mainly content for the present to develop no greater technique than that of melodrama. For the object of a large industry is not art, but profit; and if the motion pictures, being melodrama, are the world's worst failure, then the human race, which wallows in melodrama, qualifies also for a large and commodious booby prize.

FIGHTING FOREST FIRES FROM THE AIR

BY LAURENCE LA TOURETTE DRIGGS



Western Forestry Assoc.

"NOW FROM AN AIRPLANE EVERY PART OF THIS RESERVATION WOULD BE IN VIEW ON A CLEAR DAY. A TINY LITTLE CURL OF SMOKE WOULD BE SPOTTED IN A GLANCE"

"**H**OW many men do you have under you here, Inspector?" asked Arnold Adair, staring contemplatively up at the great fir trees which covered the mesa as thickly as grass on a meadow. Both young men were lying full length on the brown pine needles which formed a soft fragrant carpet stretching for miles away in every direction.

"Sixteen men are supposed to be enough to cover this work," replied the inspector, "but I've actually got less than half that." The inspector of this section of the Forest Reserve was a native woodsman of Colorado, a straightforward and conscientious man, and much to Arnold's liking. Though scarcely more than Arnold's age, Inspector Elijah Williams had a wife and five small children, occupying the two-room log house on the reservation set aside by the Government for the use of the forest inspector. And to Arnold's utter amazement he learned that Inspector Williams received less pay on which to support this large family than his father paid a stenographer at home.

"It's the pay that counts with these men," went on the frank young woodsman, "and you couldn't expect them to work for the Government at one-third what they get as ranch hands down in the canyons. The Government says it can't afford to pay more, but it pays a thousand times more every time a preventable fire gets going here on the mesa."

"Why do you stay, Williams?" inquired the aviator, suddenly.

"Well, I suppose it's because I like the woods," returned the inspector, "and I guess Uncle Sam is hard up, after all. But alone I'm no use when it comes to fighting a forest fire—nor

are half a dozen men any use. It takes a hundred men working like beavers day and night to stop a big fire in woods like this if it ever gets good and started."

Arnold stretched out one hand and picked up a loose handful of the dry, resinous pine needles that carpeted the floor of the forest to a depth of several inches. As they dropped slowly through his fingers he pictured to himself the furnace of flames fed by such fuel!

"And look at those tree-trunks, too," suggested the young forester, guessing Arnold's thoughts, pointing upward to where living streams of pitch and rosin were oozing from rifts in the bark. "What do you suppose happens when the flames begin to lick up that high? Why," he continued, answering himself, "they shoot up two hundred feet, devouring every branch and needle to the top, running out on the limbs, where they catch the next tree. In half an hour everything is ablaze for a distance depending on the force and direction of the wind. And that's spruce for your New York papers, and masts for your flagpoles and ships, and telegraph poles, and beams for bridges, and lumber—"

"I know," interrupted Arnold. "Tell me how you put it out when it gets started."

Inspector Williams was apt to wax eloquent and was difficult to control when once launched upon his favorite subject, as Arnold well knew. This new direction in which his attention was turned was evidently not so welcome to him, for he hesitated and dug up the pine needles with his heel for a few moments before answering.

"We don't put it out," he finally admitted, slowly. "It burns itself out.

"You can plow around the ground and stop the fire from spreading, if you've got men and plows enough," continued the fire fighter vengefully, "but up in the trees out of your reach it burns until it gets tired. You can cut them down, perhaps, but one can imagine what working under a dripping fire is, especially when the men are compelled to saw and chop in the midst of an oven and the floor hot under their feet. Usually they burn themselves out, these big fires."

Arnold Adair had stopped in his flight over the Rocky Mountains for a brief visit with David Green, one of his old squadron mates in France, commonly known to his aviator friends as the Kid. David Green, since the armistice, had returned to his father's cattle ranch in the valley of the Unaweep Canyon, where he had welcomed Arnold Adair and his airplane with all the enthusiasm and affection of a comradeship born of the war, tried and cemented, and then for two years sun-dered. During the last week the two aviators had again flown together unceasingly, over the thirty miles northward to the nearest railway town; to the southward, deep within the rugged mountainous country of the Dolores, where the foot of man had never trod; away over the picturesque mesa land to the east and the sullen Utah plains to the west. The Green ranch at the bottom of the canyon lay at an altitude of seven thousand feet, and the table lands, covered with the mighty firs and spruce of the Forest Reserve, rose two thousand feet higher into the sky and spread for fifty miles in diameter, exhibiting to the airman its timber in dense array.

It was "bear time" in the moun

tains, when the black bear and the red had shed their summer furs, and the approaching fall had cultivated a closely woven fabric in their coats, a few of which Arnold Adair most ardently desired for the floor of his room at home. And it was likewise "fire time" in the mountains, when hunters and camping parties sometimes carelessly let fall a smoking cartridge wad or a burning match into inflammable pine needles to start a conflagration that was quick to spread and impossible to control.

The two aviators, equipped with German rifles and ammunition, brought home after the war as souvenirs by David, had mounted ponies and climbed the heights to the Great Mesa, for a day or two with the bears. After the first day's shooting they had spent the night with Inspector Williams, who with typical Western hospitality made room for the two visitors in the one sleeping chamber shared by his large family with an absence of fuss and ceremony that made an impression on the Eastern-bred New Yorker. David remained at the Williams headquarters to prepare the bearskins they had bagged, while Arnold left early that morning to make the daily trip of inspection with the Government's protector of its forests who was his host.

For five hours they guided their ponies through the silent aisles of the forest, the vistas between the tree-trunks reminding Arnold strongly of the cathedral aisles under the canopy of the great Black Forest of Germany, which he had visited before the war. Those German forests, however, were cleared of underbrush and dead wood. Probably forest fires were rare there because of the popular dread of waste. Arnold remembered

his early summers in Portland, Oregon, where for weeks, and often for months, the atmosphere of the city was thick with the smoke of forest fires fifty miles away. Not until the rains came were these destroyers of the forest subdued. Miles and miles of the Pacific coast exhibited stricken mountain-sides, their bleak outlines covered with white skeletons of barkless tree-trunks, countless values of timber and wood pulp suffered to waste in flames by our profligate people, while they

grumbled at paying a double price required for their daily journal because of the scarcity of paper.

Inspector Williams admitted to Arnold the hopelessness of the enormous task upon his hands. But six or seven helpers remained to him at this most crucial time of the year, when the summer's suns had left the forest leaves and underbrush crisp and dry. They were not experienced fire fighters, the best of his trained force having forsaken the underpaid Government service for more lucrative positions in the towns and ranches.

After returning home to supper that night Inspector Williams showed the two visitors his stock of chemical fire extinguishers, racks of axes and shovels, telescoped piles of water buckets, and the divers and sundry implements that were distributed to the small army of fire fighters when the dreaded occasion came. His telephone line connected him with the various huts of his subordinates, scattered a score of miles apart throughout the confines of the area.

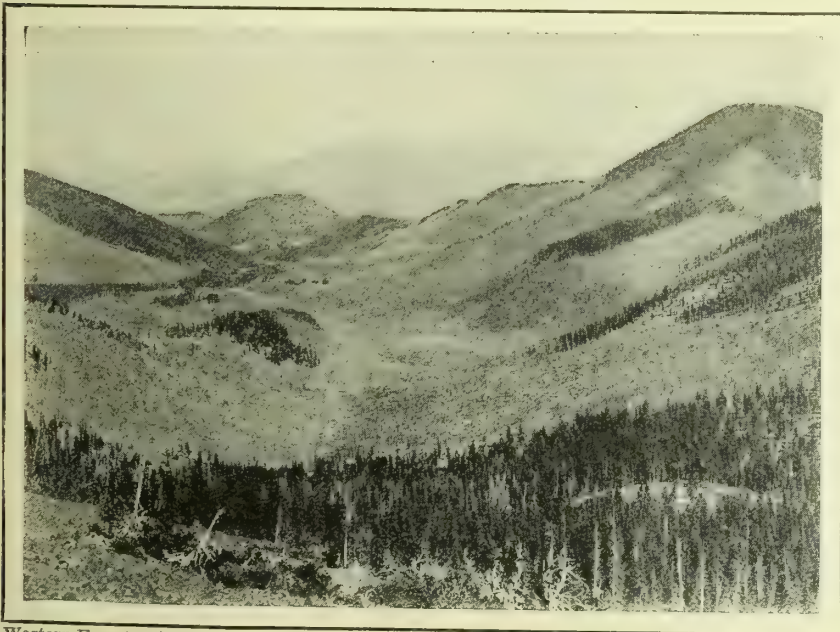
"These would make delightful little airplane bombs, wouldn't they, Davie?" suggested Arnold, balancing one of the liquid chemical containers of glass in his hands. "This is the same sort of extinguisher we carry in the machine, except that ours has a sprinkler attachment to squirt into the fire at close range."

"That little bottle of extinguisher might put out a student lamp, but it wouldn't make much impression on a forest fire," observed the practical David, dryly. "If you carried a hundred of them in your cockpit, you might do something. But that would weigh



Keystone

"IT TAKES A HUNDRED MEN WORKING LIKE BEAVERS DAY AND NIGHT TO STOP A BIG FIRE IN WOODS LIKE THIS IF IT EVER GETS GOOD AND STARTED. . . . ONE CAN IMAGINE WHAT WORKING UNDER A DRIPPING FIRE IS, ESPECIALLY WHEN THE MEN ARE COMPELLED TO SAW AND CHOP IN THE MIDST OF AN OVEN AND THE FLOOR HOT UNDER THEIR FEET"



Western Forestry Assoc.

"STRICKEN MOUNTAINSIDES, THEIR BLEAK OUTLINES COVERED WITH WHITE SKELETONS OF BARKLESS TREE-TRUNKS. COUNTLESS VALUES OF TIMBER AND WOOD PULP SUFFERED TO WASTE IN FLAMES BY OUR PROFLIGATE PEOPLE"



(C) Keystone

"HIS TELEPHONE LINE CONNECTED HIM WITH THE VARIOUS HUTS OF HIS SUBORDINATES, SCATTERED A SCORE OF MILES APART THROUGHOUT THE CONFINES OF THE AREA"

eight hundred pounds, figuring these at eight pounds each. And how much do they cost?"

"Not as much as a single one of those big trees is worth!" interposed the inspector, warmly. "And they are, in fact, very effective. You try them once. But what are you saying about a cockpit? I load five hundred of the bottles on my wagon and haul them over these rough roads with four mules."

"And it takes as many hours to reach the fire with the mules as it would take minutes with an airplane!" retorted Arnold, regarding the forest man earnestly. "Have you ever considered the use of an airplane in detecting forest fires and helping to put them out?" he suggested after a pause.

"Airplanes!" ejaculated the astonished woodsman. "I never saw an airplane, much less considered one for this work. What could an airplane do in woods such as these?"

"That's what we intend to find out," Arnold replied. "If you will turn your mules and cows out of that pasture back of the house to-morrow afternoon, David and I will fly over here and land at your back door in an airplane.

I will take you for a ride over your forests and show you how small they are from an airplane.

"I am not so sure a pilot could put a fire out from the air, especially if it had a good start," Arnold went on, "but I was thinking this morning, when you were telling me about your methods of detecting a fire in the woods, how great a headway the fire must get before you receive any warning and arrive at the spot with a mule team. And that's the most important part of it—getting an early warning before the fire has grown out of control, isn't it?"

"Well, how would an airplane help any?" demanded the much perplexed forester.

"I'll show you to-morrow," replied the aviator. "You can cover this entire reservation in an airplane in less than an hour, while your six men, or sixteen men, on horseback, would get less exact information about the location of smoke or fire in a long day's riding. Suppose one of them discovers a fire. He must ride back and telephone for help. By the time that help arrives the fire may be beyond resistance. Every minute saved in reporting a fire must be important. Now

from an airplane every part of this reservation would be in view on a clear day. A tiny little curl of smoke would be spotted in a glance. In five minutes the airplane could be landed here at your field, a warning sent out by the telephone, and a load of these fire extinguishers put aboard. In fact," continued Arnold, enthusiastically, "the pilot should always carry a few of these glass extinguishers with him, and after a little practice in bomb dropping he might check a small fire until help arrived on the ground. Of course he could not land his machine in the forest, for airplanes are not made to alight on the limb of a tree like a bird. But he could save a lot of time in sending your fire fighter to the exact spot, and that is the vital point, isn't it?"

Inspector Williams sat silently turning over in his mind this startling information. It was a point of view never before advanced in favor of those circus-performing flying-machines. David Green, he knew, had come home from the war with a romantic halo about his head because he had flown over the German lines and brought back information about the doings of the enemy on the other side. Now this young New Yorker suggests that everyday use of this same flying-machine might save time in detecting fires in the forests. A thought formulated itself in the inspector's mind.

"By jingoes!" he cried; "if you can see as far as you say you can from these airplanes, it wouldn't take so many men to cover this work, would it?"

"Nor so many mules either, Williams," returned Arnold, smiling. "And for every man and mule it dismisses the Government ought to split what it saves among such devoted foresters as you. As for seeing far—wait until to-morrow afternoon and you shall see for yourself."

After an early breakfast next morning the bearskin rugs were tied behind their saddles, and at the end of a five hours' jog through the forest down the steep slope of the mesa-trail Arnold and David Green turned into the ranch headquarters in the Unaweep Valley twenty miles nearer civilization. This fertile valley was nearly a mile wide once the bed of an ancient river washed deep and broad by the rushing currents of melted snows from atop the adjoining mesas. In its broad, smooth alfalfa fields and pastures natural landing-fields for the swiftest of aircraft were plentiful.

It was late that afternoon before Arnold Adair's long-distance airplane was ready for the little flight of twenty miles back to the inspector's headquarters. For Arnold had conceived an idea during his long horseback ride home that morning, and, eager to try it out in effect, he and David had labored industriously about the undercarriage of the airplane for several hours after lunch. A bright sheet of

burnished tin covered, like a reflector, the end of a flame jet from an acetylene-gas tank which was firmly suspended above the landing gear. A simple lighting device, consisting of a jump spark from the batteries, was tested until it was made easy to operate from the pilot seat in the machine. The reflector not only protected the intense flame from the head wind, but it magnified to several thousand candle-power the strength of its glare. Arnold and David both desired to make an impression of the airplane's value upon the imagination of the forest inspector, and this lighting device would make a night flight extremely spectacular, and at the same time would light up the ground upon landing so that obstacles could be avoided on an unfamiliar field.

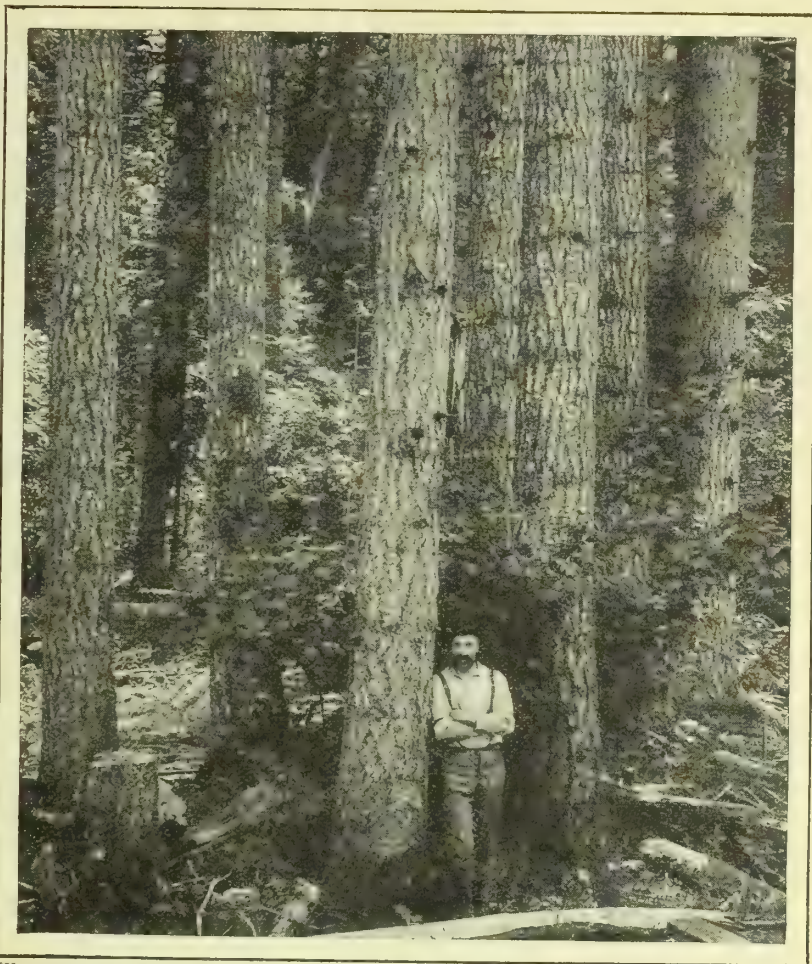
Dusk falls early in deep canyons when the October sun is setting beyond distant mountains, and by six o'clock, when their labors were finished, long dusky shadows almost hid the steep walls of the near-by cliffs. The airplane was wheeled out in the open and headed down the valley into the light breeze. So anxious were the airmen to try out their new invention that the appeals of the cook and cookie to first eat their suppers passed unheeded. Arnold climbed in and adjusted throttle and self-starter while David balanced his weight on the tip of the metal wings, walking across the top wing to his seat in the fuselage. Nothing could break or burn about this new sport machine, it being constructed wholly of metal, even the fuel tanks protected from flames.

Swiftly but almost noiselessly the motor began its purring, the propeller whirled, and the men from the corrals and mess hall gathered at the pasture fence to watch the start. As Arnold opened the throttle and the sturdy craft began to gain momentum, the cowboys waved him a cheer, which was duly acknowledged by David from his daring seat on the edge of his cockpit. The silencer on the exhaust made Arnold's new air cruiser as noiseless as the quietest motor on Fifth Avenue; only the swift whir of the propeller through the air could be heard.

Soaring at a low elevation over the ranch house, Arnold turned on his landing light as an experiment. Its glare lighted up the yards, corrals, and outbuildings until the whole vicinity was as distinct as by daylight.

"This will give old Williams's mules the scare of their lives," shouted David in a voice that was heard by the men below. "Let's zoom her up over the mountains and see what we will see." Arnold stuck up the nose of the gallant little craft until David felt himself resting most of his weight on the back of his neck, and thus they left the shadows of the valley below them and swiftly advanced to meet the stars that twinkled in the clear heavens above.

The twenty miles of rough woodlands that had taken them five hours to trav-



Western Forestry Assoc.

"AND THAT'S SPRUCE FOR YOUR NEW YORK PAPERS, AND MASTS FOR YOUR FLAGPOLES AND SHIPS, AND TELEGRAPH POLES, AND BEAMS FOR BRIDGES, AND LUMBER—"

erse that morning on horseback was covered in as many minutes by air. Almost before the cowboys had lost sight of the gleaming meteor that swam upward over the mountain Arnold descried the open break in the tall trees that marked the site of the reservation headquarters. Circling the little field, his powerful light searching out its obstacles and boundaries, he shut off the lagging motor and dropped down neatly to the meadow, taxiing slowly across it to the inspector's door.

"Land sakes!" shouted Inspector Williams, excitedly; "my children think you're a chariot of fire. I never seen such a thing in my born days."

"Jump in, Elijah," invited David, stepping out of the rear seat and motioning Williams to come forward and take his seat. "Arnold has something he wants to show you on the Unaweep."

"Why, that's thirty miles from here!"

"More's the hurry, then," said the pilot. "Step in lively—and, Davie, hand us up a dozen or two of those glass extinguishers. Put 'em in a basket, or anything, but hurry it up," continued Arnold Adair.

Bewildered and excited by his first ride through the skies, the honest woodsman was some time in distinguishing the bright spots of light that

Arnold pointed out to him in the gathering darkness on the opposite mountain across the Unaweep Canyon. But as soon as he had fastened it in his mind his fierce hatred of his old enemy, the forest fire, concentrated all his attention upon it. Swiftly the conflagration drew nearer, and with impatient lamentations he called to the pilot:

"Must have been burning all day to get that bad, and nobody's seen it. It's invisible to people down in the valley, and there's not a soul living within forty miles of it on the mesa."

"We saw it to-night the moment the airplane rose above the edge of the mesa, Inspector. And if we had been in the machine this morning instead of on horseback on the ground we'd have seen the smoke by daylight. Now be sure that belt is tight around you while we take a turn or two over the spot and dump these extinguishers. We can't put it out, but we can check it better from the air than from the ground."

Arnold had brought the airplane down to a short hundred feet above the tree-tops as he shouted his instructions into the inspector's ear. Alternately he switched on his acetylene light to regard the tops of the highest trees beneath them, and extinguished it better to estimate the size of the charred and

mangled area invaded by the fire. Fortunately, the woods endangered were not of resinous fir, but were of birch and maple, and the ground was far more open. The wind had blown the sparks and flames down a straight and narrow pathway perhaps a hundred yards in width and in length a half of a mile. The rear end of the fire's trail was black and dead, while forward fresh fuel burned vividly. The tops of the trees flamed fiercely until dead leaves and dried twigs were consumed, then as suddenly died down, while smoldering flames crept more slowly up the trunks and traveled out the length of the limbs. Under the consumed trees the fire burned more slowly among the fallen logs and shrubbery on the ground. Here green undergrowth resisted its fury and the surrounding woods sheltered it from the wind.

Where the chemical bombs struck the front ranks of the enemy the fire smothered and died. Arnold Adair, with experienced hand, dropped the bombs carefully as he pivoted exactly above the desired spot from an elevation so close to the tops of the burning trees that the hot breath from beneath scorched their faces and tossed the airplane in unsteady bumps—now up, now down. Expending the last of his store of ammunition upon the brush-heaps just beginning to blaze, Arnold pulled away with a soaring climb, and, wiping his smarting eyes and clearing

them as best he could, he peered ahead to pick out some guiding landmark on the black landscape below. The canyon was crossed, the Green ranch identified, and a straight course for the reservation was maintained.

A light in the Williams house enabled him to identify the landing-field hidden in the depth of the fir forest, and, after a preparatory circuit with the landing-light ablaze, he carefully dropped down to earth and released the inspector from his belt.

"Want to go back with more bombs?" inquired David, hurrying to their side and handing up another loaded basket as the inspector weakly climbed out of his seat.

"It must be nearly morning, isn't it?" was the reply of Inspector Williams. The two aviators shouted with laughter.

"We haven't been gone quite half an hour, Williams," Arnold computed, after glancing at his watch. "With another trip or two we can pretty well smother the edges of that fire on the ground."

"You two do that, boys. I've got some telephoning to do. That fire is not on my reservation. That's Inspector Otis's job, over on Unawep Mesa, and he must get his men up there and stay until morning."

"But I want to say, Mr. Adair," he added, as David Green hoisted up a second basket filled with chemical bombs and climbed into his seat behind Arnold, "that Uncle Sam don't

need me nor Inspector Otis nor any of us ground-hogs out here any longer to patrol these mountains on horseback. Those millions of dollars' worth of timber a year won't be burned up here so regular if Washington will send us an airplane or two. Good-night to you, and much obliged. I'm going to telephone over to Sam Otis about this new-fangled fire engine." He paused as he entered the house to shout back, "I wish you'd give him a demonstration."

Arnold promised he would, and the two aviators flew away.

After drenching the front ranks of the creeping enemy with repeated showers of restraining bombs and smashing the rest in the front-line trees already aflame, they turned the solitary fire-fighting craft in the starlit skies nose downward and slid noiselessly down into the deep valley of the Unawep towards the lights of the Green ranch.

"We'll have to be nice to the cook, or we'll get a cold supper, Arnold," commented David Green as they glided into the pasture for a landing. "And after supper I want to lay out a design for a regular chemical fire-fighting engine to operate from the air. We can release the gas above the fire and let it settle down like the mustard gas we used in the war. Why won't that smother a forest fire?"

"It will," replied Arnold, as he stepped out of the machine and made for the mess-hall door.



MRS. BARNETT

BUYING UP SLUMS

AN INTERVIEW WITH MRS. BARNETT

BY P. W. WILSON

SOME months ago I reviewed in The Outlook the biography of Canon Barnett, the founder of Toynbee Hall, in London, and therefore of the settlement movement throughout the world. The writer was Mrs. Barnett, since decorated with the Order of the British Empire, and to-day, at an age of over seventy, the most venerable and authoritative woman in English public life. It was therefore with much interest that I had word from Mrs. Barnett that she intended, a second time, to brave the hospitality of the New World, crossing Canada westwards and swinging the rest of the circle in the United States, where she had been chosen Honorary President of the Federation of Settlements. In the biography Mrs. Barnett tells of ten weeks spent here, but was apparently a little dazed, for she devotes only one paragraph in two volumes to her reminiscences, expressing, indeed, "a reverence for that great country and its great hodgepodge of peoples, a rever-



IN THE HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURB
Houses grouped around a public unwall'd garden

ence not unmingled with fear," but asking, "Will its great soul—for it has a great soul—burst its body? or its spiritual force be crushed by its physical wealth? Much depends on its women"—then exercising in part the vote. But now, after speaking thirty-three times in her first fifty-six days to eager and often over-crowded audiences, Mrs. Barnett had much to say in conversation, always giving a kindly comment, even where her criticism, like her admiration, is candid. On factories, dwellings, law courts, all of which she visited, her opinions were constructive and original.

"I had been chairman," she said, "of the committee in North London which entertained many hundreds of American soldiers. They visited us, and I come here to leave cards in return. We felt it a privilege to have them, and I want to acknowledge the privilege. And, as an Englishwoman, I want to understand America and I want Americans to understand England. I have not talked politics. I have looked into social problems—the life of the people.

"I go back to tell England, for instance, of the wonderful care and patience shown in your special court, here in New York, for dealing with unfortunate women. We need that object-lesson. Also, I could not but admire greatly the Children's Court. All those boys needed was a garden. I do not object, as do some people, to the sky-scrapers. They are exciting. I like them. And I particularly enjoyed many American factories. They are often quite beautiful—set on the streets in exactly the right proportions. In many cities—Chicago especially—the parks are simply marvelous. And the air of New York—so free from smoke and clouds—is exquisitely clear.

"In the main," went on Mrs. Barnett, "I visited the rich"—meaning, I think,

the well-to-do rather than the multi-millionaires—"and I cannot speak with sufficient gratitude of the love and consideration to be found in the beautiful homes which so many families have made for themselves. But at my meetings I have called on American women also to consider the poor, of whose actual life they too often know nothing. In that wider sense, home-making is neglected in the United States. Conditions in London are undoubtedly better than in Chicago. My American friends are astonished when I tell them that London has spent thirty-six million pounds on buying up slums and has clean written off this money from her balance-sheet. On cottages England is spending twenty million pounds, not to be repaid for sixty years." And

on the Hampstead Garden Suburb alone, I may interpolate, which Mrs. Barnett herself originated, £1,250,000 has been already spent. Not that her comparisons are always favorable to England—by no means. She is impressed by prohibition, and adds: "I suppose that over there we are all drinking ourselves to death"—which doubtless is not to be taken too literally.

"If," went on Mrs. Barnett, "American capital lures the Italian from his sunny skies, then care should be taken to insure that he has a home to live in when he comes here. In Britain adequate housing is often furnished by the municipality, but this plan appears to be unsuited to American conditions, and my suggestion for the United States is a series of great housing companies, with subsidiaries in smaller areas. We have many such companies in England, which buy up tracts of land, develop them, and then hold the houses for rental, as well as selling them. To some extent the Sage Foundation has worked out this idea, within eighteen minutes of New York, but only for"—what Mrs. Barnett considered—"the rich."

"This segregation of nationalities in the United States is all wrong. Either stop immigration altogether or put an end to the home in a pig-sty. When my American friends come to me and say that if the poor are given baths, they will only use them for coal cellars, I answer that I heard that argument in London exactly fifty years ago. It impressed our great-grandfathers. All these objections—that people prefer the crowded city and like taking in lodgers—mean that the conditions of the poor are neither known nor understood. Our heroes fought for a decent country; and we have no right to neglect home-making.

"New York," continued Mrs. Barnett, "is a little too well built to pull down. But the dumb-bell tenements should be



TOYNBEE HALL

A part of the "Quad" in the famous social settlement in Whitechapel, London

reconstructed and every fifth block turned into a playground for children. We should *dare to destroy*. The Hindu god Kali—the creator—was also the destroyer. And this applies," she added, with a smile, "to much housing in Chicago." And here Mrs. Barnett gave me a description of sanitary arrangements in that city's tenements, which she emphatically condemned. "We must face the sacrifice," she insisted, "involved in accurate living."

"When I talked to some employers in New York about moving their factories into the country, they raised their hands in amazement. Yet why not? In the case of Lord Leverhulme, our soap magnate, Port Sunlight has been built for the workers, around the factory, as part of the machinery to secure efficient wage-earners, and on the rentals there is an actual loss of £32,000 a year, which the firm meets. In view of the Pullman experiment, where

it was held that the employer-landlord held too much power over his people, I advocate rather the policy pursued at Bourneville, near Birmingham, by the Cadburys, who have instituted a distinct housing corporation, separate from their cocoa business, which corporation owns a town where only forty per cent of the inhabitants are employees.

"In the case of cities like New York, there should be cheap transit run far into the country, so opening up vacant land."

So vigorously has Mrs. Barnett advanced this particular plea that she has been invited several times to return to the United States at an attractive salary in order to work out such schemes. Broadly, the system of capitalization advocated is based on the principle that the interest payable on investment shall be limited to, say, 5 or 6 per cent. When I put to Mrs. Barnett this difficulty, that houses can

be built nowadays only at an inflated price, which may decline, so wiping out all return on capital and possibly more than this, she took up an attitude at once courageous and militant. "In war," she argued, "we do not mind spending money; and why should we dislike spending it on a fight to remove dirt and disease and unhappiness?" She was further impressed when I told her how architects, paid on percentages of cost, naturally concentrate their highest skill on large buildings, monuments, and so on, instead of cottages, where one design might be multiplied a thousandfold, without advantage to the professional man responsible.

Mrs. Barnett has returned to Europe full of warm feelings for the United States and Canada. In women of her stamp Americans see the real England, devoted not to advertisement or pleasure, but to thought and work and social co-operation.

THE JEW-EATERS

A PICTURE OF RUSSIAN-POLISH-JEWISH RELATIONS

BY MARIA MORAVSKY

I AM a Russian-Pole. Some of my best friends were Jews. So I can give much inside information on these complicated relations.

My heart is equally divided between the three nations. No wonder that I regret the bloody misunderstandings between the Poles, Jews, and Russians.

People who watched the fighting between these nationalities naturally took sides. Many of you condemned the Poles for the pogroms, and—unjustly—considered the Poles barbarous for that reason. Many of you wonder why Jews now occupy the highest position in Soviet Russia. How did it happen that they jumped from the "pogromized" nation to the nation of rulers?

Maybe all these questions would become clearer to the international outsiders if they are reminded of a few important historical facts and are given a handful of first-hand observation of the Polish-Jewish-Russian neighborhood life.

I

The cause of pogroms in the imperialistic Russia was always clear for the majority of Russians; we knew that the old Russian Government had to give the oppressed people some outlet for their hatred and indignation. So the Czar's hirelings would organize the good-for-nothing unemployed workers—in plain American language, bums—and, after giving them a sufficient spray of vodka, send the drunken army to beat "the enemies of all good Christians." Quite often such an army was led by an Orthodox priest carrying a holy icon. I have personally seen in the pogrom-famous city of Odessa a "Little Father" sprinkling axes with holy water. Axes to break people's heads!

The great masses of the Russian peasantry had little hostile feeling toward Jews, because they seldom or never saw them. The Jews were not allowed to live in central Russia nor on the Caucasus. The only Hebrews that I saw working in their own fields on the Caucasus were the oldest settlers, the Biblical-looking primitive tribes who came there before any other nation. Other Jews had no right to occupy themselves in agriculture or buy land there.

Being a great lover of the new peasants' poetry, which reflects faithfully and realistically the daily life, troubles, joys, and beliefs of the people, I spent several years gathering the primitive peasants' songs, so-called *chastushka*. Among the thousands of songs describing every part of peasant life—soldiering, love, work, war—there were only a few songs about the Jews, and I saw very little or no hostility in them. The meanest of these little poems I ever heard says:

I was in a saloon. The old saloon-keeper with side-whiskers did not like me. I kissed his little Jewess, and her father stamped his feet at me.

Another song, telling about the national unfriendliness between the two nations, runs:

My sweetheart is a little Jew,
I am conscious to confess it.
My neighbors laugh at me and scorn me.

But I cannot part with him.

This was the most of the national hatred I could trace in the innumerable peasants' songs.

The hatred against the Jews was artificially cultivated in Russia by those

who needed to turn the people's wrath from its real object. No wonder that our *intelligenza*, the most educated part of the Russians, defended the Jews and even idealized them. This idealization of the oppressed went so far that in the last years before the Revolution one could not say a word against the Jews in the society of educated people without being considered a barbarian, a "Jew-eater" and dark reactioner. The typically national faults of the Jews (what nation is without its faults?) were completely overlooked by their idealistic defendants, and the Jews were considered a nation of martyrs, heroes, and pioneers of the Revolution.

After the overthrow of Czarism our society wished to reward the Jews for their sufferings. It was partly due to this desire to atone for former injustices that the Jews were given so many important positions in the new Government.

II

In Poland the relations were more complicated. There also the originators of the pogroms were mostly Government officials, but I am sorry to say that the common people also let themselves be aroused by the spirit of national hatred. The reasons were many, historical and economical. Let us not dig deep into history. I will bring a more modern reason I know—the war treachery.

It was a sad fact—may my Jewish friends forgive me that I state it!—most of the war spies on the Russian western front were Jews. I don't blame them. Would you have any feeling of loyalty to a country in which you were constantly persecuted? The Czar's Russia

was a stepmother to the Jews. Her laws curbed them, her Cossacks beat them, her clergy often helped to kill them. No wonder that the Jewish subjects of the cruel Government betrayed for the sake of money (often under the threat of death) the army of the Czar! After a spy was caught and hanged it resulted in a pogrom as secondary reaction. The population often joined hands with the Cossacks and drunken killing-men in order to punish the "traitors."

Why did the population join? Are the Poles more barbaric than Russians? No; in fact, they are more civilized; their epoch of literacy and baptism began much earlier than the Russian enlightenment. The reason of their inhuman outbursts was purely economic.

From the old times the Jews were not allowed to live in "Russia's Heart," as central Russia was named. They were exiled to Poland, much against the wish of the Polish population. The involuntary guests aroused the hostility of the Polish citizens by their unusual commercial talents. Being deprived in Russia of the right to higher education, of land-ownership, of occupying any position in the Government or so-called "high society," the Jews naturally drifted into trades and commerce. Driven by necessity, they learned how to exploit exceedingly well the only field left to them. Poles could never keep pace with the shrewd Jewish manufacturers and merchants. Very often Jews were pawnbrokers and money-lenders. In fact, the Jew and the money-lender were synonymous in Poland. There is a Polish proverb: "When in trouble, one goes to a Jew."

Polish aristocrats who owned whole

cities would sometimes sublet to the enterprising Jews, not only the homes for rent, but even the churches (Ukrainian ones)! And the superintendents of these churches, also Jews, would charge a certain amount of money for visiting the houses of God. No wonder this aroused general hatred. It is a pity that the hatred was directed against the nearest offenders of the religious feeling; the ignorant masses often even did not know that the churches were rented to the Jews by "genuine Christians," the rich aristocrats.

It is hard for a civilized person to picture such a state of things. However, it actually existed, so history tells us. You can easily conclude what the consequences were. The unbounded religious fanaticism, backed by the economic hatred, born out of exploitation—these were the results of the abnormal life of the Jews in Poland. Of course, if the Jews were given all rights in that country, they would not occupy themselves with such hatred-breeding things as renting Christian churches or lending money on ferocious terms.

The ideas and feelings almost always survive the facts of which they were born. Long after the majority of Polish Jews were reduced to being poor workingmen and small merchants, long after they ceased to have anything in common with exploiting the churches, they were still hated by the ignorant population of Ukrainians and Poles, who ascribed all their misery to the alleged fact that "Jews invaded the country and suck her." The recent pogroms were the consequence of this belief.

I am afraid that it will take years of

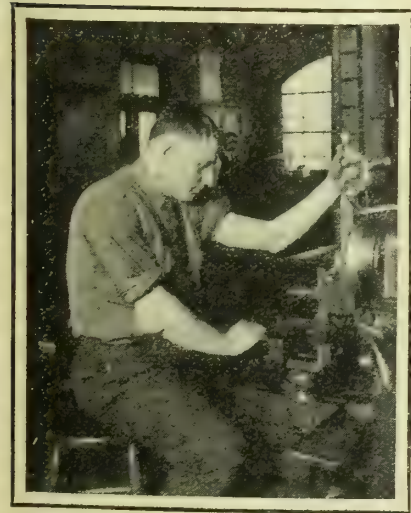
good-willed propaganda before the last drop of bitterness dries out from the common cup of the miserable life which Poles and Jews are compelled to share. Not all Jews can migrate from Poland. Not all Poles can live without Jewish industry. Both nations suffer privations; the present time is not well chosen for "taking sides." America ought to help the people of both nationalities, Poles and Jews alike, because they are both unhappy. Then, after you feed them, you may judge them.

I am happy to state that Polish-Jewish hostility was far from being general. I remember very well how the tender-hearted Christians would lend their Jewish neighbors the sacred images—to save the "unbelievers" from the pogroms. The Jews would exhibit the icons in their windows, and the enraged mob would pass their homes without robbing them. I observed such action many times.

In the circle of acquaintances and friends among whom I spent several years of my life, in the international city of Odessa, I brought away the most sincere conviction that perfect harmony is possible between the Poles, Russians, and Jews. Not once have I heard any unpleasant word concerning my nationality from a Russian nor from a Jew. And I had the opportunity of coming in personal touch with thousands of people, being a journalist, a lecturer, and an organizer. I have traveled all over Russia and Poland. I have lived close to the Jewish, Polish, and Russian masses, and I am happy to state my firm belief that we three nations can overcome completely the dangerous illness of national hatred which we had inherited from the dark and cruel past.

A UNIVERSITY FOR THE WOUNDED
HOW THE COUNTRY'S DEBT TO THE WAR-DISABLED IS
BEING IN PART
DISCHARGED

BY JAMES P. MUNROE
VICE-CHAIRMAN, FEDERAL BOARD FOR
VOCATIONAL EDUCATION



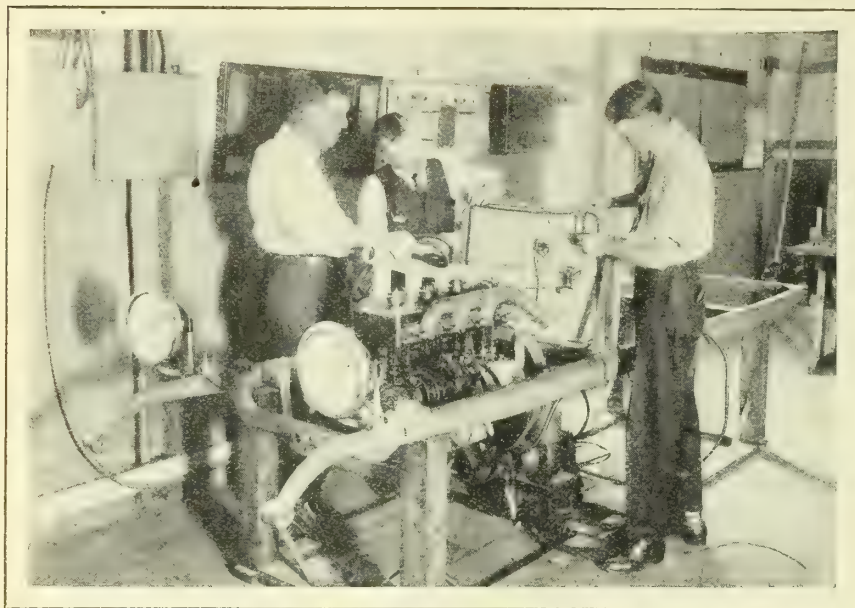
IN THE MACHINE SHOP
Instruction given at the College of the City
of New York

ONE of the great world spectacles is the Harvard-Yale football game, which last fall gathered 75,000 persons into the Yale Bowl. The mere handling of that audience involves tremendous problems; yet at this moment the Federal Board for Vocational Education is giving, under the Soldier Rehabilitation Act, practical training to almost an equal body of disabled soldiers, sailors, and marines. Moreover, if Congress broadens out the act as the Board has suggested, at least another "Bowlful" will eventually be similarly trained.

In degree of disability those benefiting



MAKING JEWELRY
Instruction given at the Institute for Crippled
and Disabled Men, New York City



TESTING A MOTOR'S WIRES

A group of Federal Board trainees at the West Side Y. M. C. A., New York City

from the law range from the pianist whose little-finger amputation ruined his chosen career to the unfortunate youth with hands and eyes blown away. In capacity the trainees include everything from the ditch-digger, totally illiterate even in his foreign tongue, to the "highbrow" working for a Ph.D. The places of training include about 1,800 public and private schools and colleges, and 8,500 industrial, commercial, and agricultural establishments, while several thousand men, still in hospitals, are having such measure of education as the doctors permit.

Never before was built up in so short a time a training organization of such size. Never before have the directors of any educational project been called upon, not only to provide training, but also to recruit their students, to examine them medically and vocationally, to give each one effective vocational advice, to thresh out workable contracts with hundreds of schools and thousands of employers, to persuade every one of them to adapt the teaching to the special needs of a complex variety of disabled men, to organize a follow-up staff competent to see that those in training are getting what they should, to establish for each trainee a genuine job objective which, after training, will pay him a full and steady wage, to enlist real co-operation from practically every existing social service, to secure medical supervision and care for all trainees needing them, and to make certain that every man of the tens of thousands in training receives twice a month his maintenance pay.

This huge undertaking, before which the responsibilities of the largest universities pale into insignificance, is the practical way in which the Federal Government is endeavoring to make some adequate return to those who risked everything and gave much in the

stupendous conflict with the Central Powers. So overwhelming were the immediate problems of organizing a mammoth fighting force that not until we had been in the World War fourteen months was it possible to devise legislation to provide stimulating rehabilitation rather than mere deadening pensions for disabled ex-service men.

Like all other untried pieces of humanitarian legislation, the Soldier Rehabilitation Law, avowedly tentative and incomplete, had to be made workable through actual experience. During this process of trying out there were inevitable mistakes and delays; aggravated, of course, by misunderstandings, the nerve tension of the war, and the pressing need for haste. By the middle of July, 1919, however, experience had shown the best solutions, the Nation had become fully aroused to the magnitude of the problem, the soldiers themselves had grasped the meaning of the work, and in the year and a half which has since elapsed the Federal Board for Vocational Education has made a phenomenal record.

In that short time the Board has sought out and registered over 280,000 possible trainees, of whom it has found about 85,000 not eligible under the Rehabilitation Law. Each one of those men, however, is entitled, upon asking, to a careful review of his case. Of its "live load" (as of November 1) of 195,000 the Board has ascertained that almost exactly half are entitled to training under Section 2 of the law, which assures not only tuition and educational supplies for the trainee but also generous maintenance for himself and his dependents. It has determined that an additional 72,000 may have, under the law, free tuition and books, but not maintenance; the law restricting the full measure of aid to "every person enlisted, enrolled, drafted, inducted, or

appointed in the military or naval forces of the United States, including members of training camps authorized by law, who, since April 7, 1917, has resigned or has been discharged or furloughed therefrom under honorable conditions, having a disability incurred, increased, or aggravated while a member of such forces, or later developing a disability traceable in the opinion of the Board to service with such forces, and who, in the opinion of the Federal Board for Vocational Education, is in need of vocational rehabilitation to overcome the handicap of such disability."

This would seem to indicate that the status of only about ten per cent of those registered men is still to be ascertained. But such a remainder is inseparable from a rapidly growing enterprise like this, with thousands of new men coming from hospitals or elsewhere every week. From July 1 to November 1, 1920, for example, the Board secured the names of 41,000 new men who might be entitled to vocational rehabilitation; yet during that same period the undetermined cases were reduced by 30,000. This shows that final decisions are being reached upon seven hundred cases every working day.

In every such case there must be determined four essentials preliminary to training: (1) honorable discharge; (2) injury received in or as a consequence of military or naval service; (3) need of training in order to overcome a vocational handicap; and (4) feasibility of training. It is often exceedingly difficult to secure trustworthy data connecting disability with service; thousands of injured men, in their anxiety to get home, swore that they were not disabled, a statement which the Federal Board must now disprove; and in many instances it requires the utmost skill and patience to ascertain, on the one hand, the degree of physical unfitness and, on the other, adaptability for training.

Eligibility having been established, the disabled ex-service man must then be advised, placed in training with a definite objective, and his work supervised. Any one who has had to give vocational guidance to even a single youth can appreciate what the task has been to provide it for tens of thousands with every sort of disability, every type of educational background, and scattered, moreover, over the whole United States.

Of the men eligible under Section 2 of the law, which provides both maintenance and tuition, 60,000 have actually entered training. Of the 38,000 eligibles who have not yet availed themselves of their rights, nearly 10,000 are not yet physically well enough to do so. At least an equal number refuse to believe that training is worth while, despite every argument placed before them by the Board, the Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and many other agencies. A third large group, including notably the mountain whites and the colored, are suspicious that this proffered op-

portunity will force them back into military service. And the largest group of all is made up of those who, under the abnormal industrial conditions which until recently obtained, have had no difficulty in securing employment, and have therefore declined or postponed training. The motives for refusing the Government's offer have been ascertained in practically every case, and whenever any one changes his mind—as hundreds are doing every week—he can take up training without delay.

Of the 72,000 eligible under Section 3 of the Vocational Rehabilitation Law, only about 7,500 have thus far entered training. This low percentage was to be expected, since Section 3 does not permit maintenance pay; and the Board is urging Congress to eliminate the distinction between Sections 2 and 3, so that large numbers not able to maintain themselves except through Government subsidy may secure the benefits of the law.

About ten thousand men who had begun training have discontinued. Of this number, probably half have done so only temporarily, either because of ill health or because of immediate opportunities to secure high wages. Of the remainder, at least several thousand have entered permanent employment and should be added to the group of graduates. Comparatively few have been dropped, and the number, other than those well employed, who have permanently given up training represents a much smaller percentage than is met in ordinary schools. Since the courses of training average usually about two years, and since the great majority did not begin until the fall of 1919, it follows that the number thus far graduated is only about two thousand. This in itself is striking testimony to the genuineness of the training and the earnestness of the trainees.

The early decision of the Board to utilize existing schools, colleges, industrial plants, etc., rather than to create new institutions, not only has saved to the Government hundreds of millions of dollars, but has been a leading factor in restoring the disabled quickly to normal social and economic life. To have segregated them in Federal training institutions would have been most harmful to them and would have placed the Federal Government in the anomalous position of competing with State education. Moreover, it would have thrown away the excellent opportunity which the Federal Board plan is giving to strengthen many institutions on the vocational side, to show a number of schools and colleges new opportunities for educational service, to stimulate training "on the job," and to induce close co-operative relations between industry and schools. No compensation other than the regular fees is paid to any institutions except in those few cases where it is clearly shown that the work for the disabled involves a substantial increase in comparative cost. Industrial and commercial plants ask,



A MECHANICAL DENTISTRY SCHOOL

Another group of trainees at the West Side Y. M. C. A., under the Federal Board

as a rule, no fee for training, yet in only a very few instances has there been any attempt to evade teaching responsibility.

To build up in so short a time a staff competent to handle the complex problems of advisement, supervision, and follow-up with tens of thousands of men scattered all over the country has been very difficult, especially since Federal practice does not permit of salaries comparable with what States, cities, and especially private enterprises, are offering for similar efficiency. It has involved a dishearteningly large turnover and has necessitated much trying out of unknown material. It is gratifying to record, therefore, that a large proportion of the staff have risen to the opportunities presented by this new and difficult work of human conservation, and that many have made marked financial sacrifice in order to help the soldier. The country owes a debt to hundreds of men and women who have labored day and night on meager pay and without thought of any other reward than the consciousness of having been of genuine service.

From the very beginning the spirit of the Board and of its employees, from the Director to the humblest clerk, has been that of doing the utmost that the law permits for the disabled man and to do it with the least "red tape," in the heartiest spirit of sympathy, and at the smallest cost consistent with good work to the taxpayer. Many orders stressing the need of the "big brother" spirit have gone out from the Central Office; every conference of workers puts this essential attitude in the foreground, and, as already stated, the response from practically the whole force has been remarkable. Promotions have been earned; demotions, when necessary, have been accepted in the right spirit; and transfers from one office to another, when shown to be for the good of the

service, have been cheerfully acquiesced in. Few, if any, Government organizations have been so decentralized as has the Federal Board, and probably with none other has co-operation with related Federal and with State and private agencies been carried so far. In this way the Board has brought itself right to the disabled man's home, has multiplied its services many times, and has carried them into needed fields which it could not itself enter.

Were space available, case after case could be cited where the work of soldier rehabilitation is building new men, is carrying opportunity and hope to thousands who had before dreamed in vain of education, and is making real Americans out of great groups of illiterate foreign-born. Many stories could be told of the discovery of talents—of draymen, for example, turned into artists; of special services to the blind, the deaf, and those with multiple wounds. There should be included also an account of the widely extended work, in co-operation with the United States Public Health Service, for the thousands of men afflicted with tuberculosis, with various nerve disorders, and with other chronic or recurrent ailments—work that will have wide-reaching influence upon the National health.

Far-sighted, however, as was the action of Congress in providing vocational rehabilitation for the war-disabled when considered solely from the economic standpoint, that is but a minor aspect. The greatest effect will eventually be seen in the transforming of a large and influential body of men who, had they been neglected, would have become Bolsheviki, because of what they would have rightly regarded as National ingratitude, into a coherent group, enthusiastic for American ideals, grateful to Uncle Sam, and evidencing by their own competence the effectiveness of sound training in conserving men.

WRESTLING WITH MEN AND MUD



From G. W. Phelps, Tokyo, Japan

A SUMO BOUT IN TOKYO

If an athletic event in America occurs in ten successive years, it becomes in the parlance of the sporting page "a classic." Japan has been holding national wrestling championships steadily since the year 1624 and the first recorded match took place in 23 B.C. In 858 the throne of Japan was wrestled for by the two sons of the Emperor Buntoku. Japanese wrestlers belong to a closely organized guild, the highest order of which, in feudal times, ranked next to the Samurai. The two wrestlers crouching in the ring are in the position for the beginning of a bout. After the bout has started the first wrestler who touches the ground with any part of his body except his feet is the loser.

CUBA REPLACES THE WOODEN- WHEELED OX CART WITH THE "TANK" TYPE

"In my travels over the island of Cuba," says the sender of this photograph, "I came across a new idea in the hauling of cane which is no doubt a result of the World War—a continuous type belt wheel that is being adopted in place of the old hand-made seven-foot wheel in use for the past centuries. These wheels have made it an easy matter to get the sugar-cane from the fields where there are no roads; and in wet weather, of which they have a great deal, the hauling is accomplished without any trouble or

serious delay."



From P. Simmeus, Havana, Cuba

THE BOOK TABLE

AN UNTITLED NOBILITY

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

IT would be difficult to name any family in American history which has occupied as prominent a position and exerted as great an influence for as long a time as the Adams family. Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Lincoln, have successively appeared as great leaders, but have had no family successors. But John Adams, the second President of the United States, was followed by his son, John Quincy Adams, the sixth President, and eminent before his Presidency as a successful diplomat and after his Presidency as a courageous and uncompromising pioneer in the anti-slavery campaign brought to a successful issue by Abraham Lincoln. And John Quincy Adams was in turn followed by his son, Charles Francis Adams, who was our Minister to England during the Civil War, and who accomplished successfully a task as difficult as was ever given in our history to any American diplomat. Thus from 1775, when John Adams as member of the Continental Congress seconded the nomination of Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, to 1872, when Charles Francis Adams, grandson of John Adams, brought his public service to a close by his action as a member of the Alabama Arbitration Tribunal—that is, for nearly a century—the Adams family occupied a position and exerted an influence in American affairs which is without a parallel in our history. The "Cycle of Adams Letters"¹ is a collection of letters exchanged between three of that family—Charles Francis Adams and his two sons, Henry and Charles Francis, Jr.—during our Civil War, 1861–1865. Henry was in England, companion and unofficial private secretary of his father; Charles Francis, Jr., was in the United States, during most of the time an officer in the Federal army. The editor of these letters would have enhanced the value of the collection for the general reader if at certain points (not many) he had added a brief note indicating the event out of which the letter grew or to which it referred.

These letters make clear the fluctuating emotions and the conflicting opinions which characterized that epoch.

The curiously contradictory character of the British people is brought out in what, as here narrated, assumes some amusing aspects, but at the time must have been anything but amusing to our representative who had to deal with them. Fortunately, he had vision, courage, and a sense of humor, and all three were needed. Aristocratic England still

¹ A Cycle of Adams Letters, 1861–1865. Edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford. With Illustrations. 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

had control of the machinery of government. But the French Revolution and the Chartist Movement had alarmed these rulers. The "Reform Bill," extending the suffrage and abolishing the old corrupt boroughs, had been enacted, and the will of the common people, inspired by the political principles of the Puritans and by the religious enthusiasms of the Methodists, could not be ignored. To keep the democratic tide from ebbing without appearing to appeal to the people against their constitutional rulers was the difficult task set the diplomat. And this task was made the more difficult because in the early years of the war our own people had not perceived, and our own Government had not officially acknowledged, that the existence of slavery was even endangered, so that the claim of Southern agents that the South was fighting for self-government against a centralized despotism was difficult to combat.

From the very first Charles Francis Adams, though no abolitionist and not in sympathy with the Garrison principles or methods, saw this clearly. He writes to his son in February, 1862: "To me at this distance it looks very much as if the slave tenure must be irreparably damaged by the social convulsion through which the country is passing..." Six weeks later the course of events has become clearer, and he writes: "Never did people pay such a penalty for their madness. And the worst is yet to come. For emancipation is on its way with slow but certain pace. Well for them if it do not take them unaware." This is in April, 1862. In June, 1864, the emancipation proclamation has been issued, has made the issue, which was before obscure, clear to the English people, has been welcomed with characteristic calmness by the father and with characteristic enthusiasm by his son, and the father, foreseeing the problem which emancipation will involve, is ready to face it:

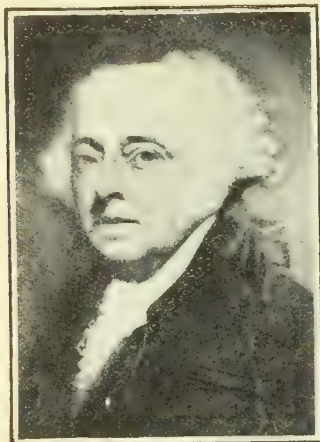
We are yet passing through the painful trial consequent upon the effort to remove a great cause of weakness. How much it may yet cost us, it is quite impossible to calculate. But the time should not pass without effecting the object, even if it be at the expense of the deportation of the whole body of existing slave-owners. It may take us fifty years to recover from this effort. That is as a mere moment in comparison with the blessing it will give to our latest posterity to be free from the recurrence of such a calamity from the same cause.

He sees in the war a fulfillment of the warning uttered by Thomas Jeffer-

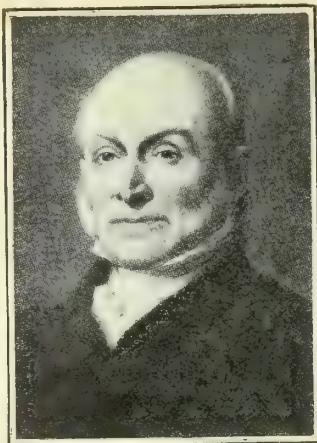
son in the words, "I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just." "How long," he writes to his soldier son on the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, "this chastisement is to be continued, it is idle to attempt to predict. Only one thing is clear to me, and that is the paramount duty to future generations of not neglecting again to remove the source of that evil." He sees in the war "the penalty which all of us are equally to pay for our offense before God," and equally clearly does he see what is the only hope of salvation: "If the great trial have the effect of purifying and exalting us in the future, we as a nation may yet be saved." It is interesting and instructive to note that this letter was written about eight months before Abraham Lincoln's second inaugural: "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

Living in England, studying and taking an important part in European affairs, Charles Francis Adams sees very clearly that a civil war involves more than the existence of American slavery; it involves the existence of autocracy in the Old World. In April, 1864, apropos of Maximilian's ill-starred expedition to Mexico, he writes: "The existence of the United States as a prosperous republic has been the example against which all reasoning contrary to the popular feeling has been steadily losing strength. It was the outbreak of the war that in an instant gave such revived hopes to all the privileged classes in Europe. For three years they have been making every possible use of the advantage. But it is now manifestly on the wane once more. Napoleon's Mexican empire, as a bridle upon the movement of American republicanism, is the only practical result of that crisis." And in June following he foretells the result in European life of a Federal victory in the Civil War: "The time is coming when all these frivolities will pass away, and the great national problem of privilege only to the select few will come up and demand a stern solution." No one could then have imagined how stern the solution would be.

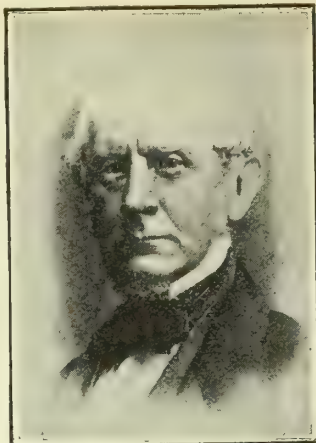
To one who loves the mother country and, despite her sometimes egregious faults, admires her part in the history of civilization, and of that number I am one, the reading of these letters is not altogether pleasant. Such a reader has to remember that England had her Cromwell and her Hampden as well as



JOHN ADAMS



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS



CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

(From "A Cycle of Adams Letters")



CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

FOUR GENERATIONS OF THE ADAMS FAMILY

her James I and Charles I, her Burke and Chatham as well as her George III and Lord North, her common people as well as the political leaders who wished to control them. Mr. Adams puts the two classes in sharp contrast:

As to us, I fancy you can understand the pleasantness of the position we are occupying in the meantime. The leading newspapers roll out as much fiery lava as Vesuvius is doing, daily. The clubs and the army and the navy and the people in the streets generally are raving for war. On the other side are the religious people and a large number of stock jobbers and traders, together with the radical following of Messrs. Cobden and Bright. The impression is general that Mr. Seward is resolved to insult England until she makes a war. He is the *bête noir*, that frightens them out of all their proprieties.

This was written in December, 1861, at the time when Commander Wilkes had taken from an English vessel Messrs. Mason and Slidell, commissioners to England from the Confederate States, and English pride and American pride were both aflame. Both in England and in America was coming the belief that Seward meant war. Mr. Adams did not lose his head nor share the "delusion of my countrymen." "They may regard Messrs. Mason and Slidell as more precious than all their worldly possessions. May be so. For my part, I would part with them at a cent apiece."

The delusions throughout the Civil War encouraged by the Government and seriously reported by the press, by even so eminent a journal as the London "Times," furnish an amusing illustration of how easy it is to deceive a people who wish to be deceived. Happily for both countries, the common people of England did not wish to be deceived; it was only the politicians and the editors who deceived themselves. For example:

London, October 17, 1862.

... General McClellan's work during the week ending the 18th has done a good deal to restore our drooping

credit here. Most of the knowing ones had already discounted the capture of Washington and the capitulation of the Free States. Some had gone so far as to presume the establishment of Jefferson Davis as the President instead of Lincoln. The last number of the "Edinburgh Review" has a wise prediction that this is to be effected by the joint labors of the "mob" and of "the merchants" of the city of New York. This is the guide of English intelligence of the nature of our struggle.

London, June 19, 1863.

... Our good friends in this country are always provided with a little later than the last news from America, which is equally sure to be very bad for us. We have just survived a complete capitulation of the whole army of General Grant. ... Washington has been taken several times. I am not sure whether Boston has been considered in great peril or not. So little are the majority acquainted with our geography that such a story is as likely to be believed as any of the rest. The only effect all this has upon us is to furnish just so many instances of the intense earnestness of the benevolence prevailing in these parts.

The self-portraiture of the two sons is scarcely less interesting than that of the father. All three have the New England temperament, but are of very different types.

Charles Francis, Jr., is a typical New England soldier. If he has not much enthusiasm, he has what is much better, unflinching courage which neither incompetence in his superiors nor disasters in the field can daunt. He illustrates a not very frequent virtue in the too-volatile American character, that of steadfastness. He is a vigorous disciplinarian, but not a martinet, is devoted to the care and comfort not only of his men and of his prisoners, but of his horses and his mules. He declines a promotion which would greatly enhance his comfort and his chances for reputation because it would decrease his opportunity for self-sacrificing service. His descriptive letters of his campaigning, especially some to his mother, are

admirable specimens of graphic war literature. He criticises but never complains. The following cheerful picture is characteristic of his spirit:

(Charles Francis Adams, Jr.,
to his Father)

Warrenton, Va.
Christmas evening, 1863.

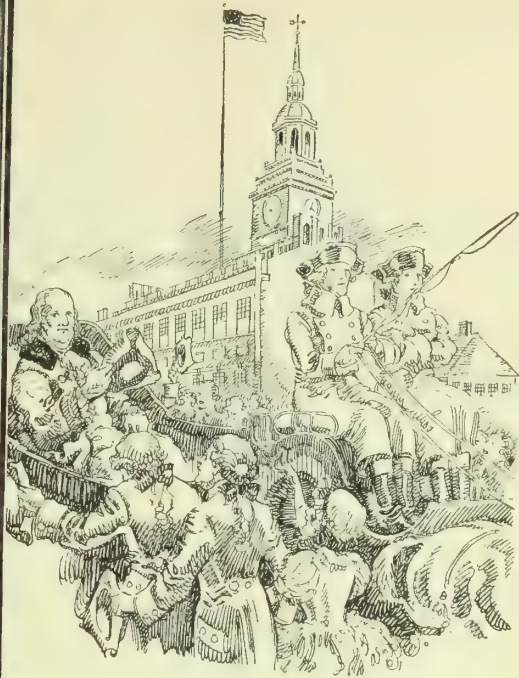
... This evening finds me in reality in winter quarters. To-night for the first time this year I feel comfortable in my new house. ... It cost me twelve dollars in money. I bought half of a roof of a building from which the soldiers had stripped the sides. This was divided at the ridge-pole and the two sides constitute the two sides of my house, six feet high by fourteen long, the front and rear logged up, with an open fireplace in the rear, the whole covered with an old hospital tent fly, and with a floor of boards—warm, roomy, and convenient, two beds, three chairs and a table, and everything snug. Don't talk to me of comfort! Bah!! Everything is relative. I have more real, positive, healthy comfort here than ever I did in my cushioned and carpeted room at home! So much for my room, and now for my letter.

The reader gets from these letters a much pleasanter portrait of Henry than from his autobiography. There is almost nothing of that self-deprecating egotism which characterizes "The Education of Henry Adams." But we do not find any indications of that religious faith which throughout that perplexing time kept the father so unruffled that Henry called him his "placid chief."

I venture to sum up in two sentences the impression left on one reader of these letters:

As literature they present a very vivid picture, full of color, of a critical period of American history.

As unconsciously self-painted portraits, they introduce to us a father and two sons, of strikingly different temperaments but united by a spirit of unflinching loyalty—loyalty to their country, to their principles, and to each other; the latest, we hope not the last, representatives in our National political life of an untitled American family.



Poor at Twenty; Rich at Forty; Internationally famous at fifty

You are invited to have FREE a booklet that tells what
few great books make a man think straight and talk well

POOOR, friendless, with no education, Benjamin Franklin walked through the streets of Philadelphia alone.

Yet at forty he was independent; at fifty his company was eagerly sought by the leaders of two continents.

What was Franklin's success secret? Something mysterious?

Not at all. His secret was nothing more than this:

Every day of his life he added a part of some other man's brains to his own. He picked the few really great mind-building books and read them systematically a few minutes every day.

Are you bigger to-day than yesterday?

You have so few minutes in the day for reading; so few days in a busy life. Will you spend them all with the gossip of the Newspapers, or the mere entertainment of Fiction?

Or will you, like Franklin, start now to make the great thinkers of the world your servants? Will you increase your own brain power by adding their brain power to it?

What are the few great books—biographies; histories, novels, dramas, poems, books of science and travel, philosophy and religion, that have in them the power to make of their readers men who can think clearly and talk interestingly—men who will not only be ambitious for success, but who will have required the broadness of vision necessary to achieve it?

All of these questions, so vital to you, are answered in the free booklet pictured below. You can have a copy of it for the asking.

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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY¹

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

America's Forests; The Tree Crop

IN this issue Mr. Pack, Mr. Allen, Mr. Driggs, and The Outlook all write about one of our indispensable natural resources—our forests.

For what reasons has the conservation of our forests not received proper attention in the past? What are forest reserves? Where are such reserves located in the United States? How are they managed?

What can you tell of the efforts of President Roosevelt and of Gifford Pinchot towards the solution of our forest problem? Can you name any other Americans who have been or are vitally interested in this question?

Is your own State doing anything to promote forest conservation and to assist the people in the planting and the care of trees? If so, tell what is being done.

Have we a National forestry policy? What points would you emphasize in outlining a forestry policy?

Explain carefully the following terms: *Natural resources, corrals, sacrosanct, arboreal, primeval.*

The question of the conservation of our natural resources is discussed in the following books: "Foundations of National Prosperity," by R. T. Ely (Macmillan); "United States Forest Policy," by J. Ise (Yale University Press); "Conservation Reader," by H. W. Fairbanks (World Book Co.).

The Jew-Eaters; Anti-Jewish Propaganda

What explanation does Miss Moravsky give as to why the Jews have been objects of hatred in Russia? Does this seem to you to be a satisfactory explanation?

If you were asked to sign a protest against anti-Jewish propaganda in the United States, what reasons would you give for signing the protest or refusing to sign it?

One daily editor tells us that the Jews in America "have prospered and have taken a great part in the making of the Republic." What facts are there in our history which you would use in support of this editorial comment?

There are those who believe that giving publicity to the campaign against the Jews in America will do more harm than good. One point brought out by these critics is that such notice will make a National issue out of what is now mostly imagination. Do, or do you not, agree with these critics?

Can you give any illustrations from

¹ These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—The Editors.

American history which tend to show that "ideas and feelings survive the facts of which they were born"?

Define these expressions: *Jews, Hebrews, pogroms, imperialistic, intelligencia, propaganda, insidious, prejudice.*

The First Real Test of Mr. Harding

How many members has the President's Cabinet? How do they receive their positions? What are the chief functions of the Cabinet?

What principles do you think should guide President-elect Harding in the selection of his Cabinet?

Is a President-elect entirely free to select whom he wishes for his Cabinet? Is Mr. Harding's measure of freedom of choice greater than was President Wilson's when he was President-elect?

Why is the position of Secretary of State generally considered the premier post in the Cabinet? What are the chief duties attached to this office?

What is meant by The Outlook's statement, "The payment of political debts through placement in high office"? Is such practice always to be condemned? Do you know of any of our Presidents who have paid political debts in this way? If so, what were the results?

We have taken the word "cabinet" from the British. What distinction should be noted between their Cabinet and ours?

What conditions and opportunities, in your opinion, should make it possible for Mr. Harding to carry on a genuinely constructive administration?

If you are looking for some valuable books on American Government, read "The State and the Nation," by E. Jenks (Dutton); "School Civics," by F. D. Boynton (Ginn & Co.); "American Government," by F. A. Magruder (Allyn & Bacon).

Buying up Slums

What do you know of the services rendered by Toynbee Hall?

Have we similar institutions in the United States? If so, compare their management and activities with those of Toynbee Hall.

Mrs. Barnett is quoted on page 147 of this issue as saying, "In the wider sense, home-making is neglected in the United States." If true, this is a very serious charge. Is it true?

Do you know of reasons why American cities should not build homes? What reasons can you give for spending public money for this purpose?

One of the points in the ten-point financial creed of the Y. M. C. A. is "Build a Home." Does home-owning tend to steady one's economic and political views? What other benefits of owning one's home can you name?

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY



(C) Harris & Ewing

JAMES P. MUNROE is Vice-Chairman of the Federal Board for Vocational Education. He is President of the Munroe Felt and Paper Company, of Boston. He is President of the Alumni Association of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and managing editor of the "Technology Review."

He is the author of numerous books, including "The Educational Ideal," "Adventures of an Army Nurse," and "The New England Conscience." His home is in Boston.

CHARLES LATHROP PACK is President of the American Forestry Association. He lives in Lakewood, New Jersey. For a generation he has been a practical forester and a pioneer in forestry reform. He began his work as a lumberman in Michigan, and has been the owner of large tracts of timberland in the United States and Canada. He was President of the Fifth National Conservation Congress. During the late war he formed and maintained the National War Garden Commission, more than trebling the number of individual gardens in America and increasing by at least half a billion dollars the country's revenue from gardens.

MARIA MORAVSKY contributed "Uplifting the Clown" and "The Subway, Elevated, and Airplane from a Sentimental Point of View" to recent issues of The Outlook. She came to the United States in 1917 as a newspaper correspondent. Her first story was published in "Harper's Monthly." Edward J. O'Brien mentioned it as one of the best short stories of the year in his volume for 1919. "I was very glad to be thus adopted into the family of American writers," says Miss Moravsky. Her first essay was published in the "Atlantic Monthly" in 1918.

P. W. WILSON was a member of the British House of Commons from 1905 to 1910, on the Liberal side; for seven more years he occupied a seat in the Press Gallery in Parliament. He is now American correspondent of the London "Daily News." He was born in 1875. As an undergraduate of Cambridge he took mathematical honors, was editor of the University magazine, the "Granta," and was President of the Cambridge Union Society, the chief undergraduate debating club. He has contributed frequently to the London "Truth," "Blackwood's," the "Contemporary," "Fortnightly," and "Guardian." He is the author of the following books: "The Christ We Forget" and "The Unmaking of Europe."

LAURENCE LA TOURETTE DRIGGS revives in this issue his fiction hero, Arnold Adair, who has already figured in various exciting narratives in The Outlook.

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81 Fourth Avenue, New York City

GUARDING THE NATION'S WOOD-LOT

BY E. T. ALLEN

FORESTER, NATIONAL LUMBER MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION

FOR at least three decades public attention has been called to the dangerous diminution of American forest resources. It is estimated that three-fifths of our original timber supply is gone. We are using the remainder much faster than it is being replaced. Over half is on the Pacific coast, distant from the main consuming regions. The total is estimated at 2,215,000,000,000 feet board measure, while we are using and burning 56,000,000,000 feet a year.

Depletion is not confined to saw timber. We have long since ceased to be self-supporting in news-print paper and now import two-thirds of our supply, although this is partly due to neglect of Western resources. Turpentine and resin production has fallen off fifty per cent. Great wood-using industries are finding their local supplies low and cannot move readily to Western fields. They will do so to a considerable extent, with less danger of being again stranded because by reason of climate, rapid-growing species, and natural reproduction the Western forests are destined to be the Nation's great permanent wood-lot; but without help this will be an overtaxed wood-lot and it will always suffer transportation handicaps. Being mostly coniferous, it offers small solution to the hardwood problem, the most serious of all from the replacement view-point.

The trouble does not lie in the use of our forest resources, but in not using our forest-growing land to replace them. We have 326,000,000 acres of cut-over lands, to which we are adding 5,000,000 acres a year by fire and cutting. Much is restocking satisfactorily, but much is not, while 81,000,000 acres are said to have practically no new forest growth. If kept producing to anything like its capacity, this enormous area, largely useless for other purposes, might together with our uncut areas supply us amply and permanently. It is not being so kept, mainly because of fire, tax laws penalizing private forest growing, and ignorance generally of the whole story of forest reproduction.

Forest fires are being combated to an increasing extent, especially on the Pacific coast, where in 1919 private owners alone spent \$1,000,000 in highly organized effort in co-operation with States and Government; but hazard also grows with human population and activity, so the struggle is like that of armor-plate with ordnance. The damage remains appalling beyond the comprehension of the lay population. As Colonel Greeley, Chief Forester for the United States, points out, accomplishment in timber production will long be measured by the reduction of fire loss, because every other factor is insignificant in comparison. Incomplete records for 1919 show 27,000 fires and 8,500,000 acres burned over. Millions of acres were burned without record.

However we may advocate other forestry steps, they seem inconsistent before we safeguard either our merchantable timber or the one hundred and thirty million odd acres of restocking land, which alone can bridge the gap until there is adjustment to a sustained yield.

This tremendous National resource of potential forest land that might take care of our wants is largely wasted, not through any one's deliberate selfishness, but because neither private nor public action has had opportunity to proceed in an intelligent, comprehensive way. The necessity of preventing "timber famine" has been preached until unquestioned by the veriest school-child. Yet for the first time in its history, after years of agitation and controversy, and although it is the greatest wood-using and wood-selling nation, the United States seems now within measurable distance of an American forest policy which permits the private, State, and Federal agencies involved to take the



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A STEEL OBSERVATION TOWER ON MOUNT ADAMS, IN NEW YORK STATE

GUARDING THE NATION'S WOOD-LOT (Continued)

steps essential to continuous forest production. We seem at last to have realized that, instead of argument and recrimination addressed to each particular offender, the real need is for such a policy, publicly indorsed, as will give each of these agencies to understand its rights and responsibilities and assurance that its efforts will be reciprocated by the others, and therefore successful.

The forest problem has always had State and Federal recognition in limited and uncorrelated form, resulting in various unsystematic public activities, of which the creation and administration of the National Forests is the most important. But the situation of private forest lands continued very generally to be treated by pleas and threats, alike offering no real assistance but assuming it to be a class problem,



(C) Keystone

A SIGN TO WARN CAMPERS AND TOURISTS AGAINST CARELESSNESS WHILE IN THE WOODS

with lumbermen alone guilty of any delinquency. Meanwhile lumbermen were becoming themselves sincerely interested, but fearful of a movement in which they were denied recognition except as alleged public enemies. The second notable step in National forest policy, the National Forest system being first, seems to have been reached in recognition that solution lies in constructive co-operation between all three agencies mutually interested—Federal, State, and private—to reach a definite programme under which the total effort required shall be clearly pictured and the distribution of effort made on a basis of equity, consistency, and sound economics assuring its permanence.

Measures to this end were recommended to the Senate last June by the United States Forest Service. Notable response to the movement has been made by the other groups interested, including private forest owners, who were, indeed, the first, several years ago, to advocate it as the only solution of a problem otherwise likely to lead to hopeless conflict of State and Federal police power in independent attempts at regulation. The result, final as far as it can be lacking action by Congress,

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GUARDING THE NATION'S WOOD-LOT (Continued)

was agreement, in New York on October 15, upon a proposed specific Federal legislative policy, closely in accord with that recommended by the Forest Service and having the full indorsement of Chief Forester Greeley, by accredited representatives of the following elements:

The National Lumber Manufacturers' and American Paper and Pulp Associations on behalf of the forest-owning industries; the Association of Wood-Using Industries for the great consuming industries; the National Wholesale Lumber Dealers' Association for lumber distributors; the National Newspaper Publishers' Association for the public press; and the United States Chamber of Commerce and American Forestry Association for the general consuming and taxpaying public.

Primary provisions of this programme are for a considerable extension of direct Federal activity in forest ownership and production and for clearly defined methods of development with Federal aid and correlation of such systematic State policies in the several forested regions as, being consistent with local conditions and State responsibility, shall bring about adequate forest protection and reproduction in the interest of these States and of the public at large.

With these aims, it provides specifically through co-operation between Government, States, and timber-land owners for adequate protection against forest fires, for reforestation of denuded lands, for obtaining essential information as to forest conditions, for study of forest taxation, for extension of National Forests, and for other steps essential to continuous forest production on lands chiefly suitable for this purpose.

Congress will have for its consideration a general bill thus outlining the features of a complete Federal policy, while items in the Agricultural Appropriation Bill for the work of the Forest Service will be in conformity therewith. Whether or not this policy so long needed is adopted presumably depends largely upon the public interest evinced. Some expenditure is required, but the method proposed will cost far less than any other which has been suggested, and the comparatively small sum required will be more than returned to the taxpayers in the form of lower prices of wood products.



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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

SCATTERING THE RISK

EVERY one is familiar with the old saying that it is a wise plan not to carry all one's eggs in one basket. If the basket breaks, it requires little imagination to picture the result. Results even more disastrous may flow from an accident to a financial basket containing all of one's investment eggs, and it is for this reason that bankers usually recommend that investments be diversified. If a man invests his all in the securities of one corporation and that corporation fails, he may lose everything he has saved. If, however, he divides his savings among the securities of a number of companies, he will

lose if one of them fails, but he will still have something left. If he diversifies his investments, he scatters his risk, and obviously it is the part of prudence to follow this course.

How should he go about it? In the first place, he can diversify his investments geographically. The various sections of the United States are dependent on different things for their prosperity; manufacturing in New England and the East, for instance, cotton in the South, agriculture in the Middle West, lumber in the Northwest, cattle in the West. This division can be enlarged, of course, but it serves as an example. The fail-

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ure of the cotton crop may affect the cotton-mills of New England as well as the States where cotton is grown; but all the mills in New England are not cotton-mills, and it would take more than this one thing to cause serious concern for the whole manufacturing district. So, while the various sections of the United States are dependent upon one another in large degree, still they are not entirely so, and by investing in the securities of industries located at different geographical points it is possible for one to scatter his risk. Suppose, for example, a man were looking for railway securities; railways, as every one knows, are dependent upon freight for their principal source of revenue, and the character of the freight they carry depends upon the products of the districts they serve. In one case the freight may be largely wheat, in another cattle, or automobiles, or lumber, or coal. If business drops off in one of these districts, the volume of freight declines in proportion, and the result is lower earnings. This is plain enough, and the way to guard against such eventualities is to scatter the risk by a geographical distribution of investments.

Now after the risk is scattered geographically it is possible to diversify it still further in a given area. In every geographical district there are enterprises of varying kinds; railways, for instance, public utilities, banks, concerns engaged in manufacturing, and of course there are the bonds issued by the States and municipalities in that district. Circumstances might develop which would embarrass the whole section, but the activities being carried on there would not all be affected in the same degree. Some would suffer more than others, and the man who owned securities of more than one concern would stand just that much better chance of not losing all he had. In other words, diversification of investments can be accomplished in a district just as in the country as a whole.

Marketability is something to consider in this connection. Some securities have a broader market—are easier to sell—than others. And when there is a broad market for a security it usually sells at a higher price than one for which there is little demand. It therefore yields less, and return must as a rule be sacrificed for marketability. As a general rule, however, it seems to us that a person with little money and unable to need that money at some unexpected time should consider only securities that are readily salable for his first investments. When the number and amount of his holdings have grown, he can, in all probability, afford to invest part of his capital in securities which he will never have to convert into cash. He can therefore scatter his risk among marketable securities and those difficult to sell, obtaining a much higher yield on the latter class than is probably possible in the case of the former. But every man should bear in mind that the day may come when he will need ready money, need it desperately perhaps, and he would do well, therefore, always to keep sufficient of his funds invested in securities on which cash may be realized quickly. An-

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

other thing: if a loan is to be negotiated at the bank, far better terms can be had when marketable securities are offered as collateral than is possible when the collateral consists of securities for which there is little demand.

The three main points to keep in mind, therefore, when the risk is to be scattered by a diversification of investments are: first, geographical distribution; second, distribution among various industries in a given area; and, third, marketability. A woman recently sent us a list of her investment holdings and asked our opinion regarding additional purchases. She had quite an enviable list of bonds, but they were all of the same kind; not of the same corporation, but of corporations all engaged in the same kind of business. Her risk was scattered geographically, but it was, after all, more or less the same risk wherever it was. And as it happened, this class of corporations were all subject to the same influences which affected them practically alike.

Like most good things, diversification may be carried to an extreme. The objection of all the eggs in one basket would scarcely apply to the United States Government bonds, for example, and yet one of our readers wrote us that he did not think he ought to buy any more Liberty Bonds because he wanted to scatter his risk. These bonds are the obligation of the whole United States, not any one part of it; they are themselves probably as diversified a risk as it is possible to obtain, and if the whole country should go to smash United States Government bonds would be the last obligations to default.

Sums can also be divided into unnecessarily small units. If a man has \$1,000 to invest, for instance, and puts it into the \$100 bonds of ten different companies, he has ten companies' financial affairs to watch. One-hundred-dollar bonds usually sell higher than the larger pieces, too, and for this reason he may sacrifice a considerable return if he favors them too frequently in preference to the larger denominations. No, that \$100 bonds are bad things. On the contrary, it is difficult to conceive of any better investments for the beginner or the man of moderate means.

There is little difference of opinion about the advisability of scattering investment risk in this way, and certainly most people practice it who are accustomed to buying securities. It is very common to hear a man say, in reference to some bond or stock, "Yes, I know it's good, but I've got some ready and don't think I ought to put any more money into that particular thing." The objection may be made that the chances of gain are lessened by diversifying one's investments, just as are the risks of loss. This may possibly be true; but the aim of investing is not to speculate for profit, but to guard against possible loss. And in the long run the latter course is almost universally the more profitable.

JUDGED BY HIS CABINET

REPORTS are daily more frequent that the President-elect will put in his cabinet men whose sole claim to office is service to the party, regardless of their fitness for the positions.

Does this mean that we are to see Messrs. Root, Wood, and Hoover passed over—three statesmen supreme in their respective spheres—and the posts of Secretary of State, War, and Interior given as a reward to those who swung the pivotal State or delivered a delegation to Mr. Harding? Is a man to be made Attorney-General whose single claim to the position is that his cynical prediction came true that the selection of the Republican candidate would be made, not by the rank and file of the party, but by a little group of professional politicians sitting in a smoke-laden room in the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago at 2:11 A.M.?

No one knows the international situation better than Mr. Root, no one has had more practical experience in foreign affairs. No one is more fitted to direct the War Department than General Wood. And who has shown such constructive ability and sane understanding of the country's economic needs as Mr. Hoover?

The objection is raised: "The politicians do not want these men." Are we, for that reason, to bow down our heads in silence?

1912, 1916, 1920—thrice the leaders of reaction have been blind. To-day they take to themselves the credit of Mr. Harding's victory, thinking it was due to their sagacity and their skill, whereas in point of fact it was due to the silent sick man in Washington.

Failure to give the country the benefit of the services of Messrs. Root, Wood, and Hoover will mean that Mr. Harding will lose the confidence of the great mass of the Republican party before he takes the oath of office.

New York.

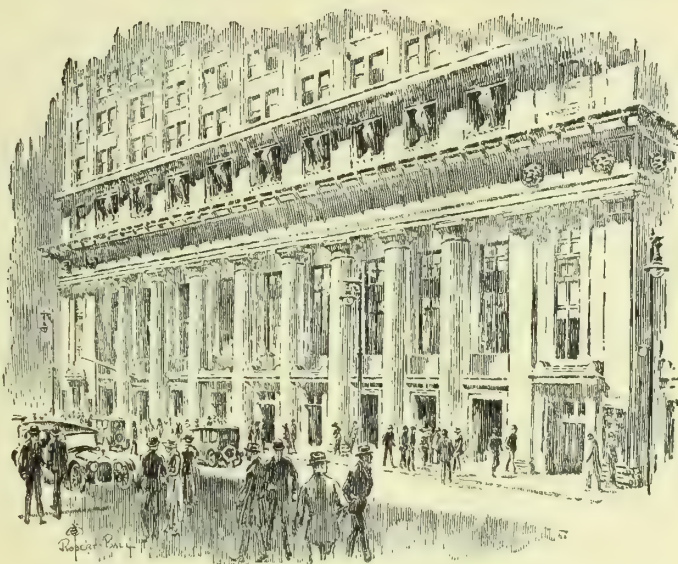
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BY THE WAY

AMERICAN parents often deplore the abruptness of their children's speech, but few American children would venture to address their parents in the incisive language sometimes used in the Gladstone family, as indicated in a recent book by Mary Drew, Mr. Gladstone's daughter. It bored Mr. Gladstone, she says, to hear people apologetically differ—"My dearest love, I really think you are wrong," etc. "He thought it more to the point to be short and sharp—'A lie!'" It is impossible to forget Lord Morley's face," adds Mrs. Drew, "when he first heard one of us say to Mr. Gladstone—'A lie!'" This freedom of expression half startled and shocked guests at Hawarden, Mr. Gladstone's daughter observes, but it broke the seriousness of discussion and "put every one in good humor."

One of Mr. Gladstone's little granddaughters, Mrs. Drew relates in illustrating another aspect of the great statesman's character, had lost a pet robin and had given the bird a solemn funeral, finally laying a cross of flowers on the grave. On the same day came the news of President Carnot's assassination. In talking of the event with a visitor Mr. Gladstone asked with great earnestness, "Did he die a Christian?" The little girl, full of her own grief, whispered, "Does he mean the robin?"

The Central Branch of the Y. M. C. A. in Brooklyn is said to be now the largest Y. M. C. A. organization in the world. A recent membership drive brought its list of members up to 10,018.

"Terribly rough, isn't it?" said the stranger on the ocean liner, as reported in "Everybody's."

"Wal," replied the man from the farm who was going across for the first time, "twouldn't be so rough if the cap'n would only keep in the furrows!"

How far should a writer of an article intended for popular consumption go in introducing unfamiliar words? Where is the line to be drawn between pedantry and exactness of expression? Does the really great writer demand an excursion to the dictionary at least once for every page? Readers of an entertaining and suggestive article on "Old Age" in the January "Atlantic" may find these questions presenting themselves as they strike such lingual snags, in the otherwise smooth current of their reading, as "gerontology," "paldology," "endocrine," "soma," "senectitude," "phyletic," and "goru."

A newspaper paragraph announces the death of "the last surviving participant in the famous race between the steamers Robert E. Lee and Natchez in 1870 from New Orleans to St. Louis." Mark Twain gives an interesting account of this race in his "Life on the Mississippi." The R. E. Lee, which won the race, went from New Orleans to Cairo, he says, in three days and

one hour. Seventeen years before, however, the Eclipse made the journey in three days three hours and twenty minutes—a faster trip than the Lee's, according to the humorist. He proves the assertion in this way: In the Eclipse's day the Mississippi's course between the two ports was 1,080 miles; her speed was therefore about 14½ miles an hour. In the Lee's time the river had shortened its course to 1,030 miles; her speed was therefore only 14¼ miles an hour.

The races between the Mississippi steamers in the old days, says Mark Twain, were not always to the swift. Pilots, he maintains, were not all alike, and the smartest pilot would win the race. If one of the boats had a "lightning" pilot, with a genius for steering, he might send his craft in ahead of the better boat. Much depended, too, on the "stripping" of the boat—i. e., the ridding it of useless incumbrances. When the Eclipse ran its great race, says the humorist, it was asserted that pains were taken to scrape the gilding off the fanciful device that hung between the steamer's chimneys, and that for that one trip the captain left off his kid gloves and had his head shaved!

First Merchant (as reported in the New York "Trade Record")—"How's business?"

Second Merchant—"Picking up a little. One of our men got a \$5,000 order yesterday."

"Go away. I don't believe that."

"Honest he did—I'll show you the cancellation."

There is an astonishing variety of dates, according to a new book on "Tropical and Sub-Tropical Fruits." Several thousand varieties of the fruit have been recognized. Those of commercial importance, however, are limited to a few score. The most widely sold are called "Halawi," but it is said these dates are not esteemed by the Arabs, who grow them for export. Many of the nomad tribes prefer a "dry" date, while the American market is accustomed only to "soft" or "wet" dates. Americans who have eaten good dry dates often prefer them, it is said, to the soft variety.

Arabia, it may be remarked in connection with the above paragraph, contains possibly the greatest tract of unexplored territory now existing in the world. According to one authority, no European traveler has penetrated more than a hundred miles from the coast, except at one or two points, in the vast southern half of the peninsula, where about 750,000 square miles of territory (largely desert) remain unexplored.

"My father," says the college joker as reported by the "Harvard Lampoon," "weighed only four pounds when he was born."

"Good heavens! Did he live?" says college joker No. 2.

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R. R. cop. 1

A BOOK REVIEW BY CALVIN COOLIDGE
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PUBLISHER'S NOTES

THE lugubrious lament that motion pictures and petrol carriages have destroyed the love of books would quickly diminish if the complainants could see the letters that are pouring in at The Outlook's Book Stall. They would also discover a lively demand for titles other than "Main Street" and its kin among the best-sellers. One of the first requests was for a volume by Jean Ingelow. Directly on its heels came a request for Bergson's "Creative Evolution." Then came a delightful inquiry from a coal dealer in Amarillo, Texas, asking for Anthony Trollope's "Last Chronicles of Barset." A lawyer in Bridgeport, Connecticut, wishes a volume of Hapgood's sermons which originally appeared in the New York "Herald" about twenty-five years ago, while a Colorado ranchman's tastes run to Thomas Hardy's "The Return of the Native." A district attorney in Pennsylvania wants an obscure volume bearing upon the question of whether the Welsh had a literature prior to the sixth century. A subscriber in Springfield, Illinois, is eager to pay \$12 for a copy of Julian's "Dictionary of Hymnology." Moreover, it is pleasant to reflect that the humor of the late George Fitch has not yet faded from memory; a subscriber in Akron, Iowa, wants us to get him a volume of Fitch's Siwash stories. A subscriber in Montana wants three copies each of "The Archko Volume" and Wycliffe's "Where We Got Our Bible," while a man in New Jersey wants us to find him a Sanskrit paper or magazine to subscribe for. Finally, appropriate to the visit of G. K. Chesterton to America, there comes from the town of Chesterton, New York, an inquiry for the plays of Bernard Shaw.

THE so-called "quotability" of The Outlook is again illustrated by the recent action of the American Bankers' Association in sending to each of its 700 member banks a copy of the January 12 issue of The Outlook, which contained an article entitled "Functions of a Trust Company." The Association urges that each bank have the article typewritten and that copies be handed to all local newspapers, so that they may reprint excerpts from it. The Association also urges that where a bank has a house organ it reprint the article in it.

I AM nine years old and am leaving for a trip to California with my mother and should like to sell The Outlook," writes Clifton D. Terry, Jr., of Columbus, Ohio. The age of nine is none too young if your boy is ambitious. Let him send us his application.

As this column goes to press, the Empire State still holds its lead in the number of contestants for the prizes we have offered for the best criticism of The Outlook. New Jersey appears to be the second most critical State in the Union. Michigan is a good third. Ohio and Pennsylvania are running neck-and-neck on the heels of the Wolverine. Massachusetts, though containing Boston, does not appear until fifth in the list, with Illinois, California, Missouri, and Indiana tied for sixth place. This contest closed January 31. A second prize contest will soon be announced.

Life Insurance and Its Lesson



The great lesson of life-insurance is taught in many ways:

It is taught by those who pass away and leave their families or dependents without protection.

It is taught by those who, on the other hand, have amply provided for those near and dear to them.

It was taught by Uncle Sam, who, during the Great War, issued policies at low cost to our Army and Navy, thus providing against casualties on land and sea and thus also inculcating the insurance-habit.

It is also taught by the printed page—so thoroughly taught that it becomes a duty which well-meaning people feel they should perform.

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As a matter of fact the material thus sent to inquirers by the POSTAL constitutes the Company's only salesman, for it has no agents but conducts its business entirely by advertising and correspondence and through personal application at its home office, thus making important savings of which policyholders get the benefit.

And in addition to this benefit the POSTAL also teaches its policyholders the great lesson of good health, accomplishing this through its Health Bureau and free Health Bulletins sent out from time to time.

It is therefore not strange that the POSTAL, as it is now familiarly called, should be known and designated as the Company of

Safety, Saving and Service

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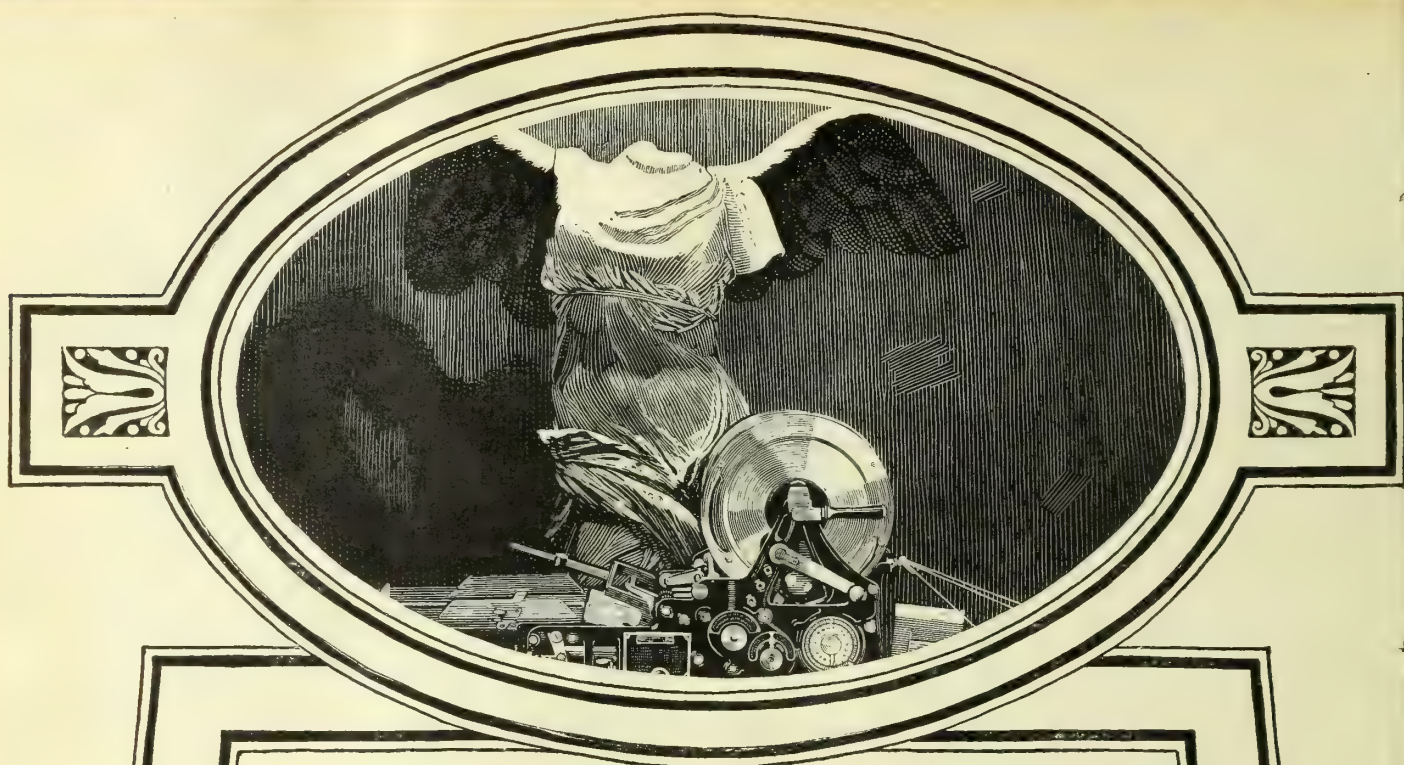
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The Outlook

FEBRUARY 2, 1921

THE LONGEST BILL ON RECORD

A PORTLY volume of 1,251 pages constitutes Bill 9389, which the House of Representatives has just unanimously passed. The extraordinary length of this bill is due to the fact that it comprises the consolidation, codification, revision, and re-enactment of all the general and permanent laws of the United States in force March 4, 1919.

The bill was printed under the direction of the House Committee on Revision of Laws, of which the Hon. Edward C. Little, of Kansas, is Chairman. The action was taken pursuant to the resolution of December, 1919.

The new code takes the place of all others now in force, as did the Revised Statutes in 1874; indeed, as 'did the codes of Justinian in the Roman Empire and of Napoleon in France.

A table of contents prefaces the text and is of course invaluable, as will be the index which is to follow.

A copy of the law, when passed, will be, of course, indispensable to every advanced student of the development of our Government.

DISARMAMENT

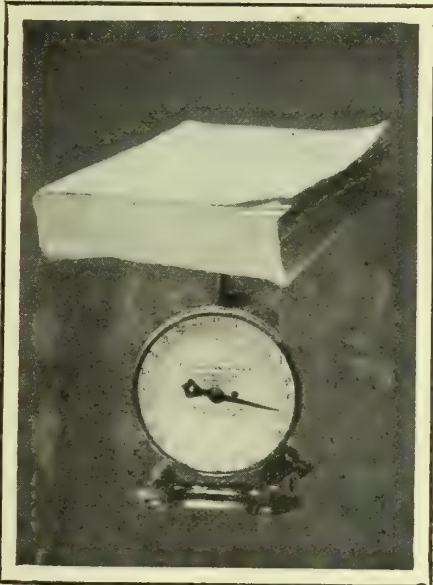
DISARMAMENT is a bad name for a good policy. Weary and disgusted as the peoples of the world are with war, there are still too many deplorable signs of militarism in some groups of ruling classes, if not in some nations, to make it safe for even peace-lovers to abandon all precautions for self-protection.

On another page Mr. P. W. Wilson, of the London "Daily News," brings out this fact clearly as far as it concerns Great Britain.

But there is no reason why the race for national supremacy in armies and navies, with its exhausting and unendurable burdens of taxation, should go on among civilized nations.

Limitation of armaments is a better and more accurate phrase than disarmament for the proposal that is being seriously considered in the United States Senate. There is decided British sentiment in favor of such limitation, and Japan, it is believed, would be glad to join an international movement in this direction. The attitude of France is more doubtful. But if the United States and Great Britain should formulate a practical plan and take definite action towards a reduction of army and navy

estimates, France would follow their lead, although perhaps hesitatingly. For France, while what she regards as the German menace continues to threaten, considers Europe to be still an armed camp, and therefore she has as yet



A BILL TO CODIFY THE U. S. LAWS

This measure may be known, from the name of its sponsor, as the Little Bill; and, like the Collector of the Port of New York, it might be known, from its size, as Big Bill. As seen by the dial it weighed 6 lbs. 13 oz. at birth

little faith in the substitution of judicial procedure for the sword as a method of self-protection.

It is significant of American feeling that Senator Borah, a "bitter-ender" in his opposition to the League of Nations, wants the Senate to proceed to immediate action on the reduction of naval and army estimates and takes issue with ex-Senator Root, an advocate of the League of Nations with reservations and the champion of an International Supreme Court, who advises waiting until Mr. Harding is inaugurated.

In a public statement Senator Borah puts the case for armament limitation very effectively:

Two years have passed [since the Peace Treaty advocated a policy of armament reduction], and, instead of disarmament, the most stupendous programmes for armaments ever known have been initiated by at least four of the great Allied and Associated Powers.

France has an army of nearly 1,000,000 men; Japan has been increasing her military and naval power; the United States has let contracts for sixteen battleships

which will cost under present conditions \$40,000,000 apiece, and other things accordingly. This programme is going forward with a rush, as if we were on the verge of a great war. . . .

The resolution now before the Senate is merely the first step, and is designed to bring the three competitive naval building nations together, in the hope that, when brought together, a plan can be worked out which will result in an agreement for partial disarmament at least. It is also a notice, in a way, that the overburdened taxpayers of these respective countries want a hearing and they want it speedily.

We are glad to have Senator Borah, who not long ago was apparently in favor of having the United States "go it alone" in international matters, record so strong an opinion in behalf of associated effort for international peace. But we confess that we cannot see the serious delay in waiting five weeks until the new Administration takes up the reins of government.

Mr. Root, it should be added, is definitely in favor of the limitation of armaments. "I feel strongly," he says, "that steps should be taken promptly after the new Administration is established to bring about a general agreement on that question."

The new Administration certainly ought to advocate, at the earliest possible moment, some agreement for limitation of armaments fairly proportioned among the nations according to their several conditions and needs.

UNDISCOVERED NEWS

THERE have been in the press many reports of friction between Congress and the Secretary of War. According to these reports, the Secretary has caused more men to be enlisted in the Army than Congress has made provision for. And so Congress wants the Secretary to stop recruiting until the Army shall be reduced to the measure of the money available.

The interesting thing about these reports is not to be found in the quarrel of the Secretary and Congress or in the Congressional debates over limiting the size of our Army. It is to be found in the fact that the Secretary not only did, but could, procure enlistments for the Army with comparative ease.

Those who were familiar with the difficulty of securing recruits in pre-war days must certainly wonder at the present state of affairs.

The answer to the question is to be

found in the fact that the American Regular Army to-day is not only preparing for war, but is also preparing for peace. It is offering to recruits a systematic course of vocational training. It is taking aliens who cannot read and write English and who are unfamiliar with American ideals and making of them literate and enthusiastic Americans. It is doing the same for Americans of the old stock who have been lost in some eddy of the great current of our National life. The whole purpose of army enlistment is being subjected to ideals of civic upbuilding that are of tremendous importance.

As an example of the influence which the adoption of vocational training has had upon army enlistments, the records for the month of October, 1920, show that, out of a total of more than seventeen thousand men accepted, over nine thousand came into the Army for the purpose of training for civil life.

We have told in the past of the Americanization work of the recruit educational centers, and we shall have more to say concerning the progress of vocational training work in the future. It is perhaps obvious from what we have said, however, that if the Army is to continue to develop its educational function a new consideration must enter into any discussion of the size of our Army. The Nation will be less reluctant than it has been in the past to support and extend the work of an Army which has awakened to a vital civil responsibility.

LETTING THE SOVIETS ALONE

EVERYBODY, including the gentleman himself, seems to have been pleased at the departure from America of the Soviet envoy, Ludwig C. A. K. Martens. This able representative of an alleged proletarian Government was not prevented by any theories of equality from traveling first class in a steamer which conveyed also some seventy-five other advocates of Sovietism who traveled by steerage. Mr. Martens had to resign himself to the comforts still provided by a capitalistic state of society. Though he left us because our Government decided that he should go, he went not unwillingly, according to all reports. He felt that he had done all he could do for the present, and he expected to return. His assistants who went with him are reported to have expressed great joy at their departure, and looked forward to some physical hardships in Russia but anticipated a resumption of "spiritual freedom."

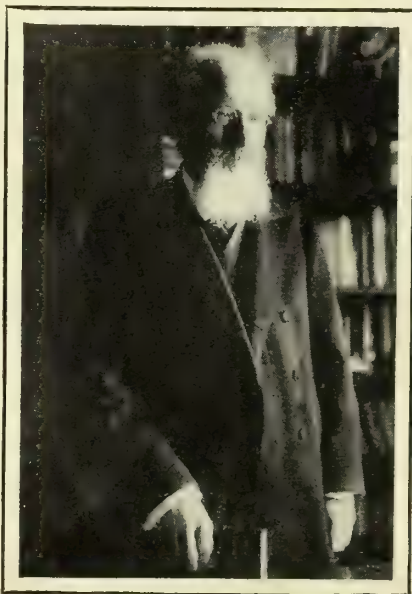
Mr. Martens was ostensibly here to encourage trade relations with Russia, but there is no doubt that he also encouraged, as far as he could, distrust



(C) Harris & Ewing
LUDWIG MARTENS, "SOVIET" AMBASSADOR
TO THE UNITED STATES

of our Government. A man who comes from another country with the ill-concealed desire to see the institutions of this country overthrown is of course an impossible person to deal with. There was nothing unfriendly to Mr. Martens personally nor to Russia in the decision to deport him. It was simply the consequence of the Administration's discovery, after a good many months, that it is impossible to deal with a foreign Government which has for one of its essential purposes the undermining of its neighbors' social structure.

The very day that Mr. Martens sailed there was made public by the State Department a note from the President (issued according to custom in the name of the Secretary of State or, in this case,



(C) Keystone
EDUARD BERNSTEIN, WHO TELLS HOW
GERMANY FINANCED BOLSHEVISM

the Acting Secretary of State) to Paul Hymans, the President of the Assembly of the League of Nations. This is the latest expression of the policy of the Wilson Administration toward Russia. The President, it will be remembered, had agreed to act as intermediary between Armenia and Turkey. It now appears from this note that the President fears that he cannot act until he knows what the attitude of the Powers is to be toward Russia. The reason for this is that Armenia is dependent upon Soviet Russia, and therefore cannot be freed without the moral and diplomatic support of the principal Powers. Reiterating his conviction that the Bolsheviks constitute a violent and tyrannical minority, he expresses his belief that the trouble about Russia is due to the fact that the small nations formerly belonging to the Russian Empire are afraid to disarm because they fear oppression from the Bolsheviks, and the Bolshevik Government contends that it won't disarm because it fears new attack from outside. The President's solution is therefore to deprive the Bolsheviks of their argument by guaranteeing Soviet Russia against external aggression. Until that guaranty is made he does not feel free to assist the Armenians.

Those who believe in the philosophy of Article X of the Covenant of the League of Nations will enthusiastically indorse the President's note. Others are entitled to reservations—at least mental.

THE SUBSIDIZED LENINE

THAT Bolshevism is a distinctly indigenous product of Russia, and not the creation of any outside agency, is the contention of many among the well-informed. Such is the statement of Baron Korff in his article in this issue. It is not necessary to dispute this in order to recognize the fact that Bolshevism would never have attained the power it now has if it had not been cultivated by the enemies alike of Russia and of the Allies in the war.

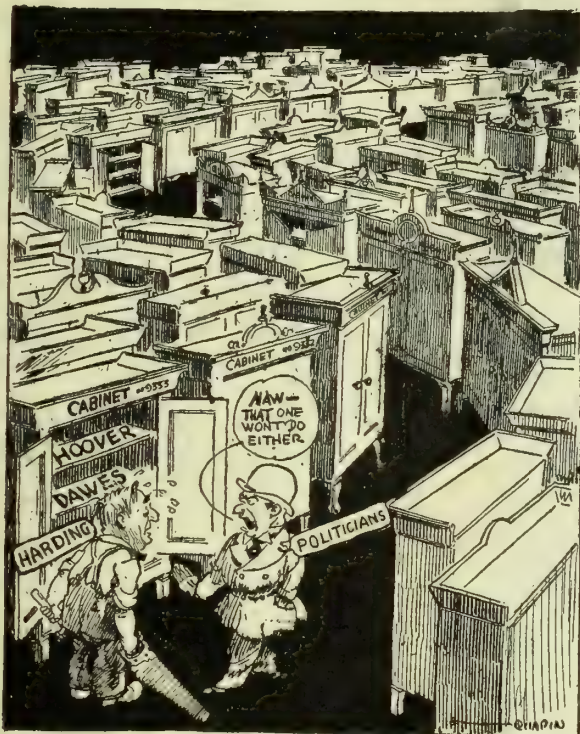
It was obvious at the time, though, like other obvious things, denied by some, that Germany was making use of Lenine, the Bolshevik leader, to break down the eastern front. There was evidence that German money had been paid to Lenine in Switzerland. Of course such evidence was scouted as the invention of people who were hysterical enough to distrust both Germans and pacifists.

Now those who trust Germans may have evidence in confirmation of what was once obvious without their evidence. In our issue of January 5 we quoted from the statement of General Hoffmann, who had charge of the propa-

MAINLY A MATTER OF POLITICS

CARTOONS AS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

Chapin in the St. Louis Star



HARDING'S NIGHTMARE

From Miss E. B. Fletcher, Urbana, Ill.

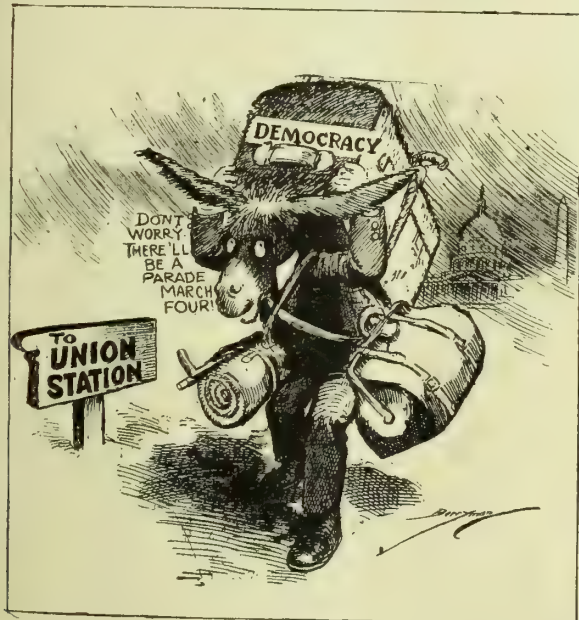
Sykes in the Philadelphia Public Ledger



"NO, THANKS, I WASN'T ELECTED AS A CIRCUS!"

From Edna R. Walls, Philadelphia, Pa.

Berryman in the Washington Star



THE INEVITABLE PROCESSION

From Ernest A. Short, Washington, D. C.

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



THE TRAIL IS COLD!

From W. F. Kruse, New York City



(C) Keystone

GENERAL WOOD ADDRESSING THE MEETING AT THE ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL CEREMONY

ganda department on the eastern front and who said that they used Nikolai Lenine as they used poison gas—to overthrow the Russian army. Now comes Eduard Bernstein, the German Socialist leader, to confirm General Hoffmann's testimony.

Bernstein says that the German Government supplied Lenine with somewhat more than fifty million gold marks, that General Hoffmann himself deposited several heavy bags of gold coin in Lenine's special railway car, in which the German Government had him conveyed across Switzerland to the Russian border. Bernstein points out that Hoffmann's success in bullying the Bolshevik representatives at Brest-Litovsk, when the Russian army was withdrawn from the war, was due to something that the German and Austrian diplomats did not know—Lenine's debt to Hoffmann and the German military coterie.

Thanks to the Germans, Bolshevism got its strangle-hold on Russia. There may be reasons for leaving the Bolshevik alone, but they are not rooted in any kindness for the Russian people.

CAN BRIAND MAKE GERMANY PAY

ARISTIDE BRIAND is again Premier of France. He sprang from Breton fisherfolk. He has the solid qualities of his race and also that Breton touch of imagination and mysticism which makes the Breton seem, in comparison with the rest of Frenchmen, what the Welshman (Lloyd George, for instance) seems in comparison with Englishmen.

Briand is a self-made man. He became a Socialist, but in 1906, when he accepted a Cabinet post, the Socialists ousted him from their party; they did not want to have one of its members

take office in a Cabinet not under its control. Later, Briand emphasized his separation from general Socialist policy when he crushed a great railway strike by mobilizing the strikers.

The reason for a new French Cabinet is due to French impatience with the German fulfillment of the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. The Leygues Cabinet fell on that issue. President Millerand asked Raoul Peret to form a Cabinet. Peret failed in this, and then Briand was asked. He succeeded, made a declaration of policy in the Chamber of Deputies, and received one of the largest votes of confidence ever given to a French Government. However, the party leaders made it plain to him that they would overthrow him if he failed to obtain the desired results in the German reparation negotiations.

This is the great question now before France. In the Treaty of Versailles, guaranteed by all the allies of France, Germany promised to pay France for damage done in the war. Though no German factories were destroyed and though German industrial and commercial prosperity is on the increase, Germany has not fulfilled her obligations and evades the issue. The future for France looks dark. The reconstitution of her ravaged soil, of her destroyed industries, and of her disturbed finances is possible only if Germany executes the reparation clauses of the Treaty.

A HALF-CENTURY OF GERMAN UNITY

GROTESQUE as it may seem in the light of what has happened in the World War, the Germans have been celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the German Empire. It was just fifty years ago on January

18 that the German princes met at Versailles and watched the King of Prussia assume the Imperial crown. From that moment the Germany of Goethe became the Germany of Bismarck. From that time the other German states became the satellites of Prussia.

It is this event that the Germans have been celebrating. Some of them have been willing to acknowledge that it has not altogether proved a benefit to the people of the German states; but most of them seem to think that its faults were mainly of form rather than substance.

At a Socialist-Democratic meeting in Berlin on the day of the semi-centennial, one of the officials of the present Government praised Bismarck's diplomatic abilities, but deplored the fact that "he had created the Constitution of the German Empire after his own image, namely, that of a Prussian Junker." On the same date the Berlin "Freiheit," the Independent-Socialist organ, printed the following:

The spirit of Versailles led the inefficient successors of Bismarck into the World War. Their way again leads to Versailles, but to a peace of military humiliation, political impotence, and economic exploitation.

And President Ebert, the head of the Government, in an official message to the people declared:

In all our grievous losses through war and peace we have been spared the great misfortune of the falling apart of the German countries. Firmly they hold together. . . . Our will must be to maintain and strengthen national unity.

Strange as it may seem, a *Republican Military Leaders' League* appeared on that anniversary day. Its proclamation spoke of the formation of the German Empire as a machination of the German princes with which the German people were really little concerned; it was now the people's duty to celebrate the proclamation of the German Republic instead.

Some of Germany's neighbors see little change in fact beneath the change in form. It was to a member of The Outlook's staff that a Belgian officer who had been one of those engaged in holding off the Germans from the remaining corner of his country said a few days after the armistice: "The German Empire or the German Republic—it is all the same to me." There are some Germans still—how many it is difficult to say—who do not even pay lip service to the new governmental forms. On January 18 the Extreme Reactionaries celebrated the founding of the Empire by the first appearance of their "Bund der Aufrechten," or League of the Upright. Their platform is as follows:

We desire the return of the King of Prussia. Never shall we forget the historic Prussian war cry: "On-

ward with God for King and Fatherland."

This is another way of putting the statement appearing in the Pan-German "Deutsche Zeitung" which asserts that the constructive facilities of the German people may be converted into a national asset only "when led by a firm hand and in a positive direction." This of course means a King's hand as to Prussia and an Emperor's hand as to Germany; the direction is the direction of Pan-Germany—wherever that may happen to be.

There are many so-called German Liberals. Their sentiments on this subject are reflected in the Berlin "Tägliche Rundschau," which says:

That which was founded fifty years ago cannot be destroyed. The nation has remained sound in its kernel. But its external form has necessarily undergone changes.

So long as liberal Germans think that what the world has found intolerable in Germany is a matter of form only, they must expect to find themselves and their fellow-Germans still the object of distrust.

A CORNER-STONE, A EULOGY, AND A TOWN HALL

THE corner-stone has been laid for the building which is to supplement the restoration of the house in which Theodore Roosevelt was born. The work of planning the new and of restoring the old building at 26 East Twentieth Street, New York City, has been carried on by the Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association. It is intended that the two buildings shall not only be a memorial to Theodore Roosevelt, but that they shall also constitute a foundation for the teaching and preservation of the Roosevelt ideals.

General Wood was appropriately selected to lay the corner-stone and to deliver the address. Representatives of France, Belgium, Holland, Brazil, Cuba, and Panama also took part in the ceremonies. It was the work of the Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association which called forth a striking tribute from Calvin Coolidge on January 24. Vice-President-elect Coolidge, in speaking before this Association within the walls of New York's new "Town Hall," said:

Men build monuments above the graves of their heroes to mark the end of a great life, but women seek out the birthplace and build their shrine not where a great life had its ending but where it had its beginning, seeking with a truer instinct the common source of things not in that which is gone forever, but in that which they know will again be manifest. Life may depart, but the source of life is constant.

This address of Mr. Coolidge's gave added evidence to the fact that Massa-

chusetts has given to American public life a rare and stimulating type of eloquence.

Governor Coolidge's utterances have again and again shown a Lincolnian incisiveness which is grateful to the ears. Governor Coolidge is a maker of striking phrases, but they are phrases fundamentally sound in conception and based upon a consistent and well-tried political philosophy. There is poetry, too, in his closely chiseled thought. Take, for instance, the opening passage of the address from which we have already quoted:

Great men are the ambassadors of Providence, sent to reveal to their fellow-men their unknown selves. To them is granted the power to call forth the best there is in those who come under their influence. Sometimes they have come as great captains, commanders of men, who have hewed out empires; sometimes as statesmen, ministering to the well-being of their country; sometimes as painters and poets, showing new realms of beauty; sometimes as philosophers and preachers, revealing to

the race "the way, the truth, and the light," but always as inspirers of noble action, translating high ideals into the practical affairs of life. There is something about them better than anything they do or say. If measured at all, they are to be measured in the responsive action of what others do or say. They come and go, in part a mystery, in part the simplest of all experience, the compelling influence of the truth. They leave no successor. The heritage of greatness descends to the people.

Those who live outside New York (and also a great many who live within its confines) may ask where and what is the Town Hall in which Governor Coolidge spoke. Briefly, it is a public auditorium and a gathering-place for civic enterprise, built by the League for Political Education. In co-operation with the Economic Club of New York and the Civic Forum, the League hopes to give a hearing within the walls of its new hall to every law-abiding public movement in New York City. It is hoped that the new Town Hall, a picture of which appears on this page, will



(C) Keystone

THE TOWN HALL OF NEW YORK CITY

fulfill for the present generation something of the function supplied by Cooper Union in the past. The Town Hall, at 113 West Forty-third Street, New York City, contains club-rooms, a restaurant, a reference library on political science, and a bureau of information.

In the Current Events section of this week's Outlook appears a picture of the public-spirited women who have planned and brought into being this notable enterprise.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

ONE of the most perplexing problems which Mr. Harding will have to face when he becomes President of the United States on March 4 is the question of foreign relations. It is especially perplexing because so comparatively few Americans give any serious consideration to it. More than twenty-five million American citizens who voted at the last Presidential election, basing their action very largely on a domestic situation, registered a sweeping decision unprecedented in the history of the ballot. Of this enormous number of men and women it is safe to say that only a small percentage pay much attention to the relations of the United States to its neighbors in the community of the world. This is because most Americans have a vague idea that the United States is self-contained and is not concerned, and perhaps ought not to be concerned, with what goes on in the rest of the world.

There are three principal causes for this state of mind. First, Washington's widely quoted, but widely misunderstood, dictum that we ought not to have entangling alliances; second, our geographical situation, which in the early days of the Republic did separate us from Europe and Asia almost as much as though we were living on another planet; and, third, the extreme development of the protective system after the Civil War, which taught large numbers of our people to think that the more commodities we can keep out of the country from foreign parts the richer we shall become.

The World War has changed all this. We found that we had to make an alliance for self-protection with France, England, Italy, and Belgium. We found that modern science, with its wireless telegraph and submarine cables, had so dried up the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans that the failure of a silk house in Japan or a great bank in London produces instantaneously a disastrous effect on our own finance and industry. And we found that trade is simply barter; that if we do not take goods from Japan and England we cannot sell the Japanese

and English our cotton and wheat; that as a result our cotton and wheat producing States are now suffering from a disastrous industrial depression.

There is another thing which should make every citizen deeply interested in the question of foreign relations—its direct effect on the coal-bin and the breakfast table.

It is announced by the Secretary of the Treasury that the budget of the Federal expenditures for the next fiscal year is four billion dollars. At least one-half of this amount, or two billion dollars, is due to the bad foreign relations which produced the World War. About eight hundred million dollars of this sum has to be raised annually to pay the interest on Liberty Bonds alone. We have become so accustomed during the last five years to talk in big figures that the word billion comes trippingly off the tongue without much comprehension of what it actually means. If a minting machine had started to coin gold dollars at the birth of Jesus and had continued to this date without the slightest intermission turning out those coins at the rate of two a minute, it would have only on January 1, 1921, succeeded in producing two billion dollars. And yet we propose to raise this terrific sum annually by taxation to pay for the results of bad foreign relations.

The world is now groaning under an almost intolerable burden of war taxes. Are we not going to be intelligent enough to pay sufficient attention hereafter to foreign relations to save our children and grandchildren from being plunged into the mess in which we find ourselves involved?

GRUBS

AMONG the volumes which drift into The Outlook office for review appears an anthology of college verse entitled "The Poets of the Future."¹ It is edited by a gentleman whose name is tagged with a formidable-looking Ph.D., and it appears to be the latest volume of a series which has been appearing since 1915.

The verses in this volume have been gathered from colleges of every kind and size. The Table of Contents moved us first to wonder whether or not there was a chance for some Walter Camp of a literary critic to prepare an All-American team of college poets, or to award an intercollegiate verse-writing championship which would have at least as reasonable a foundation as some of the football championships which are so generously created by the gentlemen whose object in life is to fill their

sporting pages three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.

Goucher College, for instance, has eight contributions in the present volume, Harvard has three, and Yale has none. Has Goucher been proselyting among the high schools in search of poetic talent? Has the editor of this anthology been at fault in his selection, or can Goucher fairly claim to have beaten Harvard and Yale by scores of 8 to 3 and 8 to 0? Perhaps the final award of standing might not be so simple a proposition as the mere totaling of the number of contributions. The score might be affected by penalties for "rough play" (the rhyme of "bring" and "sings" which we found in one poem in this volume certainly should be so classed), or penalties for "off side," specifically applicable to free-verse poets, might affect the final score. Any one who reads this volume will be able to think of numerous other offenses which should be penalized in an attempt to reach a just and definite conclusion. Doubtless it will not be difficult to conjure up penalties which should be imposed for this extensive catalogue of offenses. For ourselves, we would not exclude even hanging from this list.

To drop our sporting metaphor, we are inclined to believe that the colleges must be unfairly represented by this volume, and that some of its faults can be attributed to the poor judgment of the editor rather than the total barrenness of the field from which his material has been drawn. We are loth to believe that the men and women who are so magniloquently defined as "the poets of the future" are all as uninspired as the present volume would indicate.

There are defects and virtues which one naturally looks for in the work of the young artist. The chief defect in the work of young poets is the lack of critical power, the lack of ability to tell what is good and what is very bad. Poets of promise, however, no matter how young, indicate this promise by something more tangible than tepid rhythm and commonplace rhyme. They may not be able to tell the difference between diamonds and glass, but they do create diamonds as well as glass. Such a poet, for instance, as Alan Seeger (whose faculty of self-criticism was never very highly developed) turned out some stanzas during his college career which in cadence and movement would have added luster to almost any name. We could cite a dozen other college poets of a decade or two ago whose college work would have justified any one in saying, "These men will bear watching."

We are inclined to wonder whether or not the poor showing of the present

¹ The Poets of the Future: A College Anthology for 1918-20. Edited by Henry T. Schnittkind, Ph.D. The Stratford Company, Boston.

volume is not in a measure due to the easy assumption of some of our older writers of free verse that poetry is born without travail. Most of the poems in the present volume indicate a fundamental lack of feeling for rhythm and music. Is this lack due wholly to faulty ears, or is it in a measure the result of the widespread belief that, after all, the elements which have been regarded as essentials of poetry since poetry began are needless and hampering sounds which can be cast jauntily aside? Whatever the answer may be, we confess that poets and poetasters who compare their emergence from traditional form to that of the emergence of the butterfly from the chrysalis have not yet proved their theory to our satisfaction. In bursting their chrysalis they have seemed to us to come forth, not as butterflies, but as the same uninspiring grubs which they were when they entered.

DISMAY

A FRIEND of mine in England," the Young-Old Philosopher was saying, "wrote me the other day that the aftermath of war fills him with despair; and in his letter he painted a terrible picture of the conditions both in his own country and on the Continent.

"He is a poet, and, I assure you, his words were wonderfully vivid, and left me too with a sense of the hopelessness of the world. But only for a time. For suddenly I thought how wrong this point of view might be. Through all history, through all ages, man has struggled upward to higher things; and each war that has wrought havoc and ruin and dismay has seemed to the generation that fought it and lived through it the most disastrous war of history. And this is but natural; for that which we experience ourselves has an incredible force. The thought came to me that the artist, of all people, should be the one to keep his poise in the face of devastating events and not lose his perspective, nor have beauty fail him in the crucial hour. The eternal things go on, however the world may seem to go down in ruin for a time. The miracle of the moon and stars, the return of the seasons, the recurrent movement of the tides—these rhythmic truths persist though the cannon roar and the rocket screams. I have repeatedly told you that I am not a Pollyanna optimist; but, conversely, I am not a crass pessimist; and I cannot feel and believe that this is the era of the world's end, and that all our ideals, all we built, are to rumble in one consuming flame.

"How strangely life repeats itself! I

was reading Voltaire only the other evening, and he tells how the Quakers, away back in seventeen hundred and something, failed to make headway in Germany because, as he put it, 'the mode of "theeing" and "thouing" was not approved of in a country where a man is perpetually obliged to employ the titles of "Highness" and "Excellency."' So it was thus in Germany then, as it has been up till this last unbelievable war. The same gospel of subserviency was preached and the democratic spirit was frustrated then, as now. Yet we thought the German passion for stupid obedience a new development, a fresh product of a race long enveloped in it. Another example, this, of life repeating itself, racial traits coming out once more.

"I do not think, with Voltaire, that we leave this world, seeing it as stupid as when we entered it. Progress we have indeed made; but it has not been as rapid as we would have had it. There is a sliding back now and again in art, in human relations, in politics—in everything. But is not the trend upward in the final analysis?

"The artist, after all, is more or less an interpreter for the human race. He must keep his vision, he must not lose his sense of the wonder and magic of life; for if he should fail, if he cannot penetrate beyond the mists that often encircle us, who is there left to tell of the glamour that is eternally over the hills?

"His responsibility is great. There is a certain clairvoyance in him that forces the world to heed his utterances—or however he may express himself (for I am speaking of all artists, of course). He attracts through the miracle of his almost second sight. Imagination is a marvelous thing; and those who imagine beyond the present moment are the seers and prophets who hold the fort for us in perilous days."

FREE THOUGHT

THE OUTLOOK has received three or four letters protesting against the insertion in its pages of an advertisement of Robert G. Ingersoll's works. I ask these correspondents to read without prejudice this statement of the reasons which lead me to believe that to exclude this particular advertisement would have been an injustice.

In the acceptance of advertising for publication in The Outlook it is our uniform rule to satisfy ourselves of the financial responsibility, good business standing, and reliable character of every advertiser, and we make such investigation as is deemed necessary to establish these facts. We accept no advertising of a financial nature per-

taining to investments until it has been approved by a member of our staff whose special function it is to obtain information from responsible and conservative sources. For reasons which seem to us good in each particular case The Outlook is constantly declining a considerable amount of advertising. In other words, an effort is made to edit the advertising pages as carefully as the reading pages. In no case do we guarantee an advertised article, and the fact that an article is advertised in The Outlook does not mean that The Outlook indorses it or recommends its purchase.

We should, of course, refuse an advertisement of a book which on its face was criminal or which incited or facilitated vice or crime. But with this exception books come within the accepted class of advertising, and we do not attempt in our advertising columns to discriminate between books which teach what we regard as truth and those which teach what we regard as error. For that discrimination our readers must look to our editorial pages.

The Outlook believes that the best defense of the truth is an absolutely free field for discussion between truth and error. One of the most useful books of recent acquisition in my library is a little booklet on "The Soviets at Work," by Nikolai Lenine—useful because it gives me an authoritative definition of Bolshevism, which, accepting Lenine's definition, I detest. I have in my library the complete works of Thomas Paine, two lives of Voltaire, and, if I were pastor in a community where Ingersoll had a vogue, I should probably purchase Ingersoll's works and study them. I am therefore perfectly willing to have the publisher tell our readers where they can be found.

I have faith in truth and faith in my fellow-men and a lifelong faith that the best way to conduct men to the truth is to let them know all that can be said against it. And I have no faith in my capacity or the capacity of any man or set of men to determine what opinions may be excluded from the discussion. The "Sunday School Times" apparently believes that it has that capacity, for a few years ago it refused an advertisement of the "Ladies' Home Journal" because I was contributing a department of religious inquiry to that journal. The Roman Catholic Church believes that it has that capacity and has an index on which it puts prohibited books. Most Americans will agree that the standard of spiritual intelligence is higher in America, where error has been free, than in Spain, where a few wise men have decided what the common people may read.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



WOMEN ELECTORS OF MASSACHUSETTS

For the first time, women served this year as members of the Massachusetts Electoral College, and one of them, Mrs. Elizabeth Putnam (a sister of President Lowell, of Harvard), was elected President of the body. Left to right: Miss Marion C. Burrows, Mrs. Charlotte H. J. Guild, Mrs. Putnam, Miss Emma Romano

International



Paul Thompson

GOVERNORS OF THE NEW TOWN HALL CLUB OF NEW YORK CITY

The Town Hall, recently opened, is designed as a public forum—a "later Faneuil Hall," as described by one of its officers

WOMEN WHO WILL DEVOTE THEIR LIVES TO SERVING LEPERS

These Salvation Army missionaries were photographed in New York City while on their way to Java to do missionary work in the leper colonies there. They are from Norway, Sweden, Holland, and England



(C) Keystone

WOMEN'S WORK—NEW AND OLD



Wide World

FRENCH CHILDREN HAPPY AGAIN WITH CHRISTMAS TOYS FROM AMERICA

The photograph, we are informed, was taken near Verdun. These French orphans have received toys from the French and American Association in Paris, and are wearing caps which bear the "Stars and Stripes"



Wide World

WHERE MISERY YET REIGNS IN EUROPE—REFUGEES FLEEING FROM BOLSHEVISM

Here are a group of Russians leaving the Crimea for a haven where Bolshevism will cease to exploit them—one of the last echoes, we are informed, of the defeat of General Wrangel

UNSETTLED EUROPE—HOPEFUL FRANCE AND AFFLICTED RUSSIA

OH, SUSANNA!

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF SEA STORIES

BY MEADE MINNIGERODE

THEY will tell you differently, perhaps, and talk of letters and official reports, but it was really a girl who started it all—a golden-haired girl at the Atlantic Gardens, and the song she sang one evening.

No one had taken much stock in it at first. Seafaring men were always full of pleasantries, entertaining enough to listen to around a bowl of egg-nog, but not to be taken seriously. Like that tale of Captain Logan's concerning the Black Ball packet *Cygnets*:

"... made such speed, gentlemen, on her last voyage, she rose out of the water and sailed through the air like a bird, to the wonder of all beholders!"

To the wonder of all beholders, yes, indeed! Captain Logan was always a good one at that sort of thing.

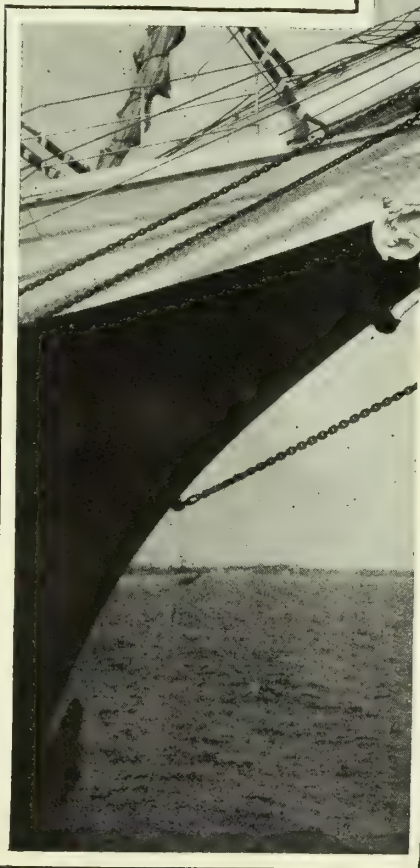
"Springs a yarn as easily as one of those floating butcher shops out of New Bedford springs a leak," as some one once said of him. Which was a gross slander on the "floating butcher shops," but of course every last wisp of a boy on a lordly packet had to spit over the rail at the mere thought of a whaler:

Oh, poor Reuben Ranzo,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo,
Oh, Ranzo was no sailor,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo.
So they shipped him aboard a whaler,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo,
And made him eat whale blubber,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo,
Oh, Ranzo was no sailor,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo.

And so with this latest yarn floating around the taverns and the counting-houses, there was no truth in it, very likely. To be sure, the Sunfish had come in from the Sandwich Isles all goggle-eyed over the news, and there had even been a piece about it in the Baltimore "*Sun*" back there in September. But it was all very far away and highly improbable. Those Californians were always thinking up something tall to say about their trees, and their climate, and their natural wonders, anyway.

The placid surface of the social gatherings at the Astor House was hardly ruffled, and the outcome of the race home between the Black Ball and Dramatic packets was a much more engrossing subject.

And then on a sudden morning the news broke along the water-front with the arrival of the latest ship. They had samples on board for all to see. It was true. They had found it at Sut-



(C) Edwin Levick, New York

ter's Sawmill, near the fort. That had been 'way back in January, and now it was pouring in.

"Gold! Gold! There's gold in California! It's everywhere! All you have to do is pick it up!"

Across the Battery, up the busy length of South Street, where the booms and figureheads of the stately ships were drawn up like a forest, in and out of the counting-houses, among the mansions of the merchant princes, up Broadway to the Astor House, all around the Bowling Green, down Bridge Street and State Street and Whitehall Street, the news went leaping, twisting and turning like a trail of fire.

Gold! Gold! Gold!

The magic word of the ages, to stir the blood and fire the imagination with the glitter of its romance. The Spanish Main, the treasures of the Indies, buried loot of scarcely forgotten corsairs; and now there was gold in California, it was pouring into Yerba Buena—what did they call it now? San Francisco. The Golden Gates were open!

"It's everywhere," men told one an-

other. "There's so much of it, it's easier to dig for it than wish for it!"

"It's in the rocks, it's in the rivers, it's in the sand!" other men replied. "It's in the roots of bushes. . . ."

"... there's gold dropping from the trees. . . ."

"In a high wind it blows in your eye. . . ."

"... you get yellow up to your knees from walking in it!"

"You can't wash in the river water, it's so gritty with gold, and you have to strain it before you can drink it! . . ."

"They pick it out of the rocks with pocket-knives, they scoop it out of the streams with spoons, they shake it out of their beards at night. . . ."

"One man alone made twenty thousand dollars in eight days just passing his forefinger along the spokes of wagon wheels out there in the diggings!"

"I tell you, they spit gold out there in California!"

Gold! Gold! Gold!

So men talked in eager groups while housewives fretted over tardy suppers, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, and young bloods spoke familiarly of California and of riches to be gained and adventures to be shared, for talk was easy, and the journey a simple one to undertake—in arm-chairs.

"... out to the Mississippi, and then across the plains to Sutter's. . . ."

"A dreary route, and much imperiled by savages—no, the Isthmus is my choice. . . ."

"Yes, to Chagres, and a brief journey overland to Panama, and then a quick passage north to San Francisco. . . ."

"... a continuous passage is what it amounts to, the shipping agent assures me, and the trip across the Isthmus to break the monotony of the voyage. . . ."

Yes, indeed! Chagres, Sutter's, the Plains, Panama—brave, high-sounding names, all of them. But it was the girl at the Atlantic Gardens who sent them storming the wharves, flooding the decks of every tub that could be made

to float, roaring down through the Narrows on their way to El Dorado.

The girl with the golden hair and the golden voice, and her song which she sang one evening.

It really began with a party of gentlemen up at the Astor House, at a private dinner tendered to Matthew Parsons by Captain Logan, of the packet *Cygnets*. "Handsome Mat. Parsons," Captain Logan's "dandy mate." Mat was leaving the *Cygnets* to take command of the *Breeze* from the West, a packet captain at twenty-seven, and nothing short of a banquet would serve to celebrate the occasion.

"To the dandy mate of the packet *Cygnets*," Captain Logan boomed down the long table. "A man who has licked his weight in wildcats and proved his worth as a sailor and a gentleman. To the packet *Breeze* from the West and her new commander, the pride of the Black Ball Line! Gentlemen, I give you Captain Parsons—Handsome Mat Parsons. . . ."

From his very earliest infancy Matthew Parsons had taken to his heart everything that had to do with ships, which was hardly to be wondered at considering the maritime heritage that was his.

To begin with, both of his grandfathers were well-known figures in the shipping circles of the port. The one in Mr. Ackley's shipyard at the foot of Pelham Street, and the other, Mr. Benjamin Moore, his mother's father, one of the leading merchants and ship-owners of the town, whose house flag with the red, white, and blue horizontal stripes had flown in every port in the world.

"If it's Moore, it's sure, . . ." as they said of him.

Then of course Matthew was the son of Gamaliel Parsons, the master mariner. Gamaliel Parsons, who had served on the privateer *Chaser* in the adventures of 1812, and had been tendered a public banquet at the City Hotel in recognition of his gallant conduct at the affair of Fayal Roads. Gamaliel Parsons, who was known now throughout the Orient, with his *Felicity Belle* and his *Hooglie*, as the luckiest and most widely liked of the Yankee merchant navigators.

And the handsomest, in the high white collar and black stock of his early twenties and thirties. It was from him that Matthew inherited his own extraordinary good looks, which had earned for him his nickname of Handsome Mat. From his father, and from his mother too, who as *Felicity Moore* had been the acknowledged belle of the town—a young lady towards whom all eyes were admiringly turned when she stepped into the New York Gardens of an evening or into Mr. Cullen's Magnesian Shop for an ice.

But to Matthew the latter heritage was of no concern whatever, whereas the ships filled all his mind and heart. And while his father thought wistfully of his privateering days and occupied

himself with swift, sharp China-bound vessels, with Matthew it was a question of packets and the dangers and glories of the transatlantic passage.

They were the latest venture in American shipping, these packets—the Black Ball Line had only been started five years before Matthew was born—and where boys of a later generation would have been eagerly following the career of some athletic hero Matthew was an authority on every detail pertaining to these winged greyhounds of his day, and to the records of their runs.

Oh, she's lovely up aloft,
And she's lovely down below,
Oh, run, let the bull-gine run.

Way ya a ah o oh,
Run, let the bull-gine run. . . .

Of course the earlier ones were a little before his time. The first Black Ballers, the *Amity*, the *Pacific*, the *Eagle*, the *Canada*, and their sisters, four or five hundred ton vessels, with flush decks, the long-boat housed over to carry the sheep and the geese and the hens, and the cow-house over the main hatch. Black hulls with varnished bends, and the inside of rails and hatch-houses finished in green.

The Red Star Liverpool packets, too, the Grinnell and Minturn Swallow Tail Line, and the London and Havre packets of the early twenties were a little too much for him to keep track of, although he knew their swallow-tail house flags and the names of most of the ships. The *Panther*, the *Meteor*, the *Silas Richards*, the *Cortes*, the *President*, the *Cambria*, the *Helen Mar*, the *Silvia de Grasse*, the *Baltimore*, the *France*, the *Mercury*, and many another sturdy sail carrier flying the Stars and Stripes.

. . . to Liverpool we'll make our way,
Amelia, whar you bound to?
To Liverpool, thet Yankee school,
Across the Western ocean. . . .

But in the thirties, when Matthew was growing up to be ten, and twelve, and fifteen years old, there was not a question having to do with packets, their appearance, their records, and their commanders, which he was not prepared to discuss or which he did not actually discuss upon the slightest provocation.

The ships of the new line to New Orleans, in 1831—the *Nashville*, the *Huntsville*, the *Louisville*, the *Creole*, and the *Natchez*, the first packets to be built in accordance with the new full poop-deck specifications. And the *Formosa*, the *Isaac Bell*, the *Galia*, the *Duchesse d'Orleans*, and the others of that third line to Havre, of which the *Isaac Bell*, under Captain Johnston, made the voyage from Havre to New York in January in less than eighteen days.

"And in January, too!" Matthew would marvel. "I guess that's the worst month on the Atlantic if you're west-bound. . . ."

Then that new concern running to Liverpool, the *Dramatic Line*, carrying a big black X on their foretopsails—as though that could get them across any

faster than a Black Baller! It was simply an imitation of the large black ball on the latter's foretopsails, anyway. The *Siddons*, the *Garrick*, the *Roscius*, the *Sheridan*, who got herself properly beaten in a race with Captain De Peyster's *Black Baller Columbus*.

"... nearly nine hundred tons she is," Matthew gloated. "And the *Columbus* is not six hundred. And she carried a crew of forty on purpose to win the race, and the old *Black Baller* beat her by two days, sixteen to eighteen!"

The new ships, too, of the Swallow Tail Line, such as the *Washington*, and the *Pennsylvania*, and the *Independence*, commanded by Captain Ezra Nye, who sailed on the 6th of March for several years so that she might carry the President's Message over to England.

"She can do New York to Liverpool in fourteen days," Matthew used to complain. "But the President's Message ought to go over on the *Black Ball Line*."

And lastly, because they were the finest of all in Matthew's estimation, the more recent *Black Ballers*—the *Columbus*, the *Oxford*, the *New York*, the *Cambridge*—forerunners of the great packets of his early manhood, the *Fidelia*, the thousand-ton *Montezuma*, the *Yorkshire*, holder under Captain Bailey of the record west-bound Atlantic passage of sixteen days.

Fine, presentable vessels they were, these later packets, with their painted ports and white finishing, carrying all the sail that could be handled in the North Atlantic gales, and a little more besides; while they raced each other ceaselessly back and forth, under the command of men who drove them forward sleeplessly and relentlessly in all seasons, and through all weathers, up to their knight-heads in rolling seas.

Men who were numbered among the finest navigators afloat, possessed of unbounded physical endurance to withstand the days and nights on end of duty on the deck required of them, and accustomed to the niceties of good breeding which must be theirs in their dealings with the passengers of quality who crowded their cabins. And armed with the strength and courage essential to the proper handling of the desperate ruffianly "packet rats" who composed their crews.

Strong, thickset, tattooed Waterloo Road grogshop sweepings, villainous and depraved. Good sailors enough, in their red shirts and sea boots, up aloft shortening sail in a howling blizzard, but only after they had been pounded into respectful obedience by the iron hand of the captain and the "belaying-pin soup" of the "greaser" and "blower" mates.

Singing sailormen, these, of course, with a chorus for every emergency.

Oh, the smartest packet you can find,
Ah he, ah ho, are you most done?
Is the fair New York in the Black
Ball Line.

So clear the track, let the bull-gine
run,



From "The Clipper Ship Era," by Arthur H. Clark (G. P. Putnam's Sons)

THE MONTEZUMA

"And lastly, because they were the finest of all in Matthew's estimation, the more recent Black Ballers—the Columbus, the Oxford, the New York, the Cambridge—forerunners of the great packets of his early manhood, the *Fidelia*, the thousand-ton *Montezuma*. . . ."

To my aye rig a jig in a low back
car,
Ah he, ah ho, are you most done?
With Eliza Lee all on my knee,
So clear the track, let the bullgine
run. . . .

Something like this for the anchor,
and then for setting sail, "Haul on the
Bowlin'!"

Haul on the bowlin', the packet is
a-rollin',
Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!
Haul on the bowlin', the maintopgal-
lant bowlin',
Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!

or "Blow the Man Down," with its hint
of autobiographical Liverpool reminis-
cence:

. . . as I was walking down Paradise
Street,
Way ay, blow the man down,
A saucy young p'liceman I happened
to meet,
Give me some time to blow the man
down.

Says he you're a Black Baller by the
cut of your hair,
Way ay, blow the man down,
I know you're a Black Baller by the
clothes that you wear,
Give me some time to blow the man
down.

You've sailed in a packet that flies
the Black Ball,
Way ay, blow the man down,
You've robbed some poor Dutchman
of boots, clothes, and all,
Give me some time to blow the man
down.

Oh, p'liceman, p'liceman, you do me
great wrong,
Way ay, blow the man down,
I'm a Jamesina sailor just home from
Hongkong,
Give me some time to blow the man
down.

They gave me three months in Wal-
ton jail,
Way ay, blow the man down,

For booting and kicking and blowing
him down,
Give me some time to blow the man
down. . . .

and very probably a round or two of—

. . . Johnny's gone to Liverpool,
Away you Hee—lo—o,
To Liverpool, that Yankee school,
John's gone to Hilo.

Those Yankee sailors you'll see there,
Away you Hee—lo—o,
With red top boots and short cut
hair,
John's gone to Hilo.

Oh, Johnny's gone to Baltimore,
Away you Hee—lo—o,
To dance upon the sanded floor,
John's gone to Hilo.

And of course "The Black Ball Line" at
the windlass:

. . . for once there was a Black Ball
ship,
Hurrah for the Black Ball Line!
That fourteen knots an hour could
slip,
Hurrah for the Black Ball Line!
Her yards were square, her gear all
new,
Hurrah for the Black Ball Line!
She had a good and gallant crew,
Hurrah for the Black Ball Line! . . .

Such was the service, with its ships
and its men and its songs, which Mat-
thew entered when he was eighteen,
with his mind made up to become "the
dandy mate of a Black Ball packet!"

And now, not quite ten years later,
he was to be a captain, with a packet of
his own.

They finally put him at the piano, for
Mat could "strike a light" with any
chanty man afloat, and made him sing
that catchy new song of Mr. Foster's
with its lilting chorus:

I come from Alabama
With my banjo on my knee,

I'm gwan to Louisiana,
My true love for to see!
It rained all night the day I left,
The weather it was dry,
The sun so hot, I froze to death,
Susanna don't you cry.

Oh, Susanna,
Don't you cry for me,
I come from Alabama,
With my banjo on my knee!

Oh, when I gets to New Orleans,
I'll look all round and round,
And when I find Susanna
I'll fall right on the ground!
But if I do not find her,
This ducky'll surely die,
And when I'm dead and buried,
Susanna don't you cry.

Oh, Susanna,
Don't you cry for me,
I come from Alabama,
With my banjo on my knee!

"Oh, Susanna, don't you cry for me!"
some one sang out from across the room.
"I'm off for California, with my banjo on
my knee!"

"Hear, hear!" everybody laughed. "I'm
off for California! The words fit right
in too!"

"But you wouldn't take a banjo to
California!" objected Mat. "Let's see,
I'm off for California, with—my—"

"What are those things they sift the
sand in out there?" asked Captain Logan.
"Dishpans, wash-bowls. . . ."

"With my wash-bowl on my knee,"
hummed Mat. "Say, that fits all right!"

"Oh, Susanna,
Don't you cry for me,
I'm off for California,
With my wash-bowl on my knee!"

"Hurrah, Mat!" they shouted. "Go
on, make up some more words, let's have
a new song for the boys!"

"Let's see, how does it go?" said Mat.
"It rained all night the day I left, the
weather it was dry;" let's see—the
weather it was dry—I'll—I'll wash—
drain the rivers dry! How's that?"

"Go on, go on! Try the other line—
you can skip the first ones, the music
just repeats. . . ."

"Well, they say they get it out of the
rivers and out of the rocks, don't they?
I'll dig the rocks bare—that won't do—
I'll dig the mountains bare—I'll scrape
the mountains bare—clean—that's it, I'll
scrape the mountains clean, tum tum—
we want two words there. . . ."

"I'll scrape the mountains clean, old
boy. . . ."

"No—old girl! It's all about Su-
sanna!"

"That's it. Now we've got it, listen!"

"I'll scrape the mountains clean, old
girl,
I'll drain the rivers dry,
I'm off for California,
Susanna, don't you cry!
Oh, Susanna,
Don't you cry for me,
I'm off for California,
With my wash-bowl on my knee!"

Over and over again they sang it, with
all the fervor of novelty, and when they
stopped for breath the song that was to
go around the world was theirs. The
song that started the gold rush and

roared its way from the Battery to Hongkong, via the two capes.

After the golden-haired girl had sung it; that is. . . .

That was at the Atlantic Gardens, a little later in the evening, when Mat Parsons and some of the younger members of the company had dropped in there to hear the concert in the auditorium before returning to their boarding-houses.

She was singing when they came in, the golden-haired girl—singing her heart out before an unreceptive audience, to the tinkly accompaniment furnished by a sickly youth who might have been her brother.

"It's the golden-haired girl," some one in the party volunteered. "That's what they call her. They say she used to be a music teacher in New England somewhere—don't know how she ever came to be singing here. . . ."

But Mat was not listening to what they were saying. He was gazing at the girl, so slender, so tired looking, with her plucky smile and frightened eyes. And so beautiful. . . .

She sang "Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer" and "John Anderson, my Joe," but it was only when, with an accompanying flourish, she began "Oh, Susanna" that Mat paid any attention.

"Get her to sing the new verse," some one suggested. "Here, boy, present Captain Parsons's compliments to the lady who is singing—Miss Crane?—to Miss Crane, then, and tell her he has something very important to impart to her."

"How ridiculous!" Mat kept saying to them, blushing at their banter; but just the same he watched the boy's progress across the hall, saw him disappear at the close of the song, and waited breathlessly for him to return.

"Miss Crane will be glad to hear whatever Captain Parsons wishes to say," he announced. "She has to sing again in a few moments, if the captain can spare the time now."

And so Handsome Mat Parsons found himself face to face with the golden-haired girl, in the wings of the little stage.

"How do you do, miss?" he said, awkwardly. She did not look like a theatrical person, and she was even more beautiful than he had supposed.

"You wished to speak with me, sir?" she asked him, and her more Northern intonation rang cleanly in his ears. "Can I be of service to you?"

"It was I—my friends who hoped perhaps to do you a slight service, miss," Mat smiled. "You were singing 'Oh, Susanna!' a moment ago, and we have some new words—about California—it's getting to be all the rage, you know—"

"Oh, yes?"

"We thought you might care to sing them as an encore. Here they are," and he handed her the scrap of paper on which he had scribbled them.

"Oh, how splendid!" she laughed as she read them. "The audience will love it! It's very kind of you, sir."



(C) Edwin Levick, New York

IN THE HARBOR OF SAN FRANCISCO

"Up to the Equator again with all sails set—studdingsails, skysails, ringtails—and finally through the Golden Gate, one hundred and seventy-two days from New York"

"Look here, I wish you wouldn't call me sir, miss!" Mat exclaimed all of a sudden, and they both laughed in each other's eyes.

"I think really I'd better," she parried. "As long as you call me miss, sir."

"Do you sing here every evening?" Mat asked her in another sudden conversational outburst.

"Yes, every evening, at present," she replied. "Do you come here often?"

"No, very seldom. I'm at sea most of the time," he explained.

"Oh, yes, of course," and Mat thought that she had sighed. "But you're ashore now for a while?"

"I'm afraid not," he told her. "I'm taking the Breeze from the West out on next packet day."

"Oh!" she said, and that was all, while she turned the scrap of paper this way and that in her fingers. Finally she held out her hand to him. "Then good-by, Captain Parsons. Thank you very much for the words, and good luck on your journey."

"Good-by, Miss Crane," he answered, holding her slender fingers in his big sailor's hand for a moment. "And good luck to you—until I come back," he added under his breath as he turned away.

She sang the new words as an encore to her next song, and even Mat's explosive hand-clapping was lost in the storm of applause that followed. Four, five, and six times they made her sing it, and at the seventh time most of the audience joined in. They were singing it in the streets late that night, and the next morning the chorus was floating across the wharves on South Street.

The song that went around the world was on its way, from the Battery to Hongkong, via the two capes, wherever Yankee ships sailed blue water in the

days when the Stars and Stripes were afloat in every port on the Seven Seas.

Two days later the Breeze from the West went booming down the bay with a bone in her teeth, Liverpool bound, carrying with her that song, which men were singing in their hundreds as they stormed the Isthmus shipping offices in New York. But on her quarter-deck Captain Mat Parsons carried with him the memory of the singer of the song, the golden-haired girl at the Atlantic Gardens.

And a month or more later, when he returned and dipped his ensign at the Battery, there remained for him only that memory, for the singer was gone, and with her the sickly youth, and none knew the time or the place of their going. But the song remained, and the rush for California filled all men's minds.

So much so that at the conclusion of his next voyage they called Mat into the counting-room.

"California freights are around fifty dollars per forty cubic feet," they told him. "Those people out there in San Francisco are plumb crazy. Would you believe it, they're paying forty dollars a barrel for flour!"

"Guess they can afford to," said Mat.

"The Breeze from the West is a pretty sharp ship for a packet," they went on. "But at that rate, her freight will amount to about sixty thousand dollars, which is more than she cost ready for sea. It can't last, but while it does it's too good an adventure to miss. You will load at Pier 8 for San Francisco."

"Aye aye, sir. . . ."

"Perhaps you'll find some gold too, while you're there." They smiled at him.

"I dare say," Mat replied. "From all accounts, I'll be lucky to get out with

the ship. They tell me the crews swim ashore when they get within smelling distance, and you have to empty the jail to get a gang for the return journey."

Gold, indeed! The gold in that singing girl's hair was the only gold Mat Parsons had a thought for.

Well, they made a pretty good passage of it, from Sandy Hook down to the Equator, from the Equator to 50° S. Atlantic. Then to the southward with skysail yards and studdingsail booms sent down for the fight around the Horn. Then to the northward from 50° S. Pacific up to the Equator again with all sails set—studdingsails, skysails, ring-tails—and finally through the Golden Gate, one hundred and seventy-two days from New York.

And, as Mat had predicted, one-half of the crew went overboard when the low black sandy beach came in sight, and the other half followed when the Breeze from the West had dropped her anchor.

All around her were hundreds of ships similarly abandoned, while their crews sought the riches to be "gathered from the trees."

"Hell!" Mat observed to his mate. "This isn't a port, it's a graveyard!"

The mate spat reflectively over the side before replying.

"This here, now, San Francisco," he observed at length. "Looks more like a county fair than a town to me."

It did, too, with its shacks and its huts and its tents, and the clouds of dust swirling around in every direction.

"And how do we get out of this here, now, metropolis?" the mate inquired. "We've got nothing but the ship's cat left to man the ropes."

"We'll scrape the mountains clean, old girl, we'll drain the old jail dry," smiled Mat. "We'll sail from California. Susanna, don't you cry!"

"Sweet sailor's life!" sighed the mate. "And us a Black Baller!"

But they got the cargo ashore somehow or other—and no wonder, with the agents paying stevedores twenty-five dol-

lars a day, and the goods sold at auction almost as fast as they were landed!—and Mat went ashore one evening to see what could be done about gathering in a crew.

"Better stand well out from shore, captain," the mate called to him, "or you'll be getting this, now, gold fever, and buying yourself a red shirt."

It may be that the mate's prediction might have been fulfilled, but as he turned the corner of the second warehouse shed Mat gasped like a man who has been shot and sat down very suddenly on a wooden pile. Then he stepped forward again very slowly with his hat in his hand.

"How do you do, miss," he said, even more awkwardly than the first time.

It was the golden-haired girl.

"What are *you* doing here in San Francisco?" he pressed her, before she had time to recover her breath. "I didn't think I'd ever see you again."

"It was the song," she told him, "'Oh, Susanna,' do you remember? We sang it so much, my brother and I, and watched them rushing off to the docks, until finally he caught the fever himself. I think he would have gone without me."

"You joined the rush, then? I looked for you at the Atlantic Gardens when I got back. . . ."

"Did you?" she smiled at him. "Yes, we joined the rush. We went by the Isthmus; it was a terrible trip! My brother nearly died there, in Panama. . . ." She passed her hand over her brow and sighed.

"And you've struck it here?" Mat asked.

"No," she replied. "We used up all our savings getting here. Our parents had died, you see, and I took to singing to make a little money. That's how we happened to come to New York. I—I had never done anything like that before. Then we came here. I knew it was foolish, but he would come."

"And you've had bad luck?"

"It was very hard—the life, the work—although people were very kind. My

brother was very sick; we couldn't afford a doctor—he—he died three days ago. . . ."

"I—I'm terribly sorry, miss," Mat said, gently. "And it was all my fault for giving you those words. Perhaps he would never have come otherwise. What—what have you been doing since? . . ."

"We had a little dust left," she explained. "And I've helped do some washing and cooking. I thought perhaps I might sing somewhere—it would be in one of the saloons—I—oh, I'm so glad you've come, Captain Parsons!" And Mat got very red in the face, because he saw that she was going to cry.

"I'm happy to hear you say that, miss," he said, rather breathlessly. "I'm a sailor, and perhaps I'm not saying it just right. But that night—that night in New York—I was hoping to find you again—and then I thought that I had lost you forever!"

"Oh, was it like that too with you?" she asked him, and Mat took her hands in his.

"Yes," he told her. "It was like that. They kept saying to me, when I came out here, perhaps I'd find gold, but I never dreamed what gold it would be! Will you come back with me now? I want to take you home, and take care of you all my life. . . ."

"Yes, Mat," she said, very softly, and laughed at his surprise that she should know his name. "Thank you. . . ."

"Of course I don't know how we'll get out of here," he exclaimed as they were plodding up the dusty street to find some one to marry them. "I've got no crew, and I've got no cook, and I've got no stores; but there's a ship and a mate and a cat, and there's *you*—and we'll sail from California, Susanna, don't you cry!"

"I'm not!" she informed him.

"You're not what?"

"I'm not crying! Oh, of course, you didn't know, did you? That's my name, Susanna."

"Oh, Susanna!" laughed Captain Mat Parsons, and stopped right in the middle of the street to kiss her.

HOW EUROPE TEACHES AMERICANISM

BY NATALIE DE BOGORY

THE polyglot blue-coated men who sit in judgment at Ellis Island's wickets to America are using these days a language seldom before heard around their battered desks—English. As the long lines of Czechs, Slovaks, Jews, and Italians file past, the inspector's face often lights up as he picks from the line some man or woman in whom he recognizes a difference. To them he speaks as an American. And at the sound of the language there will come an answering glance in the immigrant's eyes, a squaring of shoulders and lifting of chin, and the answers come back in English, too—broken,

stumbling, half intelligible, but English. America has received few such immigrants before. Instead of being utter aliens, shuffling, fearful with the timidity of ignorance, seeking nothing more than prosperity, these people bear themselves like wanderers returning home—as they are. It is not a matter of dress, but one of bearing. These people, to the casual visitor, are simply immigrants, but the inspectors know at a glance that they had lived many years in America, had gone "home" to settle in the land of their fathers, but have now decided that, after all, America is "home" to them. Their trip to the "old country"

has brought out the contrast between it and the new land, and they are returning to their adopted country with a sudden though often vague understanding of what America means and stands for. These returning thousands are ready now to become Americans.

Long ago, before the war, I used to fill out schedules for newly arrived immigrants in Greater New York that covered their entire lives, past and future. I talked to the Slavs in their own languages, and they often unburdened their clumsy minds in answer to my questions. In my efforts to get closer to their simple psychology, I lived

with them, sharing their amazing food and their hard work. And I found that almost all came here merely to earn a better living—they had heard of the money that could be earned. In rare cases some girl would slip across to avoid a distasteful marriage, but these were rare.

But after arrival came disillusion. It was always the same story.

"There's plenty of money, but too much hard work"—one woman stated the idea of many. "In America it's all work, work, hard work. No time to spend the money and nowhere to spend it. I'm going back to the old country to spend my American money."

With very few exceptions, the immigrants agreed with this woman. America stood for money and comfort, but it was not "home." Many of the immigrant dwellings, though small and perched up four flights of stairs, were clean. The boarders, of whom every family had a plentiful supply, slept on folding cots that were neatly telescoped along the walls during the day. In the old country they would have slept on the floor. America did not relieve congestion, but she gave them beds. There was running water instead of the long walk to the village well. Many a Russian peasant told me with pride of his prosperity in America.

"I can eat meat every day. At home I had it once a year," one man explained to me.

But even the meat did not make an American of him, and he turned his eyes longingly towards Russia.

So, although almost all immigrants agreed in dislike of America, each dreamed of happiness back across the ocean. The Pole from the Kingdom of Poland dreamed of the downfall of the Czar, when he could return to his own; the Pole from Austria hoarded his money that he might pay the mortgage levied on his farm by the local Jewish money-lender—once that was paid, he would go back. The Italian only waited to accumulate enough money to appear among his old neighbors as a rich "American," buy some land, and settle down to comfort and prosperity.

All efforts at Americanization in those days came up against this solid wall of dreams.

Then came the Great War and peace. The oppressed of the world raised their heads with new hope. The Fourteen Points stood forth as the Bible of a new world. The dream was coming true.

Passages were booked in thousands for the return "home." There are no statistics to show the number of those who went away to settle. Steamship agents said that every available space was booked at least a year in advance, and a Congressional committee was told that five million would go. But, at any rate, for a time the outbound tide was greater than that coming in.

But not now.

Something happened in Europe to the half-made Americans. The dream did not materialize. These homesick enthusiasts found something lacking in the

old country. They are not articulate enough to explain just what it was, but they found that "everything was wrong." So, after a stay of six months or a year, they swelled the horde moving to America, and each is bringing back with him some of the neighbors for whom he had longed.

At Ellis Island these returning people are conspicuous. They can be picked out, not by their clothing, but by their carriage; they hold their heads up and they look everybody straight in the face.

I have spent many hours mingling with the various immigrant groups and talking to them; I, too, soon learned to distinguish the returning ones from the "greenhorns."

"Why didn't you stay over there?" I asked of a young couple, both Slovaks, waiting to go to Pittsburgh.

Both were smartly dressed in cheap American clothes. The young woman had a gold filling in her teeth and smiled pleasantly when I spoke to her. Real immigrants seldom do that.

"No good—the old country," they answered in unison.

"America's the only good place," the man went on. "We'll stay here—never go back."

Their English was faulty and halting, though both had been here about eight years, but there was no doubt as to what they meant to say. The man was a miner, his wife had worked in a factory; they had been married for several years, and finally went back "home."

"Thought we'd stay over there," explained the man, "planned that. But four months was enough. We're back—to stay."

"What didn't you like?" I asked.

"Nothing good," was the best answer I could get.

After close questioning, however, I did discover that work there did not bring in a wage sufficient for life. That was one great disadvantage, but, beyond this one concrete handicap, they could not either of them tell me what was wrong.

"And we bring friends with us," volunteered the man, pointing to four men who were standing by with the typical lost look of the immigrant.

Another time I had a long talk with a very thin and gawky Czech woman. She wore a rusty black suit, her face was deeply lined, but her eyes were bright and intelligent. With her was her girl of fifteen, with bright-red cheeks. Both wore pink boudoir caps trimmed with masses of cheap lace. As I looked at the curious sight, it dawned on me that of all traveling headgear these were undoubtedly most convenient; they need never be taken off, they certainly protect the hair, and they look gay.

"You're coming back to America?" I asked. "Didn't you like it in the old country?"

"No," she shook her head until the frills flopped up and down; "no good. I bring here my daughter—make her



Ewing Galloway

"THESE PEOPLE AT LAST HAVE LEARNED THE MEANING OF AMERICA; THEIR DREAM-BARRIER WHICH KEPT THEM ALIENS IS GONE; THEY ARE CONVERTS TO AMERICANISM"

American. And friends—same village. No good there."

The little girl smiled as though she understood, and there were the inevitable friends—five strong young women in voluminous skirts and kerchiefs on their heads.

This woman told me that she had returned alone, leaving her husband with several children in Scranton. They had been planning to come out upon hearing from her that the old home was ready. She had this half-grown daughter at "home," who had been brought up by the grandparents. Now she was on her way back, and all would remain here.

"Me stay old country six months—no good—America good." The frills bobbed. So she took the daughter, five friends from among her neighbors, and returned.

"Don't you want to go back to stay there?" I asked.

"Never go—stay here—here good. Old country—no good," was her answer.

She changed to a more fluent Czech to tell me of her former dreams of going back to live out her life in free Czechoslovakia. And then this disappointment. Her dream now is of sending her girl to an American school, where she would soon learn English, and the entire family remain here. She, too, could not tell me just what was wrong. Everything was not as she had become used

to; living was bad, nothing seemed to be right after her ten years in this country.

"After America—no good," she concluded in English.

She led her brood like a mother hen. There was no trouble about tickets, for she handled them; she bought the lunch boxes, and every time she moved the little girl in the boudoir cap and the five young women trailed behind her.

Then there was a sad Polish mother, whose little girl was ill in the hospital. She had lived in America seven years; her little girl was born here. She had gone back to settle. But in two months' time she was on her way back.

"Just stayed long enough to get money to come home," she laughed dully, as though the whole thing were a joke.

Her verdict was that nobody could live "over there."

And these are but a few of the dozens of people with whom I spoke. All said almost the same thing; all were impatiently waiting to reach their "homes," this time in America and not in Europe. The journey had changed the point of view.

But this intangible something which the foreign-born could not find in their old homes was revealed to me from another source. Just a few days ago a friend returned from a three months' trip to Europe. She had been born in

Russia, but she had come to America when very small. She had built up a professional career here, but, as is the custom, Europe was her wonderland.

I spent an afternoon with her the day after her arrival. She still smelled of the sea.

"My dear," she said, as we talked over the lunch table, "I'll never criticise America again. It is the only country now. I've returned from my trip a patriot."

"What's wrong with Europe?" I asked, sensing that at last the answer would come.

"It's all wrong. The spirit is wrong, the people are wrong—the soul is out of them. I can't quite tell you, but I'm certain of one thing, we ought to be thankful that we are Americans."

The elegant apartment, the elegant woman before me—I caught a glimpse of the woman in the boudoir cap and the furrowed face and shabby suit.

From them there is a new heaven in our mass of aliens. These people at last have learned the meaning of America; their dream-barrier which kept them aliens is gone; they are converts to Americanism. They can and will speak to their fellows here as we cannot, in language that will be understood; they are giving us another chance, a new opportunity, for the making of Americans.

THE GREAT JEWISH CONSPIRACY

BY BARON S. A. KORFF, LL.D.

FORMERLY VICE-GOVERNOR OF FINLAND

ANTI-SEMITIC propaganda has greatly increased of late in the United States. Among other things, there has been assiduously spread a pamphlet entitled "The Protocols and World Revolution," said to be the minutes of meetings, somewhere in Switzerland, of "Zionist Men of Wisdom," and accompanied by detailed commentaries of a certain Serge Nilus.

To a casual reader this pamphlet might seem unspeakably stupid—a concoction devised by blooming idiots who want to play a bad joke on the credulous public. Unfortunately, closer examination reveals a deeper meaning of an insidious propaganda of hatred against Jews, based on falsehoods and misrepresentations of a most dangerous kind.

These Protocols are no new thing. They were made use of in the past for many years by Russian reactionaries and police officials. Their first appearance dates back to 1901, when the Czar's Government was busy stirring up among the Russian people feelings of hatred against the Jews, hoping to divert the nation's attention from the increasing social discontent. Many horrible pogroms were the awful consequence of this policy.

These documents reappeared later, at the time of the revolutionary troubles

of 1905, with the evident purpose of putting the whole blame on 'the Jewish race. Finally, in 1919, these same Protocols, in some parts revised and rewritten in order to meet certain criticism and new conditions, were again circulated, first in Germany and later in England, by a group of Russian and German reactionaries clustering around the editorial offices of a small Russian paper, called the "Sunbeam," published in Berlin. During the autumn of 1920 these Protocols were reprinted in Boston and sent around to different people in the United States. In the former editions the editor or author, Serge Nilus, was called Chamberlain of the Czar, Professor and Marshal of Nobility; but, as it was easily proved that the lists of chamberlains, professors, and marshals never mentioned such a name, these alleged titles were dropped in the American edition. This man, seemingly, was a minor police official in Moscow, employed by the gendarmes of the Czar for the special purpose of disseminating anti-Semitic propaganda.

THE story told in the Protocols is a very old one, dating back several centuries and reviving ancient accusations against the Jews, who were said to be intending to conquer the world and

avenge themselves on the Gentiles for the centuries of persecution. Similar stories were very popular in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In the middle of the nineteenth century there also was a period of intense anti-Jewish propaganda in Germany, started in the year 1868 by a man called Hermann Goedsche.

A well-known English writer, Lucien Wolf, has exposed recently (in a letter to the London "Spectator" dated June 12, 1920) the striking similarities which exist between the arguments of Nilus and those of Goedsche, and which prove conclusively their common origin.

These documents have done immeasurable harm in Russia, as they were widely circulated in the Kolchak and Denikine armies and helped their ultimate disintegration. One of the most patent lies spread by the Protocols is the assertion that the Jews never repudiated or denied the statements contained therein, thus tacitly acknowledging their authenticity. Quite on the contrary, the Jews, individually and through their organizations, have repeatedly uncovered these falsehoods. There was published not long ago in the United States, for instance, a detailed protest, signed by a number of the most influential Jewish organiza-

tions—namely, the American Jewish Committee, the Zionist Organization of America, the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations, the United Synagogues of America, the Provisional Committee for an American Jewish Congress, the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, the Central Conference of American Rabbis, the Rabbinical Assembly of the Jewish Theological Seminary, and the United Orthodox Jewish Rabbis of America. They all solemnly assert that there never existed any secret organization called the "Zionist Men of Wisdom," which is supposed to have planned the conquest of the world through Bolshevik revolutions and wholesale murders of the Gentiles.

The English representative Jews have also published a forcible protest, signed by men like Rothschild, Magnus, Samuel, Cohen, Monash, and many others (see the London "Morning Post," April 23, 1919), confirming the same denial of the existence of such a conspiracy.

IT is alleged that the Protocols disclose the existence of a Jewish plot for the establishment of the domination of the world by the Jewish race. The Russian Bolshevik experiment, accomplished through the influence of this conspiracy, is said to be the first attempt of such a conquest. This implies, in other words, that the Russian Revolution is entirely led and controlled by Jews, which is another evident lie.

No one will deny that among the Bolshevik leaders there are many prominent Jews, Trotsky-Bronstein being the most conspicuous example. They are, however, in the minority and do not control the situation. Thus the Bolshevik Cabinet consists at the present moment of seventeen members, of whom Trotsky alone is a Jew; the others are all one hundred per cent Russians—among them Lenine; Chicherine, the Foreign Minister; Buharin; Rykof; Krassin, the famous London representative; Kalinin, President of the Central Soviet. Lenine, whose real name is the purely Russian Ooliano, belongs to a Russian squire family of the province of Simbirsk, his ancestors having been for generations in the Russian Provincial Government Service. Among the numerous Bolshevik commissars, or officials, the Jews are by no means in the majority; the Russians outnumber them everywhere. Besides, there are many officials belonging to other nationalities—Poles, Magyars, Letts, etc.

As a matter of fact, there even developed lately among certain Bolshevik elements a violent anti-Jewish feeling. This is the case, for instance, with the so-called Extraordinary Commission, which is at the head of the Bolshevik Secret Police. This Commission has unlimited powers for the prosecution of political crimes and is responsible for most of the Bolshevik reign of terror. It is directed by three men, none of whom is a Jew, one being a Pole (the most cruel Djerzinsky) and the two others being Letts. They lately pro-

fessed to have discovered a Zionist plot at Moscow, directed against the Bolshevik; in consequence seventy-five persons were arrested for their anti-Soviet activities and for their correspondence with the Western Powers and representatives of Kolchak and Denikine. Surely if the Bolsheviks were led exclusively by Jews, such happenings would have been absolutely impossible.

THOUGH the Secretary of War, Trotsky, is a Jew, his General Staff, consisting of twenty members, is composed exclusively of non-Jews. This is also the case with many Bolshevik Ministries, filled with Russian Gentile officials.

On the other hand, vastly more Russian Jews of the most representative type were and still are devotedly fighting Bolshevism and suffering all sorts and manners of persecutions. One can find them among the prominent leaders of all the anti-Bolshevik political parties. The Mensheviks and Socialist-Revolutionaries, who are among the bitterest enemies of Bolshevism, have very many Jews in their ranks; for example, Martof, Lieber, Dan, Chernof, Bunakof, Minor, Berkenheim, Zelheim, and many others.

One can judge of the way the falsehood about the Jewish leadership of Bolshevism is spread by the misstatements in the list given by Dr. Simons to the Senate Overman Committee, reprinted on page 79 of the Protocols and showing how little Simons understood the Russian revolutionary movement. Among the "most important Bolshevik leaders" he mentioned the names of Chernof, Dan, Parvus, and Lieber, three of them having been violently opposed to Bolshevism, and the fourth, Parvus, being simply a German agent in the employment of the Berlin Secret Police.

The Constitutional Democrats, usually called "Cadets," the prominent Russian liberal party, also count many Jews among their ranks; for instance, Vinaver (Chairman of their Central Committee), Sliosberg, Pasmanik, Kaminka, Landau, Friedman, Hessen, and many others. All of them persistently fought Bolshevism and underwent all sorts of hardships and certainly represent the Russian Jews much better than the few Bolshevik leaders of Jewish origin.

IF we could suppose for a moment that such a secret organization as the "Zionist Men of Wisdom" did exist, there arises the question, whom did it represent? Certainly not the Jewish race as such, because the best type of Jews, the most influential and prominent, have always unanimously denied the existence of the organization and vehemently repudiated its alleged aims, at great cost to themselves, too, as many of these Jews suffered personally from the Bolsheviks.

Bolshevism, as a Communistic theory, is very repugnant to the Jews, who value greatly the idea of personal property. The Communistic principle, denying private property, alone would suf-

fice to estrange the Jews from the Bolshevik revolutionary movement.

Unfortunately, we know only too well at the present day that Bolshevism is a social process or disease, if one likes to call it so, that developed among the Russian people. It is genuinely Russian, and not, in any way "created" from the outside by Jews or Germans. I say "unfortunately" on purpose; it would have been so much easier to fight Bolshevism if it were an artificially created disturbance. Some of the anti-Bolshevik movements would have succeeded long ago in putting Bolshevism down if the latter had been the handiwork of a few fanatical Jews.

THE Protocols charge that the Jews desire to dominate the world; they disclose even a whole "strategic plan for united action of the Jews as a nation or a people." If such an insane plan ever did exist, one must admit at present that it utterly failed. There never was any "united action" of the Jews, as most of their race and all of their organizations and best men have invariably repudiated even the mere thought of such an action. They all are unconditionally opposed to Bolshevism and to the Moscow Government, as I have already indicated. In no way did Bolshevism or the Russian Revolution succeed in establishing a "Jewish domination over the world." On the contrary, it helped to foster anti-Jewish feelings. "The national power of non-Jewish states" has not yet been broken down by the supposed "Zionist Men of Wisdom," but, on the contrary, has been greatly strengthened by the fight against Bolshevism. And it is a noteworthy fact that so many prominent Jews take an active part in this fight. The anonymity of the Protocols, as well as of all anti-Semitic propaganda, stands out in glaring contrast in this respect.

How could the domination of the world ever be achieved by anonymous writers or unknown organizations? If such Jewish organizations did really exist and did plan the conquest of the Gentile world, how could they continue to keep hiding behind the veil of anonymity? Would not they and their names have been known to the outside world? And what reason would the Bolsheviks, and Trotsky, their greatest cynic, have still to keep this extraordinary secret, especially if these Jewish conspirators are, as the Protocols assure us, so very confident of their ultimate victory? Numerous statesmen during these last decades foresaw and predicted social disturbances. This was not difficult, considering the many signs of coming troubles which were evident in different countries. And much is probably still to happen all over the world. The point would be, however, to prove that, when such crises came, the Jews created them. These proofs are never given, and for a very simple reason; they do not exist. The contemporary social troubles are due to much deeper social causes than alleged Jewish plots.

On the other hand, it cannot be

denied that there is much dissatisfaction among the Jews of many countries; their race has suffered a great deal in the past; in some places, as in Poland and Russia, they have lived for generations in Ghettos, artificially segregated in "Jewish Pales," hated and persecuted by the Gentiles. The pogroms of eastern Europe are notorious. The Czar's Government has done a good deal to keep up a feeling of hatred against the Jews among the Russian people. All this sufficiently explains the fact that many Jews have a strong feeling of resentment against the Gentiles. Trotsky probably is the best example. It is quite likely that in his psychology there is a strong desire for vengeance. But how can this in any way prove that the Jews in general want to conquer the world? The Jews invariably are the first to suffer from the attempts at destruction of the existing social order; they always are the first ones to lose their property and to forfeit their estates.

FURTHER, the insinuation in the so-called Protocols that Bolshevism or Jewish domination has anything to do with Masonry or the thirty-third degree of initiation is another malicious lie. In former days the Church, especially the Catholic Church, laid many sins at the doors of Freemasonry. Similar accusations are now brought forward in the case of Bolshevism. Freemasonry never had anything to do with Bolshevism, which is not a political action, but a deep-seated social process. We have no proofs whatever of Masonic organizations taking part in the Bolshevik upheaval. Freemasonry is a very conservative force, and counts among its ranks most prominent citizens, Kings and Prime Ministers of England, and fifteen Presidents of the United States, Washington included. Is it plausible to suppose that all these prominent Masons never knew of the Jewish Zionist plans to conquer the world in conjunction with their organization? Or were they possibly fooled by clever Jewish leaders?

This is surely asking too much of the credulous public!

The whole story of the Protocols would really be a huge joke if its implications were not so tragic and its consequences so dangerous to the Gentiles themselves. There is nothing worse than arousing feelings of hatred. Every honest and patriotic citizen must in every possible way endeavor to combat this insidious anti-Semitic propaganda.

ONE single thought in the Protocols, however, deserves attention and comment, namely, "that it is vitally necessary that the American Jews should by word and deed express their condemnation not only of Bolshevism, but of any plan or programme for world domination" (page 149). The need of such a protest is evident and pressing; it would help immensely the fight against this social scourge. The Jews have protested already many times, but must persevere in their efforts to combat Bolshevism in every possible way.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE FLYING AGE

AN ANALYSIS OF RECENT PROGRESS IN AVIATION

BY LADISLAS D'ORCY

IS the flying-machine of to-day a comparatively final type which requires, like the automobile of ten years ago, only detail refinements to become generally adopted for public and private uses, or is it merely a stepping-stone toward a fundamentally different kind of aircraft yet to be invented? Is aeronautical engineering developing along lines leading to a clearly visualized goal, or is it merely "marking time" in an endeavor to overcome seemingly insuperable obstacles? Briefly, are we on the threshold of the flying age?

The uninitiate in aeronautics often asks these questions. Ten or twelve years ago a definite reply would have been rather hazardous, for considerable doubt existed then as to whether the airplane might not ultimately be supplanted by the helicopter or by the ornithopter. To-day this doubt is practically dispelled. The best-informed opinion in the aeronautical world is now agreed that the airplane has not only reached a state of comparative finality, but also that it is likely to remain the principal, if not the only, type of practical flying-machine. At the same time it is admitted that the helicopter or direct-lift machine has distinct, though limited, possibilities as an improved substitute for the kite balloon.

ORNITHOPTERS NOT PRACTICAL

No such prospect is, however, held out for the ornithopter or wing-flapping machine, which, it should be realized, offers a fundamentally unmechanical solution of the problem of flight. In the

animal world propulsion is essentially alternative motion; but man-made vehicles all are propelled by rotary motion. The legs of a horse, the fins of a whale, the wings of an eagle, all move alternately—that is, to and fro; the wheels of an automobile, the propeller of a steamship, the airscrew of a flying-machine, all turn round an axis. The main reason for this dissimilarity is that rotary motion affords a much more efficient system of propulsion than would a mechanical reproduction of the alternating propellers of the animal world. In the ornithopter the problem is further complicated by the fact that the wings of most birds do not merely move up and down; in fact, they describe with their tips something approaching a helical path. This it would be extremely difficult to reproduce mechanically, and the mechanism would be so delicate as to be of doubtful practical value.

In contrast, the airplane represents a singularly simple and mechanical solution. The wings are rigidly fixed to the fuselage and the only moving parts are the control surfaces and the airscrew. With the aid of these the airman can impart to his machine a degree of flexibility which, though somewhat short of that possessed by birds, is fully adequate for safe flying.

ADVANTAGES OF THE HELICOPTER

The only thing an airplane cannot do is to rise from the ground without a preliminary run. While this is not a very serious drawback, there may occur conditions, particularly in warfare, where

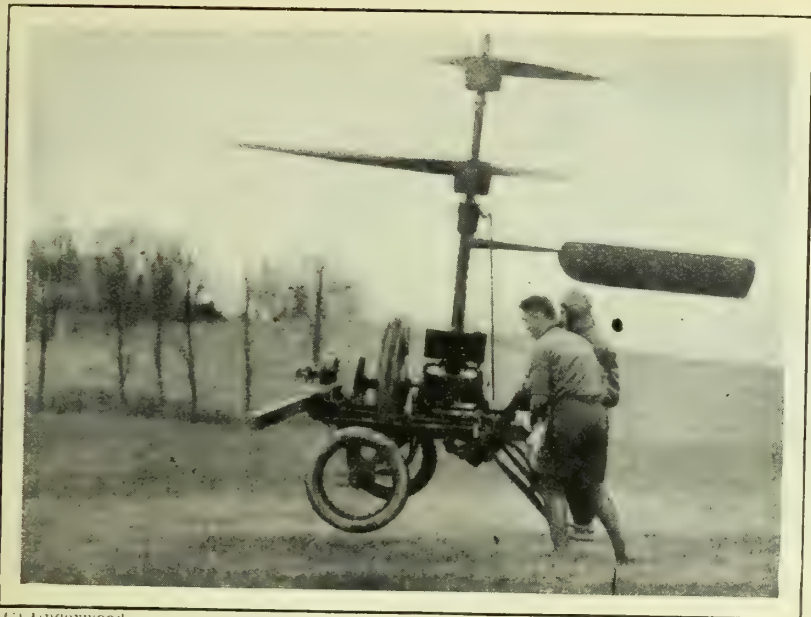
such a performance would be valuable.

The helicopter offers to solve this problem by rising from a standstill under the impulsion of large lifting screws rotating in a horizontal plane. That such a machine can rise by direct lift has been experimentally proved, but that it also can effect horizontal flight and make a safe landing in case of engine failure has yet to be demonstrated.

The problem is briefly the following: In an airplane, when the engine stops the wings enable the pilot to glide down to a landing, for in gliding flight gravity takes the place of the forward pull which the propeller supplies in power flight. But in the helicopter both sustentation and propulsion are dependent on the rotation of the propellers. What assurance is there, then, of a safe descent with a disabled engine?

The answer is that the blades of lifting screws may be considered as so many wing surfaces which act under the influence of air resistance exactly as the wings of an airplane. Only, the latter are fixed with respect to the airplane, while the blades of the lifting screw rotate around an axis. If now, in case of engine failure, we permit the lifting screws to rotate freely under the action of the upward air stream the helicopter encounters in its fall, sustentation is created, whereby the rate of descent can be slowed down sufficiently to insure a safe landing.

To glide down at an angle with the horizon, instead of descending verti-



(C) Underwood

THE BERLINER HELICOPTER UNDERGOING TRIALS NEAR WASHINGTON, D. C.

The two lifting screws, of 13 feet diameter, are driven by an 80 horse-power rotary engine and have a lifting power of 900 pounds. The weight of the machine is 620 pounds

cally—which may not be feasible on account of obstacles on the ground—the helicopter requires horizontal control. This may be effected by controlling the inclination of the propellers in combination with elevators such as are used on airplanes. The pilot will then be able to alter the trim of his machine at will and assume the angle of descent required for a safe landing or for horizontal flight.

Experiments with helicopters, though not sufficiently conclusive to disclose their practical merits and drawbacks, appear promising enough to warrant hope for a speedy solution of this question. In the meantime the airplane remains the only practical flying-machine of this day. It is, then, timely to inquire how far this vehicle has progressed on the road of safety and reliability—features that most interest the layman.

SAFETY IN AIRPLANE FLIGHT

That much-discussed topic, safety in flight, depends chiefly on the reliability of the power plant, protection against fire, and ability to land in restricted places and at a low rate of speed.

While the developments made during the late war advanced aeronautical engineering in a marked degree, they did not fully solve the above-named problems. The importance of getting results in the shortest possible time precluded the evolution of the airplane on the basis of extended scientific investigation. With peace returned, such an opportunistic policy is no longer necessary, and as a result some remarkable strides are now being made in an endeavor to eliminate the remaining shortcomings of the flying-machine.

The aero engines produced during the Great War, developing high power for an extremely low weight (two pounds per horse-power for the Liberty engine), do so at the cost of reliability. Such

a sacrifice is not, however, justified in commercial aviation, where reliability must be the main slogan. Commercial aero engines may have a greater dead-weight than the war types if this goes hand in hand with a more dependable operation and with lower fuel consumption. Such an engine is not only cheaper in production costs, but also cheaper in upkeep, because less specialized materials can be used in its construction. By running such an engine at from eighty to ninety per cent of its maximum power a reliability comparable to that of an automobile or a locomotive could be attained and the life of the power plant would be materially increased.

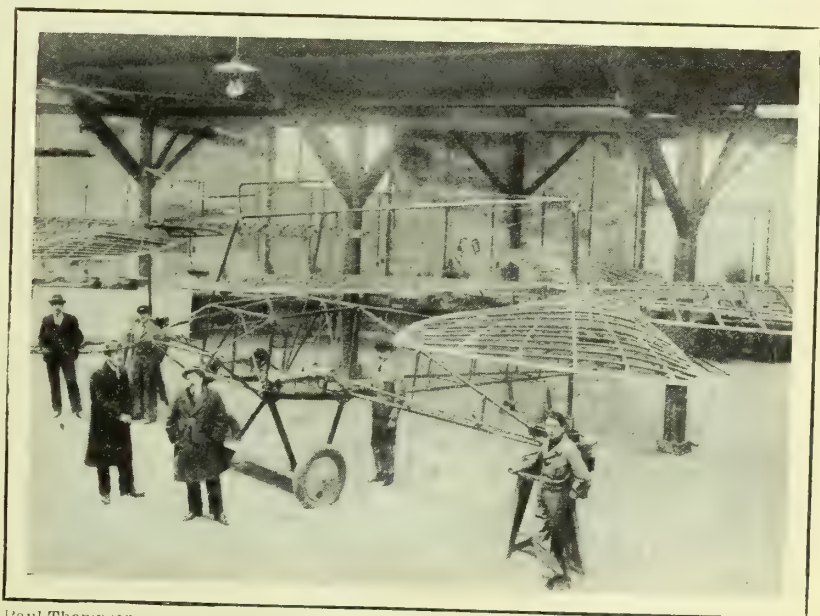
Present-day aero engines can be operated for some two hundred hours without overhauling, which at 100 miles per hour represent 20,000 flight miles. As to the life of such engines, many of them have functioned satisfactorily for several thousand hours, the corresponding flight mileage running into six figures. This, it will be admitted, is not a bad showing in comparison with automobile performance.

A WEAK POINT OF THE AERO ENGINE

Probably the weakest point of the aero engine is in its connections—the pipes and joints leading to fuel and oil tanks and to the radiator. Rigid pipes are unsatisfactory as a rule, because the vibration of the engine gradually weakens them until some day they break. The use of flexible connections is therefore preferred, although some fuels eventually dissolve the gasoline-proof lining of these pipes.

The question of secure connections has a very important bearing on the safety of flying, for the gasoline escaping from a broken joint or pipe is likely to be ignited by the backfire of the engine. This is what happened to the luckless imported mail airplane that burned up in mid-air last summer. It merely served to emphasize the fact that even an all-metal machine is not safe against the fire risk so long as we employ a highly inflammable fuel—gasoline—for its propulsion. Hence the development of heavier fuels is a vital question in aviation, the more so as the sources of gasoline supply are becoming gradually exhausted. For the latter reason synthetic fuels—mixtures of gasoline, alcohol, and benzol—have recently been developed and successfully used in aero engines.

Until less inflammable fuels become available special safeguards have to be provided on flying-machines against the



Paul Thompson

THE DAMBLANC-LACOIN HELICOPTER, A FRENCH MACHINE WHICH COMBINES SOME OF THE FEATURES OF THE AIRPLANE WITH THOSE OF THE HELICOPTER

The two engines which are to drive the lifting screws are missing in this picture



Courtesy "Aviation"

THE GASTAMBIDE-LEVAVASSEUR VARIABLE SURFACE AIRPLANE, WHICH WAS RECENTLY PUT THROUGH SUCCESSFUL TRIALS IN FRANCE

The chord (width) of the wings can be increased by the pilot by means of thin sliding panels from 5¼ feet to 10¼ feet. The machine is here shown with the panels extended

fire risk. Fire-proof bulkheads placed between the engine and the cockpit or the cabin, gasoline tanks capable of being dropped from the machine or emptied in case of fire, all answer this purpose, and so does the fire-proofing of the entire machine by means of special compounds or "dopes."

THE VALUE OF PARACHUTES

The subject of fire hazard raises the question as to the utility of the parachute. Parachutes have been experimented with successfully and extensively. The only puzzling point about them is that in cases where they would prove most valuable—that is, when the airplane is hopelessly out of control—the nearness of the ground makes it almost impossible for the parachute to function properly. On the other hand, there being always the possibility of righting an airplane at greater heights, it is probable that passengers and crew would stick to the airplane to the last rather than take to the parachute. Interesting experiments have, however, been made with parachutes intended to function near the ground by pulling the occupant clear of the machine, the parachute being shot into the air by an explosive charge.

Where the parachute promises to be really of value, however, is in case of fire in mid-air, provided the equipment is fire-proofed. For this reason alone it seems likely that in the future the equipping of aircraft with parachutes will be made compulsory, just as life-savers are on ships.

ABILITY TO LAND IN RESTRICTED PLACES

The third requirement for safe flying is the ability to land in restricted places, which means landing at a slow speed and coming to a short stop.

The war airplanes have, as a rule, too high a landing speed—about fifty miles per hour—to be satisfactory for com-

mercial uses. Some commercial machines built since the armistice are much more satisfactory in this respect, a landing speed of from thirty-five to forty miles per hour having been attained by several types, while one particular machine actually lands at fifteen miles per hour. The last is a small airplane, it is true, but the mere fact that such a machine exists is a hopeful sign for future improvements.

Progress in this direction may be expected from some recent experiments with wings of variable surface and variable camber (curvature), the initial trials of which have been successful. By these means, combined perhaps with reversible propellers, the airplane of tomorrow will be able to land at a very low speed, to come to a stop after rolling ten or twenty yards, and to rise rapidly from the ground after a very short run. Restricted landing-places will then have lost their terror for the users of the air.

For large airplanes four-wheel landing gears will probably become current to prevent nosing over in soft ground, and the use of band brakes on the rear wheels will contribute to bringing the machine to a short stop. The substitution of the rubber strands now used as shock-absorbers by a more mechanical device—steel springs, oleo-pneumatic shock-absorbers, etc.—also appears as a necessity in view of increasing the life of the equipment.

COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE

Such are the principal points involving the safety of flying. But if safety is the main requirement of commercial aviation, comfort is a hardly less important factor in its success.

Great strides have been made in this line by building airplanes with inclosed cabins, where the passengers sit in comfortable armchairs and look upon the ground through curtained

windows, being fully protected against the blast produced by the airscrew. Provisions for heating the cabin in the winter and insuring efficient ventilation are not so common and still require much thought. The least progress has been made in suppressing the roar of the engine and its vibrations. Unless an efficient silencer is invented, it seems likely that special noise-proof cabins will come into being in which the passengers will be able to converse freely without the use of a telephone attachment.

Though a matter of convenience rather than of comfort, self-starters are becoming quite common on aero engines. Their generalization will eliminate the source of many accidents which have happened to aviation mechanics in "swinging the prop," and their use should be made compulsory on all flying-machines.

STRIVING FOR IMPROVED PERFORMANCE

While no radical changes in the appearance of airplanes are likely for some time to come, the monoplane again seems to come to the fore, at least for machines up to a certain size. This is mainly due to the introduction of very thick wings, which permit internal trussing, or cantilever construction, and thus solve the long-standing problem of how to brace monoplane wings securely without using a maze of wires and struts.

As a monoplane is, for the same wing area, more efficient than a biplane or a triplane because of the lack of interference between the wings, and the cantilever construction permits the suppression of resistance-producing truss elements, the thick-wing monoplane marks an important step in improving performance.

Whether the advent of this type will bring about the rapid generalization of metal in airplane construction is a debatable point. Until the airplane has reached a greater degree of finality in design it will be cheaper to build it of wood than of metal, despite the greater durability of the latter. If an airplane becomes obsolete in two or three years because its performance is no longer up to current standards, it would be foolish to make it so durable that it will be airworthy for ten years. Furthermore, in small machines metal construction is heavier than wood construction and repairs are more expensive and difficult because they require special machinery. "Crashes" also damage a metal airplane more severely, for metal has not the resiliency of wood, and severe shocks, transmitted through the entire framework, are likely to terminate the usefulness of a metal wing when a wooden wing may only be locally injured.

Therefore, for the time being, composite types of construction—using, for instance, steel wing spars and longerons with built-up veneer wings—seem most promising.

Resuming, it may be said that the present-day airplane is, despite some



International

THE ZEPPELIN GIANT MONOPLANE, WHICH IS NOTEWORTHY FOR THE MOUNTING OF THE ENGINES IN THE WINGS

The great thickness of the wings may be gathered from the size of the men lying on them. The machine is built of steel and of duralumin. This plane is still in an experimental stage, as shown by the fact that the landing gear gave way when used at the end of its test flight

minor shortcomings, fully capable of taking care of the demand for extra-rapid transportation of passengers, mails, and express packages. In appearance the single-engine tractor airplane is now probably the nearest to finality, with the monoplane likely to supplant the biplane.

The status of the multi-motored airplane is not quite so certain. The present practice of mounting two engines outboard between the wings seems only a temporary expedient and one which is open to serious criticism. If one of the engines fails, the missing pull of the idle propeller will tend to put the

airplane into a spin, unless the pilot acts swiftly on the controls. The ideal solution would probably be to have twin propellers driven through gear shafts by two engines located in a central engine-room, with a third engine kept idle for emergencies. Should the main power plant fail, the emergency engine would be meshed in with the propeller gear box and the airplane would continue its flight at a reduced speed until the main power plant is repaired. This solution would demand the use of variable surface wings, for these would be extended when the less powerful emergency engine has to drive

the propellers, and be retracted in normal flight.

That the large passenger carriers of the future will embody some such arrangement seems a foregone conclusion, for only a multiple power plant affords absolute insurance against forced landings, and the twin-engine airplane of to-day cannot fly with its full load on a horizontal path. It may stretch its glide for many miles; ultimately it must land.

The development of an improved multi-motored airplane offers, therefore, to aeronautical engineers a particularly large field for manifesting their talent.

FLOWER-MARKET, COPENHAGEN

BY ROBERT HILLYER

IN the gray November haze
Gold and scarlet flowers shine
Like a moveless line
Of torches all ablaze.
Down the long row
Behind the flowers, glow
The faces of old women, framed
In shawls as gay as any garden.
Blatant youth is shamed
Where age is so serenely young;
These faces never harden,
These smiles have never learned deceit;
The years go by on stealthy feet,
And never trample souls among
The quiet byways of a garden.
They smile at me, hold up their prize
Bouquets to catch my wandering eyes;
"Good-day, good-day; it's going to rain!"
I nod, and swing my cane.
Chrysanthemum and holly bough,
Late daisy, fern, and pale carnation—
I can't commit myself just now!
St. Anthony's supreme temptation,

Had the tempter known his powers,
Would have been a flower-stall;
Dear ladies, I'm in love with all
Of you, and all your flowers!

This old woman brought to town
Her good cat Hilda, to assist;
They talk, she looking kindly down
On the gray whiskers rimed with mist
And great gold eyes, while Hilda's purrs
Denote what happiness is hers.
Flower-cat and woman, who
Could decently resist the two?
How much for these red dahlias here?
Two kroner? "Yes, they're cheap this
year;—

Ah, thank you!" She adjusts her shawl
To shelter Hilda from the showers.
Down the shining line I go;
Flowers and faces in a row
Through the drizzle smile and glow;
Dear ladies, I'm in love with all
Of you, and all your flowers!

SNAP-SHOTS OF ALBANIA'S CAPITAL, TIRANA

TAKEN BY A MEMBER OF THE RED CROSS UNIT



A CORNER OF THE
MAIN SQUARE
SHOWING ONE OF
THE MANY
MOSQUES



CHARACTERISTIC
ALBANIAN
ARCHITECTURE
THE COURTYARD
OF AN OLD
RESIDENCE
WHICH IS NOW
USED AS A HOME
FOR ORPHANS

CLOSING A
BARGAIN IN THE
SHEEP MARKET—
THE MEN
SHAKING HANDS
ARE THE OLD AND
NEW OWNERS OF
THE LAMBS



From Ruth Fuller Stevens, Elyria, Ohio

THE BOOK TABLE

THE WARDENS OF CIVILIZATION

BY CALVIN COOLIDGE

VICE-PRESIDENT ELECT

THE first and foremost duty of any government is the preservation of order. This was known of old as the keeping of the king's peace, and it is possible to mark the beginnings of national development by the rule of the strong hand of a king who had sufficient power to overcome all interference with the authority of his government.

The maintenance of order under our present system is very largely in the hands of the organized police forces. The work they do becomes more and more complicated and is ever increasing in importance. They embody the authority of the law and stand as the wardens of civilization. Their importance has not been sufficiently appreciated and their functions have been too little understood.

It is extremely fortunate at the present time, when there is unrest and all too much of an attempt to break down authority and the rule of law, that a very good discussion of the American police systems should be written by so keen a student of the subject as Raymond B. Fosdick.¹

In the beginning of his book he points out the disproportionate number of crimes committed in America as compared with those committed in Europe. He suggests that this may be due to the bringing together here of so many different races. This might account for some of the prevalence of crime, but his statistics, which he says are very incomplete, would not seem to indicate that one race was bent on committing crimes against some other race. It is also very difficult to understand why the British, the Germans, the French, the Italians, the Russians, and other European races should be law-abiding in their own country and begin to be criminal when they are transplanted to America. Outside of the colored population, we have the same blood here that exists in Europe, and the reason for the greater prevalence of crime must lie in the difference between the characteristics of the immigrant and the pioneer and the satisfied population which remains at home. It would seem more reasonable to suppose that more crime exists in America because it is still a new civilization which has attracted to itself the restless and adventurous spirits and the dissatisfied from the older countries.

Mr. Fosdick points out what he believes to be the superiority of the police forces of European cities, although he does not undertake to claim that that superiority is the sole cause for the bet-

ter enforcement of the law. He says very frankly that the police of London, Paris, or Rome, who are so successful in their own cities, would fail to function if they were confronted with the problems of New York and Chicago.

His book does show with a good deal of clearness that "we condone violence and shirk its punishment. We lack a high instinct for order. We lack a sense of the dignity of obedience to restraint which is demanded for the common good. We lack a certain respect for our own security and the terms on which civilized communities keep the peace."

It is suggested that one of our difficulties is the delay in our legal procedure. This is often contrasted with European procedure. It is a necessary resultant of our principles of government. We believe in the sovereignty of the individual. Under our theory of government the trial of the defendant is analogous to the impeachment of a sovereign. It is a necessary consequence that every safeguard should be placed around his liberty. The European trial represents the sovereign proceeding against the subject, in which case the presumptions are almost entirely reversed and the verdict may be secured expeditiously. Our method has its disadvantages, which a richer experience may eliminate.

It is very correctly pointed out that the reform in this respect will have to come through a change of public opinion rather than by an action of legislative authority. Speaking of the law, Mr. Fosdick says, "The test of its validity is the strength of the social reaction which supports it," and he quotes Elihu Root in saying, "The true liberty of law is to be found in its development in the life of the people. The enforcement upon the people of law which has its origin only in the mind of the law-maker has the essence of tyranny and its imposition is the mandate of a conqueror."

There is a very interesting study of the historical development of our police force from the days of the ununiformed night watchmen up to the present intricate organization. Our American system has gone through a political evolution, beginning under the spoils system, when police were appointed for political reasons and used their office for political purposes. There has been a long list of scandals arising out of a misuse of the powers of the police to secure political action. The great struggle in the development of an adequate organization for the enforcement of the law in American cities has been to separate the police force from poli-

tics. This has been almost impossible even under the best Civil Service reform laws.

Americans are lacking in traditional forms and policies of administration. In very many of these activities we are amateurs. There is a certain strength arising from this fact, because it has released us from the hampering effects of ancient forms and produced independence and originality. We do not have a trained class of public administrators, because our form of government does not insure continuity of service. Police heads are in the habit of changing with each incoming administration. We need a larger realization that the preservation of order and the prevention and detection of crime is a science no less than the profession of law or medicine. Our police constitute our peace army. If they are to be effective, they must be under the direction and command of trained administrators.

It is this political and scientific consideration that has led some States to place over the police of large cities a commissioner appointed by the Governor, substituting for city control State control. The object has been to take the maintenance of the public safety out of local politics and place it where the responsibility might be impartially discharged.

It is an axiom of political science that if a representative is desired he should be chosen by popular vote; if professional skill is wanted, it can best be secured by appointment. Much progress has been made by giving up the election of commissioners of police and leaving them to be secured by appointment. Mr. Fosdick is a distinct believer in continuity of administration as the best guaranty of effectiveness. He believes in appointing police commissioners for a long tenure of office. The European method of appointment for an indefinite period meets with his approbation.

There have been recent contests for the control of the police, which are treated in his chapter on "Rank and File." He points out very clearly that complete control over all police action should be in the hands of the public authorities. Members of the force should have no private interests and should serve no selfish ends. For this reason it is improper to have them affiliated as policemen with outside organizations. The members of the force are perfectly justified in having and do have organizations among themselves for the purpose of promoting their own welfare. They cannot, however, be permitted to join any outside organization that would in any way interfere with

¹American Police Systems. By Raymond B. Fosdick. Publication of the Bureau of Social Hygiene. The Century Company, New York.

their complete allegiance to the execution of the law or create in the public mind the feeling that they were no longer impartial in the performance of their duties. They are not engaged in a commercial enterprise. They are paid by the public, which has no motive for failing to provide for their welfare in order that it may make more money, and Mr. Fosdick very pertinently suggests that, if one class in the community is entitled to special consideration from the police, every other class would proceed to organize vigilance committees and forces of their own, which would immediately result in conflict and the destruction of all order.

This singleness of purpose which is entertained by the police puts a clearer responsibility on the public for their adequate compensation and reasonable conditions of employment. Not only that, but Mr. Fosdick points out that oftentimes the police have been used unreasonably to interfere with the conduct of striking employees. "Lawful picketing has been broken up, peaceful meetings of strikers have been brutally dispersed, their publicity has been suppressed, and infractions of ordinances which would have gone unnoticed had the violators been engaged in another cause have been ruthlessly punished."

The true method of procedure under these circumstances, as under all others, is an impartial enforcement of law. There is nothing so destructive of our liberties as a misuse of police power. No people will submit to it for long, least of all Americans. The worst thing that could happen would be to have the conviction abroad that police, courts, and the government were more concerned with the protection of property than with the protection of the personal rights of the individual. Under a wise and judicious leadership, a well-trained and properly compensated police force, this danger would not arise. Under a police force which is the sport of political conditions it is likely to arise at any time.

It is coming to be recognized that a police department should be used not merely to enforce the law but to discover and remove causes of crime. Every student of social questions knows that there are breeding-places of crime in any large community. These are places frequented by those who live criminal lives. When such districts are cleaned up, a diminution of lawbreaking has always followed.

Mr. Fosdick suggests that the police may be of great help to released criminals, to the poor and the unfortunate. He believes that it is very important that the policeman should secure and retain the confidence of the young boys of the neighborhood and be constantly on watch to protect the individual and society against all criminal tendencies.

This is a book that was written for the purpose of pointing out some of the imperfections in our system and suggesting some remedies. It will be helpful in that direction. That the great

body of American policemen are honest, patriotic, and efficient cannot be questioned. That they lack oftentimes skilled direction and skilled training this book makes perfectly plain. Progress has been made in this direction and more progress is needed. The great remedy for administrative evils is the stimulation of public interest. If the public could comprehend that the policeman is their agent and could look on him as the representative of you and me in the performance of his functions, as the great friend and protector of society, as entitled to public confidence and respect in the discharge of his functions, the result would be the creation of a public sentiment which would enforce the maintenance of a more perfect police system. This is not too much to hope for. Public opinion is of slow development and slow to act, but when once set in motion it proceeds with a completeness which is overpowering.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

HIDDEN CREEK. By Katharine Newlin Burt. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

MARIE CLAIRE'S WORKSHOP. By Marguerite Audoux. Translated by F. S. Flint. Thomas Seltzer, New York.

POETRY

SONGS OF HORSES. An Anthology Selected and Arranged by Robert Frothingham. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

WHITE COMRADE (THE). By Robert Haven Schaffer. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISMS

GIRL HEROINES IN FICTION. By Inez N. McFee. Illustrated. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.

IT'S A GOOD OLD WORLD. Being a Collection of Little Essays on Various Subjects of Human Interest. By Bruce Barton. The Century Company, New York.

LITERATURE IN A CHANGING AGE. By Ashley H. Thorndike. The Macmillan Company, New York.

MEN AND BOOKS AND CITIES. By Robert Cortes Holliday. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

PIPEFULS. By Christopher Morley. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City.

POETRY OF JOHN DRYDEN (THE). By Mark van Doren. Harcourt, Brace & Howe, New York.

REPUTATIONS. Essays in Criticism. By Douglas Goldring. Thomas Seltzer, New York.

SHADOW-SHAPES: THE JOURNAL OF A WOUNDED WOMAN. October, 1918-May, 1919. By Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

SKY LINE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE (THE). By Lewis Worthington Smith and Esse V. Hathaway. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

WASTE PAPER PHILOSOPHY. To Which Has Been Added "Magpies in Picardy," and Other Poems. By T. P. Cameron Wilson. Introduction by Robert Norwood. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND. By Abbie Farwell Brown. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

SUNDAY SCHOOL BETWEEN SUNDAYS (THE). By E. C. Knapp. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

UNSEEN DOCTOR (THE). (The Psychic Series.) Preface by J. Arthur Hill. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

WEST AND EAST. The Expansion of Christendom and the Naturalization of Christianity in the Orient in the XIXth Century. Being the Dale Lectures, Oxford, 1913. By Edward Caldwell Moore. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

WAR BOOKS

AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES IN THE GREAT WAR (THE), 1914-1919. A History. By Charles Franklin Thwing. Litt.D., LL.D. The Macmillan Company, New York.

AMERICAN ENGINEERS IN FRANCE (THE). By William Barclay Parsons, D.S.O. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

AND THE KAISER ABDICATES. The Story of the Death of the German Empire and the Birth of the Republic Told by an Eyewitness. By S. Miles Bouton. The Yale University Press, New Haven.

GERMAN LEADERS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY. By Eric Dombrowski. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

HISTORY OF THE A. E. F. (THE). By Shipley Thomas. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

FIRST WORLD WAR (THE), 1914-1918. Personal Experiences of Lieut.-Col. C. A'Court Repington, C.M.G. 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

POLITICAL SYSTEMS IN TRANSITION. By Charles G. Fenwick. (The Century New World Series.) The Century Company, New York.

STORY OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS IN ITALY (THE). By Charles M. Bakewell. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York.

STUDY FOR THE TIMES (A). An Inquiry into Thought and Motive. By W. Duncan McKim, M.D., Ph.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

SCIENCE

DAWN OF MODERN MEDICINE (THE). By Albert H. Buck, B.A., M.D. Yale University Press, New Haven.

SECRETS OF EARTH AND SEA. By Sir Ray Lankester, K.C.B., F.R.S. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York.

SPORT AND ATHLETICS

INTIMATE GOLF TALKS. By John Duncan Dun with Elon Jessup. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

ELEMENTS OF MARKETING (THE). By Paul T. Cherington. The Macmillan Company, New York.

EXPORTING TO THE WORLD. A Manual of Practical Export for All Who Are Interested or Engaged in Foreign Trade. By A. A. Preciado. The James A. McCann Company, New York.

HANDBOOK FOR PRACTICAL FARMERS (THE). Edited by Hugh Findlay, B.S.A. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

HELPS ON THE POPULAR GAME AUCTION BRIDGE. By Lucy Blackburn. The Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati.

LATIN-AMERICAN MYTHOLOGY. By Hartley Burr Alexander, Ph.D. Vol. XI—The Mythology of All Races. Edited by Louis Herbert Gray, A.M., Ph.D., and George Foot Moore, A.M., D.D., LL.D. The Marshall-Jones Company, Boston.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN ON LOVE AND HEALTH. By Walter M. Gallican. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

RACHEL COMFORTED. Conversations of a Mother in the Dark with Her Child in the Light. By Mrs. Fred Maturin. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

THE EDITORS' MAIL BAG

MR. BARNUM'S HANDWRITING STARTS AN INVESTIGATION

ON receiving my copy of The Outlook to-day I at once read with interest the facsimile letter from Mr. Barnum to Dr. Abbott on the cover. I read the closing portion as "a really novel and interesting Exhibition," etc.

On turning later to Dr. Abbott's article, I was puzzled to see the letter in type with this passage rendered as "a really sound and interesting Exhibition."

After examining again the reproduction on the cover I am convinced that "novel" is the word really used.

I wonder how many other readers will notice this and write to you about it!

JAMES M. PICKENS.

Washington, D. C.

A DEFENSE OF GEORGIA TECH'S ATHLETES

BY GEORGIA TECH'S PRESIDENT

I WISH to express my very great dissatisfaction with a discrediting article in a recent number of The Outlook concerning Georgia Tech's football team. You stated, in substance, that, while the team made an exceptional record from an athletic standpoint, said record was marred by the rough playing of the team, and also the disputed eligibility of some of our players. Permit me to say as regards the first charge that it was made by persons interested in the contesting team, which had made a somewhat spectacular reputation. The qualified and approved officials of the game in question published denials of the rough playing charged, and I am sure that ninety-nine per cent, including myself, of the immense audience which saw the game know that the charge of rough playing was unjust and unfounded.

Concerning the second charge, the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association at its recent meeting in Jacksonville thoroughly investigated the question of the eligibility of two of our players which had been made by the Pittsburgh team, and the unanimous verdict of the S. I. A. A. was that the men were eligible and that Tech was authorized to play them.

Your magazine has a wide and influential influence. Does it not seem a matter of simple justice that before stigmatizing the college you should have made the necessary investigation concerning the charges made against it? Frankly, in this matter, I do not think you have lived up to your reputation for fair and just dealing.

K. G. MATHESON.

President's Office
Georgia School of Technology,
Atlanta, Georgia.

[The Outlook's editorial to which President Matheson refers contained the

Said Polonius:

"Brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and
outward flourishes."

Polonius was a "foolish prating knave."

Said Falstaff:

"I will imitate the honorable
Romans in brevity."

Falstaff was an "Epicurean rascal."

following sentence: "In the South the Georgia School of Technology scored a remarkable series of victories although its record has been marred by the protests against the eligibility of some of its players and their conduct during the game." This statement was based on apparently well-authenticated newspaper despatches which were widely circulated in the daily press. Undoubtedly, President Matheson is right in taking us to task for our failure to secure direct corroboration. His present criticism is the first letter of protest which we have received concerning our editorial. We publish it at our earliest opportunity.

It is rather characteristic of American journalism that the widespread charges against Georgia Tech were fully reported, while we have seen no published accounts covering the statements of the officials or the S. I. A. A. to which our correspondent refers. A denial is, unfortunately, generally regarded as of less journalistic value than a charge.—THE EDITORS.]

COAL AND COMMON ENGLISH

IT comes pretty hard on some of us old ladies who are trying to live on fixed incomes, and the only way we survive at all is annually to deprive ourselves of something we need or like, such as The Outlook, for instance; but, in spite of that, we see our incomes decreasing each year.

I can't find words to express my indignation in regard to the coal situation! Will you please do it for me in the columns of The Outlook? Here are a few facts: For years our coal has been mixed with slate and other stuff that is *not* coal, consequently the fire will not last long and has to be rebuilt often, making still further expense for kindling-wood. While the war lasted I did not murmur but patiently sorted out all sorts of stuff that was not real coal. But, alas! the same situation continues, and nearly every night I have to get out of my warm bed in the "wee sma' hours" to replenish the kitchen fire, otherwise

there would be no fire at all around six or seven o'clock. Do you call that a pleasant task for a woman who is over threescore and ten, and alone? Think of it, please.

To sell coal that is not real coal seems to me obtaining money under false pretenses, and I cannot see why the "private interests" who have the matter under control cannot be arrested, the same as any criminal who obtains money under false pretenses.

I am paying \$20 per ton for coal; our local dealers are not to blame, they have to take what is sent them, slate and all. Do you wonder now that I cannot take The Outlook.

No doubt all over this country there are many situated as the writer, so I'll be spokesman for the silent ones. I am beginning to understand why men swear sometimes! It is because common English is not forcible enough. I've refrained so far, but may come to it yet.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.

FROM A "REGULAR LOOKER"

YOUR article under the Financial Department heading published in the January 12, 1921, issue of The Outlook, entitled "Functions of a Trust Company," contains excellent advice to its readers, but in a great measure it is unjust to our State banks.

In a State bank a trust department may be established under authority of the Legislature of the State of New York, and under direct supervision of the State Banking Department. Under this provision the bank is required to deposit ten per cent of its capital with the State as a guaranty of safety. This gives our State banks the same powers and functions as those covered by this article, with the further safeguard of a guaranty fund deposited with the State Department.

In fairness to our banks, I think this explanation should be given as prominent mention in your valued journal as the article already published.

A Regular Looker for the Outlook,

W. B. INGLEE.

Bank of the Manhattan Company,
Jamaica, New York City.

WHY QUARREL WITH THE MOVIES?

A FEW people, no doubt, will feel that Mr. Pulsifer in his incisive criticism of the movies has courageously voiced their private but unavowed opinions. I share his displeasure in the ubiquitous celluloid stream which incessantly threatens to submerge us, but I question his premises. Mr. Pulsifer, if I read him rightly, believes that the movies are a record of the failure of an

art. I am quite willing to concede that if the movies were an art they would indeed be the "world's worst failure." But they are not an art.

Some years ago there appeared in New York, and doubtless elsewhere throughout the United States, a faultlessly dressed and well-behaved chimpanzee whose pleasant occupation it was by day to promenade Fifth Avenue in an automobile. At night the chimpanzee entertained the public by performing at a local theater. The climax of the act was a brief colloquy between the animal and its trainer. "What's the matter with you?" asked the trainer in a language formerly studied among us. "Hunger," replied the animal. "What do you want?" "Cake." And the curtain fell amid riotous applause. If we were to analyze the applause, we should find that it was provoked not by scientific enthusiasm, but by a curious and instinctive love of the grotesque. As a chimpanzee that animal was a total failure. As an ironic commentary upon the audience, as an extravagant impersonation of what a man would be

were he a chimpanzee, the animal scored a decided success. The same appeal sends a more sophisticated audience to the plays of George Bernard Shaw; in an equally impossible world the pediatric Mr. Chaplin shuffles through a whirlwind of custard pies.

The rebuilding of the world according to one of the innumerable plans which happened to be rejected by the force which created it has always been a diversion. On the one hand, it has led to poetry and the arts; on the other, to the trained chimpanzee and the movies. The movies are merely a means whereby a single production can be made to earn money in any number of places at the same time through the agency of the camera and the projection machine. As such they are no doubt a profitable business venture. They satisfy a desire for inexpensive entertainment and provide one of a vast number of methods whereby leisure time may be made to disappear into the past. To expect from them the effect which is properly the function of art is as idle as to expect spiritual dilation from a game of golf.

If the movies were an art, we should be moved by them in much the same way as we have been moved by the art of pantomime. But, while Pilar Morin achieved the effect of beauty in "L'Enfant Prodiges," no series of photographs of her performance, even though flashed on the screen at high speed, can reproduce in us the mood of beauty which her exquisite art called forth.

Why, then, quarrel with the movies? They are not, and can never be, an art. As a means of escaping from leisure they may well be no better and no worse than bridge or billiards or vaudeville. To lament that they have not brought us a vivid new art is as illogical as to lament that Mr. Harold Bell Wright has not carried the art of the novel beyond the standards set, let us say, by Mr. Conrad. We admit that Mr. Harold Bell Wright misrepresents life in much the same way as do the movies. But to apply to either the criteria of criticism properly applicable to art is as profitable and diverting an occupation as to kill fleas with a machine gun.

LLOYD R. MORRIS.

DISARMAMENT: SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

(See editorial comment on another page)

IN the London "Fortnightly Review" Mr. Archibald Hurd, one of our British naval spellbinders, recently created a sensation by comparing the naval programmes of the United States and Great Britain, just as before the war the programmes of Great Britain and Germany used to be compared. His figures of the relative naval position of Great Britain, the United States, and Japan in 1924, based on the assumption that the sixteen capital ships provided for in the various proposals of Secretary Daniels will be completed, are as follows:

Capital Ships.	Britain.	U. S. A.	Japan.
First Class.....	18	27	14
Second Class.....	18	8	3
Total.....	36	35	17
Tonnage.....	883,290	1,150,650	497,950

If capital ships are still the test, it follows undoubtedly that in 1924 the United States will have, if the present programme is carried out, one-third superiority over Great Britain and at least double the strength of Japan. The American ships would be later, larger, speedier, than any others and would be protected by deck armor. Their guns would be heavier on the average by at least one inch caliber than those of rival ships. Each of these monsters, if completed, will have cost forty million dollars.

It should be remembered that the recent expansion of the American Navy occurred when both the United States and Great Britain were fighting Germany. In the future the objective of the American Navy will not be on the west coast of Europe, but the east coast of Asia. As to the Anglo-Japanese alliance now ripe either for renewal or a more probable cancellation, it has been

made perfectly plain both to Japan and to the United States that the alliance, entered into when the Kaiser was on his throne and the Russian Czar in full authority, does not bring the British Empire into any war waged by Japan against the United States. In any such conflict the United States would have the British Empire either as a friendly neutral or as a co-belligerent. If any other policy were pursued by Great Britain, it would inevitably estrange such self-governing dominions of the Crown as Canada and Australia.

Canada has already indicated a kind of naval sympathy with the United States. The British Admiralty has recently presented the Canadian authorities a handsome gift of cruisers and destroyers. The Canadian Government has just decided to send this squadron to the Pacific coast by way of the Panama Canal. This movement shows that the understanding with the United States, whether avowed or not, is in good working order. There are those who believe that in the event of a naval war on the Pacific the Canadian, and possibly the Australian, navies would prefer to operate under a unified American command than under a British fleet stationed, let us say, at Singapore.

As to British needs, this may be said. Senator McKellar states that Great Britain in her last fiscal year spent \$765,000,000 on her navy, while the United States for her present fiscal year is spending only \$435,000,000. These figures are unintentionally misleading. The current expenditure on the British navy for a year has been reduced to £84,000,000. At the normal rate of exchange, this is in round numbers \$420,000,000. The real value at the prevail-

ing rate of exchange is about \$300,000,000. Little importance, however, attaches to money comparisons of this kind, since the United States pays high wages compared with Great Britain and very high wages compared with Japan. Also there is the question whether pensions and all aircraft are included. All I can say is that the British figures are inclusive of all save air service as a separate department. On this we are spending \$100,000,000, normal reckoning, or \$70,000,000 at the present rate of exchange.


The need of Great Britain for naval expenditure is quite different from that of the United States. With great respect to the high authority of General Tasker Bliss, I find it not easy to be convinced by his argument that navies are no use for aggression and conquest unless they have armies behind them. That may apply to a large and self-contained territory like the United States, but in Britain no army and no invasion are needed to bring the country to surrender. The enemy has merely to control the sea surrounding the island, and the people are starved out, as they nearly were in the late war, without one German soldier landing except as a captured prisoner.

My contention is that with Great Britain the United States has no naval competition and with Japan there should be none. In conclusion, I need not point out to Americans that in the event of one Power building in evident excess of its needs there is apt to arise among other Powers a suspicion of motives which, in the case of the United States, is happily without foundation in fact.

American Office
of the London "Daily News."
P. W. WILSON.

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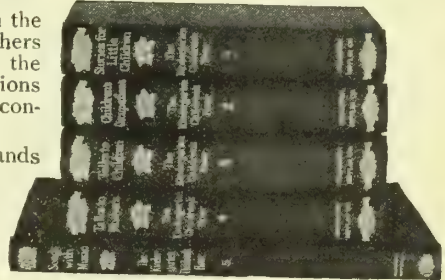
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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY¹

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

How Europe Teaches Americanism

THE term Americanism is one of the most difficult terms in our language to define. If you don't believe this statement, try it. What have you left out?

There is sufficient evidence that many of our immigrants dislike America. What are some of the actual reasons you know why they dislike the United States? Is their dislike based more upon fact than upon illusion?

If you were asked to address a group of foreigners who are so dissatisfied with America as to talk against it, what points would you emphasize in your speech?

What, in your opinion, are five of the best and most precious principles in American democracy? Can you show how the principles which you select came to be among those which we prize?

Can you think of an effective plan of getting immigrants to understand and appreciate America?

Among the most valuable books for the study and teaching of Americanism are the following: "Bryce on American Democracy," edited by M. G. Fulton (Macmillan); "American Democracy," by S. E. Forman (Century); "American Democracy from Washington to Wilson," edited by J. H. Finley and James Sullivan (Macmillan).

Foreign Relations

Why is the question of foreign relations always a difficult one?

Why is it that so many people pay so little attention to so great a problem as that of the relation of their country to other countries? Has the writer of the editorial in this issue on foreign relations exhausted the reasons?

Why should every adult American citizen take great interest in our foreign relations?

What reasons can you suggest how better foreign relations could be effected?

Disarmament

In discussing the question of disarmament on another page, The Outlook makes the statement that "disarmament is a bad name for a good policy." What is your explanation of this statement?

Do you agree with Senator Borah that we should take immediate action on the question of armament, or with ex-Senator Root, who advises us to wait until President-elect Harding is inaugurated?

Is the safety of the nation that has the largest navy in the world guaranteed? If one of the leading nations should decide to be supreme in navy

¹These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—The Editors.

equipment, do you think other nations would combine to keep that nation from being supreme?

Should some nations be more heavily armed than others? What are your reasons? Can you illustrate your answer?

If you believe in the limitation of armaments, can you suggest a practical way of bringing about such a policy?

Should economic, moral, or religious reasons count most in considering the question of disarmament?

Do you believe in disarmament or in the limitation of armament? What reasons have you to back up your belief?

Free Thought

Is it the moral duty of every periodical to refuse to advertise until the reliability and responsibility of the concerns seeking publicity are established? If you were an editor or an owner of a publication, would you take the position as to advertising which The Outlook does, though it would cost you considerable to do so?

Is The Outlook right in believing that "the best defense of the truth is an absolutely free field for discussion between truth and error"? Can you illustrate your answer?

Should a few wise men decide what the common people may read? Do you know of any countries where this has been the policy? If so, what were the results?

Leaving the Soviets Alone

What are the soviet's? What are some of their political beliefs?

Do you think our Government did right in deciding that Mr. Martens should leave the United States? What harm would be involved in his staying here? Will his leaving the United States do any good?

What, with reasons, is your opinion of the policy which Mr. Wilson has maintained toward Russia?

What seems to be the end President Wilson seeks in his latest proposal about Soviet Russia? Does it seem to you that peace and order would be restored in Central Russia and the surrounding smaller nations if the nations to whom the President addressed his suggestion should adopt it?

Do you think President Wilson would have done better had he suggested that Russia demobilize her large army in return for assurances of protection from the Western Powers?

Does it seem impossible that the United States can escape taking active part in European affairs? Does the condition in and about Russia argue that the United States should now be a member of the League of Nations?

Two books of value on this subject are "Sovietism," by W. E. Walling (Dutton), and "Americanism versus Bolshevism," by Ole Hanson (Doubleday, Page).



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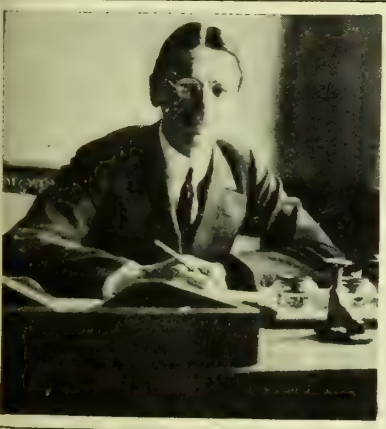
ROBERT HILLYER WAS graduated from Harvard in 1917. His first book, "Sonnets and Other Lyrics," was published the same year. His later books are "The Five Books of Youth" and "Alchemy." He was a first lieutenant in the A. E. F. His home is in East Orange, New Jersey, but he is now in Den-

mark, having been appointed to the Scandinavian-American Fellowship by Harvard.

MEADE MINNIGERODE, who begins in this issue a series of sea tales, has written numerous stories. His first novel, "Laughing House," was recently published by Putnams.

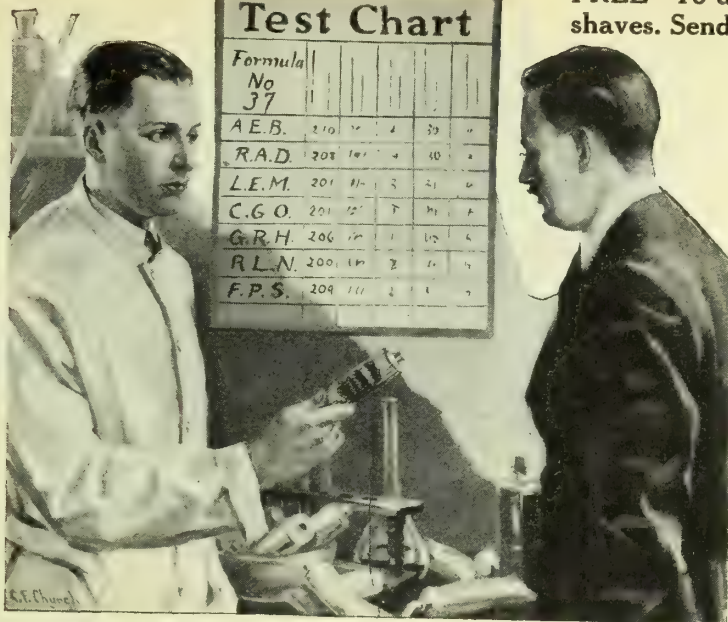
LADISLAS D'ORCY is a native of Fiume and lives in New York. He has, we are told by a friend of his, the title of Baron. He was formerly managing editor of "Aviation" and editor of the "Aircraft Journal." He is the author of the "Airship Manual," and is an authority on craft lighter than air.

NATALIE DE BOGORY is a Russian. Her father, Vladimir de Bogory-Mokrievitch, was one of the first group of Russian revolutionists. Miss de Bogory came to America ten years ago and carried on extensive investigations among immigrants. She has had charge of the foreign information section of the United States Employment service.



BARON KORFF

BARON SERGEI ALEXANDROVITCH KORFF has held the chair of International Law at a Russian university. Under the late Czar he occupied a responsible official position in Finland, and under the Provisional Government was Vice-Governor in that country. During the Paris Peace Conference he, together with Prince Lvov, Milyukov, and others, was active in the defense of the law-and-order Russians, as opposed to the anarchic Bolsheviks, then and now in control. Baron Korff married an American lady, the daughter of Admiral van Rye, and, with his wife and children, resides in America.



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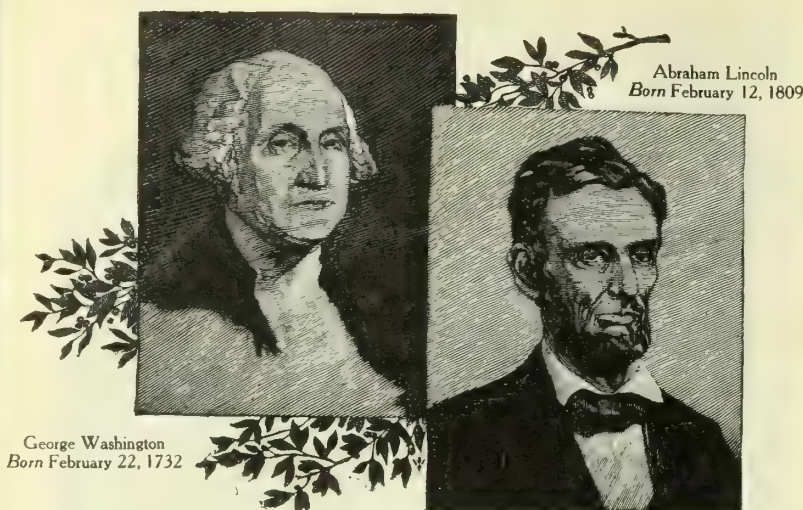
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LO, THE POOR INDIAN

RESENTMENT is finding expression because of the discovery that the Federal Power Act permits hydraulic developments in our National Parks. Only about one in a thousand of us visits these parks in the course of a year or longer, and the fortunate one goes only for pleasure or recreation. For all that the resentment is justifiable for surely these parks should be kept in violate, though only the favored few enjoy them. The unfortunate of to-day may be the fortunate of to-morrow. These are our parks. But in giving expression to that resentment only we should not feel ourselves to be a particularly righteous people. Who has heard any outcry against our seizing of Indian reservations for hydraulic developments? Yet the same Congress of ours which enacted the Federal Power Law inserted a provision that Indian reservations might be so invaded. When it was proposed by Senator Nugent that a tribe should have a veto in the matter, the amendment was handsomely adopted in the Senate. Later in conference on final passage that amendment was handsomely stricken out. Now, these reservations are quite as much the lands of these tribes as the parks are ours, but there is an important difference to be noted. These reservations are not mere pleasure-grounds for wandering Indians, but home-lands where Indians must live, work, and die. With justifiable selfishness, we would preserve our pleasure parks for our children to come. All who feel that way should feel bound to insist that Congress, when amending the Power Act for better protection of our parks, as Secretary Payne has advised, should amend it also to extend decent respect for these sacred home-lands of defenseless Indian tribes. **GEORGE P. DECKER.**

Rochester, January 14, 1921.

A GIFTED MUSICIAN UNNOTICED

THE OUTLOOK has been so appreciative of the talent of the blind musician Edwin Grasse that I thought you might like to see this copy of a letter I have received from him, discussing the psychology of American audiences. I fear that his comment is only too true. Perhaps you would be willing to print this letter. Here is the case of a serious artist who might be a second MacDowell, or perhaps even a Mendelssohn, if given his chance, practically unrecognized in his native city just because he is blind and poor. No one disputes his genius. Kreisler, Heifetz, Maude Powell, have played his compositions. He is a fine violinist, a wonderful concert organist, a composer of great talent. But he cannot afford to pay managers' salaries or to advertise—and he is blind. So he lives unnoticed in the great art center of New York.

E. L. TURNBULL.

Baltimore, Maryland.

Dear Edwin Turnbull: My mother received your last letter inclosing your

letter to Mrs. Stevens, of Portland. You must not be afraid to write to me direct regarding the matter of using glasses, etc. I am not at all a sensitive man and I understand my position perfectly. The taste for everything affecting the eye is nowhere so refined as in England and America. In Germany and Belgium my art was very much appreciated even by non-musicians, because in both countries mentioned there is so much natural love for music that my blindness was quickly forgotten there; the taste for the exterior part of art is not so refined there, as I said before. In Germany, France, or Belgium the question is, How does he play or sing? In England and America it is, How does he look while playing or singing? Managers of England told my father openly, "Don't bring your son to England; the British public wishes to be entertained, but not moved. The English public does not wish to see a blind man on the stage." My father had me play in London, and I had great artistic success, but no practical success, as in this country. The critics appreciated me as well as they do in America, but I could get no engagements.

It is so easy for me to understand, as the Anglo-Saxon is always thinking of looks, action, deportment, first. Music in England, as in America, is a matter of culture pure and simple. In Germany, for instance, an organist never gives a recital without having somebody next to him to draw the stops. The musical effect is considered first. In Brussels it is the same. But in England and America it would seem ridiculous to an audience if the organist would not do all the registering himself, which means that it is better to hold on to a chord if necessary while changing the stops, even if it spoils the musical effect, than not to be able to say, "I do it all alone." I was told frequently that in order to please the Portland, Maine, public, it is necessary to handle the stops as much as possible, even if no change is made; one must be working around the tablets all the time, so that the audience can say, "Why! How easily he handles the stops on that great organ!" I thought that this was an exaggeration when I was told this; but I understood a year ago that it was the truth when a friend of mine, not a musician, but a highly educated lady who is moderately fond of music, happened to be in Portland and heard McFarlane's afternoon recital. McFarlane is a great organist and a splendid musician, yet this lady forgot everything, as she could only think of "how gracefully McFarlane handles the stops! How quickly!" etc.

To give another instance of the same thing in England. I lived in London in a boarding-house at which only very refined, well-read, and educated people were staying. Patti gave one of her many "Farewell recitals" at Queen's Hall. Ysaye played, there was the Queen's Hall Orchestra also. I was unable to attend. The next morning all poke of Patti's gown, how well she looked, etc. Only when I began to ques-

20% Saved on Manufacturing Cost—in Seattle

By C. T. CONOVER

Shortly after America entered the war the writer met the general manager of a Seattle manufacturing concern in a Washington hotel. This man had just concluded a contract with the Government for apparatus up in the millions.

"How can you do it and compete with the East?" he was asked. "We can not only compete but we can ship our raw material west and our product east in carload lots by express and compete," was the answer. "We have at least a 20 per cent. margin and it's all due to climate. This is no guesswork. We have demonstrated it absolutely."

The writer has lived in Seattle for 36 years. He knew it was the healthiest city in the world and that no climate permitted work and play indoors or out the year around as does that of Puget Sound. But he had never heard it figured in dollars and cents before. Later he saw built in Seattle more than 20 per cent. of all the ships that bridged the Atlantic and so tremendously helped to win the war and he knows that that was due to the climate and to the Seattle Spirit.

Twenty per cent. saved is something worthy of any manufacturer's consideration, but it is only one item in Seattle's unparalleled appeal for new industries.

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A GIFTED MUSICIAN UNNOTICED (Continued)

tion the people did I at last find out that of course her voice was going fast and that her Mozart aria had to be transposed. Ysaye and all the others were seemingly forgotten.

I know that the fact of my being blind has made it practically impossible to get any opportunities for me in my native land. German churches and German societies were, with very few exceptions, the only ones who were willing to pay me for my playing since my return to America in 1903. The people of the New York Philharmonic Society told my father that for purely æsthetic reasons I could not be engaged to play at a Philharmonic concert. I never had the means to return to the European Continent before the war; and now that Germany, where I had success of a kind never again reached here, is prostrated, I know that America will be the only country in which I can earn money in the next ten or twelve years.

If the use of dark glasses will really make my appearance more pleasing to an American audience, I shall be glad to use them, as I understand the English and American feeling; it is less the actual feeling that I move the audience to tears than the fear of the people that they may be moved which keeps the Anglo-American societies from engaging me. Those who know me say I look old and very badly with glasses, but when you manage to get engagements for me, I shall gladly use them.

As composer I know that I will succeed here as well as I would anywhere else.

I will write more another time.

With warmest greetings to all the dear Turnbells from us all, and thanking you for all that you are doing for me,

Ever your faithful old friend,
EDWIN GRASSE.

161 East 176th Street, New York City,
November 28, 1920.

EASY CHAIRS AND ATHLETES

THE conversation on "Athletics" in The Outlook of December 1 between Mr. Fuessle and Mr. Pulsifer is most interesting. I, too, "though a mere woman," have been made tired by hearing so much "loud and continuous demand for hard exercise." The "easy chair" talk appeals to me and I agree with Mr. Fuessle that this country needs relaxation and rest. The world does, for that matter.

Perhaps, though, it is more mental relaxation, poise, that is needed, than physical. For instance, Mr. Fuessle is apparently in a very upset state of mind over this question. He and other like him certainly do need rest in an easy chair, or hammock, or on their backs under the "spreading chestnut tree" with their beloved Thomas Hardy, or any other shelf-friend they invite to

go along. The thought is very enticing to me personally; but is it to every one?

We have a mental picture of the "easy chair" man. He is universally fat and wheezy, very soft and comfortable. He doesn't like even to look at the furnace or lawn-mower. He will not bring in water or wood or run to the store. "Oh, Man!" We see him and Thomas Hardy in the chair, and as we look, Thomas descends by jerks and starts till he rests in the lap of the man; the man's eyes are shut, mouth open, head fallen back, and we hear—pardon us—we draw a brush across the picture. We like the Pulsifer picture better.

When were we ever so thrilled as we have been by the sight of the splendid specimens of manhood, old and young, we have seen in uniform in the last few years? Did we simply like the uniform? That is base libel. It is rather the splendid set of the shoulders, the firm step, the poise of the head, the physically fit man inside the uniform, that we admire. From Mr. Pulsifer's paper we gather that men admire those things as much as do women, and we like the way he glories in the possession of such a body. If men keep such bodies, if ever we hear again the call, "Come over and help us," the bodies that go to the camps will not be so quarrelsome and reluctant" and the agony of being "too tired to even dream" will not be so great. Let's influence our men to keep them.

What I really wanted to say is that we can't generalize on any subject. "Is marriage a failure?" for instance. If ours is a happy one, you say no. If mine is unhappy, I say yes. Who can answer the question? Do we "live" and not "let live" too much? Let those who are tired and love to read, rest and lead; but let their neighbors exercise if they want to. Why "knock" athletics because our nerves are out of joint? Personally, I shall be glad when Everett true goes into retirement or when Mrs. true succeeds in knocking him out altogether.

There is a happy medium, as struck by Mr. Roosevelt. He omitted neither the quiet hour with his books, both reading and writing, nor vigorous exercise.

LOUISE S. HALSEY.

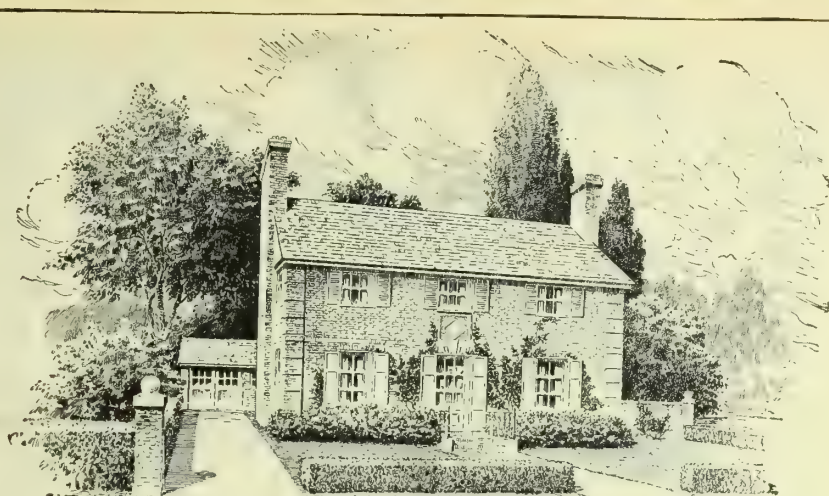
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I am Intimately Acquainted with and greatly admire

a Young Writer

years of age, who has only recently been employed as a literary editor on a prominent New York journal, and whose name is well known among literary people and publishers as a reviewer of books and as a writer. He has been content in this capacity with three of the most prominent New York papers and previously with a New England publication noted for its literary department. He has also been a frequent contributor to monthly and weekly magazines. I have been obliged to sever his connection with the paper in which he has been recently connected, and I am endeavoring to secure for him a new position. He is competent to take entire charge of a literary supplement and write critical articles. I can furnish the best of references for him aside from my own personal acquaintance. I may add that he has also been a dramatic editor. While preferring strictly literary work, his experience would enable him to take charge of the publicity department of a magazine. I believe he is also well and favorably known to the editors of The Outlook. Please address inquiries to

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BY THE WAY

A REPORT that the Bunker Hill Monument will need repairs to insure its stability lends emphasis to the statement of a recent traveler that another famous tower, the Kutub Minar of Delhi, India, shows little sign of decay though it was erected more than seven centuries ago. This Minar has been characterized as "a tower of victory more splendid than the victory itself" and some years ago a New England tourist in comparing it with the Bunker Hill Monument said that the latter looked like "common stonemason's job work" beside the Indian tower. The Kutub Minar rises 238 feet in a series of five stories, each composed of ornamental pillars covered with inscriptions from the Koran.

The allusion above to the beauty of the architecture of India prompts a quotation from an Oriental historian of the era of the Kutub Minar. He is describing the city of Muttra. "This marvelous city," he says, "encloses more than a thousand structures, the greatest number in marble. It must be said that such a city could not be built even two centuries. . . . In one temple were fifty-six pillars covered with plates of gold incrustated with precious stones. Four thousand camels were loaded with the booty from nearly a thousand temples." Muttra's glory of course has long since departed, wrecked by the religious animosities that made India a battleground for centuries.

A trade periodical publishes a contrast between the United States after the Civil War and after the World War. Some of the paragraphs are as follows:

AFTER THE CIVIL WAR	AFTER THE WORLD WAR
U. S. a debtor nation.	U. S. a creditor nation.
U. S. borrowed from Europe.	Europe owes U. S. billions.
Dollar at a discount.	Dollar at a premium.
U. S. credit exhausted.	Europe's credit exhausted.
War left U. S. devastated.	No part of U. S. destroyed.
Decline of merchant marine.	Large marine development.
Took 15 years for prices to decline.	Wholesale prices falling.
Booze cost people millions.	Prohibition saves millions.
Limited suffrage.	Woman suffrage.

An experiment in running down wild animals with an automobile in the Utah Desert of Utah resulted, according to "Popular Mechanics," in the following rates of speed: Wolf, 38 miles an hour; coyote, 45 miles; mule deer, 47 miles; elk, 52 miles; antelope, 55 miles. These speeds were maintained for only a comparatively short distance in the case of the antelope, for two and a half miles. Some of these animals apparently ran faster than birds fly. The same article states that an airphlog following an eagle ascertained that the king of birds flew ten miles at the rate of 46 miles an hour, and a wild duck scudded with the wind 50 miles an hour.

What is the origin of the name "S. Fein"? A recent book, "The Evolution of the Name," says that the name "S. Fein" is derived from the Hebrew word "S. Fein" which means "to be fine" or "to be beautiful".

Sinn Fein," tells this story about it. Some people, it says, being convinced that "the freeman's friend is Self-Reliance," asked a well-known Irish scholar for a Gaelic phrase to express the idea. He told them a story of a country servant in Munster sent with a horse to a fair. The horse was sold and the servant after some days came back happy but much the worse for wear, and crawled out on the kitchen floor. To the inquiries of some neighbors who came in, as to just where he had been and what had brought him to that state, he answered, "Sinn fein sinn fein." (Family matters are matters for the family.) Sinn Fein is commonly translated, however, "For ourselves alone."

A young man who had been in the city only three days, but who had been paying attention to a pretty girl, wanted to propose, so a Western paper reports, that was afraid he might be thought too shy. He delicately approached the subject as follows: "If I were to speak to you of marriage, after having made your acquaintance only three days ago, what would you say to it?" "Well," came the ready retort, "I should say never put off till to-morrow that which you should have done the day before yesterday."

"Not for twoscore years have I held my hands any of the Orpheus C. Kerr papers," says Mr. Brander Matthews in commenting on American humorists, but I can recall one of his unpretentious jocularities, to the effect that the population of the United States was made up of Caucasians, Cork-asians, and instant Cork-asians." Other readers will remember that Orpheus C. Kerr (a supposedly humorous rendition of "office cleaner") was the pen name of Robert Newell and that he wrote some amusing parodies of well-known American poets which are included in Bryant's Library of Poetry and Song."

One of the parodies mentioned above imitated the style of Bryant himself. Here is a stanza, the poem being a supposed contribution to an anthology of Imitational Odes:

The sun sinks softly to his evening post,
The sun swells grandly to his evening crown;
Not a star our flag of heaven has lost,
And not a sunset stripe with him goes down.

Well, on behalf of a committee, reports this ode because of "a suspicion that the poet has crowded an advertisement of a paper which he edits into the first line."

According to the "Sphere," of London, an Englishwoman has left a legacy of two thousand pounds to her pet poodle, "to provide the creature with an annual Christmas tree, a daily bath, and a liberal supply of sauerkraut." The item suggests a Teutonic derivation of the dog and possibly of its owner, and may account for the indifference to human suffering in the streets of London to-day shown by such a bequest to an animal.



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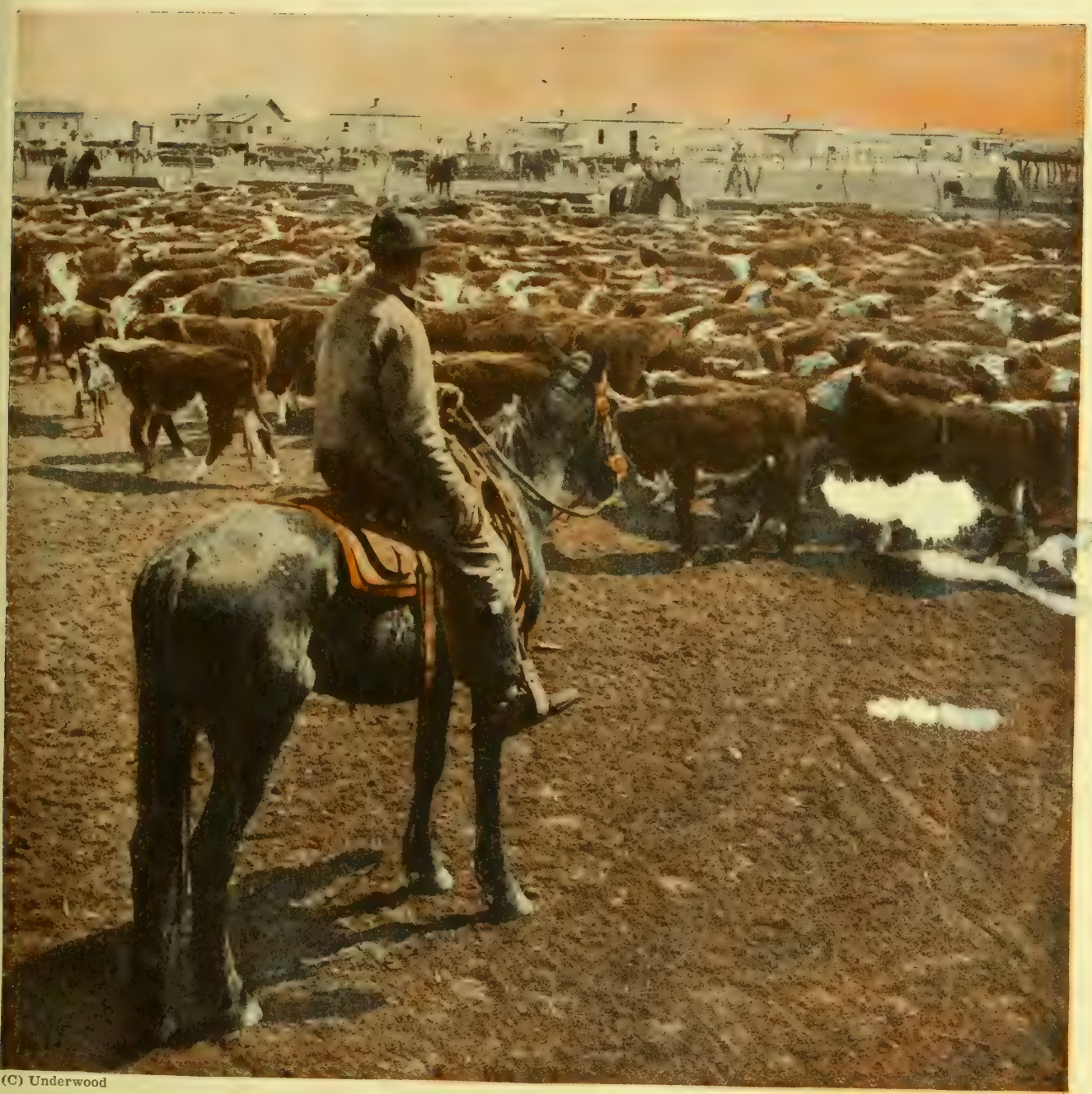
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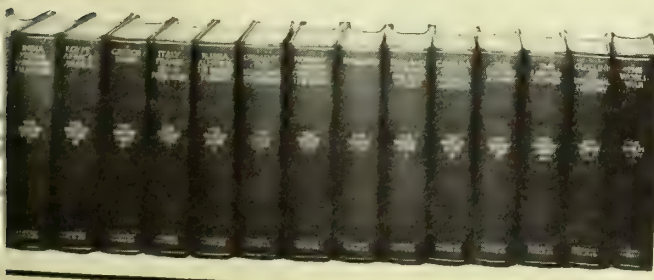
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PUBLISHER'S NOTES

Two of the controversies which recently flared up in The Outlook have spread to "overflow meetings." These have occurred in various other publications, which have quoted freely from "Is the Athlete an Ass?" and from the more recent wrangle over motion pictures in which the "cardy blow" was struck by the Outlook article entitled "The World's Worst Failure." The motion-picture critic of the New York "Evening Post" at once leaped in the *mêlée*, taking issue with both the challenge and the reply, while the "Literary Digest" in its issue of January 15 devoted considerable space to The Outlook's rumpus over athletes and easy chairs. Our contributors' pages are not alone in being agitated by controversies. The spark of combat seems also to have been ignited by the recent advertisement of Robert G. Ingersoll's works that appeared in our pages. In this case Dr. Lyman Abbott, Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook, replied to a number of critics in last week's issue in a signed editorial entitled "Free Thought." The good-natured bout as to whether or not the novel is entitled to a place among the great fine arts has evoked numerous heated letters. As the publisher, talking *sotto voce* to the subscriber, we are not averse to encouraging the controversial as well as the complimentary good in your letters to the editors.

YOU Verna Cowgill, of Edmond, Oklahoma, is beyond doubt the youngest Outlook reader in this section," writes her mother. "She is six years



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The Outlook

FEBRUARY 9, 1921

WHAT CAN GERMANY PAY?

GERMANY began the World War, and prosecuted it with unprecedented devastation. Germany lost the war, and must pay damages.

But the damage was far more than she can pay. The question, then, is: What can she pay? At the Paris Peace Conference we heard that she would have to pay 400,000,000,000 gold marks (\$100,000,000,000). Last year, at Boulogne, the Allied Ambassadors wanted to charge her 269,000,000,000 gold marks. And now, meeting at Paris again, they have agreed to make the figure 226,000,000,000 marks.

It would be met by fixed annuities, beginning with an annuity of 2,000,000,000 gold marks in the twelvemonth after May 1, 1921, and ending with the annuity of 6,000,000,000 gold marks in the twelvemonth preceding May 1, 1963. In addition there would be annuities throughout this period equal to 12 per cent ad valorem on German exports.

Payment of an indemnity of 226,000,000,000 gold marks (\$55,500,000,000) would about equal \$21,000,000,000 with interest at 5 per cent for forty-two years. It is presumable that the former way of stating the case, lumping principal and interest, makes the greater impression on foreign public opinion.

In addition, the tax of 12 per cent, while representing a victory for the French contention that France should share in Germany's prosperity, is, in the ultimate analysis, a tax on the ultimate consumer and may have the effect of increasing prices and lessening exports, because it makes the cost of Germany's exports greater to the rest of the world, and to that extent cripples German ability. In order to insure complete fulfillment of the requirement concerning the exports, the Allies demand that Germany shall give to the Reparations Commission every facility for verifying the amount of the exports; moreover, they also require that Germany shall not embark on any credit operation outside her own territory without the Commission's approval. They demand that all German assets and revenues shall be applicable to insure complete execution of the provisions of the arrangement.

In case of default of any payment the proceeds of German customs may be attached by the Reparations Commission and applied in meeting such obligation. The German public is stunned at the news; opinion is summed up in the con-

temptuous remark of one of the Berlin papers that the present Paris Conference is one only of "pipe dreamers." In England the arrangement is received with satisfaction, although the London "Express" calls attention to the fact that payments can sometimes be exacted in a form to do creditors more ultimate harm than good.

IS THERE HOPE FOR AUSTRIA?

IF Austria was the chief transgressor in bringing on the World War, her way has certainly been more than proverbially hard since the great debacle



From Carl Junker, Vienna, Austria

DR. MICHAEL HAINISCH, FIRST PRESIDENT
OF THE AUSTRIAN REPUBLIC

of the Central Powers. From the state of being a Great Power she has descended to the position of being an object of international compassion. Yet she is making a brave attempt to regain her feet industrially under a new régime which seems to have dropped as far as possible the bad old traditions of the Hapsburg autocracy. She has elected her first President, Dr. Michael Hainisch; for until now her official head has been the President of the former Constitutional National Assembly.

Dr. Hainisch is what may be called a Fabian Socialist. He was long a member of the Vienna Fabian Society, modeled after the English society of that name. He was born in 1858, and had to earn his bread at an early age. He is described as a man of high culture, a social reformer of experience, and a landowner who has made a

model farm out of his estates. Though only a comparatively narrow field of action is allowed to him by the Constitution of the Austrian Republic, his strong personality may yet accomplish much in rejuvenating his country. His platform, announced informally in accepting the Presidency, is, "Work and Economize!" Agricultural production, he urged, must be increased, and the flow of bank-notes which has so greatly depreciated the currency "must be restrained with all energy."

Dr. Hainisch's forward policy receives encouragement through the reported action of the Allied Premiers at a recent meeting. They propose to surrender certain financial claims against Austria and to establish an allied commission to act in an advisory capacity in bettering Austria's financial condition. A conference of the nations that formerly constituted the Austro-Hungarian monarchy will also be called soon to improve the economic condition of those states, and the Allies promise to act in an advisory capacity to this conference.

A human note to an academic discussion may be added in this letter from an Austrian official published by the American Relief Administration. It objectifies the situation from which it is hoped to relieve Austria: "I am the father of five children, their mother dead by slow starvation. The children's food consists of a small piece of dry bread in the morning, the American meal—I must say, the Heaven-sent American meal—at noon, and a piece of bread in the evening. But for this American meal, all of my children would have starved and perished. When they say their prayers at night, they ask God to bless their benefactors."

BERGDOLL FINDS SANCTUARY

GROVER CLEVELAND BERGDOLL, draft evader, convict, hunter of treasure, and wool-puller plenipotentiary for the eyes of our War Department and our Department of Justice, has found sanctuary in Germany.

So we learn from despatches which give vague and contradictory accounts of an attempt to trap this notorious fugitive and bring him within the custody of American authorities. According to these accounts, two men, who claim to have acted as agents of our Department of Justice, recently attempted to kidnap Bergdoll, but were themselves apprehended by the German

authorities. The claim made by these men, so far as we know, has been unverified, nor is it clear whether or not the American Government intends to interest itself definitely in their behalf. The first and natural impulse upon hearing of this attempt to kidnap Bergdoll is to exclaim, "Good! What a pity they didn't get him!" It is an impulse, however, which, like many human desires, considers the end rather than the means. At the present time it must be admitted that the only defensible method of securing Bergdoll from Germany is to make his extradition part of the terms of peace—to demand him from a conquered nation, just as the Allies demanded (and didn't get) the German criminals responsible for the war.

The instant Germany is regarded as a nation subject to the restrictions and obligations of peace-time law the power to suggest such action departs. We can then only ask for Bergdoll's return if we are willing to return to Germany such of her citizens as evaded her own military laws during the conflict.

If Bergdoll had been tried and convicted before a civil court, the remedy for the unfortunate situation might properly lie in extradition. There seems, however, little to be done but to wish Germany joy in her adopted son.

But we wish we had faith in the hope that there might be found in Germany at least a few citizens capable of treating Bergdoll as the gallant Burgoyne treated Benedict Arnold when the latter entered the gallery of the House of Commons. This hope, we suspect, is very vain.

THE SHOOTING OF AN AMERICAN OFFICER

ALL well-wishers of international comity were shocked the other day by the news that a Japanese sentry at Vladivostok had shot and killed Lieutenant Langdon, of the American cruiser Albany. The American Government has taken up officially the matter with the Japanese Government, which has shown every indication of sorrow for what has occurred. It at once instituted a court martial to try the sentry.

It is explained that at four o'clock in the morning Lieutenant Langdon was passing through the street in front of the headquarters of the Japanese Eleventh Division. The sentinel, being suspicious, three times ordered him to stop. The American did not stop, and the shooting followed, the ball striking him in the back. After the sentry fired the lieutenant replied with two shots before he collapsed. Langdon was in full uniform. These circumstances of the shooting have been confirmed by

both American and Japanese official investigations.

The unhappy affair calls attention to other interferences with American sailors by Japanese sentries, but these are said to have been merely perfunctory challenges.

The shooting also calls attention to Japan's policy in Siberia. Japanese troops were despatched to that country upon representation by the United States, when Bolshevism was still confined to European Russia, and when the late Admiral Kolchak was at the head of the Omsk Government, in control of Siberia. Bolshevik rule subsequently covered all Siberia except the eastern region, where two independent Russian governments are now functioning, those of Chita and Vladivostok. Like other Powers which have taken military measures to prevent the spread of Bolshevism into their territories, Japan also considers it necessary for self-protection to prevent the entry of Bolshevism either into her own Empire or even into other Pacific coast territories. The Chita and Vladivostok governments, she claims, are not objecting to Japanese temporary occupation of Siberian territory.

Japan, it is assumed, favors the ultimate erection of an entirely independent state in Siberia. If such a state were created, Japan would doubtless regard herself as its protector.

THE PRICE OF MEAT

WHY is the price of meat so high? As Mr. Rogers points out in his article in this issue, a common and popular answer is, "Because the packing-houses control the stockyards."

Hence the Senate has just passed a bill creating a Government commission to regulate the packing industry.

This commission is to be known as the Federal Live Stock Commission. It is to consist of three members appointed by the President with the consent of the Senate. The salary of each commissioner is to be \$10,000, and that of his secretary \$5,000.

The Commission would have the power to require by subpoena the attendance and testimony of witnesses and the production of books and papers. In case of disobedience of the subpoena, the Commission could invoke the aid of any Federal District Court; any failure to obey its orders would be punished as a contempt of court.

The bill makes it unlawful for any packer to engage in unjustly discriminatory practices in commerce, to transfer live stock to or receive it from any other packer so as to apportion the supply, to engage in any foodstuffs business when the effect might be to restrain

commerce, to combine with other packers in parceling out territory, or to engage in any other practices tending towards monopoly. Severe penalties of fine and imprisonment are imposed upon any person who willfully refuses to make proper entries, who makes any fraudulent statements, or who obstructs any Government officer in the performance of his duties. There is to be a registration of packers and stockyards and the Commission is to furnish to the registrants regular reports embodying all available information useful to them.

Thus by this bill we abandon the private control of such a business as is the packing industry and enter upon the broader field of Government supervision. The question arises whether Federal regulation will make either for higher prices to the producer or lower prices to the consumer. Certainly the consumer complains. But the producer also claims that, in view of the price paid for meat by the ultimate consumer, he does not get his just share. The middlemen also declare that they do not get enough; in particular, the packers maintain that if it were not for their highly developed organization they could not operate at so low a price. They assert that they have minimized economic waste and that the outcry against them has been based on no legitimate economic complaint. They declare that the cause of high prices is due to the retailers. This was voiced by Senator Sherman, of Illinois, the other day during the Senate discussion when he said:

The most singular thing, to my mind, is that everybody knows how to run the packing business except the packers themselves. Why does not some one inquire about the retailers in meat products? They are too numerous, and that is why the reformers do not go after them.

If lower prices be the main object in view, a commission which controls packers and does not control retailers would seem to be absurd.

MR. SCHWAB AND THE REWARDS OF PUBLIC SERVICE

WHY is it that more men of first-rate ability do not enter public service? The question is frequently asked. One answer to it can be found in the report of a recent investigation by Congress.

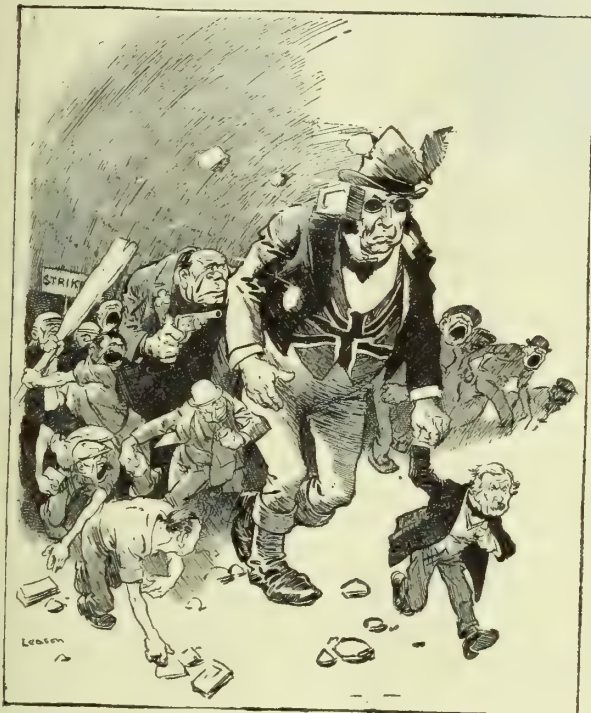
In the course of this investigation it was stated by a witness that Mr. Charles M. Schwab received from the Government a large sum of money charged up to "ship construction," but in reality given directly to Mr. Schwab as President of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation to cover an expense account while Mr. Schwab was attached to the United States Shipping Board.

This report, which does not seem to

TROUBLES OF THE NATIONS

CARTOONS AS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

Leason in the Sydney (Australia) Bulletin



JOHN BULL: "LET'S SEE, IT WAS PEACE YOU WON FOR ME, WASN'T IT, MR. LLOYD GEORGE?"

From Florence G. Franklin, Newark, Ohio

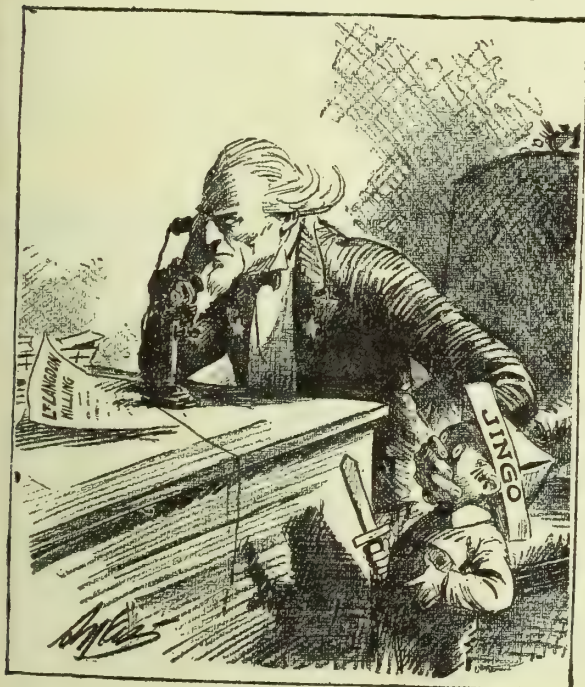
Gracey in the Montreal Daily Star



PEACE (ALARMED)—"OH, SAMUEL! SURELY AFTER HELPING TO PULL HIM OUT FOR ME YOU WILL NOT PUSH HIM IN AGAIN"

From R. H. Cowan, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada

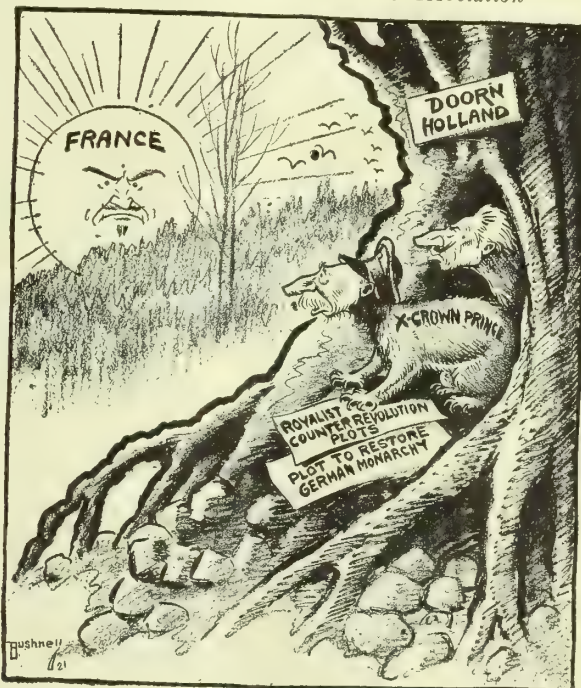
Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger



"HELLO, JAPAN!"

From William H. Coleman, Narberth, Pa.

Bushnell for the Central Press Association



GROUNDHOG DAY IN HOLLAND



International

MR. SCHWAB TESTIFIES BEFORE THE SHIPPING BOARD

Left to right: Paul D. Cravath, General Counsel for the Bethlehem Steel Corporation; Eugene G. Grace, President of the Corporation; Charles M. Schwab

have the slightest foundation in fact, was spread broadcast throughout the country. The looseness of the charge and the inconsiderateness with which it was made are illustrative of the menace which any man who enters American public life faces. Such a charge is likely to wipe out overnight a reputation established by years of public-spirited labor. Fortunately, the denial of this report and its acceptance by the committee which is investigating the shipping situation followed so closely upon the heels of the charge that in the present instance probably little damage has been done.

Men do not like to enter public life, not because its material rewards are small, but because most men have an innate distaste for being hit below the belt.

SHOULD A UNIVERSITY TO LIMIT THE NUMBER OF ITS STUDENTS?

FOR some time the necessity for limiting the number of students in attendance at certain universities has been evident. At Vassar College, for instance, there is now a long waiting list. At Princeton lack of dormitory and other accommodations for the ever-increasing numbers has also convinced the authorities there that some plan must be devised for limitation—a plan fair to all applicants and also securing the most desirable body of students. President Hibben has therefore appointed a committee of the Faculty to present a plan; the discussions among the members of the Faculty, the Board of Trustees, and the alumni indicate that the limitation will probably be set at two thousand.

Such a number would, it is held, maintain the character of Princeton life and educational policy—and educational pol-

icy rather than material equipment should be the deciding and significant factor. As President Hibben says:

We have always believed in the greatest possible amount of direct contact between teacher and student, and likewise in concentrating the life of the University upon the campus. We do not feel that we can maintain the University's traditional policy and our present educational methods if we allow ourselves to be drawn into a policy of indefinite expansion.

Though this is the first announcement concerning any restriction of enrollment at Princeton, the matter does not surprise those familiar with conditions there. At the opening of the endowment campaign last year Dr. Hibben declared his ambition to be for Princeton "not a big but a great university." Thus the deciding consideration with him is that of educational policy, though financial policy (there is a present deficit of \$212,000) is also a factor. The Princeton endowment campaign was begun in the belief that provision was being made for the work of the University for the next decade. Based on the rate of increase in enrollment, it was assumed that the University's undergraduate body would not reach two thousand students before the expiration of that period. This year there are over eighteen hundred undergraduates in attendance. The dormitories have a capacity for accommodating almost thirteen hundred students. If the undergraduate enrollment were allowed to exceed the two thousand limits, not only the dormitories and private lodging-houses, but also the laboratories, the library, and the gymnasium, would be crowded beyond their capacity. This would necessitate a large building programme, upon which the University is now unwilling to enter, and would also alter the character of Princeton life.

As Dr. Hibben says: "We must consider whether we are to preserve our present character or allow ourselves to increase in size indefinitely, even at the cost of sacrificing much that we believe good in our present system."

A NEW EPISCOPAL BISHOP

ON Wednesday, January 26, Dr. William T. Manning, rector of Trinity Church, New York, was elected Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York to succeed the late Bishop Burch. It is an ecclesiastical post whose roster is filled with the names of many distinguished men, among whom were Bishop Potter, at one time rector of Grace Church, and Bishop Greer, at one time rector of St. Bartholomew's. Dr. Manning was born in England, but came to this country when a boy and has lived both in the West and in the South. He was educated at the University of the South, in Sewanee, Tennessee. His first rectorship was in California; later he ably filled a professorship in the Divinity School of the university of which he is a graduate; and finally became the associate of Dr. Morgan Dix in Trinity Parish. On the death of Dr. Dix, Dr. Manning was elected rector of Trinity, in which position he has been eminently successful both as a preacher and an administrator. Apparently of slight physique, he is an indefatigable worker and attained National prominence as a champion of American and human rights during the World War, in which he served as a voluntary chaplain, spending not a little of his time at Camp Upton.

Dr. Manning is generally regarded as an able representative of the High Church wing of the American Episcopal Church. He has ardently advocated the reunion of all Protestant bodies, with



(C) Paul Thompson

REV. DR. WILLIAM THOMAS MANNING

the ultimate goal of final reunion with the Roman Catholic Church. Those who have believed, as The Outlook has, in the maintenance of the Protestant principle of freedom and independence in religious thought have not always agreed with Dr. Manning's point of view, but The Outlook does agree with his fellow-Churchmen that his spirit of human sympathy and of devotion to the practical social work of the Church, as well as to its ecclesiastical foundations, gives high promise for the successful administration of his new and important office.

His belief in practical as well as doctrinal church unity is illustrated by the fact that during the war on at least one memorial occasion soldiers and sailors marched in the procession with the clergy of Trinity Church from the vestry through that historical edifice to the chancel, where a distinguished Presbyterian clergyman of New York City in his chaplain's uniform read the lessons of the day.

It should be added, not as a matter of great importance, but as an interesting incident, that Mr. Hearst, through his newspapers and personal agents, endeavored to defeat Dr. Manning's election on the ground that he was British born. This piece of anti-American imudence incensed both the lay and clerical delegates at the Convention, so that Dr. Manning's vote was increased rather than diminished. We offer our congratulations to the Protestant Episcopal Church of New York City on the fact that, while Mr. Hearst may elect the city's mayors, he cannot elect its bishops.

HEADLINE DRUNKENNESS

A STARTLING statement appeared recently at the head of a news report in a New York paper. It read:

DRUNKENNESS
GAINS 1,024%
IN LAST YEAR

Those who did not trouble to read further must have envisaged the metropolis proceeding to a drunkard's grave by geometric progression.

As a matter of fact, the real figures given below the heading were significant enough of lax law enforcement to give the thoughtful reader pause, even if the headline writer made them appear. Arrests for drunkenness in New York City in the year 1920 numbered 5,813, an increase of 156 over the record of the year 1919. The headliner's thousand-per cent was achieved by comparing the arrests of January, 1920, with those of December, 1920, the former month showing a total of 77 and the latter the disquieting total of 868. The record of arrests from month to month through-

out 1920 showed an almost steadily increasing total.

Compared with pre-prohibition years, it should be noted that in 1917 there were over 14,000 arrests for drunkenness in New York City and in 1918 there were over 7,000. So the 5,813 arrests in 1920, though a slight increase over 1919, is a marked decrease from pre-prohibition years. Mr. Bird S. Coler, of the Department of Public Welfare, in reporting a marked increase in the number of alcoholics in the hospitals paralleling the increase in arrests for drunkenness, explained the situation as follows:

The first three months of prohibition showed a perpendicular drop and it appeared almost as if the millennium had arrived. This impression was somewhat misleading, and, looking back, I think this due to three facts:

First, the fear put into the lower types of people owing to the many deaths from wood alcohol.

Secondly, the saloons having liquor for sale were timid and took few chances.

Thirdly, the bootlegger had not become so well organized as at present.

At least the two latter items in Mr. Coler's list can be reduced in importance by active and honest enforcement of the Volstead Act.

INTERNATIONAL PUBLIC OPINION

AMONG civilized peoples courtship precedes marriage. The statesmen who at the close of the World War endeavored to create a League of Nations failed to recognize this fact. They attempted to unite the nations in an international wedlock without a previous courtship. Agreement must precede agreements. They attempted to make international agreements before any international agreement had been created; to frame international institutions before there was any international life to animate those institutions. They imagined that if they created an international council of diplomats it could create an international union, whereas it is necessary to create international union before it is possible to create an international council possessing real pacific powers. And to equip it with military powers is not to prevent wars, but to create a new possible cause of war.

No effective agreement is possible between nations whose ideals of national duty are radically opposed. No co-operation with Bolshevik Russia is possible for the purpose of promoting the authority of international law and the protection of the right to property, because the Bolshevik leaders do not believe and do not profess to believe in the right

to property nor in international law. Moreover, there must be some agreement in the ends to be achieved before there can be any agreement as to the methods to be employed, and popular applause is not always a conclusive evidence of popular opinion. Englishmen might applaud Tennyson's vision of a time when the world's battle flags shall all be furled, and yet not be willing to vote for a reduction of England's navy. America might applaud a parliament of the world, and yet not be willing to transfer to a proposed international council any of the functions of the American Congress.

In fact, America balked at Article X and Article XVI of the proposed League; Article X, which committed her to "respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League;" Article XVI, which provided that war by any member of the League against any other member should be regarded by America as an act of war against herself, to which she would immediately respond by a trade boycott. Other nations which have joined the League now see what America foresaw. At the recent meeting of the Assembly at Geneva it is reported that "several nations that had accepted the Covenant without reservations flatly refused to hold themselves bound as to future action." Among them were both Sweden and Switzerland. The meaning of this refusal is well interpreted by a "Pro-League Republican" in a striking series of articles in the New York "Times." He says:

In the present state of world opinion and organization, an attempt to bind the nations to wage war at any future time and in indeterminate crises is not only unwise but impossible. However one may regret the fact, it is now evident to the world, as it was to the men who framed the Republican platform.

In this sentence the "Pro-League Republican" states the fundamental issue with a simplicity and a clearness not too often apparent either in the Senatorial discussions or in those of our recent Presidential campaign. It is the function of statesmen to formulate in laws and institutions those principles which public opinion already recognizes, and sometimes to lead public opinion toward those principles which the people can be induced to recognize. *But it is never the function of statesmen in a free government to force upon the people a policy which they are not prepared with good will to accept.* It cannot be too often affirmed that in a democracy it is the function of political leaders to lead, not to drive; that they are elected, not to govern the people, but to serve

as the instruments of the people in self-government.

One of the first duties of the incoming Administration will be to enter into a conference with other world Powers for the purpose of arriving at a better understanding among the civilized nations than any which now exists. Mr. Harding has shown his wisdom in refusing to propose or to accept any definite plan for an international fellowship. We hope that his Administration will not repeat the error of its predecessor and go to the other nations with a prepared plan to be accepted or rejected without change. Whether the new plan is a substitute for the present League or such an amendment to the present League as removes the objections which it is now evident are not confined to America, whether it is Democratic or Republican, European or American, in its paternity, should be a matter of indifference. The one thing that is essential is that it should be adapted to present world conditions and fitted both to give effect to existing international public opinion and to create, develop, and guide that opinion for the future.

There are certain steps which can be taken now toward a better international fellowship; they can be taken now because they will carry into effect an international spirit which already exists and which demands with increasing urgency some better method of settling international disputes than war. But there is another step implied, if not implicitly involved, in the constitution of the present League which cannot be taken now because there is now no international public opinion which calls for or would give effective support to such a step.

It is possible now to organize an international representative assembly, with stated meetings, to consider international themes, to discuss conflicting national interests, to compare differing national prejudices and so promote a better international understanding and create a developing international public opinion.

It may be both possible and desirable to improve the machinery and increase the facilities for the submission of certain classes of international controversies to arbitration. That the civilized nations are ready, and even eager, to substitute arbitration for war whenever possible is made evident by the fact that there are already twenty general arbitration treaties in existence.

An international supreme court could now be organized and put in operation. The plans for such a court have been perfected and published and have met with much approval and little opposition. Such a court, composed of distinguished jurists, organized in order to

define, interpret, and apply international law to questions which can be solved by the application of legal principles, is radically different from a council of diplomats, each one bound in honor to promote the interests of his own nation and to make for the client whom he represents, the best bargain possible.

But there is no international public opinion which would justify giving to an international assembly legislative powers to be enforced by international sheriffs; or to an international court judicial power to summon before the bar a reluctant nation or enforce its judgment upon it by compulsory process; or to an international executive council the power to summon from the nations an international army, navy, or police to compel the fulfillment of the bargains which the representative diplomats had made.

It is possible that in the future there may be a federation of civilized nations like the federation of States in our Union, or a combination of states like the combination of states in the British Empire. Never is a long time; and we are not prepared to say that this can never be. But it is perfectly certain that there does not now exist an international public opinion which would sanction such a new creation or would make it effective if it were organized on paper. "All controversy," says the "Pro-League Republican," "as to Article X has, as we have seen, been eliminated by recent action at Geneva. Even the 'automatic' economic boycott as enjoined by Article XVI has been repudiated by numerous nations, who refuse to undertake the political and military responsibility, as to indefinite future crises." The Great Powers—Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan—have definitely refused to give the proposed court power to summon a defendant nation before it, and clearly would refuse

to give it authority to enforce its decisions by an execution or a receivership. And the recent election in the United States, whatever else it meant, certainly meant this: that the American people will not give to any other nation or combination of nations the right to summon her sons to fight for a cause upon the justice of which she has not herself first had opportunity to pass judgment.

And they are right. Free government is government by public opinion. The police and the militia are for outlaws. Paper authority to a court or a council to call on the nations for an international army or navy to enforce its decrees would be useless. If there were no public opinion to sanction the call, the nations would not respond. If there were a public opinion to enforce the call, the nations would respond without a paper constitution. In a free nation the real support of law is the public opinion of the nation. In a world of free nations the real support of international law must be an international public opinion.

The first need of the hour is, not to provide an international police to enforce international law on the nations, but to create an international public opinion which will secure obedience to international law because the nations recognize the supreme claims of international justice.

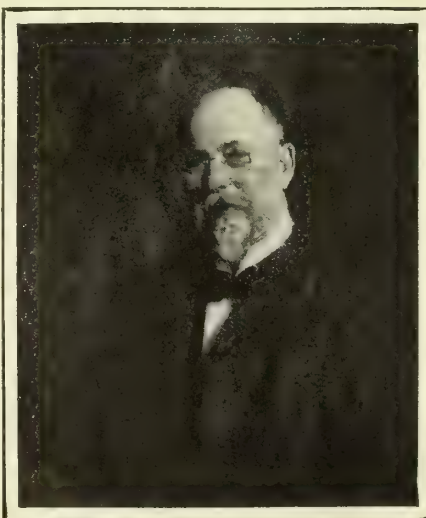
THE "PAYSAGE INTIME"

JOHN FRANCIS MURPHY is dead, and his loss will be immediately felt by all lovers of landscape painting. He was born in 1853 at Oswego, New York. He was self-taught. He exhibited his first pictures in 1876 at the National Academy, of which he was later to become an associate member. To-day his canvases may be found in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, the Brooklyn Institute of Art, the Corcoran Gallery of Washington, the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, the Art Institute in Chicago—to mention a few galleries which are the richer because of them.

For Murphy's are not canvases revealing merely adroit craftsmanship and leaving the imagination cold. A man of genuine feeling, he always had something to say.

In the next place, the significant thing about Murphy was that he chose to say it in what the French call the *paysage intime*—no great, general landscape, but a simplicity of theme, as shown in some "Weedy Bank," or "Sunny Slope," or "Upland Cornfield," or "October."

The impression conveyed was always one both of vitality and of repose. Mur-



Portrait by Irving R. Wiles

J. FRANCIS MURPHY

phy's point of view was judiciously taken, his picture was well put together, his composition was good, his color attractive, and there was always a sense of balance in his transcripts of scenery. There have been greater landscape painters than he, but in these days when in landscape, figure, and portrait painting the public taste tends towards a crude realism, one turns with relief to the Murphy *paysages intimes*.

LINCOLN AND PAUL, APOSTLES OF CHARITY

A MICHIGAN reader of The Outlook writes us that, having "a fancy for knowing the day of the week upon which people are born, and having a file of old almanacs including one of the year 1809, I looked up the 12th of February and found that in that year Quinquagesima Sunday fell on that date. So when Prayer-Book folk everywhere were repeating the collect for the day and praying for 'that most excellent gift of charity,' and the wonderful thirteenth chapter of St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians was being read, Abraham Lincoln was born. I think it is a beautiful thing to know, and wish many might know it."

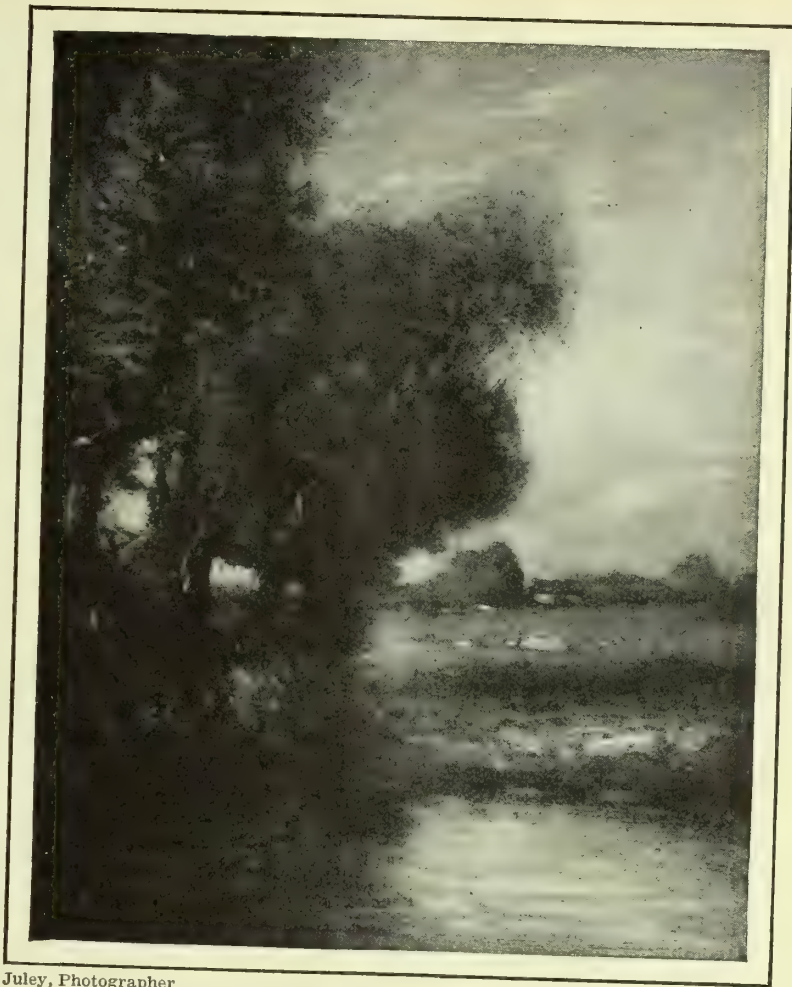
It is certainly at least a happy coincidence that Lincoln, the great modern apostle of charity, should have been born on a Sunday which is forever associated in the literature and worship of a great Church with the name of Paul, the foremost primitive apostle of charity. Paul says in the letter to which our correspondent refers:

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. . . . Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

And Lincoln in his second inaugural address uttered the memorable words:

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, and to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among all nations."

Good words these are, from both apostles, for encouragement and inspiration in the present crisis of world affairs.



Juley, Photographer

A CHARACTERISTIC LANDSCAPE BY J. FRANCIS MURPHY

CHICAGO INVADES NEW YORK

ONE of the cardinal principles of military science is that the best offense consists of an attack. It works well in politics. Chicago evidently believes, with reason, that it can be applied to art. Does anybody question Chicago's musical culture? Why not let him go to Chicago and hear for himself? Chicago, however, prefers not to wait behind her musical entrenchments, but to resort to a more aggressive form of defense. So she marshals her musical forces and in magnificent array falls upon New York with all her picked musical troops—voice, string, wind, and percussion. On January 25 Chicago made an attack upon New York's musical public on both flanks, the Chicago Opera Company, under command of Mary Garden, securing a firm hold upon the Manhattan Opera House, on Thirty-fourth Street, and the Chicago Orchestra, led by Frederick Stock, securing a brilliant and conclusive victory on Fifty-seventh Street at Carnegie Hall.

It is impossible for even a war correspondent to be in two places at once.

All that we can recount here is the orchestra's engagement. That, however, alone was enough to prove that Chicago is a musical power of first rank.

When an orchestra makes a visit, the conductor is but human if he makes his programme with a view, not to its intrinsic musical merit, but to showing off the orchestra's paces. On this occasion Mr. Stock succeeded in arranging a programme which not only was a means of revealing the orchestra's resources but was also a balanced musical structure itself. There are many skilled conductors, but there are few skilled programme-makers. In these days when bow-scrappers and tube-blowers and skin-pounders are amalgamated in musical unions and assume the prerogatives of laborers rather than the responsibilities of artists, it is hard to get rehearsals of sufficient length and frequency to supply an orchestra with a repertoire proportionate to the number of concerts it gives. The consequence is that the metropolitan orchestras fall back on compositions which have an immediate emotional effect and which through repetition in concerts need not crowd the limited periods for rehearsal. Thus conductors, restricted in their choice, more

than ever need to use what skill they have in programme-making. Mr. Stock is therefore to be particularly congratulated on his choice of compositions, which at once displayed the Chicago Orchestra's virtuosity and produced a musical effect of variety and coherence.

For the first number on the programme Mr. Stock selected Brahms's Third Symphony. When it is played as it was played that evening, this seems the greatest of the four. Years ago, while Brahms was still alive, Mr. Upton, in one of his books which have done much to develop musical taste in this country, wrote of this as the most popular of Brahms's symphonies. It is certainly not the most popular to-day. At least it seems to be played less frequently than even the Fourth and much less frequently than either the First or Second. This perhaps is because it requires of both the conductor and the orchestra a wider range of musical sensibility and understanding. The First Symphony is a tragedy with a triumphant conclusion. The Second is an expression of serenity persisting through experiences of stress and storm. The Fourth presents life as an enigma, the solution of which is certain but not yet reached. In contrast to these three the Third Symphony envelops within itself the widest variety in experiences. Beginning with a downward-sweeping theme in which minor and major clash, the first movement of the symphony depicts life as a turbulent and enigmatic tragedy, relieved by periods of peace. The second movement reveals the strength of primitive simplicity and its persistence through most complex developments. The third movement, starting with a lyric mood, mounts to the heights of sorrow. And the closing

movement resolves these experiences in religious mysticism in which even the turbulence and perplexity of the beginning is recalled without regret. To say, as one critic at least has said, that this symphony is tiresome is simply a revelation of the critic's own limitations. There is no merit in advertising the fact that one does not care for Rembrandt. Any one who, after listening to Mr. Stock's interpretation of Brahms's Third Symphony, confesses that he was bored does nothing to increase an intelligent understanding of musical art. In bombarding Rheims the Germans rendered no convincing criticism of French Gothic.

The rest of the programme levied no great tax upon the hearer's mental effort. Tschaikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini" is, like some other things that Tschaikowsky wrote, chiefly valuable as a vehicle for musical acrobatics. Tschaikowsky furnished the trapeze, and Mr. Stock and his orchestra did the stunts. The result was even more enthusiastic applause than is generally elicited at a circus. Then followed a composition of modern impressionism in the French idiom by the Irish composer Bax. It is called the "Garden of Fand." We believe it has a programme—that is, a verbal explanation of its meaning. Fortunately, we were negligent enough to fail in getting the explanatory description or the verbal poem in prose or verse which the music was supposed to interpret, and thus we were relieved of straining our mental eyesight by following on an imaginary screen an invisible motion-picture film. Bax's music needs no such accessory. It is interesting, even though over-sophisticated. The programme ended with a brilliant performance of Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration," the work of a genius who, try

as he may, can, it seems, never quite escape the commonplace.

Chicago ought to send her orchestra to New York regularly. She owes this to the cause of musical education. Every choir in this orchestra is a delight. Each great orchestra has a personality of its own. The musical personality of the Chicago Orchestra is one that invites acquaintance.

TRUE, BUT—

A CORRESPONDENT writes to me a friendly criticism of the statement in my "Knoll Paper" on "The Message of the Wise Men" that they "found their way to the Deliverer without Church or sacrament or creed or Bible." He recalls the fact that they came to Jerusalem, and there learned from King Herod that Christ was to be born in Bethlehem, and that Herod learned this from the chief priests and scribes, and they learned it from the prophets.

True, but—

Neither Herod, nor the chief priests, nor the scribes found Christ, and the Wise Men, who got no nearer to the Church or the sacraments or the Bible than King Herod, did find him. The moral of the story seems to me to be that "he that seeketh findeth," while he who is satisfied because he has the institutions of Christianity—the creeds, the sacraments, and the Bible—and seeks nothing more, does not find. I suggest this story to my correspondent to illustrate and enforce a sermon on the text, "Ye search the Scriptures, because in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me; and ye will not come to me, that ye might have life." LYMAN ABBOTT.

"IS CHIVALRY DEAD?"

THREE READERS BREAK LANCES IN A FRIENDLY JOUST

THE "FLOWER OF COURTESY"

SEVERAL months ago a short article appeared in *The Outlook*¹ under the title "Is Chivalry Dead?" written by a woman who evidently feels that it is dead, beyond all hope of revival.

What do we mean by chivalry? One of our standard dictionaries gives these definitions: "Disinterested courtesy," "The knightly system of feudal times, especially as marked by the championship of women." In "Little Women" Miss Alcott says, "The only chivalry worth having is that which is the readiest to pay deference to the old,

protect the feeble, and serve woman-kind."

The story of the Titanic is not too far back for most of us to recall. We remember how the man whose name was known on two continents and the man whose millions were invested on both continents alike gave way to the lowliest woman on the boat, *because* she was a woman. Suppose a great disaster were to overtake a vessel or an American city to-day. Do any of us doubt for one moment that our men would prove as noble to-day as they did on that fateful night in mid-ocean?

True, there may have been several males on board that vessel who were kept in restraint by the officers and crew; but if *all*, or even a majority, of the men had been selfish the officers

could not have controlled them. It is not just to ignore the *ninety-nine chivalrous men* and cite the case of the despicable *one* who proved craven.

I know what it means to meet with almost brutal rudeness. Some time ago, in a town where the "sweet flower of courtesy" has had small opportunity to bloom, as I stood waiting my turn to step into a trolley car, a young boor elbowed—yes, *pushed*—me aside and bounded into the car ahead of me, without one word of protest from the men around. In one of our large department stores a well-dressed man did a similar thing. Last winter I and an elderly woman friend stood for nearly an hour in the lobby of a crowded hotel while the comfortable chairs about us were filled with men smoking at their ease.

¹ The issue for October 20, 1920. Since then two letters on the subject have been printed.

But it is not just to cite these as *characteristic* examples, ignoring the hundreds of beautiful courtesies that have been bestowed in the same period of time. I have found consideration and kindness so much the rule that when I tried to recall instances of rudeness I had to think for a while.

Then, too, are we women not in danger of overlooking *our* side of the question? We are the guardians of true chivalry fully as much as are the men. Chivalry, like love and all the finer virtues, is a delicate plant that cannot be cuffed into a hardy growth; it must be encouraged and cultivated. Some weeks ago a neighbor with whom I was united in campaign work discussed with me the behavior of some of the men toward some of the women workers. I agree with her that "the conduct of the man is largely determined by the behavior of the woman." If we expect courtesy, we must ourselves be courteous. It was Lincoln who said, "It is not much in the nature of man to be driven to do anything." The woman who sails through life with head held high, *demanding* attention, evokes little chivalry.

On the other hand, few men can resist being chivalrous if the appeal is made in the proper way. The same number of *The Outlook* that published the criticism which I am trying to answer contained this story of Lucretia Mott:

"At a New York City anti-slavery convention rioters broke up the meeting and roughly handled some of the speakers. Some of the women members of the convention were badly frightened. Mrs. Mott turned to her escort and said, 'Won't thee look after the others?' 'But who will take care of you?' The Quaker lady smiled sweetly. 'This man will see me through,' she replied, putting her arm on the arm of one of the roughest of the mob. And he did, not only through the mob, but to the house where she was staying."

Sometimes we can best judge not only the future, but the present, by the past. I do not see how any one who has read the life of Susan B. Anthony or her co-workers can possibly feel that chivalry is on the wane. In her time men who stood high in the ministry and in the educational and the medical world were guilty of insults and abuse to women that would not now be tolerated in the lowest grade of American men that I have ever met. The laws pertaining to a woman's property rights and the possession of her own children were incredible as late as 1850. The mere just laws since enacted indicate more just men.

Last winter I was in the business section of our town when two women, coming for a forenoon's shopping, drove to a hitching post. As a nicely dressed girl stepped to the pavement I thought: What a pity that she must go into the dish and grime to care for her horse. "It doesn't look fitting." A darky coming up the street evidently thought the

same. With the easy manners of his race, he touched his cap and took the strap from her hand. He tied and blanketed the horse, helped the older woman out of the carriage, again touched his cap, and was gone.

Out in the country lately a farmer overtook me at the foot of a long hill and offered me a ride. I am fond of hill walks, so I refused at first. He looked at me in a perplexed way and said, "I can't abide to drive past a woman that's walking." I accepted the invitation.

Several months ago I sat at table with a cultured girl old enough to have sound judgment. She had been in "Y" work in France for more than a year, and had had interesting experiences. One day, in answer to a question from me, she said: "Mrs. Henry, I've seen our American boys in the leave areas, I've seen them wounded, and homesick, and cross, and *drunk*; I've seen them go into battle and I've seen them come out; and the more I see of them the more I think they're about the finest things God ever made." With which sentiment I am in hearty accord. So also is Agnes Repplier when she says, "American chivalry, a strong article, and equal to anything Europe ever produced."

KATHARINE HENRY.

CHIVALRY—A PHYSICAL REASON

I SUPPOSE you are being flooded with comments on that very admirable letter in your issue of December 1 entitled "Is Chivalry Dead?" Nevertheless I want to say a few words in connection with one of the difficult questions in paragraph 4, "Should an *old* man give his seat to a young *woman*?" Yes, if he gives it to any woman. When will the men understand that it is just the young women who need this special act of consideration? I am now in my sixtieth year, and often young girls offer me a seat, in deference, I suppose, to my gray hairs. I always accept, for I assume that they would not make the offer if they were unable to stand (in passing I would like to remark that I always say, "Thank you," out loud to man or woman). But I make it a rule always to give precedence to the younger woman when only one seat is available. I *know* that it will not hurt me to stand, while a girl of high school age might suffer seriously from a prolonged strain, especially if she is obliged to hold on by a strap. In some cars it is possible to steady one's self by the end of the seat.

My father once said in a public address that most of the weaknesses and ailments of womankind were connected more or less directly with maternity. This should appeal deeply to every son, and doubly so to every father. It is possible that *The Outlook* may consider this view of the subject more suited to a medical journal or a woman's magazine than to its columns. But the former would be read only by special-

ists; and as to the latter, would any man be likely to see it? And it is the men who need enlightenment on this point.

PHYSICIAN'S DAUGHTER.
Denver, Colorado.

WHY CHIVALRY?

THESE chivalrous (?) times are out of joint, and, having waited in vain for some one to set them right, I am now constrained by G. E. A.'s naïve excuse for the men who "sit tight" in crowded cars to ask a question or two. Was not woman created from the beginning with less physical strength than man? Has not man as a right assumed the heavier physical burdens without considering it an act of chivalry? Isn't it conceded that man is and always has been so nurtured as to give him greater physical vigor than woman? Of course some unthinking persons of both sexes will cite instances to the contrary, but isn't this the rule?

Isn't it a fact that, while women have had their "rights" for a comparatively short time in any State, men have been voting for a century and a half, electing the authorities who make the laws and who grant franchises to common carriers who do not provide a seat for each fare paid? Then, granting these facts, if there is any standing to be done in cars, why should not the men be the ones to stand?

Railways provide special cars for men—as well as for all sorts of commodities and live stock—but make no provision for women; and the women, having paid the same fare as the men, and having no special cars provided, are permitted to stand while the men occupy the seats. Of course there are some women so silly as to refuse an offered seat, and others so ill bred that they fail to acknowledge the sacrifice of the man in relinquishing his seat, but these excuses are too trivial to be advanced by a man otherwise anxious to be "chivalrous." A railway conductor may argue that a ticket does not call for a seat, merely transportation; neither does it grant the privilege of smoking or having smoking cars, but what railway would have the temerity to run its trains without smoking cars?

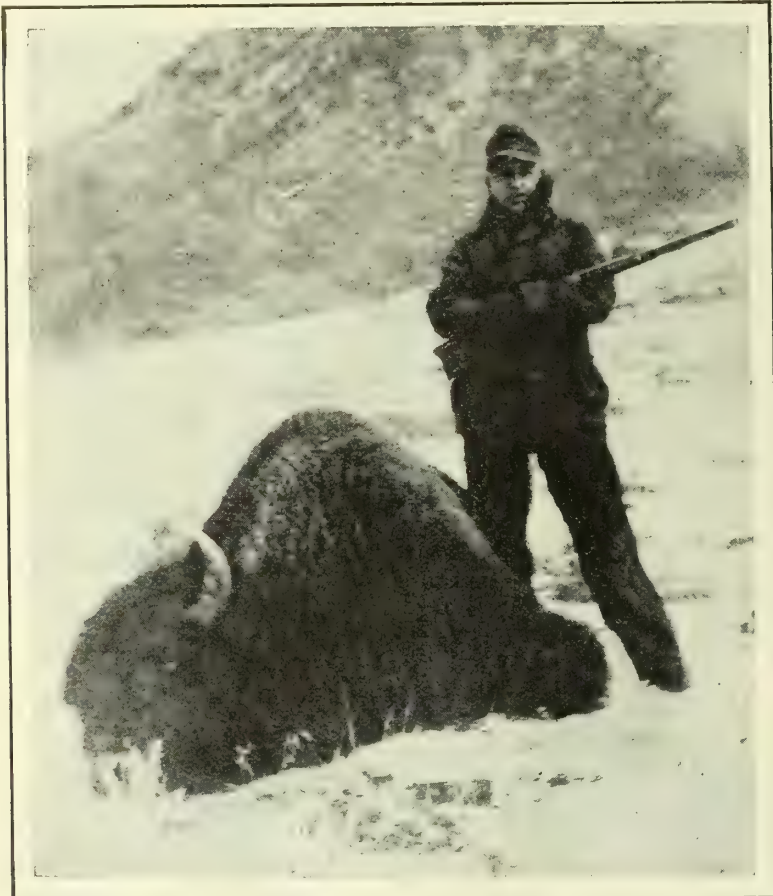
What does a man think whose wife or mother is obliged to stand and be jostled about in a crowded car, while the man who sits in an office all day hides behind his morning or evening paper and sits tight? And do not women in general work as hard—at least in proportion to their strength—as the men? And how does the sitting man know that the standing woman "never lifts her finger for self-support or human service"?

And do the men who feel so uncomfortable retaining their seats in order to render the public a service do anything to alleviate their discomfort in the way of compelling transportation companies to provide a seat for each passenger?

W. H. Y.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



Wide World

THE LAST GREAT BUFFALO HUNT

Not since the days when the buffaloes roamed in uncounted millions over the Western plains has there been a real buffalo hunt, such as occurred recently in Utah. Here, on Buffalo (or Antelope) Island in Great Salt Lake, were a herd of 235 buffaloes. It was decided that these animals must be killed. Numbers of big-game hunters came from many parts of the United States and paid \$200 a head for each buffalo killed. The huge animal shown in the picture was the leader of the herd.

These buffalo, says Dr. William T. Hornaday, of the Bronx Zoological Park, were very wild, they could not be caught and crated without enormous expense, and nobody wanted them—and the island they lived on is wanted for domestic cattle. "The future of the American bison species is now secure against the extermination which threatened it," says Dr. Hornaday, "and those which cannot be given away to cities and States for exhibition or for parks will have to be killed and marketed"

CONSERVING BIRD LIFE BY INTERESTING THE CHILDREN

Here we see Representative Snell, of New York, awarding prizes to the winners of a bird-house contest held in Washington, D. C., under the direction of the American Forestry Association. Several hundred school children of the capital entered into this competition to construct attractive houses for their winged friends



International



Wide World

SYNDICALISM VERSUS AUTHORITY IN BARCELONA, SPAIN

This exciting scene in Barcelona occurred in connection with the disturbances provoked by the funeral of Señor Layret, a syndicalist lawyer for the organization called the "One Big Union," who was shot to death by a member of the "Free Union." At the funeral the members of the One Big Union and the civic guards clashed. The photograph shows the civic guards on horseback charging the unionists



(C) Keystone

POVERTY-STRICKEN CENTRAL EUROPE—PEOPLE OF BUDAPEST STANDING IN LINE TO OBTAIN SMALL DOLES OF FUEL

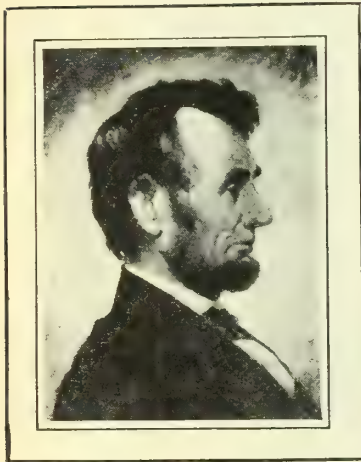
Such is the scarcity of fuel in Hungary that the Government has gathered supplies of brushwood and distributes it in small bundles from a station on the banks of the Danube. The people stand hours in line to receive these small doles of wood for cooking and heating

THE LINCOLN THEY SAW

I—A BOY AT LINCOLN'S FEET

A REMINISCENCE OF A LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATE

BY GARRETT NEWKIRK

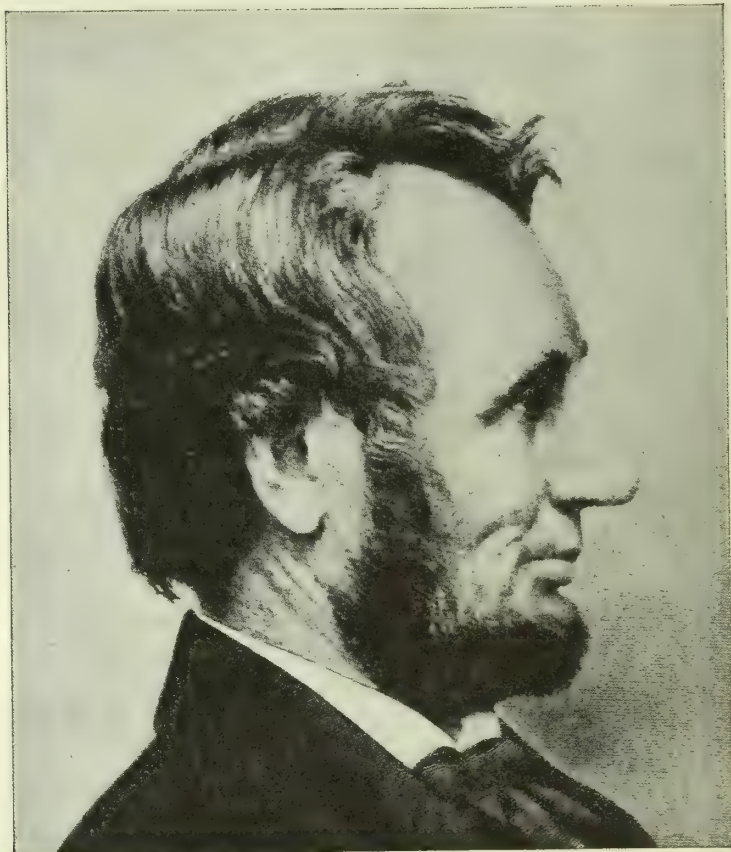


"I have come upon an engraving of President Lincoln, in profile," wrote Professor S. H. Woodbridge, of Washington, to us recently, "which for strength and maturity surpasses anything I have seen of him in portrait print. With it is an autograph written for and given by him to a gentleman of Washington, the father of one of my local associates." It is a reproduction of this engraving which we print herewith. For purposes of comparison we have placed above, beside it, another portrait also in profile, very similar in general appearance. What is striking about what we may call the Woodbridge portrait of Lincoln is the expression, which, unlike that of most portraits of him, shows him at a time when care has been relieved by his sense of humor

THERE was great excitement in Stark County, Illinois, upon a day early in the autumn of 1858. Mr. Lincoln was to speak at Toulon,¹ the county seat, and I, a lad of eleven years, was to ride sixteen miles with my father in the band-wagon to see and hear the man I had heard so much about. It was during the period of the seven joint debates between Lincoln and Douglas, candidates for the United States Senate, that were being held in different parts of the State about once a week. In the intervening days they spoke separately at other places, as a rule following one another on alternate days. If Lincoln came, as I remember, on Tuesday, Douglas arrived on Wednesday, and spoke from the same platform. All the Republicans and many Democrats went to hear Lincoln; all the Democrats and many Republicans attended the Douglas meetings. Some there were, of course, unaffiliated with either party, who wished to hear both candidates before making their choice.

On the morning of this day you may be sure our chores on the farm were done and breakfast eaten before day-

¹ Several gazetteers consulted show but two Toulons in the world, one in France and this in Illinois.



A Lincoln

break. The sun was hardly risen when we had driven to the crossroad village of Bradford and stalled our horses in Uncle Zach's barn. The band-wagon soon came along and took us in. It was an ordinary farm wagon with a seating rack above the wheels and steps leading up in the rear. There was a high seat for the driver and the horses numbered four. The band consisted of five pieces—two fifes, one bass and two tenor drums. The distinctive uniform of my father, one of the fifers, was a faded brown coat and a "palm-leaf" hat with the brim religiously trained to turn up behind and down in front. As a subscriber to the New York "Tribune," his beard was trimmed in Horace Greeley style. His experience with the fife dated back to the days of his youth, in the old "General Trainin's" of the Empire State.

The second fifer on the wagon was Dalrymple ("Uncle Dal"), likewise a prairie

farmer; a tall, straight Virginian, with iron-gray beard that reached to his waist and a wide-rimmed hat of black. He played with enthusiasm, keeping time vigorously with his heel. His instrument my father despised because it had a mouthpiece that gave forth a high metallic screech. Father insisted that a fife should be melodious, played like a flute, with no "tube" attachment.

Curtiss, the blacksmith, could make the bass drum roar to be heard a mile, and his timing was exact.

But the star performer of our band was Pettingill, the harnessmaker, a little man from Maine. My greatest wish for years was that I might play the little drum as he did. It seems to me yet that I have never seen another who could make the "r-r-roll" so perfect with a pair of sticks.

Little "Mollie Stark" County was then untouched by a railway, and all who went to Toulon that day from twenty

miles around rode in buggies, wagons, or on horseback. As we went on, the delegations from our section fell in behind the band in long procession on the dusty road. Stirring music announced our coming to every village and "Corners."

Spoon River had no "Anthology" at that time, and very few bridges. We forded the stream at Fuller's Mill, barely wetting the horses' feet. Passing through Jersey Township, we arrived at the fair grounds just north of Toulon about eleven o'clock. Here the clans were gathering, according to arrangement, to greet Mr. Lincoln on his arrival from Cambridge, where he had spoken the day before. Soon the entire race-track was bordered by the crowd, in all manner of conveyances. Our driver secured a position close to the "inside" track and near the entrance. We had a half-hour of waiting, enlivened by the playing of several bands in turn.

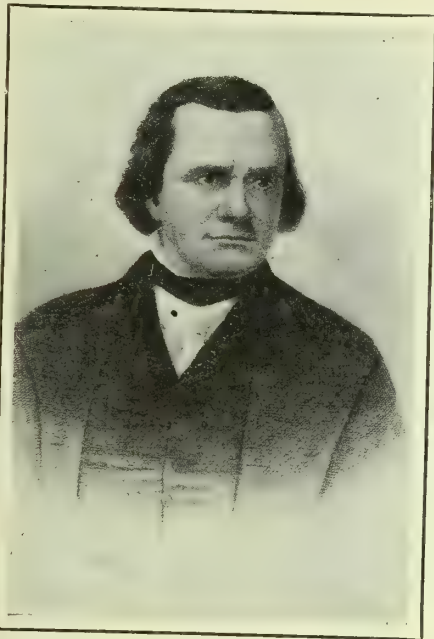
The reader would hardly guess in what manner Mr. Lincoln came in through the high-posted gateway.

A young man in the neighborhood had trained a pair of two-year-old steers to drive in harness. These were attached to a low barouche, the top of which, turned back, reached nearly to the ground. In this vehicle, towering high with his "plug" hat, sat the future President, beside him the little driver under a wide-brimmed "slouch."

Then the cheering began, and at first Mr. Lincoln tried to rise from his seat in acknowledgment; but he could not rise far in the moving carriage without losing his equilibrium. Just as his long form got bent to about the shape of a letter S he would suddenly sink back with an impact no doubt that was hardly pleasant. The entire combination was so ludicrous that the crowd went wild. Mr. Lincoln laughed with them, and decided to keep his seat, raising his hat and bowing while he made the circuit of the half-mile track. The cheering was a fore-wave of that to be heard within two years in that famous wig-wam by the lake.

Then, passing into the road, the unique equipage led the procession up-town with our band in the lead, each player doing his best.

Having dinner with a friend of my father's made us late at the meeting. The platform from which Mr. Lincoln spoke was at the south side of the Court-House, where there was a wide, open square. Opposite, on the north, was another stand for an overflow meet-



STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, THE "LITTLE GIANT"

ing, which was addressed, according to my remembrance, by Frank P. Blair.

I was sorely disappointed that we were on the outskirts of a great crowd, with Mr. Lincoln speaking. My father, being quite deaf, had not expected to hear much of the speech, and was quite content with his situation. I straightway asked if I might get nearer if I could. I shall ever be grateful for his answer: "Go ahead; come back here when it's over."

Being slender and persistent, I somehow wormed my way through that human mass till I stood directly at Mr. Lincoln's feet, near the edge of the platform. I am sure I could have touched his boots.

There, with hat in hand, I stood nearly an hour, looking up and listening. I understood much of what he was saying, for I had read the newspapers

and heard the issues discussed at home. But it was the form, the action, and presence of the man that impressed me chiefly; his towering height, his straightness when he stood erect, his long arms, now swinging, now extending forth; his limbs that seemed to bend like a huge jack-knife, bringing his head forward at times toward his audience, till it seemed to me he was in danger of falling. I had the feeling that he was the most dead-in-earnest man I had ever heard speak, that he meant every word and knew just what he was talking about; that he was so honest he would never think of trying to deceive anybody. In a word, he inspired my full confidence, that never wavered from that moment, no matter what any one might say. I have at least one distinct memory incident to this address. Standing near Mr. Lincoln as I did, hatless, with upturned face, I was conscious now and then of falling mist upon my brow. This, we know, any speaker will emit addressing an outdoor audience with intent to be heard by the farthest listener. I had to keep my red bandanna handkerchief in hand for use whenever he leaned directly toward me; and yet I had no thought of changing my position till the last word was said.

In later years the unpleasant memory was relieved by a thought suggested—that I had been baptized that day, indeed, into the faith of him who spoke, "the faith that right makes might," as he had said, and that the speech I heard was being repeated with ever-increasing influence throughout the world.

I have no further memory of the day except that fife and drum were little heard upon the homeward way, that I was very sleepy, and dozed at times in the rough-going wagon with my head on father's knee. No remembrance comes of that late supper, prepared, I know, with the appetizing art that only a mother knows.

Twenty months later came that greatest of all conventions, in Chicago. My father, born and raised in New York State, wished earnestly for Seward's nomination, while I, in secret, hoped for that of Lincoln, and when it came my joy was unrestrained.

II—HONEST ABE AND THE LITTLE GIANT

A REMINISCENCE OF LINCOLN'S FIRST INAUGURATION

BY THE LATE DR. G. B. WALLIS

A CONTEMPORARY NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT AT THE CAPITAL

THE 4th of March, 1861, was a crisis of life or death to the incoming President, Abraham Lincoln, then in his fifty-first year. South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, North Carolina, and Virginia, withdrawn from the United States at Montgomery, Alabama, had formed an independent government, "on the cornerstone of Negro slavery." Jefferson Davis

had been inaugurated President of "these so-called Confederate States." They had seized the custom-houses, post offices, mints, most of the forts, arsenals, and other property of the United States within their borders, and while waiting for negotiations "to go in peace" they were arming for war.

Governor Hicks, of Maryland, had discovered a Confederate plot within her borders for the seizure of Washington

City on Lincoln's inauguration day. Of this plot the veteran Winfield Scott, General-in-Chief of the United States Army, had been informed. Rumors were afloat of a projected co-operating rebel raid from Virginia with that from Maryland.

The resident population of Washington, almost wholly Southern and a slaveholding community, were strongly in sympathy with the cause of the Confederacy, and a rebel rising in the city was



LINCOLN'S INAUGURATION BALL AS PICTURED IN "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER" AT THE TIME

feared with the incoming of the apprehended raids. Treason was in the air. The assassination of the new President, the seizure of the United States Treasury, and the overthrow of the Government were threatened; and to guard against a possible incursion for these objects by a descent of thousands of desperate men General Scott had only a few hundred regular troops and marines at hand.

For the protection of the President-elect in the usual procession to the Capitol and at the Capitol and for the safety of the Treasury these troops were judiciously distributed in detachments. From the carriage-way to the door at the north end of the Capitol by which the incoming President entered he was protected by a covered way, a rough shed of boards for the day's service. From point to point on the housetops from the Treasury to the Capitol sentinels were placed, lookouts to give warning of the approach of an invasion of the enemy. For the immediate protection of the President in the procession, his carriage was surrounded by a compact squad of cavalry, formed in an inclosing hollow square.

A gloomy, ominous, and alarming inaugural procession it was, but it was not without its redeeming features. The pageant and day passed off quietly, as quietly as a funeral. To the most timid of peace-loving Quakers the presence of the outgoing, side by side in the

open barouche, with the incoming President dispelled all fears of a day of war. Under the circumstances, this ride of Buchanan with Lincoln was a courageous act of official courtesy. It was the exception to what the custom had been in such cases, and, being unexpected, it attracted the special notice and admiration of friends and foes.

Lincoln's inauguration ball, 1861, was not grand, but was gloomy and peculiar. It was given in a commodious and breezy shanty of pine boards and scantling, built for the purpose. It was an extraordinary occasion, and the pavilion was adapted to the accommodation of the extraordinary assemblage expected. And it was an extraordinary assemblage, though not in the thousands of patriotic Republicans looked for by the oversanguine company financially concerned. It was a thin house. There were hardly a thousand persons on the floor when the music from the band, "Hail to the Chief," was played as President Lincoln entered the ballroom. The gathering was extraordinary, however, in its prevailing elements. They told a story of dispossession and occupation of the Government, strange and portentous, the dispossession of the South and the forces of King Cotton, and an occupation by the "outside barbarians" of the Northwest. Oh, the fearful change! There was nothing like this in the inauguration ball of any President from the beginning to this day.

Federalist or Republican, Democrat or Whig, Jackson or Harrison, Polk or Taylor, Pierce or Buchanan, the inauguration ball was still essentially the same. King Cotton, the chivalry, and the brilliant and fascinating beauties of the South still gave tone, grouping, coloring, and expression to the picture. "But what have we here?" asks the gentleman from South Carolina. "What is this assemblage which Lincoln is passing under review? Strange figures, costumes, and faces from 'Down East,' from the Canadian border, from the prairies, from the log cabins of Minnesota, from the woods of Oregon and the mining camps of California. And the dominant type masculine is that of the long and lathy abolitionist, a philanthropist of the 'Praise God Barebones' family; while overshadowing the queens of the gathering here are the strong-minded, tough, muscular belles of the Women's Rights Associations.

"The South in this fête, save here and there a vigilant observer (a spy, if you please), is not represented. The women of the South—the life, the charm, heretofore of these Presidential triumphs—are missing, gone with the seceding States, and this affair is a dance without a partner, a festival to which the invited guests have not come, and whose places are filled by strangers from the wayside."

The gentleman from South Carolina is a little wild in his photograph, but, though distorted and overdone, it is a

photograph that he has given of the assemblage, 1861, at Lincoln's inauguration ball. To a dispassionate observer, with his recollections of balls to Polk, Taylor, and other Presidents, it was, from the absence of any representation from the seceded Southern States, not only a strangely cold, timid, and unsociable affair. It was sad, gloomy, and disheartening. It was under a cloud through which no star was visible. It was only when Lincoln, arm in arm with the beautiful wife of Senator Douglas, followed by the "Little Giant" with the short, plump, and happy Mrs. Lincoln on his arm, walked around the ball-room that the chill of the house was broken. A general current of conversation followed. "Are they not well matched—Lincoln and Mrs. Douglas, both tall, and Douglas and Mrs. Lincoln, both short and dumpy?" "Yes, only look—Douglas is a head shorter than his wife, and Mrs. Lincoln could walk under her husband's arm."

Mrs. Douglas was a Miss Catts, of Virginia, a grand-niece of President Madison; and Mrs. Lincoln was a Miss Todd, of Kentucky, also of the Madison family. Lincoln and Douglas had been rival beaux of Mary Todd, and later on both were running for President at the same time, and both were from Illinois. Man and wife on both sides had been fighting the other two, and now all of them were here together. Let us look

at the two men. A stranger would have taken Douglas for the man elected, he looked so cheerfully about, and Lincoln one would take for the defeated candidate, as he appeared so sad and miserable. And it was so. Douglas apparently was satisfied, as a man relieved of a heavy burden by an old friend. He knew, with the division of his party at Charleston on the slavery issue, between himself and Breckinridge, that the Republican candidate would walk into the Presidency between them. He knew with the nomination of Lincoln that he would be elected. The election was no disappointment to Douglas; nor was his fight so much against Lincoln as against the Southern fire-eaters. They had defeated him, but he had finished them. They were done for, or would be in the Southern Confederacy. He knew that Lincoln would have to fight this Confederacy, fire and sword, by land and sea; and the presence of Douglas at this ball was a proclamation to the South that in this fight he would be with Lincoln. The Senator's mind was made up. The door of compromise was closed. His course was open before him. No more doubts or misgivings. Hence his ready wit and honest laugh in his exchange of little flatteries with admiring friends. He had lost the Presidency, but he had regained his freedom, and he was here to proclaim it.

But why this sad, dreamy, and far-

away look in the melancholy eyes of Lincoln, with all these welcoming faces around him, and with the beautiful, chatty, and charming Mrs. Douglas on his arm? He has his joke, but it does not change the sad expression in his eyes. Is it the shadow of the assassin still upon his track? Something, perhaps, of this. They tell us it is partly a transmission from father to son, partly an imprint from his early life with its hardships in the woods and in the Mississippi flatboat, but deepened since November from his broodings over the dreadful visions before him in his heavy task of duty, in which he may fail or fall by the way. There is no sign of fear in those sad eyes.

It is an exceptionally tall, long-limbed, shambling, and ungainly figure, this of Lincoln; nor is there a model of beauty or dignity in his little head with its projecting eyebrows, big nose, thin face, and unshapely mouth, pleading the cause of a penniless client or the faith and mission of the Republican party.

Approved as the statesman and patriot for the crisis, he is here. And in his gentle voice and kindly disposition, above all, in the sympathy for the suffering and the sorrowful, expressed in those sad eyes, we have the key to the character of this rough diamond, this man who in his relations with his fellow-men, peace or war, had "malice for none, and charity for all."

OUR CITY OF THE SEVEN HILLS

BY E. H. CHRISTY THOMAS

THE kindly spirit of the early Quakers still broods over Philadelphia. Boston still displays evidences of its Puritan beginnings. It is more difficult to recognize anything of early Dutch phlegm in New York, but of course New York is New York. There is still something of the glamour of '49 around the Golden Gate, and the gay character of old Creole days in New Orleans has not been entirely pushed aside by the modern city.

But Seattle probably retains its early traits with more tenacity than any other American city of importance. Most conspicuous among these traits is the city's insistence upon law and order. There is nothing academic about this ancient phrase out in Seattle. Even under pressure of the rush of the hardest of adventurers for the Klondike, when Seattle was the outfitting station and the jumping-off place for Alaska, the sheriffs of King County and the police of Seattle preserved the peace as it has seldom, if ever, been preserved in other communities in critical times.

Only an extraordinary civic vitality could have taken Seattle's population, compounded of migrants from our Eastern States, exotic streams from the Orient, and miners and woodsmen from the North, and welded them and their teams into a successful city.

Seattle has always been proud of her



(C) Underwood

A SEATTLE SKY-SCRAPER

ability to take care of herself. Seattle boils when she hears it said that "revolution" ever threatened her pursuit of happiness. In fact, Seattle's so-called general strike lasted less than forty-eight hours, and proved a joke. There wasn't even a fist fight. Why? Seattle's traditions for law and order and the protection of every citizen, white, black, or yellow, are held inviolate, and have been since its earliest days.

Seattle pioneers who have given their time and money to building the city become indignant when a visitor refers to this now-famous episode. No city anywhere, at any time, in their opinion, has been so maliciously slandered, libeled, misjudged, and misrepresented as has Seattle because of the notoriety growing out of the strike. Seattle business men, city officials, police, the Federal authorities, army and navy officers stationed there, newspapermen, and labor leaders are united in that belief. They agree that the things which are supposed to have happened during the strike not only did not occur at all, but that the city is, was, and always has been incapable of them, and they cite history to prove it.

Seattle was founded in 1851 by a little band of pioneers from Illinois. In ox-teams and prairie schooners they traversed the plains between the Missouri River and the Willamette Valley in Ore-



SEATTLE IN 1875

gon. After 108 days of travel, they reached Portland, then a town of two thousand inhabitants. During the trip the party, which consisted of seven men, several women, and four wagons, was ambushed by Indians, but bravely repulsed them. In Portland, fever and ague delayed them several months. From Portland they pressed on to Olympia, now the capital of Washington, and from there proceeded in canoes to Alki Point, across Elliott Bay from what is now Seattle. The site of the city that now numbers about 400,000 people was then a dense forest inhabited by Indians. There was not a cow in the Puget Sound country to furnish milk for the baby in the party, born in Portland.

Between the cities of Seattle and Tacoma there has always been a good-natured rivalry. It dates back to the time when Seattle had a population of only a trifle more than one thousand. The first fight was over a railway. The Northern Pacific had secured a charter to build a line from a point on Lake Superior to a point on Puget Sound. Seattle, with no way in or out except by water or through trails in the forest, and cut off even from ready access to the food supplies and the farm lands of the Walla Walla country, made every effort to induce the Northern Pacific to make Seattle the Puget Sound terminus of the line. But Seattle lost, and the road wound up at Commencement Bay, on whose shores Tacoma now stands.

"This was a bitter blow," declares R. H. Denny, son of Arthur A. Denny, one of the founders of Seattle, who was born in Portland while his parents were detained there by illness. "But the people of Seattle at once decided to build a railway of their own. This was in 1873." Every man in the young community gave one day a week to railway building, while the women provided the commissary. The line was fifteen miles long and proved the means of opening up the great coal mines located at Renton and Newcastle. From the outset the railway line operated at a profit.

"Meanwhile, the Northern Pacific was completed to Tacoma. The road, through

a subsidiary, owned the entire town site. The Northern Pacific proclaimed that before long grass would grow in Seattle streets. The railway company would not sell tickets from Seattle to the East or from the East to Seattle, and travelers had to go between Tacoma and Seattle by boat. The company also made a heavy freight differential against Seattle. The situation became insufferable, and in 1884 Seattle undertook to build a second railway. An outstanding figure in the fight for this line was Judge Thomas Burke, one of Seattle's best-known citizens, who still is active in National, State, and community work.

"When Seattle decided to build this second railway," continued Mr. Denny, "Judge Burke went to New York and attempted to raise the money. The Judge interested a number of financiers in the project, but these men refused to put up the money until a group of Seattle citizens showed their faith by subscribing \$10,000 each. Judge Burke, who had never at that time had \$10,000, returned home and discounted his personal note for his quota and raised the remainder required of Seattle. The Seattle, Lake Shore, and Eastern Railroad Company was then formed and two branch lines were begun, one to run

across the mountains to Spokane by way of Snoqualmie Pass, and the other to Vancouver, British Columbia, to connect with the Canadian Pacific Railroad, then nearing completion. In self-protection the Northern Pacific was ultimately forced to purchase both these branch lines, and spent millions of dollars in terminal facilities in Seattle, which for years has been the line's chief point on the Pacific Coast for revenue.

"Seattle's struggle for railway development soon attracted James J. Hill, who came to Seattle with the Great Northern because he knew personally of Seattle's heroic and successful fight for existence, and was familiar with the sacrifices of the people for the public good and the fine civic spirit. He declared that people who showed such a spirit, energy, and love of their town were a good people to live among and do business with. Then came the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul from the eastward, the Union Pacific from the south, and the Grand Trunk Pacific down from the north. The Canadian Pacific already was in the city, and thus Seattle, which had to fight so hard for one road, became the chief Pacific port in volume of water-borne commerce," concluded Mr. Denny.

Another phase of this spirit brought Seattle in 1853 its first industry, a saw-mill operated by Henry L. Yesler. Arthur A. Denny and C. D. Boren, Seattle's two chief property-owners, generously moved the lines of their claims to give Yesler a wide strip of land with access to deep water. The mill was the town's chief industry for years. Again Denny and Boren moved their lines, to make way for D. C. Maynard, a newcomer, to file a homestead running to the harbor front.

Seattle's crucial struggle for law and order came during the anti-Chinese agitation in 1886. The bitter feeling against the Chinese began in 1877 when Denis Kearney and his sand-lot-eters in San Francisco raised the cry, "The Chinese must go!" and through a series of violent speeches inflamed the people in California, Oregon, and Washington. In Washington the Chinese were at that time employed in the ho-



SEATTLE WATER-FRONT, 1878

fields, in domestic service, and as laundry workers. Some operated stores of their own. Tacoma drove the Chinese out of that city in 1886; none can be found there even to this day.

In Seattle many meetings were held in which anti-Chinese agitators harangued the people and demanded that the Chinese be deported. John H. McGraw, later Governor of the State, was sheriff. The feeling ran so high against the Chinese that the agitators set a date—November 15—when all the Chinese in the city must leave. By November 5 the agitation had become so intense that riots were feared. At a mass-meeting, attended by advocates of both sides, Judge Burke spoke. Echoes of his appeal for law and order can be heard in Seattle to this day.

"We are face to face with the question: Shall we act as becomes free, law-abiding, and justice-loving Americans or as turbulent and lawless foreigners?" demanded Judge Burke. "I am an American, and I appeal to Americans. Of the two methods, the lawful and the unlawful, I favor the American method. He is no true American, whether native or foreign born, who will not stand for law and order."

A day or two later the United States Grand Jury was convened to investigate the Chinese trouble. Judge Roger S. Greene, presiding as Judge in the Federal Court, declared:

"You sit here to-day as the exponents of the good sense, the fearlessness, the love of law, and the determined will of this community. Let it be seen by your promptitude and firmness that it is the law-loving and peaceful citizens who wield here both the scepter and the sword."

The mob had herded the Chinese on the dock ready to ship them to San Francisco, when the Home Guard, composed of Seattle citizens, appeared and notified the Chinese that those who wished to remain should have ample protection and marched all except the ones too frightened to remain back to their homes. It was necessary to shed some blood to save the Chinese, and every citizen took his life in his hands.



Underwood

SEATTLE AT THE PRESENT TIME

The Seattle spirit was put to perhaps its severest test in June, 1889, when the entire business section was destroyed by fire. Seattle's population was nearly 40,000. When the fire was finally checked, not a business block remained—not even a dock at which to land a steamer. Next morning a mass-meeting was called in the armory. About six hundred were present. Speakers proclaimed that the fire was a blessing in disguise, and announced that the large property owners would prepare to build bigger and better than before. A civic commission was formed on the spot and

planned numerous public improvements, such as widening the old narrow streets and straightening others. Some one recalled that Seattle had just raised \$3,000 or \$4,000 for sufferers in the Johnstown flood.

"What are we going to do with this money?" was asked in a loud voice. "We need it right here!"

"Send it on!" the audience yelled. "We can take care of ourselves!"

And they did. In the thirty-one years since the fire Seattle has grown to more than ten times its size at that time.

The visitor in Seattle also may hear the story of how Robert Moran in 1901 built the United States battleship Nebraska. Moran came to Seattle in the early days with ten cents in his pocket, and later became the city's chief executive. He was Mayor at the time of the fire. Moran, it seems, was a skilled mechanic. After years of struggle he managed to start a small business of his own, and developed this to a point where his shipyard was equipped to build a first-class battleship. When the time came to bid for the contract on the Nebraska, Moran journeyed to Washington, D. C. On his arrival he found that, owing to the steel freight differential against the Pacific coast, he could not compete with the East within \$100,000. He wired this news to Seattle, and after banking hours on the same day the hat was passed and \$135,000 was raised. The excess \$35,000 had to be refused. Seattle thus obtained its first



SEATTLE WATER-FRONT, 1921

big shipbuilding contract, and Seattle shipyards during the World War built 20.7 per cent of all the ships that formed the bridge to Europe.

Nearly 4,000,000 people attended the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition in Seattle in 1919, but few of them know that the \$1,000,000 Seattle spent to make the fair possible was raised by her citizens in less than twenty-four hours. The Exposition was conceived to exploit the resources of Alaska, although later it was expanded to include the countries bordering on the Pacific Ocean. Congress appropriated \$600,000, provided Seattle would put up \$1,000,000. Seattle not only did so, but the fair gates swung open on the date set. This was the first time an exposition had ever opened on time with all exhibits complete. And this also was the first exposition that ever paid a dividend to subscribers.

Seattle's spirit again came to the front with a rush for the building of the Lake Washington Canal. Seattle had cherished the dream of such a waterway for many years—a canal uniting a great fresh-water lake which forms its eastern boundary with Puget Sound, and thereby acquired a superb fresh-water harbor. There docks could be maintained free from the destructive teredo of salt water, vessels could be loaded without adjustment to the tides, and they could be cleaned without the expense of dry-docking.

In the fight for the canal the city repeatedly failed to get the ear of the Federal Government, and, as in the



"An outstanding figure in the fight for this line was Judge Thomas Burke, one of Seattle's best-known citizens, who is still active in National, State, and community work"

case of Seattle's first railways, the people became tired of waiting and dug their own canal. This was a waterway large enough for small boats and logs. But they never gave up the effort for a real ship canal. At various times Government engineers and commissions examined the project and indorsed it, but Seattle could not muster sufficient political influence to put it through. Later

it became a burning political issue in the State. In 1892, at the State Republican Convention, Seattle presented a plank demanding the construction of the canal by the Federal Government. This led to a fight in the Convention. The Seattle delegation, without previous consideration, placed in nomination former Sheriff McGraw, one of the best-loved men in the State, on the issue, "Build the canal." He was elected. Seattle grew too powerful to be ignored. The Government agreed to construct the locks if Seattle would build the canal, and the work was completed in 1915, giving the city one of the finest salt and fresh water harbors in the world. The locks are second only to those at the Panama Canal.

During the dark days of '93 banks were crashing throughout the Nation—everywhere except in Seattle. There the strong banks combined and protected the weaker ones so that Seattle's name should suffer no injury.

These achievements explain at least in part why the blood of Seattle people boils when they think of the black eye the city received through false reports of labor troubles. It has had to fight for everything it possesses under circumstances that would have crushed a city with less spirit. It glories in its history and wants the world to know that no American city has a finer record for law and order and all that makes a community a clean and decent and wholesome place in which to live and do business.

AN INDIAN WINTER'S TALE

WHY THE WOODCHUCK COMES OUT IN FEBRUARY

BY MABEL POWERS

ON the second day of the midwinter moon the woodchuck comes out of his lodge. The white man says that he comes out to see the weather—that he is looking for his shadow, and if he sees it he knows that Old Man Winter is still chief of the world and that he had better go back and stay in his warm lodge until the winter chief has departed on the great North Trail.

But the Indians know that it is not his shadow only that the woodchuck is looking for. He has another purpose in coming out of his lodge; neither does he return to his lodge, as the white man says, when once he has come out.

The Indians are very wise in the ways of the wood people. They know their little brothers of the wood better than the white man, and they say this is why the woodchuck leaves his lodge.

IT was a long time ago that a mother fox and her children were living in a hollow log. A very nice home they had had in this log as long as the little fox children could remember.

One day as the fox children were playing near the lodge a woodchuck happened by. He saw the fox children at play, and watched them until they ran home to their mother in her lodge.

"That must be a fine wigwam to live in," thought the woodchuck. "I will ask to come in and stay with them a while."

Soon the woodchuck stood at the door of the fox lodge. "May I come in?" he

asked. The mother fox was kind. She looked at the woodchuck with her keen bright eyes and then said, "Come in!"

The woodchuck thanked the fox, and, finding a warm, soft place in the lodge, he went to sleep. When he waked, the foxes had left the lodge and were not to be found.

It was some time before the woodchuck saw the foxes again, but one day he came upon the children at play. The foxes were now no longer small, but nearly as large as their mother. Again the woodchuck watched and discovered where they were stopping. Again he

asked that he might be allowed to enter their lodge.

The mother fox told him that he was not only welcome to share their lodge, but that he might have it. "The lodge is yours," she said, "if you wish it. My children are growing fast, and need a larger home. They are strong and swift of foot. They can run far. It is time for my family to move on. Foxes do not live long in one lodge. Like the Indian, they like to travel and make camp often."

The sun was already on the Southland Trail, the birds were also calling together their tribes, the leaves were be-

ginning to fall, and the nights were growing cold. The woodchuck remembered this, and thanked the fox kindly. He said he would be glad to take her house for the winter.

Soon it grew so cold that the woodchuck found he must make the lodge warmer if he were to occupy it all winter, so he went out and sharpened his teeth and nails on the hardest tree that he could find. He must have sharp tools with which to work.

Then the woodchuck began to build a lodge that Old Man Winter could not enter. The doors were so long and narrow and dark that he knew the winter chief would never be able to find his way through them. From sunrise till sunset he dug and dug with his hand tools and sawed and sawed with his teeth until he had a fine warm winter lodge; then he sat down to enjoy it.

But soon he began to be hungry. He looked about, but he saw nothing to eat. He had forgotten to bring any food with him. "Well," thought he, "it is too cold to go out to eat and I am too comfortable in my warm wigwag; I will make believe that I have something to eat," and the woodchuck sat and licked and licked and licked his fat hands and smacked his lips until he believed he had had a good meal. This he did every time he was hungry, and he found his hunger was satisfied. Then, after he had finished his make-believe meal, he would count off slowly on his fingers the moons that must pass before he would be able to leave his lodge.

One moon, two moons, three moons, four moons, five moons must come and go before Old Man Winter would depart and he could go again on the trail and sit in the sun at his lodge door. It was a long time.



Photo by Ralph F. Perry. Courtesy of "All Outdoors"

"THE INDIANS KNOW THAT IT IS NOT HIS SHADOW ONLY THAT THE WOODCHUCK IS LOOKING FOR"

"The fox is always on the trail; she is not afraid of Old Man Winter, her blanket must be warm," thought the woodchuck as he sat there counting the moons that must pass before it would be well for him to venture forth in his blanket. "I wish I could find a blanket like hers," and the woodchuck again fell to counting and naming the moons.

The "leaf-falling moon" had passed, and the "moon of first cold" was almost gone. Then would come the "moon of great cold," the "moon of long nights." "One, two, three," counted the woodchuck. After the "moon of long nights" had gone, the "moon of lengthening days" would come. "One, two, three, four," and then—the woodchuck pressed hard on his fifth finger—and then it would be time to leave the lodge, for

the "new year moon" would wake all creatures and plants from their sleep and he would go out and look for that wise old mother fox. There was something he would ask her, she could tell him.

"One, two, three, four, five." Again and again and again the woodchuck counted off those moons after finishing his make-believe meal. His hands were not as fat now as when he entered the lodge—he had licked them so much; and his fingers were spread far apart—he had counted the moons on them so often. This is why the woodchuck makes such a broad track to-day, the Indians say.

At last the five moons pass. It is time to leave the lodge. The "new year moon" calls him forth. He will go out and search for that old mother fox until he finds her. He does not wish to stay in another winter and eat make-believe meals. He will get a blanket like those the foxes wear. Then he can stay out all winter, get his own game and have a good time. That old mother fox is very wise. She knows many things. He must find her. So in and out one lodge after another the woodchuck runs, looking for her.

He never goes back into his own lodge, for he knows she is not there; but into one hole after another the woodchuck runs, searching every earth tree lodge. He must find that old mother fox. He must learn from her how to make a blanket so warm that Old Man Winter cannot blow his breath through it.

This is why, the Indian says, the woodchuck comes out in midwinter. He is not looking for his shadow, or to see what kind of weather it is. He is looking for that wise old mother fox, and he cannot find her.

THE NATION'S MEAT BILL MORE TRUTH ABOUT THE PACKERS

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

IF the Chicago packers would disgorge their profits and sell meat at a reasonable figure, the high cost of living would soon cease to worry the average American family."

The amazing accusation interested me. It was an excerpt from a speech delivered by a United States Senator.

I had ascertained from the little investigation I had already conducted that half of the meat business of the country was carried on by independent packers, and I wondered how the above statement could be correct. I looked up the various attacks made on the packers by their most bitter enemies. I found that W. Jett Lauck, the packers' most prominent newspaper critic of the past year, contends that the average family pays \$400 apiece to the packers.

His figures sound sensational, but

what do they mean? The volume of sales to a family by any company under highly competitive conditions can hardly be assailed as opposed to the public good. Criticism can only reasonably concern itself with whether or not excessive profits were exacted from the consumer. This critic charges that the "Big Five" of the Chicago packers earned extreme profits in the period of 1912 to 1918 of \$320,000,000, or \$53,000,000 a year. The population of the United States is over 100,000,000. Taking the economist's own figures, which I will assume to be correct, this makes 53 cents for each individual of the country, or an average of \$2.65 for each family. This means that each family in the United States pays about 5 cents to the Chicago packers as profit, or less than 1 cent a day. And as this article goes to

press Louis F. Swift, President of Swift & Co., has just made public a statement to the effect that the profits of his company during the last year have been less than one-half cent per dollar of sales or about $\frac{1}{8}$ of a cent per pound. It would appear that a contribution of less than 1 cent a day per individual has mighty little to do with the high cost of living.

I am not attempting to defend the packers; they don't need it. Neither do I think for one moment that any of the individual members of the "Big Five" organizations are angels. The packers do not transact business for their health. They sell their goods at the best prices obtainable, or, in other words, at the highest prevailing market price.

That the packers have earned so much condemnation is just as much



"THERE IS PROBABLY NO FOOD PRODUCT FOR WHICH THE AMERICAN FAMILY PAYS A SMALLER PROPORTION OF PROFIT FOR PRODUCTION THAN MEATS"

their fault as that of their enemies. During the past twenty-five years they have kept the public in the dark regarding their business, which is obviously a semi-public institution. One is entitled to an intimate knowledge of the packing industry because it directly affects every individual.

I have run down many sensational charges against the packers, and have found most of these wild stories without foundation. Summed up, the profits of the leading packers per dollar of sales are much less than the profits of many other large manufacturing organizations that are held up as philanthropic institutions. The sales end of the meat-packing industry is entirely controlled by the law of supply and demand, and, under the existing system, I do not believe that the price could be arbitrarily fixed with several hundred independent packing concerns vigorously bidding for all meat business.

The sales of Swift & Co. in 1919 amounted to \$1,200,000,000. Their profit before paying dividends to their stock and bond holders amounted to \$14,000,000. On the face of it, \$14,000,000 appeals to the imagination as a colossal combination of figures, yet this profit on the total business transacted amounted to less than 1½ cents per dollar on the turnover. The interest made on the actual investment of Swift & Co. was 6.9 per cent. The other packing concerns in Chicago made about the same profit as Swift & Co.

The remarkable feature of the so-called "Big Five" meat sales is the narrow margin of profit per pound; a margin so narrow that, had Swift & Co. sold their products on the average of one cent a pound higher than they did that year, they would have earned \$59,000,000 instead of \$14,000,000. Or, if they had sold their products for one cent less, they would have sustained a loss of \$31,000,000 for the fiscal year.

Swift & Co. alone slaughtered 16,000,000 animals in 1919, with a profit of \$14,000,000, which left the company a profit of less than \$1 per head. The profit of Armour & Co. amounted to a little more than \$1 per head. Swift & Co. produced 3,000,000,000 pounds of

meat during the year, Armour & Co. running a close second.

There is probably no food product for which the American family pays a smaller proportion of profit for production and distribution than meats.

SURROUNDED BY RISKS

There is not, at the present time, a business conducted on such an extensive scale that has anywhere near the risk that the packing industries always run. Forty per cent of the money invested in the packing industry is invested in accounts and inventories, subject to daily changes of the market, which may result in either heavy losses or gains. With prices steadily climbing, the industries receive a larger margin of profit than the ledger showed when the goods were manufactured. But a steadily decreasing market piles up losses that make the packers as long-faced as any other business man under similar conditions.

The most remarkable feature of the packing business is the fact that eighty-five per cent of the total received for meats and by-products by the packers goes directly to the stock-raisers, with the exception of a slight commission charged by the commission men. The other fifteen per cent pays the entire expenses of labor, freight, interest on the investment, shrinkage, advertising, distribution, and all expenses incurred on the animal from the time it leaves the Union Stockyards to its arrival at the retailer's counter. Out of this fifteen per cent the packers get their profit. Is there any other business in the United States which can show as great a disbursement to the actual producer?

We have heard a great deal about packing companies controlling their refrigerator-car service. We have been led to believe that this control was a great menace to the country. I used to think so. However, during the summer of 1920, I changed my mind. To illustrate: Due to lack of cars, coal shot up in price from \$4 a ton to as high as \$11 at the mine pit. About 100,000,000 tons were purchased by the public at these figures. The public paid at least half a billion dollars

simply because coal operators did not have control over their own car service. I was in the coal fields myself. I saw thousands of miners idle at a time when coal was around \$9 at the mine pit because there were no cars; but at no time did I see any packing employees laid off for lack of car service, nor did the packers have any trouble in instantly supplying meats in all parts of the country—this for the simple reason that the packers, years ago, decided that if they were to have adequate car service they must own and control their own cars because of the perishable nature of their products and the necessity for efficient car service. This foresight saved the public millions of dollars last year alone.

VAST REFRIGERATING SYSTEM

Swift & Co. have seven thousand refrigerator cars. Armour & Co. and the remaining members of the "Big Five" have a correspondingly large number. A close account is kept of each car every day; they are not allowed to remain on side tracks or to be lost for indefinite periods. During the past few years the rentals have not met the expenses of keeping the cars in repair and other upkeep expenses. The packers' ability at all times to fill their orders is a notable example of modern distribution efficiency. The fact that the packers have maintained their rental schedules at a loss proves that in recent years, at least, they have not abused the power they hold by owning and controlling their own traveling refrigerators.

Another general impression is that the packers "camouflage" their profits through subsidiary holdings; but in computing the net profits of the total business of Swift & Co., Armour & Co., Morris & Co., Wilson & Co., and Cudahy & Co. it will be found that the narrow margin of profit earned on the turnover and the actual profit earned on the investment is derived from the entire business transacted by them, including all of their subsidiary holdings in the United States. It is true that at times, due to local conditions, a heavier margin of profit will be made than



"EIGHTY-FIVE PER CENT OF THE TOTAL RECEIVED FOR MEATS AND BY-PRODUCTS BY THE PACKERS GOES DIRECTLY TO THE STOCK RAISERS, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF A SLIGHT COMMISSION CHARGED BY THE COMMISSION MEN"

at other times. It is also true that in many instances every month they will sell large consignments at a great loss. Various products manufactured by packers yield a much greater margin of profit than that obtained from the sale of meat foods. If it were not for the fact that a greater profit had been made on some of the by-products manufactured in 1919, several of the leading packers would have closed their year's business on the red-ink side of the ledger. The books of Swift & Co. and Armour & Co. show an actual loss on meat foods of from forty cents to seventy cents for each beef animal killed during the year. The declining market that caused this loss began in the spring of 1919. Cattle and hogs are selling from thirty-five per cent to fifty per cent less now than at that time, and the packers have had to sell millions of pounds of meat at prices away below the prices paid for this meat in the form of live animals.

NO CONTROL OF RETAILERS

I have heard it charged that the "Big Five" controlled the retail butcher; that is, that the retail butcher was compelled to sell meats at a certain price and compelled to buy goods from the "Big Five." A year ago I was positive that this was true; I had heard it

charged so many times. I took up an independent investigation leading to many parts of the United States, and I couldn't find a shred of evidence to support any such belief. Most of the meat markets reported that they had just as much independent packing companies' meat products on hand as those of the "Big Five" combined. I found that Milwaukee and Brooklyn sausage concerns were making heavy inroads into the "Big Five" business, in a great many sections almost totally eliminating Chicago trade. I found that there were several hundred independent packing concerns doing a full capacity business during 1920. I talked to several managers of these firms. They laughed when I asked them if they were intimidated by a meat trust.

In the meat salesrooms in Chicago there is always the liveliest competition between the members of the so-called "Big Five." I spent a great deal of time in the salesrooms, and found that the local Chicago buyers split their purchases and bought their meats from the firm that gave them the best figure.

From a standpoint of profit, I do not think the public is justified in the bitter attacks that have been made on the Chicago institutions. From a stand-

point of control of other lines of business that the packers have entered into, I feel certain that the policy adopted by the United States Government was not only justifiable but absolutely sound. I personally believe that the packing companies tried to engage in too wide a range of industrial activities. With the efficient organizations that the packers had set up, especially during the war, they were inclined to engage in extending their activities far beyond meat products; and, although they vehemently declare that they never desired control or that they had no intention of eliminating competition in any other line of industry by gaining control of it, I am convinced that, in the long run, it is best for the people that the packers be limited more closely to meat and by-products.

The packers hold the view that they are capable of handling a much greater volume of business on an economic scale that will be of great advantage to the American public. They defended their branching out in the buying and distribution of diversified lines of commodities by pointing out that during the war they built up such a great distributing organization that the signing of the armistice left them with a great organization only partly employed. They held that it was only proper to include other foods in order to keep their distributive machinery utilized to capacity. They admitted that, opposed by this highly developed distributive system, with branch houses in every town and city of size, with car routes reaching into villages and to crossroads, competitors were presently bound to lose some of their trade. But the packers pointed out to me that the total amount of business in diversified lines conducted by them was less than five per cent of the total transacted by their competitors.

The packers have the opportunity to gain the complete confidence of the American public. They vigorously claim that they want the public to become acquainted with their business. Time will tell if they really mean it. I personally believe that they do.



THE MARKET UNDER MANHATTAN BRIDGE, NEW YORK CITY

Underwood

HOMES AND NATIVES OF INDIA

PICTURES FROM AN OUTLOOK READER



"These Indian huts," our informant says, "are grouped about a tank, seventeen miles below Calcutta. A tank less than fifty yards across is used for community bathing, drinking, and washing clothes. A cholera-infected tank will bring down a whole village, owing to the lack of sanitary instincts of the population. Precautions are taken only under compulsion, and are generally considered as oppression of the worst sort. High rents and housing problems have no place here. One of these houses mud, with rice-straw thatch—makes a home for from six to twenty persons. They are often occupied by more than one family"

"Here are a snake charmer and his assistants in our compound in Calcutta," writes the contributor of these pictures. "The snake is a cobra, presumably with his poison sacs extracted. The squatting figure at the right holds a mongoose in a sack. Although we were promised a cobra-mongoose fight, it did not materialize, for neither the cobra nor the mongoose would fight. However, it was not for want of enthusiasm on the part of the owner, who exhorted them in French, German, Italian, English, and Hindustani"



From John L. Alden, Sycamore, Ill.

THE BOOK TABLE

WHAT IS THE USE OF CHURCHES AND MINISTERS?

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

WILLIAM JAMES declares that all the world religions agree in two affirmations: first, that conditions in the world are wrong; second, that the remedy consists in making connections with the Higher Powers. If this be true, then the function of the Church and the ministry is to help men to make connection with the Higher Powers. And this in our age is a difficult task. For the skepticism of this age is not merely doubt of creeds, rituals, and ecclesiastical observances; it is doubt whether there are any Higher Powers with whom we can make any connection.

This is sometimes a scornful doubt, like that of Nietzsche—if we cannot make our own gods, we had better stop talking about them; sometimes purely intellectual, like that of Herbert Spencer—we are ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, but it is unknown and unknowable; sometimes pathetic, like that of Professor Clifford—the image of God has disappeared and the image of our father Man has taken its place.

Unless the Church can inspire the age with faith in Higher Powers with whom we can make connection it may still serve a useful purpose by maintaining schools or charities or even healthful amusements, but it is not a religious institution.

Dr. Swain's book "What and Where is God?"¹ meets this fundamental skepticism fairly and frankly. His book has grown out of a series of lectures delivered to college students, and college students want religious truth as exactly defined as mathematical truth. Dr. Swain, therefore, is definite, sometimes too definite. But he answers fairly and frankly the questions which they are asking of themselves, and he is never evasive and never timid or hesitating.

What and where is God? To this question Dr. Swain replies substantially as follows:

What? God is a spirit and the Father of our spirits. Where? Nowhere. We are not to look for him in space; for spirit, like time, has no space relations. You want half an hour. Where can you find it? Stored in the attic? Boxed up in the cellar? For sale at the watch-maker's? As little can you find a human spirit in any place. We speak of the spirit as tenanting the body. But this is a metaphor. It is not in the body. You are in New York and speak through the telephone to a friend in Chicago. Where is your thought? In New York, where it is uttered, or in Chicago, where it is heard? We say

that the telephonic wire conveyed the message. The message, yes; but not the thought. The thought is still in your mind in New York and simultaneously in the mind of your friend in Chicago. Written language, electric wires, electricity without a wire, are teaching us the scientific meaning of Tennyson's phrase:

Spirit with spirit can meet.

What do we mean by a personal God? We mean that the invisible spirit in the universe can communicate with our spirits, that his thought, his feeling, his will, can communicate with our thought, our feeling, our will. When an unphilosophical philosopher says that he does not believe in a personal God because personality limits God, he probably means that he does not believe in an embodied God or else he does not know what he means. Dr. Swain puts this with admirable clearness:

A progressive Jewish rabbi expressed the wish that we could get rid of the word God altogether and substitute some such word as "Cosmos." When asked if the "Cosmos" knew that it was a "cosmos" or that we were talking about it, he replied that he did not think so. "Then I would rather worship you," I said, "than your 'Cosmos,' for you would at least know that I revered you."

Personality he rightly defines as "a type of experience, not a substance." It is absolutely free from all limitations, whether of space or time. I have lately been reading the "Adams Letters," and they make it evident that the personality of Abraham Lincoln, variously interpreted through his acts, his public utterances, and the spirit of his Minister, Charles Francis Adams, exercised during our Civil War a most powerful influence in counteracting the combined counsels of Confederate agents and British aristocrats. His personality crossed the sea, though he never did. And personality is equally independent of the limitations of time. Jesus said, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." That is not literally true. He taught in Aramaic; the Aramaic was translated into Greek and the Greek into English; and his personality has survived the double translation and, despite the lapse of centuries, was never so great a power in the world as it is to-day.

Spirit with spirit can meet.

We men and women are invisible spirits using visible symbols in our communications with each other. The value is not in the symbols we use, but

in the life which they express. I once spoke in a public meeting in which Helen Keller was one of the audience. She could neither hear me nor see me; but Mrs. Sullivan played upon the palm of her hand as one might play on a piano, and no auditor gave me more inspiring attention than this auditor who could neither hear nor see. I am writing these lines the day before Christmas. A Christmas card is brought to me; it is an attractive card, printed in colors and in good taste. It means little or nothing to me until I open it and find the name of a friend whom I have not seen for years. Instantly the card becomes sacred. The name brings the personality of my friend to me and the old sacred friendship is renewed. Symbols are sacred only as they are expressions of life—only, that is, as they awaken life in the invisible spirit to whom the symbol speaks. The sacredness is not in the water, but in the spirit of consecration which baptism symbolizes; not in the bread and wine on the altar, but in the spirit of communion with one another and with the Friend at whose request we, his followers, have met; not in the cross worn on the robe of the priest, but in the spirit of self-sacrifice of which it so eloquently speaks; not in the Bible, but in the experiences of spiritual life in those who, being dead, are yet speaking. When we say of the Bible that it is inspired, we speak in metaphor; not the Bible is inspired, but the men who uttered the experiences there narrated; and we call them inspired because there is power in their experiences to awaken similar experiences in us.

Where, then, shall we find God? Not in the cross, nor on the altar, nor in the baptismal water, nor in the pulpit, nor in the creed, nor in the Book, but in human spirits. We are to find him where Elijah found him—neither in the tempest nor in the earthquake nor in the volcanic fire, but in the still, small voice in his own soul. We are to find him where the "Te Deum" finds him—in the glorious company of the Apostles, in the goodly fellowship of the Prophets, in the noble army of Martyrs. Where Dr. Swain finds him:

"Do you know where I first met God—not an emanation from Him, but God; the Will that formed the worlds—all the God there is?" "No," was his reply. "Fortunately," I answered, "I do. It was in my mother. When I was a little boy the great God at times enfolded me in human arms and looked into my face through benignant human eyes and spoke tender words with a sweet accent. My silent and invisible mother was often so closely identified with God that they would be thinking and feeling the same thing concern-

¹What and Where is God? By Richard La Rue Swain, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York.

ing me. At such times the human form expressed their common thought and love; my heavenly Father, no less than my invisible mother, enfolded me with his arms. If in these supreme moments God was not in my mother, then it is useless to look for Him anywhere in the universe."

Spirit with spirit can meet; and it is only in that meeting we can ever find God. He is not, and cannot be, in any place or any symbol, for spirit has no relation to space. He can be found only as he is interpreted in and through human spirits and pre-eminently in the supreme man of history, Jesus of Nazareth. The place of Jesus in Dr. Swain's philosophy he defines in two sentences: "If the composite life of Jesus were named after its major elements, then Jesus should be called God. However, as that would be both confusing and false, we state the truth as it is and say that Jesus was both God and man—that is, a God-filled man, or a God-man." This is saying in another phraseology what Henry van Dyke has so well said, that he was "the human life of God."

And the conclusions from this fact of history Dr. Swain affirms with courage and without qualification:

If God ever united his personality with that of even one man, then there is a way of doing it. And if there is a way, what finer goal is possible than that such a union between God and every man be consummated? Really, that is what the Christian religion is about.

Dr. Swain's book lays a spiritual foundation for Dr. Cadman's book "Ambassadors of God."² This volume has grown out of lectures on preaching to theological students. It assumes the personality of God and man's duty of love and loyalty to him, and makes it the especial function of the minister so to act as an ambassador of God as to inspire in man the spirit of love and loyalty and interpret to men what that spirit requires. Addressed to ministers, it is neither professional nor ecclesiastical. The bibliography incorporated in the volume indicates the theological breadth of Dr. Cadman's reading; his treatment of the various theological theories and schools of thought indicates the breadth of his spirit. In its fundamental philosophy the book is catholic; in its applications, modern. Dr. Cadman is a mediator, not by compromises between conflicting systems, but by recognition of the danger of error in partial teaching and of the certainty that in all systems which have appealed successfully and permanently to the human reason and the human conscience there is some truth. He seeks unity not as a carpenter who fits together pieces of dead wood, but as a landscape gardener who makes a harmonious effect out of living trees and flowers. He is an impressionistic preacher, and his volume is impressionistic. The reader will find few, if any, attempts at exact definition; but the

preacher will find counsel all the wiser because the author follows his own advice and seeks the foundation of ethical and religious belief "in the facts of human experience as registered and attested by consciousness." The volume should have an important influence wherever it goes in deepening spiritual convictions, broadening spiritual vision, and promoting Christian citizenship. And the two books, originally addressed to characteristically different audiences and written quite independently, lead to the same conclusion. If we go to church to make connection with the Higher Powers and find only symbols but no life, baptism but no spirit of service, an altar but no spirit of self-sacrifice, an ancient creed but no present faith, a Bible but no living experience, and a preacher who is not an ambassador of God but only a lecturer on ethics, we either stop going or continue only from the momentum of a past habit. But if we find there a leader who has found in his own experience that spirit with spirit can meet, and who has imbued his Church with that religion which is the life of God in the spirit of man, we shall find in him an "ambassador of God," all his political, sociological, and ethical teaching will be imbued with the spirit of the prophets of the Old Testament and the Apostles of the New Testament, and it will possess, whether he knows it or not, the peculiar power which has characterized all true preaching from the days of Peter and John to the days of Billy Sunday and Phillips Brooks.

BOOKS RECEIVED

POETRY

COLLECTED POEMS. By Alfred Noyes. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH (THE). By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Introduction by Ernest W. Longfellow. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

ELFIN ARTIST (THE), AND OTHER POEMS. By Alfred Noyes. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

JUNK-MAN (THE), AND OTHER POEMS. By Richard Le Gallienne. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City.

MAGDALENE (THE), AND OTHER VERSES. By Dolf Wylarde. The John Lane Company, New York.

NEIGHBOURS. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. The Macmillan Company, New York.

POEMS OF ROBERT BURNS (THE). Edited by James L. Hughes. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

POETS IN THE NURSERY (THE). By Charles Powell. Introduction by John Drinkwater. The John Lane Company, New York.

SONGS OF DOGS. An Anthology Selected and Arranged by Robert Frothingham. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Solomon Eagle. (Second Series.) Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

BOY HEROES IN FICTION. By Inez N. McFee. Illustrated. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.

COLLEGE AND NEW AMERICA (THE). By Jay William Hudson, Ph.D. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

²Ambassadors of God. By S. Parkes Cadman. The Macmillan Company, New York.

ENGLISH POETRY: ITS PRINCIPLES AND PROGRESS. By Charles Mills Gayley, Litt.D., LL.D., C. C. Young, B.L., and Benjamin Putnam Kurtz, Ph.D. New Edition. The Macmillan Company, New York.

EVERYDAY AMERICANS. By Henry Seidel Canby. The Century Company, New York.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY AMERICA VIA THE NEIGHBORHOOD. By John Daniels. (Americanization Studies.) Harper & Brothers, New York.

DRAKE, NELSON, AND NAPOLEON. By Sir Walter Runciman. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

HISTORY AND PROBLEMS OF ORGANIZED LABOR (THE). By Frank Tracy Carlton, Ph.D. Revised. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

SEA POWER IN AMERICAN HISTORY. The Influence of the Navy and the Merchant Marine upon American Development. By Herman F. Kraftt and Walter B. Norris. Introduction by Rear-Admiral William S. Benson, U.S.N. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York.

SHORTER HISTORY OF ENGLAND AND GREATER BRITAIN (A). By Arthur Lyon Cross, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

CHANCE AND CHANGE IN CHINA. By A. S. Roe. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

DIARY OF A SPORTSMAN-NATURALIST IN INDIA (A). By E. P. Stebbing. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York.

LAND OF THE GREAT OUT-OF-DOORS (THE). By Robert Livingston. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

PLYMOUTH AND THE PILGRIMS. By Arthur Lord. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

SPELL OF BRITTANY (THE). By Ange M. Mosher. Introduction by Anatole le Braz. Illustrated. Duffield & Co., New York.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

CAN THE DEAD COMMUNICATE WITH THE LIVING? By I. M. Haldeman, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

HIGHER PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT (YOGA PHILOSOPHY). An Outline of the Secret Hindu Teachings. By Hereward Carrington, Ph.D. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

MORALE: THE SUPREME STANDARD OF LIFE AND CONDUCT. By G. Stanley Hall, Ph.D., LL.D. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

MOSLEM SEEKER AFTER GOD (A). By Samuel M. Zwemer. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

PEOPLE'S LIFE OF CHRIST (A). By J. Paterson-Smyth, B.D., LL.D., Litt.D., D.C.L. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

PHENOMENA OF MATERIALIZATION. A Contribution to the Investigation of Mediumistic Teleplasties. By Baron von Schrenck Notzing. Translated by E. E. Fournier d'Albe, D.Sc. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

QUIET TALKS ABOUT LIFE AFTER DEATH. By S. D. Gordon. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

RELIGION OF THE SPIRIT WORLD (THE). By the Rev. Prof. G. Henslow, M.A. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

RIGHTEOUSNESS VERSUS RELIGION. By C. E. W. Dodwell. The Stratford Company, Boston.

WAR BOOKS

ARMY OF 1918 (THE). By Colonel Robert R. McCormick. Harcourt, Brace & Howe, New York.

DIPLOMATIC REMINISCENCES. Before and During the World War, 1911-1917. By A. Nekudoff. Translated from the French by Alexandra Paget. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

WITH THE DOUGHBOYS IN FRANCE. A Few Chapters of an American Effort. By Edward Hungerford. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York.

THE EDITORS' MAIL BAG

THE USE OF A FREE BALLOON

YOUR article on page 47, January 12 edition, title "From Long Island to Hudson Bay," prompts a reply on my part to your inquiry in the last paragraph as to the purpose of a free balloon in relation to military aeronautics.

You must admit that the dirigible and the observation balloons, such as operated on the battle-fronts and in connection with heavy artillery also with the Navy, were invaluable and without which all military operations on a large scale would be impossible or fatal against an opponent thus equipped.

The pilot of a dirigible or observation balloon must have an intimate knowledge of the laws of physics, especially as regards atmospheric pressure and the laws of gases in relation thereto, such as expansion, contraction, temperature with its relative influences, in turn affecting the ascensional or lifting power, either decreasing the same to become inoperative, or increasing the same to a dangerous pressure—bursting point.

The course of free-balloon instruction in the Army and Navy is elementary to the development of a dirigible or observation balloon pilot. The course of training is supplemented by lectures on physics, gases, etc., and the actual experiences in the air. The officers are taught how to safely land a free balloon for the following reasons: A dirigible in the air becomes a free balloon the moment power is shut off, intentionally or otherwise; an observation balloon immediately becomes a free balloon should the cable break.

The first duty of the pilot is to prevent capture by the enemy; the second is his own salvation; and the third is to avoid damage to the balloon and equipment. Only a course of free-balloon instructions will enable the pilot of a dirigible or observation balloon to either prolong the flight to prevent capture or to make an immediate safe landing.

Many people have asked me this question.

A. B. LAMBERT,

Formerly Major Air Service.

St. Louis, Missouri.

THE HAZEL TWIG

I NOTICE in The Outlook for January 12, in the editorial "Witchcraft in 1921," that a fling is taken at the practice of finding water by means of a hazel twig. Now if the editor will come up to Vermont when the snow goes away, and if he is amenable to reason, I think we can prove to him beyond the shadow of a doubt the truth about the use of a hazel twig in locating water. Up here in Vermont we use the divining rod, as it is called, as we use the telephone, the

"I like that every one shall have an opinion of his own," said the elderly individual; "and, what is more, declare it. Nothing displeases me more than to see people assenting to everything that they hear said; I at once come to the conclusion that they are either hypocrites, or there is nothing in them. . . ."

—"Lavengro," Chapter XXIII.

automobile, and the motor truck, because of proved utility.

Twenty-five years ago, when the writer came to Vermont to work on a farm, he was skeptical about the use of the divining rod. After seeing it operated and having to dig some of the wells his skepticism has vanished. I have seen it operated again and again with success.

Some years ago the water supply at the parsonage failed. With the aid of a boy in whose hands the twig would work, I discovered a stream in the parsonage lot, and traced it right through the cellar. There I dug a well, found the water, and it supplies the parsonage to this day. As a matter of fact, a congress of scientists met in Germany in the fall of 1913 to discuss this theory. They admitted the facts of the divining rod, but could not explain the why.

The hazel twig used to find water is no more related to witchcraft than is wireless telegraphy or Einstein's theory of relativity.

(REV.) ROBERT CLARK.

Lyndon, Vermont.

ARIDITY AND HUMOR

MR. E. V. LUCAS's surprising idea of the American attitude toward prohibition was ably commented on in a subsequent issue of The Outlook. Hoping to throw additional light on the subject, I suggest this: Mr. Lucas is English, and may have been deceived by American humor as expressed both in the press and in society. The facility with which we joke about our aridity is a good indication that the condition is pleasing to us.

ROSITA LOPEZ BLANCO.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT has lived over the same years that I have lived. His memories of prominent people are identical with mine, and so his reminiscence of P. T. Barnum was intensely interesting to me.

I was born in 1833. When, in 1853, the Doctor was emerging from the University, I left a three years' course at Bolmar's School, West Chester, Pennsylvania, and took up conveyancing and

real estate law with my guardian, Thomas Williamson, at Seventh and Arch Streets, Philadelphia. In the old word, I learned to be a "scrivener." If I *did* learn so to be.

Two squares south stood then Barnum's Museum, with a flag at each of its many windows, brilliantly lighted at night, with a flashlight blazing up and down Chestnut Street. Not many nights passed before I saw my first theatrical show in the "Lecture Room," paying my twenty-five cents, seeing Tom Thumb in the Museum, and hearing him sing:

I would like to marry
If I could only find
A handsome little lady
Just suited to my mind.

The Philadelphia contingent of actors included Mr. and Mrs. Thayer, in old parts; Alexina Fisher, their reputed daughter, bright and fascinating, in light comedy; Mrs. D. P. Bowers, of tragic art, with her husband; Mrs. Mueller, wife of Dr. Mueller, bass violinist; and, I think, Sam Hemphill, comedian.

The Museum Lecture Room was not large enough for the Jenny Lind crowds. She sang in the "Chinese Museum," on Ninth Street, a large tall building for the times, and which I never knew as a museum. I heard Jenny sing as I stood among the crowd on the pavement below, saving my five dollars.

At the corner of Ninth and Chestnut Street, adjoining the Chinese Museum, there was a temporary board pavilion—Welch's Circus. Here I enjoyed the wit, clean in contrast with that of many that followed elsewhere, of John May, clown, and William F. Wallett's "English Jester."

South, at the old Walnut Street Theater, I saw the elder Booth in "Richard III" and Edwin in "Hamlet."

And so "there's a reason" why I enjoyed the P. T. Barnum reminiscence and am keenly anticipating those that are to follow.

Allow me to subscribe myself a many years' reader of The Outlook.

S. R. DOWNING.

West Chester, Pennsylvania.

AX, MAUL, AND WEDGES NO TERROR TO SEVENTY-ONE YEARS

I WOULD like to confirm what Dr. Ward Crampton said in The Outlook of December 29 about the benefit of a few minutes' exercise on rising.

From three to five minutes' exercise each morning for many years enabled a business man seventy-one years old to take an ax, a nineteen-pound maul, and wedges, and split a two-foot length of an oak tree measuring three and one-half feet in diameter.

Although this was hard and unaccustomed work no lameness resulted.

* * * *

THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY¹

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

International Public Opinion

SHOULD any distinction be made between an international spirit and international public opinion?

Is there such a thing as international public opinion? If you believe there is, how would you prove it to one who denies the existence of it?

Do you know of nations whose ideals of national duty are in agreement? Do you think the ideals of national duty of the five Great Powers which created the League of Nations are in substantial accord? If they are not, is there any hope of the League becoming an effective force in the settlement of international affairs?

Do, or do you not, agree with The Outlook's statement concerning the function of statesmen and political leaders? Can you give three or four reasons for your answer?

How important do you consider the distinction between a court of jurists and a council of diplomats for the discussion of international questions? Which type does the League of Nations represent? Or does it represent both?

What are you willing that the incoming Administration should do in reference to an international organization?

Should we remain definitely outside the League of Nations as it is now organized? What is your argument?

The following books furnish good material for thought on the question of international relations: "Recent Developments in European Thought," by F. S. Marden (Oxford University Press, New York); "International Co-operation," by F. C. Hicks (Doubleday, Page); "France and Ourselves," by H. A. Gibbons (Century); "The Society of Free States," by D. W. Morrow (Harpers).

The Lincoln They Saw

In one of the best biographies ever written, Lord Charnwood's "Abraham Lincoln" (Henry Holt), the author says that "the contest between Lincoln and Douglas was one of the decisive events in American history." Is this attaching too much importance to the Lincoln-Douglas debates? If you think Lord Charnwood correct, can you give three reasons why this contest was a decisive event?

What five men of Lincoln's time would you name as great men in American history? What reasons have you for considering the men you select as important?

Can you explain the theory of popular sovereignty as advocated by Stephen A. Douglas? Did Lincoln believe in it?

What essential differences were there

in the political beliefs of Lincoln and Douglas?

It is said that Lincoln never spent a day in public school or in college. How, then, did he become a leading lawyer, a powerful thinker, a noted orator, a great statesman, and a master of men?

There are those who believe that history is only the sum of great biographies. Do you consider this a fair interpretation of what history really is?

Henry Ford has been reported as saying that "history is bunk." Do the comments on Lincoln found in this issue of The Outlook tend to prove that Mr. Ford is wrong in his opinion?

Most of the questions in this study are answered in the following books, books worthy of place in your library: "Abraham Lincoln," by G. H. Putnam (Putnams); "Stephen A. Douglas," by Lewis Howland (Scribners); "The Voice of Lincoln," by R. M. Wanamaker; "The Book of Lincoln," by Mary Wright-Davis (Doran).

The Nation's Meat Bill

Elsewhere in this issue both The Outlook and Mr. Sherman Rogers write concerning the price of meat and the packing industry.

Do you think the price of meat would be cheaper if these concerns were abolished?

What constitutes a reasonable profit? Are the packers making an unreasonable profit? Would you be willing to handle meat for less than they do?

Is there anything essentially wrong in allowing the packing corporations to enter into any other lines of business than that of handling meat?

Do you believe in Government supervision of the packing industry? Would both producers and consumers of meat be benefited by such supervision? What are your reasons?

If retailers of meat charge more than they should, can you suggest a plan for stopping them from gouging the public?

Is it absurd for the Government to create a commission to control the packers if it does not create a commission to control the retailers of meat?

Define, the following expressions: *Price, excerpt, turnover, by-products, subpoena, contempt of court, a monopoly.*

What Can Germany Pay?

In your opinion, what should be the object in making Germany pay?

Is the twelve and one-half per cent tax on German exports in addition to the direct payments an unreasonable and uneconomic requirement? Can the German exporter shift this export tax to foreign consumers?

Are you willing to buy German-made goods in order to help the Germans pay their war damages? If you are not, should you be?

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY



GARRETT NEWKIRK at the age of nine knew by heart almost all of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and was ready to argue the slavery question with anybody. This was in 1856. His reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln as told in this issue are

therefore the record of a great boyhood event. He studied medicine at Rush Medical College, Chicago; he later became a specialist in dental medicine and surgery. Up to 1900 he practiced his profession in Chicago. He has been president of various Chicago and State dental societies. He is the author of various books on Lincoln—*Lincoln Life Sketches* and *Lincoln Lessons for Today*, with a third volume in preparation. His home is now in Pasadena, California. Dr. Newkirk has written extensively for newspapers and magazines. His *Æsop's Fables Retold* have been widely syndicated in newspapers. He and Mrs. Newkirk hope to celebrate their golden wedding on December 25, 1923.

DR. G. B. WALLIS was a warm personal friend of Abraham Lincoln and General Grant and wrote memoirs of both. As Washington correspondent of the New York "Herald," with which he was connected for more than fifty years, he was personally acquainted with the great men of Washington from the days of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster down through Garfield's Administration. He was present at Lincoln's inauguration as well as Garfield's. He was for several years chief of the editorial staff on the New York "Herald." His home was in Brooklyn.

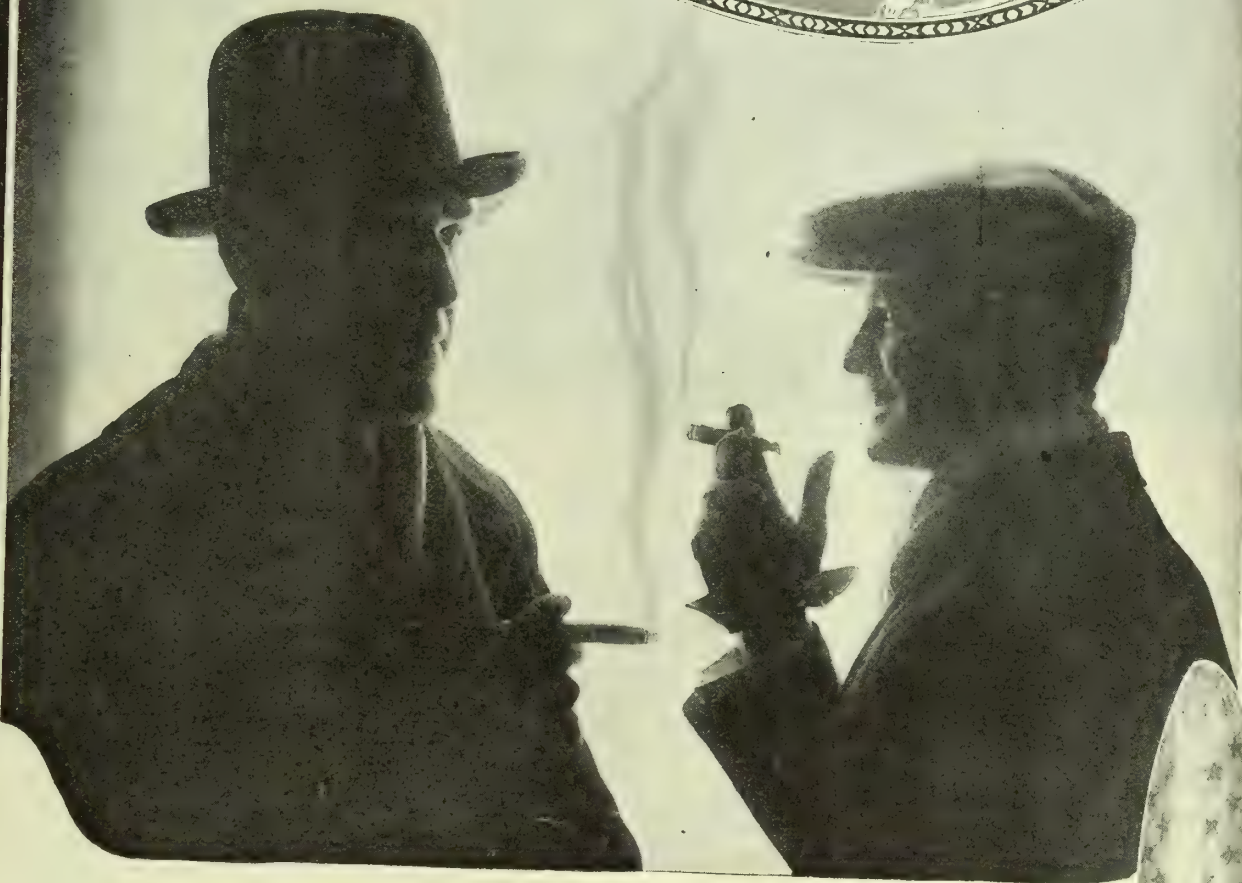
MAEL POWERS writes from Wahmedah Lodge, Chautauqua, New York. She has long been a student of Indian life and Indian legends. She has published a delightful volume of Indian stories which (like the one of similar character which appears in this issue) have that universal appeal of all primitive folk stories—an appeal which finds a response in the heart of children of all ages. The Iroquois have given Miss Powers, as a tribute for the service which she has rendered them, an Indian name. It is Yehsennohwehs. Some of the legends Miss Powers has compiled may be found in a book called "Stories that the Iroquois Tell Their Children." It was published by the American Book Company in 1917.

SHERMAN ROGERS wrote "Clearing the Jungle," published in the October 6, 1920, issue of The Outlook. In the present issue he has something more to say about Packingtown. Mr. Rogers is industrial correspondent of The Outlook, and widely known on the lecture platform as the "lumberjack orator."

E. H. CHRISTY THOMAS writes from Seattle about his city, which, like Rome, is built on seven hills, and, also like Rome, is guided by the spirit of law.

¹ These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—The Editors.

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WAITING FOR THE MOTOR STAGE

"CALIFORNIANS are strong for the motor stage," declared a recent article in a leading motor publication. For, just as subway, elevated, and surface lines have their New York and canals their Panama, so the motor stage has its California. In other words, if motor travel can be said to have a citadel, California is that stronghold.

Union stations, with their endless cross-currents of arriving and departing trains, are as universal as our metropolitan centers, but the union station as a clearing-house for motor-stage lines is still a novelty. Naturally, it can thrive only where motor transportation thrives. Consequently, the fact that Los Angeles has become the home of the first "big time" union station in the motor-stage field points to the popularity of the motor bus as a public carrier on the Pacific coast.

A little over a year ago the new Union Stage Depot, occupying an area of 13,200 square feet, was officially opened to the public. The success of the venture is best indicated in the announcement of improvements and enlargements which will add 4,500 square feet to the area of the station.

Two years ago the average monthly carry of the Motor Transit Company, pioneer in the movement for the Union Stage Depot, was 20,000 passengers. To-day the Motor Transit Company's fleet of 91 buses carries 200,000 passengers every thirty days. More than half the population of Los Angeles—or 312,000 of the 575,480 residents—use the new Union Stage Depot regularly. A total of 250 buses leave the Union Depot daily.

A completely appointed general waiting-room on the mezzanine floor; a ladies' waiting-room, tastefully furnished with writing-desks, comfortable chairs and rockers; a barber shop; a drug store; a cigar, confectionery, and news stand; a check-room, all lend the atmosphere of the metropolitan railway center.

When his "train" arrives, the passenger need only pass through the gate leading to the loading platform, clamber aboard the proper stage, and turn over his luggage, if he has any, to be securely stowed away in another compartment.

The cars, as they arrive, unload at their respective platforms, then proceed to the loading platform, where fourteen stages can be accommodated at one time. Leaving the station, the stages follow routes that radiate like strands in a spider-web.

Schedules are planned, and rigidly adhered to. Every car entering the Union Stage Depot is inspected before it goes out on the road again. If adjustments are found necessary, the car moves into the service station, maintained a few feet from the loading platform, and repairs are made. Should the inspectors "condemn" a car for repairs that will require some time to complete, a "guard" car is ordered to jump into the breach and make the run of the incapacitated car until such time as it is ready to resume its duties. Thus, as time loss is reduced, service is increased and the public is the gainer.

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

YIELDS, PAST AND PRESENT

A PERSON who predicts what the market prices of securities will be at any future date is attempting a difficult, if not an impossible, thing. An example of how foolhardy it is to make such predictions is furnished by the experience of a firm which advertised extensively during December, 1920, advising its clients not to purchase securities at that time, but to wait for the lower prices which were coming soon. At the present writing most quotations are from five to ten points higher than they were in December. This firm guessed wrong, that is all. Its prediction was made in all good faith, but its

experience shows how dangerous such predictions are. Who knows what the future has in store? Who would have dared to prophesy in May, 1914, that three months later the world would be plunged into the greatest war of history, that the Stock Exchange would be closed and security prices shrunk to only fractions of their former quotations? Who would have dared to prophesy during those dark days that within a few months some stocks would double and treble in price and make unheard-of profits for their owners? Predictions are dangerous business, and wise men hesitate to make them. If the prediction of the



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firm which in December foretold lower prices had proved correct, very likely its reputation would have been greatly enhanced. But it happened to be wrong, and no doubt it has had an unpleasant time explaining why.

We do not mean to say that investing is all luck, or that those whose business is investments are not in a position to give advice. The man who has made a study of the subject is naturally better qualified to choose good investments than one who is entirely without experience. But the expert seldom makes definite predictions, for he knows he will probably live to regret his boldness. The more a man knows, the more conservative he is liable to be. His method of choosing investments is about as follows: He studies the past record of the company whose securities attract him, for past records are usually good barometers of the future; he investigates the management, one of the most important considerations of all, for the best company in the world can soon be wrecked by poor management; he considers the kind of business the company does, whether it is of a temporary nature or something stable; he considers the financial condition of the company, its liabilities and assets; and he investigates the standing of the particular security he contemplates buying, the value behind it as shown by the property and earning power of the issuing company. Then he considers general conditions throughout the country and throughout the world. Money rates enter into his considerations, and help him to decide whether this seems to be the proper time to buy or not. On the basis of these considerations he makes up his mind. And he may decide wrongly. But he cannot be very wrong if the results of his investigations of these various things are satisfactory. He may be wrong in so far as selecting the proper time to buy is concerned, and perhaps he would have got a better bargain by waiting. This is perhaps the most difficult thing of all to decide. It involves the question of yield; will security prices decline later on and yield more, or will they go up and result in lower yields?

A careful study of a company's past records will indicate pretty well whether it can pay its interest and dividend requirements in the future. A study of general conditions and a comparison with the past will indicate to some extent what the future trend will be. Low commodity prices make for higher prices for securities; when the cost of living goes down, the prices of securities go

up. Living costs were much lower before the war than they are now. In the ten years prior to 1914 the average yield of the highest-grade railway bonds was about 4 per cent, of the second grade 3 per cent to 5 per cent, compared with 5 per cent to 6 per cent for the first-grade now and 6 per cent to 7 per cent for the second grade. Industrial bonds which yielded 5 per cent then now yield from 6 per cent to 7 per cent or more. The high-grade preferred stocks formerly yielding 5 per cent to



Making Money and Making Family Provision

THIS is addressed to the man who gives so much of his time to making money that he often forgets what he is making it for. The accumulating of money may not be providing for the future of a family.

A man has not made proper provision for his family until he looks beyond his own life and takes measures for the protection of those he may leave behind. Otherwise, his property may be distributed to such persons and in such proportions as would have been entirely contrary to his wishes, and under such difficulties as may cause loss to the estate.

Who will receive the property which you leave? Are you willing to let that be determined by the law of the State, and permit the expense and sacrifice often caused by the inflexibility of the law?

Suppose your wife is inexperienced in business affairs—would you be willing to leave to her or burden her with the investment of funds upon which your family's whole future might depend?

These are problems which face every man who considers his responsibilities and duties.

By making a will, you can designate who shall receive your property. In your will, you can create a trust for your dependents, insuring that the property you leave will be preserved and safeguarded for their benefit. And you can select an executor and trustee to carry out your plans.

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
(Continued)

6 per cent yield 6 per cent to 7 per cent at present. Recently the cost of living has commenced to go down; the progress in this direction has not been very noticeable to the ultimate consumer as yet, but it is perceptible nevertheless, and in all probability it will continue. The best opinion is that it will be an orderly readjustment, and this is as it should be if business is to adapt itself without trouble to the new conditions. Sudden declines are often disastrous.

No one knows how far this recession in living costs will go. But every one believes it will keep on until prices are considerably below present levels. Bankers have no hesitation in saying that as commodity prices decline security prices will rise. If commodity prices continue to decline, therefore, indications point to higher prices for good securities. Transactions in stocks have been rather light lately, and there is little activity in speculative securities which in times past have claimed a great deal of attention. On the other hand, the demand for high-grade investment securities is brisk, and of such proportions as to excite comment on the part of bankers and students of conditions everywhere. New issues are sold within a few hours after they are offered, while there is a steady absorption of the best classes of older bonds and preferred stocks. The fact that interest in speculative securities is diminishing is a healthy sign, and it is most encouraging to see the present demand for high-grade investments. It all means that companies engaged in sound and legitimate businesses are receiving the support they deserve; and, further, that the people who are buying investments of this kind believe that the trend is toward lower yields and higher prices for securities, and that the present is an opportune time to avail themselves of the high yields and low prices obtaining.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Please give me some information about the Gulf and Ship Island First Mortgage Refunding and Terminal 5 per cent Gold Bonds, due February 1, 1952. What is the amount of this issue, the security, the amount outstanding per mile, and present price?

A. There are \$5,000,000 of these bonds authorized, of which \$3,781,000 are outstanding. Beginning January 2, 1905, and annually thereafter a sinking fund is in operation amounting to one per cent of the outstanding bonds. This fund is used for the purchase of bonds of this issue at a price not to exceed 110, and the bonds so purchased are held alive in the company's treasury and the interest on them added to the sinking fund. This issue is secured by the entire property rights, privileges, franchises, etc., of every name and nature now owned by the company or hereafter acquired, besides 307.56 miles of road, equipment, docks, wharves, terminals, etc. These bonds are subject to \$16,000 of first mortgage 6s, due 1926, and are issued at the rate of slightly more than \$12,000 a mile. Their

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Q. Do you consider Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé General Mortgage 4s a good bond? What is the nature of their security?

A. We believe that these bonds are entitled to a high rating. This road is generally considered one of the strongest in the country, and its total system embraces about 11,500 miles. Dividends on both classes of stock have been paid uninterruptedly since 1901. The security for these bonds is the road's principal mortgage and is a first lien, either direct or collateral, on approximately 6,585 miles of road. Their present price is about 74, to yield 5.44 per cent.

Q. I am considering the purchase of preferred stock of the American Car and Foundry Company. Will you tell me the amount authorized and outstanding, when the dividends are payable, and the rate? Is this stock cumulative?

A. This company is one of the largest manufacturers of railway supplies, freight and passenger cars. Preferred stock authorized and outstanding is \$30,000,000. It has paid dividends regularly since the company was organized in 1899. The rate is 7 per cent, payable quarterly on the first days of January, April, July, and October. This stock is non-cumulative. The company has no mortgage debt.

Q. Are the Canadian Northern Railway Company 7 per cent Debenture Bonds, due 1940, guaranteed by the Canadian Government? What is the amount of this issue?

A. These bonds are guaranteed by indorsement both as to principal and interest by the Dominion of Canada. The total authorized and issued is \$25,000,000. They are due December 1, 1940, and cannot be called before December 1, 1935, and then only as a whole at 102½ and interest.



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DEPENDABLE**



BY THE WAY

THE famous phrases attributed to celebrated men are not always theirs, so the delvers in history say. Wellington's "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" at Waterloo, was long ago declared to be merely well invented. The phrase "Lafayette, we are here!" is usually attributed to General Pershing; but according to the "American Legion Weekly" of December 31, 1920, it was really uttered by Colonel Charles E. Stanton, Chief Paymaster of the A. E. F., at the Cemetery of Picpus near Paris. Here, says the "Weekly," on the Fourth of July, 1917, Colonel Stanton "stooped to place a wreath on the tomb of a noble soldier of France and made one of the greatest speeches ever uttered—a speech which two republics have got by heart. It consisted of four words: 'Lafayette, we are here!'"

Other notable phrases, more or less authentic, by famous men of action, may be recalled in connection with the foregoing paragraph. Foremost, perhaps, Caesar's "I came, I saw, I conquered." Napoleon: "Impossible is the word of fools." Louis XIV: "L'état, c'est moi." Sherman: "War is hell." Grant: "Let us have peace." Marshal MacMahon: "Here I am; here I stay." Nelson: "England expects every man to do his duty." Roosevelt: "Speak softly but carry a big stick." Farragut: "Steam ahead! damn the torpedoes." Wilson: "Make the world safe for democracy." Lastly, by way of contrast, the biggest blunder of the ages, William II's slogan: "Gott mit uns."

Hundreds of people who were looking at a big liner off the Battery in New York Harbor as she slowly worked her way toward her pier were dumfounded the other day when they saw her suddenly cut a lighter in two. They had a second thrill a moment later when the two halves of the sunken boat reappeared. She had relieved herself of her burden of copper and tin, engine and boiler, and the double wreck bounded upward to the light again. The halves were towed to a pier and may once more, "Shipping" says, become a complete vessel.

Apropos of the recent (or present) "hold-up" epidemic, a fine bit of sarcasm is the suggestion of the "Sing Sing Bulletin," a paper published by convicts, that "it wouldn't be a bad idea to build a wall around New York City and keep all their crooks there, instead of sending them up the river to contaminate the inmates of Sing Sing."

An American woman, Mrs. Charles Burnett, a resident of Tokyo, has performed the remarkable feat of winning fourth place in the Japanese annual poem competition. Mrs. Burnett, writing in Japanese, competed with thousands of native poets. That an American should have so far mastered this difficult form of expression as to win a prize in competition with native Japanese is surely a linguistic triumph.

Japanese poetry is described as "without rhyme, without variety of meter, without elasticity of dimensions, and

How to Put on Flesh

WHY not gain from 10 to 35 lbs. in the next few months? Why not round out your neck, chest and bust and make yourself as attractive as you wish to be?

I know you can because I have helped over 45,000 women gain 10 to 35 pounds.

One pupil writes: "One year ago I weighed only 100 pounds—now I weigh 126, and oh, I feel so well and so rested!"

I can help you attain your proper weight. In your room. Without drugs. By scientific, natural methods, such as your physician approves.

If you only realized how surely, how easily, how inexpensively your weight can be increased I am certain you would write me at once.

Tell me your faults of health or figure. I respect your confidence and I will send you my booklet, free, showing you how to stand and walk correctly.

Susanna Cocroft

Dept. 8 215 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

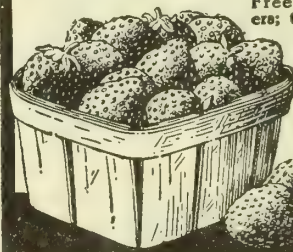


Pick Delicious Strawberries This Summer and Fall

EVERBEARING strawberry plants set out this spring will bear high quality berries this season until severe frost. Farmer's Bulletin 1043, U. S. Department of Agriculture, says:

"The Progressive is the most widely grown of the everbearing strawberries. It is liked because of its hardness, its resistance to leaf-spot diseases, its excellent dark-red fruit; also because if planted in early spring it yields a considerable quantity of fruit the same year. It is especially adapted to home gardens and intensive culture on rich soil, amply supplied with moisture. It is adapted to regions north of those in which the Klondike succeeds, but has not been found adapted to the south."

100 plants are enough for the average family; price \$2.10 f. o. b. Neosho. Order now for early spring shipment. We will mail you immediately our 60 page booklet "Inside Facts of Profitable Fruit Growing." It will tell you how to plant and care for your strawberry bed and is full of practical Fruit Growing Advice. Free to customers; to others 10c.



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The Vapor Treatment for Coughs and Colds

Established 1879

The time for Vapo-Cresolene is at the first indication of a cold or sore throat, which are so often the warnings of dangerous complications.

It is simple to use, as you just light the little lamp that vaporizes the Cresolene and place it near the bed at night.

The soothing antiseptic vapor is breathed all night; making breathing easy, relieving the cough and easing the sore throat and congested chest.

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Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated Throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us. 10c in stamps.
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62 Cortlandt St., New York,
or Leeming Miles Building
Montreal, Canada

BY THE WAY
(Continued)

without known counterpart." An authority quotes this example:

Mo miji-ha wo
Kaze ni makasete
Miru yori mo
Hakanaki mo no wa
Inochi nari keri

This is translated as: "More fleeting than the glint of withered leaf wind-blown, the thing called life."

A writer in the "Railway Age" gives some suggestions as to the improvement of dining-car service on the railways. From the railways' standpoint, he says, this service is often regarded as a failure because it does not pay a return on the operating cost. The ordinary traveler, he believes, would prefer plain wholesome food in sufficient quantity at a reasonable price, with fancy dishes and other furbelows omitted. On a road where this was done, it is stated, a 36-chair car was operated by seven men, while a smaller car which served a "fancy" menu required a crew of nine.

A Pennsylvania weekly paper published this advertisement, according to a subscriber who thinks it may come to be regarded as a "classic" of its kind:

As my husband, L— H—, had me advertised in the Argus for leaving his bed and board. It is a mistake. The bed belongs to me and the board we got at my home. But for me to make any bills for him to pay I couldn't expect him to pay any for me now as my folks bought my clothes while we were living together.

Rudyard Kipling, according to an English paper, has carried a keepsake with him since the middle of the war—a volume of "Kim" in a special leather case. It was sent to him by a French soldier, who was carrying it in action in a pocket over his heart. A bullet knocked the soldier down, and when he recovered he found that it had driven his Croix de Guerre into the book, which, acting as an armor plate, had saved his life. So he sent it gratefully to the author.

In his final book about Alaska the late Archdeacon Stuck pays a tribute to the intelligence of the Eskimo children, but says that they have great difficulty in learning the distinction between the English letters "b" and "p." In a letter written to him by an Eskimo youth, he says, this request was made: "Archdeacon, please bray for me; me no good bray; you all the time strong bray; please bray for me."

Dr. Stuck tells of one "modern improvement" that the Eskimos have devised upon with the greatest avidity—namely, the thermos bottle! "I think that every traveling Eskimo we met was provided with it," he says. "Never was there a more beneficent invention for the Arctic regions. For untold generations men traveled these winter coasts without any such means of carrying refreshment; now that such a means has been devised it is immediately regarded as a necessity—and quite rightly regarded."

The Chief Cause of Piles

LEADING medical authorities agree that the chief cause of hemorrhoids or piles is "straining". Straining is the direct result of constipation, that is, failure of the system to eliminate easily, regularly and thoroughly.

It follows, then, that to prevent piles or to bring about their removal by non-surgical means, constipation must be overcome.

The Nujol treatment of hemorrhoids or piles is in a large part the treatment of constipation—that is, to bring about easy, soft, regular elimination, in such a way as to make it unnecessary to "strain"; and also to avoid the injury to the tissue by dried out, hardened waste matter.

Nujol not only soothes the suffering of piles, but relieves the irritation, brings comfort, and helps to remove them.

Nujol has no unpleasant or weakening effects. Does not upset the stomach. Does not cause nausea or griping, nor interfere with the day's work or play. Is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. Try it.



Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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If you are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with piles, send today for booklet "Constipation as a Cause of Piles", to Nujol Laboratories, Room 710 B 44 Beaver Street, New York City. (In Canada, address Nujol, 22 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.)

Name.....

Address.....

Special Real Estate Issues

The next issue of The Outlook, February 16, will contain special announcements of Real Estate for sale or for rent. Other important issues will be March 16 and April 20.

Send us information concerning your property and we will submit a suggested advertisement for your approval. The March and April issues will carry your advertisement at the height of the buying and renting season.

The cost of space is only 60 cents a line. Write us immediately to catch the March 16 issue. Address

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THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

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SUMMER TOUR 8th season. Small private party. 70 days. London to Naples. Auto Geneva to Nice. Mrs. Nelson B. Chester, 420 W. 121st St., N.Y.C.

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AT MY EXPENSE by organizing a small party. Babcock's European Tours, 1137 Dean St., Brooklyn, N.Y. Established 1900.

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NEW MILFORD, Litchfield Co., Conn.
The foothills of the Berkshires. A restful place for tired people. Good food and a comfortable home. 2 hours from New York. Booklet A. Mrs. J. E. CASTLE, Proprietor.

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The
Hamilton Hotel
BERMUDA
"The Queen of Winter Resorts"

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—Hamilton Hotel Company, Ltd.—
Management of J. A. SHERRARD
(Booklet.) Cable address "Hotel Bermuda"

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It affords all the comforts of home without extravagance. Good sleighing, snowshoeing, and skating now. Moderate weather.

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WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS.
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LAKEWOOD, N. J. Miss Dickinson, formerly of Penn Cottage, is now located at Chard Cottage, 419 5th St. Will take a limited number of guests. Excellent table. Phone 52 W.

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MONTCLAIR, N.J. South side, with private bath and sleeping porch. Small select boarding house. 4,067, Outlook.

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Doylestown, Pa. An institution devoted to the personal study and specialized treatment of the invalid. Massage. Electricity. Hydrotherapy. Apply for circular to ROBERT LIPPINCOTT WALTER, M.D. (date of The Walter Sanatorium)

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A modern health resort, delightful in autumn. Let us send you our booklet. D. E. DRAKE, M.D.

The Bethesda White Plains, N.Y.
A private sanitarium for invalids and aged who need care. Ideal surroundings. Address for terms Alice Gates Bugbee, M.D. Tel. 241.

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Wanted—To Lease or Buy on Easy Terms buildings suitable for a boys' boarding school. Preferably in Pennsylvania. 4,071, Outlook.

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Under the great Roosevelt Dam in the Salt River Valley, Arizona will make you a fine living and steady profits. Ten to twenty acres enough. Moderate cost, easy terms. Raise dates, oranges, grapefruit, lemons, lettuce, early vegetables, cotton, alfalfa, grains, sorghums, poultry, live stock, and dairy products. Write for free folder, C. L. Seagraves, Supervisor of Agriculture, Santa Fe Ry., 962 Railway Exchange, Chicago, or a letter to Chamber of Commerce, Phoenix, Arizona, will bring you full information.

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Camden, Me. For rent, fully furnished, several high-class seashore cottages. Best selections now. Photos, plans, and full description. J. R. PRESCOTT, Newtonville, Mass.

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THE AIMS AND METHOD, A LIBERAL Education for Africans, by E. W. Blyden, 50 cents. Young's Book Exchange, 135 West 135th St., New York.

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SOME "DON'TS," stirred both continents, copyright for sale. Write for particulars or copy, 10c. Address A. R. Gillespie, Cleveland, Ohio.

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"MARY MOORE" romper dresses made of pink or blue imported crepe or black sateen embroidered in dainty colors make serviceable and attractive play frocks. If you cannot buy "Mary Moore" dresses from your dealer write for pictures. The Irish Linen Company, Davenport, Iowa.

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WANTED—1,500 Railway Traffic Inspectors: no experience; train for this profession through spare-time home study; easy terms; \$110 to \$200 monthly and expenses guaranteed, or money back. Outdoors, local or traveling, under big men who reward ability. Get Free Booklet CM-27. Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N.Y.

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DIETITIANS, superintendents, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, social workers, and secretaries. Miss Richards, Providence, East Side Box 5, Boston, Fridays, 11 to 1, 16 Jackson Hall, Trinity Court. Address Providence.

PLACEMENT BUREAU for employer and employee. Housekeepers, matrons, governesses, secretaries, attendants, managers, dietitians, companions. 51 Trowbridge St., Cambridge, Mass.

WANTED—Working housekeeper for elderly lady during summer. Pleasant country; college town. Miss Margaret C. Waites, South Hadley Center, Mass.

WANTED—Middle-aged woman as mother's helper, to make herself generally useful in home of two children. 9,424, Outlook.

MANAGING housekeeper. Important position open March 1, large country club, New York State. Opportunity for executive work, right living conditions among cultivated people. No buying or catering. Personal interview, inspection of plant absolutely necessary. 9,425, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N.Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

SECRETARY. Young woman, experienced school or college. References. 9,412, Outlook.

CLERICAL or bookkeeping in connection with school, by young woman, twenty-eight Protestant, now employed in insurance office. 9,423, Outlook.

SMITH College graduate, holding executive position in private school, desires position for summer. Has kept house, and had business and social experience. References exchanged. 9,429, Outlook.

WANTED, by young, single, experienced farmer, position on farm. Preferably working manager in Virginia. C. S. Rutter, Jr., 612 Prince Edward St., Fredericksburg, Va.

Companions and Domestic Helper

WANTED—Position as matron or managing housekeeper in institution near New York City. In present position 9 years. 9,398, Outlook.

LADY desires to chaperon one or two young girls for European travel April 15 to October 15—longer or shorter period. References exchanged. 9,373, Outlook.

WOMAN of education and refinement desires care of household and children. Address section. Exceptional references. 9,421, Outlook.

CULTURED young woman as companion or governess. Experienced. Highest references. 9,422, Outlook.

REFINED English woman, graduate nurse seeks position as companion. Would travel. 9,430, Outlook.

MIDDLE-aged English widow, cultivated and unusually widely traveled, wishes place where experience, familiarity with foreign languages, and excellent health may be of use. Mrs. Akhurst, Sharon, Conn.

GENTLEWOMAN of refinement desires charge of widower's home or position as companion and helper. Mrs. B. Merwin, 445 W. Main St., Bellevue, Ohio.

WOMAN of refinement and education would take entire charge of gentleman's home. Shop for and chaperon daughter. Valuable experience; tactful with children. Highest references. 5,788, Outlook.

AMERICAN lady, middle-aged, active seeks position companion, chaperon, secretary; experienced traveler; speaks French and German fluently. Miss Adeline Grace, 1329 Park Ave., Baltimore, Md.

Teachers and Governesses

PRINCETON senior wishes position tutor or companion during next summer. Accustomed to outdoor life and sports. 9,426, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, vases, things on approval. No samples. References. 309 West 93rd St.

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The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life



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PUNCH AND JUDY

A TALE

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

OUR FIRST EMPLOYER-PRESIDENT

A LABOR VIEW OF HARDING

BY HAROLD LORD VARNEY

JOHN B. GOUGH, OLD TESTAMENT CHRISTIAN

ONE OF THE "SNAP-SHOTS OF MY CONTEMPORARIES"

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1921
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Hinds Honey and Almond Cream forms a perfect base for face powder, permitting an invisible blending of powder and skin-texture, exquisitely smooth and gratifying.

May we send you "A Week End Box" including all these Toilet Requisites, 50c.—or, if you prefer, separate packages for your trial,—see offer below.

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Hinds Cream Toilet Requisites selling everywhere or mailed postpaid in U. S. A. from laboratory



Has This Ever Happened to You?

If you were a guest at dinner and you overturned a cup of coffee, what would you do? What would you say? Would you turn to the hostess and say "I beg pardon"? Would you offer your apologies to the entire company? Would you ignore the incident completely? Which is the correct thing to do?

To be able to do and say the right thing at the right time is the badge of culture, and the man or woman who has that power is indeed an individual of polish and poise.

What Do You Know About Introductions?

To establish an immediate and friendly understanding between two people who have never met before, to make the conversation flow more smoothly and pleasantly, to create an agreeable, harmonious atmosphere—that is the purpose of the *introduction*. A correct, courteous conversation—making an introduction is an art itself, and reflects refinement and culture on the person who is the medium.

How do YOU introduce two people? Do your introductions create a pleasant, easy atmosphere, or one that is uncomfortably strained?

Try this simple test and see what you really know about the art of introduction:

Mrs. Brown and Miss Smith have met at your home for the first time. Would you say, *Mrs. Brown, meet Miss Smith, or Miss Smith, meet Mrs. Brown?* Would you say, *Miss Smith, let me make you acquainted with Mrs. Brown?*

If Mr. Blank happened to drop in for a little chat, how would you present him to the ladies: to both at once, or to each one individually? And how would you present Bobby, who comes running in from school; *Bobby, this is Mr. Blank, or Mr. Blank, this is Bobby*, or would you use the *I want you to meet method*? Do you ever say, *I take pleasure in introducing?* Is it right or wrong?

How do you introduce a sweetheart to your relatives for the first time? How do you introduce her or him to your friends?

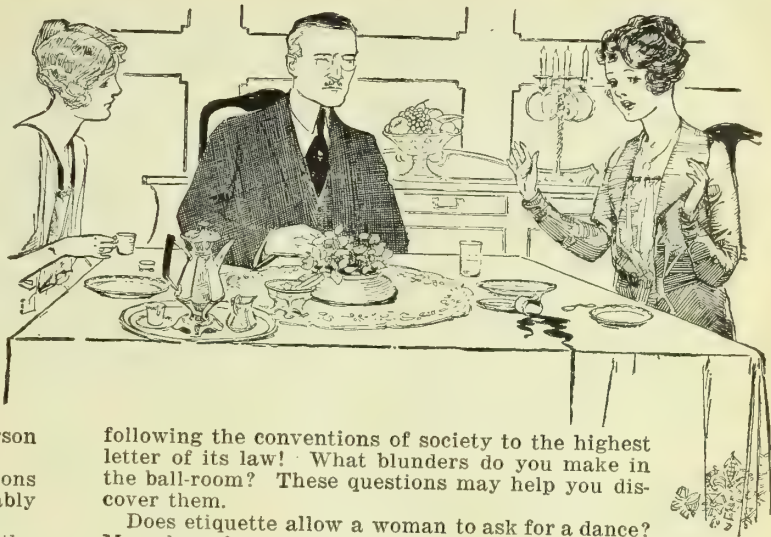
On the other hand, if you are being introduced, how do you acknowledge it? Do you use any of these expressions: *Please to know you*, "Delighted," "How do you do?" Does a gentleman rise upon being introduced to a lady? Does the lady rise? Is it correct for the lady and gentleman to shake hands?

The difference between the right and wrong thing in introducing is the difference between culture and coarseness.

The man who would be polished, impressive, and the woman who covets the wonderful gift of charm must cultivate the art of introduction.

Etiquette at the Dance

The ball-room should always be a center of culture and grace. To commit a breach of etiquette at the dance is to condemn yourself as a hopeless vulgarian. But alas! how many blunders are made by people who really believe that they are



following the conventions of society to the highest letter of its law! What blunders do you make in the ball-room? These questions may help you discover them.

Does etiquette allow a woman to ask for a dance? May she refuse to dance without a reason? What is the proper thing for a young girl to do if she is not asked to dance? What is a polite and courteous way of refusing a dance? How many times may a girl dance with the same partner without breaking the rules of etiquette? Is it correct to wander away from the ball-room with a fiancé?

According to etiquette's laws is it necessary for a gentleman to dispose of his partner to someone else before he asks another lady for a dance? How shall he ask a lady to dance? Which are the correct forms and which the incorrect? How shall he dispose of the lady after the dance if he must return to the lady he has escorted? What is the right dancing position for the gentleman? For the lady? What style of dress is correct to wear at a dance?

There is perhaps no better place to display the culture and finesse of your breeding than the ball-room, resplendent with the gay gowns of women and enchanting with the ease and gracefulness of dancing couples. Here the gallantry of true gentlemen and the grace and delicacy of cultured women asserts itself. Here you can distinguish yourself either as a person of culture or a person of boorishness.

When Wedding Bells Ring Out

etiquette again comes to the fore! What is the right dress for the bride to wear? How shall the invitations be worded? When shall the groom give his farewell bachelor dinner? How shall congratulations be extended? And after the wedding there are cards of thanks and cards of invitation to be sent. The wedding breakfast must be arranged and perhaps a honeymoon trip must be planned. Suffice to say that the bride and bridegroom will find invaluable aid in the "Encyclopedia of Etiquette."

Encyclopedia of Etiquette

In Two Comprehensive Volumes

the most minute details of daily life, in the hours of prosperity and adversity alike, at all times, there is the omnipresent need of holding one's self in hand, of impressing by one's culture and breeding, of doing the right thing. Culture is, after all, one of the fine arts. To excel in music, painting, the price is vigilance, study and incessant effort; to be cultured, polished, the price is conscientious effort and study.

Clothes may make the man, but whether you are clothed in rags or in your culture cannot be hidden. For he who is polite, refined and well-dressed wears a gorgeous robe endowed with the fine embroidery of honor and respect. Not even rags can cover it.

The world is a harsh judge, but it is just. It will not tolerate the man who makes blunders at the dinner table. It will not tolerate the woman who breaks the conventions of society at the dance. It will not tolerate the illiterate in the Art of Etiquette.

"Encyclopedia of Etiquette" is excellent in quality, comprehensive in proportions, rich in illustrations. It comes to you as a guide, a revelation and better etiquette. It dispels lingering doubts, corrects blunders, shows you the right thing to do. It is a book that will last. You will serve it, to refer again and again to its invaluable aid toward culture and refinement.

New Chapters on Foreign Countries

Two new and interesting chapters have been added to the original edition of "Encyclopedia of Etiquette." They are "The Etiquette of Travel" and "The Etiquette in Foreign Countries." The woman who is traveling must be extremely circumspect in her conduct. The conventions of etiquette must be strictly observed. The man who is escorting a woman abroad must not subject her to embarrassment by blunders in etiquette. dress, calling cards, correspondence, addressing royalty and addressing clergy abroad are discussed and the dinner etiquette in France, Eng-

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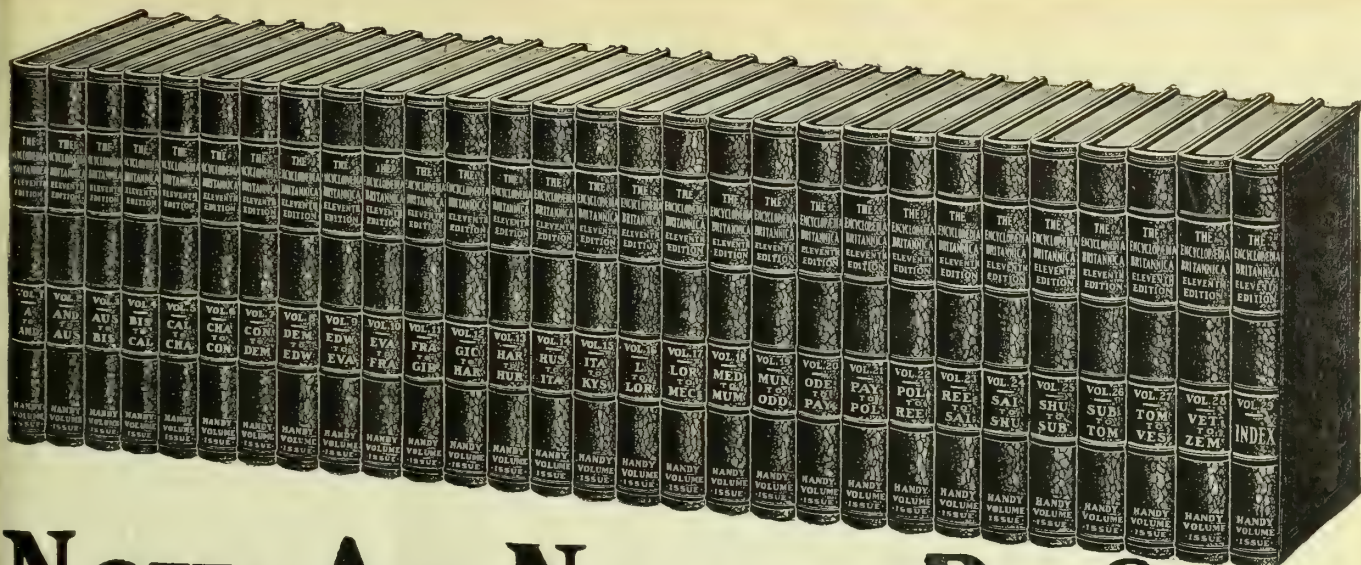
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The Outlook

FEBRUARY 16, 1921

MUNICIPAL TRANSPORTATION

FOR at least a year an acrimonious controversy has been going on in New York over the street and subway transportation system. In the meantime the street railways, the elevated, and the subways have deteriorated both in upkeep and in service. Some of the lines have gone into bankruptcy, some lines have been discontinued, and transfer points have been abolished. The managers of the lines have insisted that the only remedy is an increased fare. The Mayor of the city has fought the proposal for increased fare and in some instances has endeavored to supply the deficiency of transportation by establishing municipal bus lines. The owners of transportation bonds as well as the stockholders have believed that the Mayor and the city government have been trying to force the transportation companies into bankruptcy in order to establish a complete system of municipal ownership and operation.

Suddenly the air has been cleared by a message from the new chief executive of the State, Governor Miller. The main purpose of this rather unusual message is to declare that the only cure for transportation conditions, already inefficient and likely to become disastrous, is to have a complete and unified survey of all the transportation lines to find out exactly what is the cost of maintenance and operation; to co-ordinate and even to consolidate them into one unified whole; to transfer the ownership from private hands (presumably with fair compensation) to the municipal government; and then to have them operated by private enterprise, presumably under a system of rental and under regulation by a central governmental authority. In other words, Governor Miller advocates municipal ownership and private operation with politics eliminated.

If Governor Miller can eliminate politics from any municipal transportation system, he will be performing at this stage of American municipal civilization almost a miracle. And yet the general principles of his message we believe to be right. The only way in which a street or subway transportation system can be operated by a municipality is to have it done at a low rate of fare and the deficit of the operation made up out of the general tax fund. In a city the size of New York such municipal operation would mean the creation of a great body of city employees who would vote for high wages and low fares, thus mak-

ing the draft upon the general tax fund very large. In an ideal city this method, which is the method we pursue in maintaining sidewalks and streets, might be theoretically desirable. In our judgment, we have not yet reached the stage of political evolution where it can be adopted without grave dangers. The Outlook has, however, for many years advocated municipal ownership and private operation under regulation. Perhaps this is the reason why we think Governor Miller's message has a good deal of common sense in it.

DEBS STAYS PUT

ALL law-abiding and patriotic citizens should commend President Wilson for refusing to commute the sentence of Eugene Debs.

Recently Attorney-General Palmer recommended that Debs be released, on the ground that the prisoner's health was poor and that friends had expressed the fear that he would not live out the sentence. The fact that Debs had an excellent record at the Atlanta penitentiary was put forward in his favor, and petitions signed by many thousands of Debs sympathizers were presented.

Debs is now at the Federal prison at Atlanta, Georgia, serving out a sentence of ten years, imposed for violating the Espionage Act. He has been in prison for about two years, and during that time has reiterated his belief in the principles for which he stood and which brought about his arrest and conviction. He attacked the Government's part in the war, and specially assailed the terms of the Selective Service Act, under which the Army was being raised. He was found guilty in September, 1918, and was sentenced. The fight to save him from prison was carried to the United States Supreme Court. In March, 1919, it upheld the conviction. In April of that year Debs was sent to Moundsville Prison, West Virginia, and shortly afterwards was transferred to Atlanta.

While in prison Debs was nominated for President and in the election last autumn polled about a million votes. He has been five times candidate of the Socialist party for President.

President Wilson, it is believed, refused to release him, first, because of the very serious nature of the charges proved against him, and, second, because of the defiant statements since his imprisonment. Such defiance would

seem to accord ill with Debs's widely heralded gentleness. His appeals on behalf of Socialism, both spoken and written, have at times been distinctly ungentle. Nevertheless personal gentleness and fanaticism can occur in the same character.

VICTOR BERGER ESCAPES PUNISHMENT

IN permitting Victor Berger, former member of Congress, convicted of attempting to obstruct the United States in the war, to escape punishment the United States Supreme Court has not said, or even intimated, that he was not guilty. Victor Berger goes free because of what the ordinary man, untrained in law, calls a legal technicality. In his behalf Berger's counsel had submitted an affidavit averring belief that Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the trial judge, was prejudiced against Berger and some of his co-defendants. The Supreme Court has decided that this affidavit was sufficient, under the law, to bar Judge Landis from trying the case. There is nothing in the opinion of the Supreme Court as delivered by Mr. Justice McKenna to indicate that the Supreme Court shared the belief of the defendants that Judge Landis was prejudiced. All that the Court says is that the affidavit complies with the provisions of the law, which defines the circumstances under which the judge in a case "shall proceed no further therein, but another judge shall be designated." Briefly, then, Berger and the others who were charged with disloyalty escaped because they believed the Judge in the case was prejudiced and the Judge nevertheless tried their case.

The law which provided Berger and his associates with a loophole says: "Whenever a party to any action or proceeding, civil or criminal, shall make and file an affidavit that the judge before whom the action or proceeding is to be tried or heard has a personal bias or prejudice either against him or in favor of any opposite party to the suit, such judge shall proceed no further therein." It says, furthermore, that the "affidavit shall state the facts and reasons for the belief that such bias or prejudice exists." The facts alleged in support of this belief consisted of a statement attributed to Judge Landis denouncing Germany, the Germans, and German-Americans. Apparently there was no proof that Judge Landis used

the language attributed to him. In fact, a transcript of Judge Landis's words was offered in evidence, and, to use the words of one of the dissenting opinions, it was "in marked contrast with statements of the affidavit." The words of the Judge were used in pronouncing sentence on a convict, in the course of which the Judge said that one such German-American did more damage to people than thousands of them could overcome by being good and loyal citizens, and that he was an illustration of the occasional American of German birth whose conduct has done so much to damn the whole ten million in America.

In this case there were two dissenting opinions—one by Mr. Justice Day, in which Mr. Justice Pitney concurred, and one by Mr. Justice McReynolds. Mr. Justice Day said that it did not seem to him that the conclusion of the Court comported with the requirements of the statute that reasons and facts must be set forth; and that it was fraught with danger to the independent discharge of duties by Federal judges. Mr. Justice McReynolds declared that the affidavit disclosed no adequate grounds for believing that personal feeling existed against any of the defendants; that the indicated prejudice was against "malevolents from Germany, a country then engaged in hunnish warfare;" that the words of the Judge showed "only deep detestation for all persons of German extraction who were at that time wickedly abusing privileges granted by our indulgent laws;" that "a public officer who entertained no aversion towards disloyal German immigrants during the late war was simply unfit for his place;" and that "while 'an over-speaking judge is no well-tuned cymbal' neither is an amorphous dummy unspotted by human emotions a becoming receptacle for judicial power."

Apparently, if Americans do not want defendants in the future to escape as Berger and his associates have escaped they will have to see that Congress changes the wording of the law that has been interpreted in this case.

INVADING CHILDREN'S RIGHTS

CHILDREN throughout the country should tell their parents to be on their guard against the invasion of playgrounds either by the local or the Federal government. Two cases which give point to this warning have occurred recently in New York City.

A few years ago the children of the upper part of the city became the richer by the acquirement of a playground in East 101st Street. It is the only playground in the neighborhood. It serves the five or six schools within accessible distance. It has a large daily attend-

ance. It is open the year round. The Board of Education needed a site for a new schoolhouse. It was proposed to use this playground. The Parks and Playgrounds Association instantly opposed the project, and the Association's efforts, so it informs us, have met with such success that the Board of Education has now withdrawn from its willingness to accept the playground as a school site.

But the United States Government has not withdrawn its request to use part of the Jacob Riis Park at Rockaway Point, the only public park on the ocean frontage. Readers of *The Outlook* will remember the strenuous efforts of Mr. Riis and others to secure this property, which was appropriately named for him—the Jacob Riis Park. It comprises over 260 acres and cost \$1,343,000. During the war the Navy, in the defense of the approaches to New York City, put up some buildings at one end of the park and later applied for the use of 190 acres for a naval air station. The request has now been reduced to 94 acres, which includes the property on which the navy buildings are located. The naval officials argue that the use of this property is necessary for the defense of New York City. There seems to be no reason, however, why the city's defense could not be equally well served by the acquirement of other property at Rockaway Point or even by the acquirement of property on Staten Island. The proposition appears to be an encroachment on the rights of the people. Not only is the Jacob Riis Park a present necessity, but twenty years hence, when the population of Greater New York will presumably have doubled, it will be a necessity to the Borough of Queens alone. It is to be hoped that the city will not surrender an inch of the property which belongs to its children. If the children were organized in such a Junior Municipality as has been recommended by "Daddy" George, they would have a chance to protect themselves and to make their just protests felt.

A CONSERVATION CREED FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE New York State Conservation Commission, under the leadership of Mr. George D. Pratt, Commissioner, has started a campaign among the young people of the State for the conservation of wild life and the preservation of all natural resources. It issues the following creed:

I BELIEVE that "God has lent us the earth for our life. It is a great entail. It belongs as much to those who are to come after us as to us, and we have no right, by anything we do or neglect, to involve them in any unnecessary penalties, or to deprive them

of the benefit which was in our power to bequeath." (Ruskin.)

That, in a great democracy of free people, the protection of wild life and the preservation of all other natural resources, which underlie national prosperity and happiness, must depend finally, as does the stability of the government itself, upon the support and willing service of every citizen.

I therefore declare my adherence to these principles, and enroll myself as an active Conservationist of the Empire State.

If this pledge is signed, with name and address, and mailed to the Conservation Commission, Albany, New York, the Commission will immediately return, postpaid and without charge, a rose gold-finished pin, which will identify the wearer as a Conservationist of the Empire State. With the pin will also be sent a Conservationist card containing the principles of the creed, designed for permanent keeping.

The Commission has already distributed about 10,000 of these emblems to people all over the State, and is at present especially interested in getting boys and girls enlisted in the cause. The instilling of the principles of conservation in this element of the State's population will no doubt prove an invaluable help to the movement in the future. Boy Scout organizations may appropriately take action in this matter and help on the movement.

ATHLETIC SCULPTURE

NOT every man's career is equally distinguished in science and art, as is the career of Dr. R. Tait McKenzie. He is a Canadian. He was educated at McGill University, Montreal. He was an honor man in athletics. He became a lecturer on anatomy in the Medical School. He also lectured on anatomy and art before the Montreal Art Association, at Harvard University, and at the St. Louis Exposition in connection with the Olympic lecture course there.

Seventeen years ago he accepted a call to the chair of Physical Education at the University of Pennsylvania. There he organized the medical examinations and developed courses in physical training.

In 1915 he volunteered for military service in the war. He rose to the rank of major in the R. A. M. C. His efforts for the reconstruction of disabled men, established through his ingenious appliances for muscular re-education, became widely known.

Meanwhile he had been busy on the art side as well. Inspired by the examples of the nude constantly passing before him, he began to express himself in sculpture—in statuettes, in larger figures, in medallions, masks, plaques, medals. He exhibited at the Royal Acad-

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(See offer on page 280)

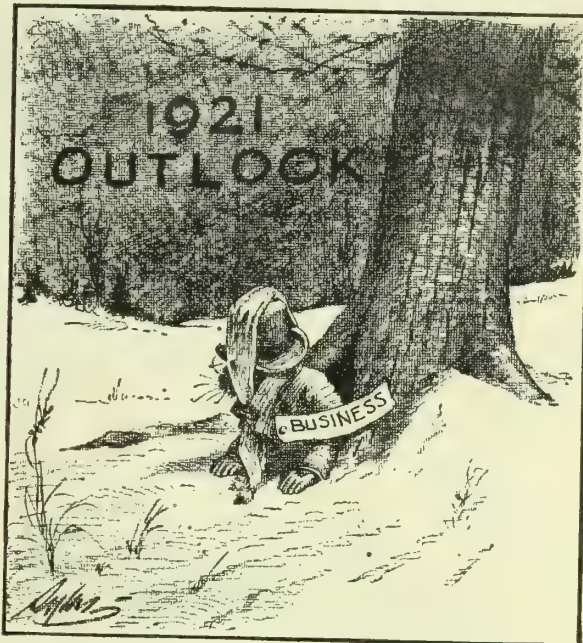
Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger



WELL, WELL, HERE WE ARE AGAIN!

From Frederick Eissler, Philadelphia

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger



COME ON, 'BR'ER GROUNDHOG, LET'S GET AN
EARLY START

From Charles Gillingham, Philadelphia

Darling in the Macon Daily Telegraph



WE DOUBT IF THE BEST MOTHER-IN-LAW IN THE
WORLD WOULD BE MUCH OF AN ASSET ALONG ON
THE HONEYMOON

From Grace E. McGowin, St. Simon's Island, Georgia

Thomas in the Detroit News



PICKING THE RIGHT CLUB



emy in London, at the Salon in Paris, and the National Academy exhibitions here. Some of his works have now found more permanent place in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City; the National Gallery, Ottawa; the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford; and the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. Most characteristic of Dr. McKenzie's style is the great medallion entitled "The Joy of Effort" (three racing figures), which may now be seen incrusting in the wall of the Stadium in Stockholm, Sweden. It commemorates the fifth Olympic Games of the modern series, and received the Swedish King's special medal.

His work is almost entirely in small-sized figures, such as may be noted in "The Competitor," "The Supple Juggler," illustrated on this page. The first of these figures may have been inspired by Greek art; the other seems the product of a more modern conception.

These and the other bronze figures of athletes in action may be seen at the Ferargil Galleries, 607 Fifth Avenue, New York City. To the onlooker Dr. McKenzie's vivid portrayal in the round of relay runners, shot-putters, sprinters, and jumpers is an education both in art and athletics. He applies athletic figures even to door-knockers and candle-sticks!

Particularly interesting also is his expression of "The Progress of Fatigue," as shown in four masks—"Violent Effort," "Breathlessness," "Fatigue," and "Exhaustion."

While all this delineation of the human figure and face—a reflection of the artist's professional labors—is the most impressive part of the exhibition, on the psychological and æsthetic side the medals and portrait plaques in low relief are of much interest. In them one finds such faces as those of Walt Whitman, Guglielmo Ferrero, Drs. Keen,

THE COMPETITOR

THE SUPPLE JUGGLER

The Competitor is the kneeling figure; the Supple Juggler is the standing figure



Weir Mitchell, Wilfred Grenfell, and William Henry Drummond, Sir Arthur Shipley, Paul Dougherty, and Forbes-Robertson. There are also striking statues of the youthful Franklin and of George Whitfield.

THE GERMAN INDEMNITY

AS we reported last week, the Supreme Council of the Allied Governments at a meeting at Paris have fixed upon the sum of fifty-five billion dollars as the amount of the war indemnity which Germany must pay to the Allied nations. This sum is to be paid by Germany over a period of forty-two years in annual amounts, beginning with five hundred millions and rising to one billion five hundred million dollars. In addition, Germany is to pay a twelve per cent tax to the Allies annually on her exports.

There is no question among fair-minded men as to the moral responsibility of Germany to pay this sum, and even a much larger sum. Indeed, Germany herself, in the most solemn language, has acknowledged her moral accountability, for one of the articles of the Peace Treaty which she signed at Versailles reads as follows:

Germany accepts the responsibility of Germany and her allies for causing all the loss and damage to which the Allied and Associated Govern-

ments and their nationals have been subjected as a consequence of the war imposed upon them by the aggression of Germany and her allies.

It was chiefly Germany which made an armed camp of Europe in the years preceding the World War, and the public opinion of the world is satisfied that the German rulers deliberately brought on the war for purposes of political and material aggrandizement. Hers is the responsibility for the incalculable damages of the war, and according to any reasonable system of ethics she not only ought to pay but ought to be willing to pay for those damages to the utmost limits of her power. It is credibly reported that the Kaiser and his group of militarists had fixed their minds on about one hundred and twenty-five billion dollars as the indemnity which they would have exacted if they had been victorious. In comparison, the sum of fifty-five billion dollars which Germany is now asked to pay is small.

The protests from Germany against the cash feature of the proposed indemnity have been voluble and in some respects undignified. There have, however, come from some of the neutral nations, and even from some of the Allies, sober-minded expressions of opinion that the indemnity decided upon by the Supreme Council contains terms which Germany cannot comply with unless both her own economic and social structure is so crippled that in the end

the reaction upon the economic and social structure of Europe, and perhaps of the world, will be bad. These opinions are largely based upon the proposal of the twelve per cent ad-valorem tax on Germany's exports.

On the whole, the best economic opinion of the world is that the German people can in forty-two years pay the fifty-five billion dollars not only without impoverishment but even with a stimulation of their social, industrial, and political health. Cash payments, however, when stripped of all their financial subtleties and jargon, are simply payments of commodities—that is to say, of exports. If, therefore, the German nation is compelled either by moral or physical force to pay a twelve per cent tax on her exports it is believed by sound, patriotic, and by no means pro-German judges that the greater effort she makes to pay the cash indemnity, the more she will be crippled by the proposed tax on exports.

It is a principle well established in the United States that the power to tax is the power to destroy. We are inclined to share the feeling of the economists that the enforcement of the twelve per cent tax on exports would tend to destroy Germany's initiative and ambition to pay the annual installments of the cash indemnity with promptness; it certainly would discourage her from making the annual payments larger than is named in the bond in order to receive the cash discount which is also provided in the bond. It may be that there was a feeling in the Supreme Council that the more prosperous Germany may become in the future the more indemnity she should pay, and that a sliding tax rising with the increase of her exports would accomplish this end. But probably the main reason for introducing the tax feature into the indemnity was the fear that Germany's frugality and industry might produce such an amount of commodities as to hamper or dislocate the industrial system of other nations. The question, therefore, seems to be:

Will the economic stability of the world be endangered more by allowing Germany to export as freely as she can with such protection as other nations may adopt under their own tariffs; or by regulating, restricting, and hampering Germany's industrial development by a direct tax imposed by foreign nations?

In effect, the imposition of this direct twelve per cent tax will be as if the Allied nations occupied the custom-houses of Germany for forty-two years. Indeed, some French publicists have already proposed that this be physically done. We do not believe if Germany is to become

again a great and self-respecting nation that she can tolerate such an occupation.

In view of all these considerations, the best opinion in this country, in Great Britain, and in Europe seems to be that the tax feature of the indemnity proposed by the Supreme Council will be modified in the conference with Germany which is about to take place, but that the payment of fifty-five billion dollars can be justly and will be successfully maintained.

DEBURAU

DRAMATIC tragedy was first of all a thing which concerned only kings, heroes, and gods. It is a fairly modern discovery that there may be tragic drama under a homespun coat as well as under a purple robe. Something perhaps of the older thought endures in the appeal which lies in the stage tradition of broken-hearted Pierrots and of Columbines who laugh only with lips and eyes. They are kings and queens of make-believe whose fall from the realm where they rule the hearts and minds of others may be as great as the disaster of a Macbeth or a Lear.



White Studio

LIONEL ATWILL AND ELSIE MACKAY IN "DEBURAU"

A play which is built upon this familiar ground and which deals with the twice-told tale of Marie du Plessis and the French pantomimist Deburau recently came to the New York stage. The play itself is the work of Sacha Guitry, the astonishingly versatile French dramatist, and it (in the language of the Roycrofters) was done into English by Granville Barker. At least the programme credits Mr. Barker with the English version of the play, and in its published form¹ Mr. Barker somewhat obscurely defends the manner of his translation.

He has chosen to tell his story in rhymed and irregular verse, which he declares to have been the easy and obvious means of conveying the impression which the play in the original created. "This," he says, "was both that any hint of the peculiarly English blank verse might be avoided and with it any temptation to weightiness of speech be the better shunned, and that a certain amusing artificiality, even impertinence of method, might be added—by the actor quite noticeably added."

The words of this explanation appear

¹Deburau: A Comedy. By Sacha Guitry. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

to be English, but we confess that it seems to us that Mr. Barker has successfully avoided any hint of the clarity which might arise from yielding to the temptation to phrase himself in the usual English manner. Whatever his purpose may have been, however, we fear that he has failed in it, for the form which he has adopted for "Deburau" places an amazing handicap upon the skill of the actors who have been assigned the task of interpreting the play to the public. It is a striking tribute to the ability of Lionel Atwill that he successfully surmounts the childish jingles which Mr. Barker forces him to employ.

We have spoken of the play as though we were to tell the story of a tragedy, but its author calls Deburau a comedy. We shall let our readers judge which is the apter term.

As the curtain rises on the first act a motley throng is finding its way into the Théâtre des Funambules. There are men and women of fashion, the familiar figures of Victor Hugo, George Sand, and Alfred de Musset, who are to fill the boxes of the little hall. There are other men and women less opulent and less distinguished, who are bound for the pit at ten sous a seat. There is a barker who cries the price of the seats, the names in the cast, and the play, a new play, "Ol' Clo'."

With the first act the scene shifts to the inside of the theater. Deburau as Pierrot in "Ol' Clo'" is shown briefly in the final act of that curious tragedy. His triumph is acclaimed by the audience, which departs. His fellow-actors, left in the hall, are not slow to indicate the fact that, while the public may be enthralled with Deburau, they have certain distinct reservations concerning both the public and its idol.

Awaiting the arrival of Deburau, Marie du Plessis, a beauty of Paris and a ruler of Parisian hearts, lingers. For those (and they are many) who seek to en-

thrall him Deburau has but a single formula of defense. He carries in his pocket a miniature of his wife, which he displays to all who tremble upon, or pass, the verge of sentiment. But before the smile of Marie du Plessis his resolution falters, the story of his wife and child is untold, his miniature remains unshown, and he becomes a captive chained to her chariot wheels.

There is always the need for new faces for Marie—new faces, and of more gold than ever could touch the fingers of even so triumphant an actor as Deburau. The time soon comes when Deburau is displaced, and departs for his garret a broken-hearted man.

When we see Deburau again, his son has become a youth and he himself has been lost to the stage but not to dreams of his enchantment. At every sound of a step outside his door he waits, still clinging to an abiding faith that the woman without faith will some time return to her brief allegiance. At last she comes, but it is only out of pity, and to bring her physician to his aid.

The only cure which the doctor can offer is the advice to seek distraction from "nerves" by taking an interest in the drama. Knowing nothing of the man to whom he is speaking, the doctor tells him to see the great actor Deburau. The unconscious flattery has its effect, and Deburau determines to return to the stage. When his son comes in and reports that a rival actor is to play his part in "Ol' Clo'" that very night, the final awakening touch is given. He departs for the theater to displace his rival—tottering a little as he goes, but exultant in anticipation of triumph.

But there is to be no triumph for Deburau. His grace has departed, he stumbles and falls; and, instead of hearing the applause of entranced spectators, he finds only jeers and a silence which cuts deeper than any spoken word. His fellow-actors, jealous of him in the days of his success, come to his support in

the moment of disaster. His manager, fluent with praise while the money poured into the box office, turns against him in bitterness and despair. Deburau, who has mocked his son's ambition to follow in his footsteps, suddenly determines that the name of Deburau must not be lost to the stage. If there can no longer be a Gaspard Deburau, there can at least be a Charles. Feverishly he makes up his son for his part, counseling him swiftly and surely in the craft which has been his lifelong study.

At last the curtain rises for the evening performance. In the triumph of the new Deburau the tragedy of the old is forgotten. So perhaps the play may be called a comedy, for its ending, after a fashion, is a happy one. At least it is no more tragic than the eternal displacement of each generation of mankind by the insistent and inevitable progression of the next. It is strange how new and how hard all changes are for those who must drop away like autumnal leaves—that spring may start again. It is something to be accepted as a commonplace instead of a tragedy only by those who are still a long way from October.

IN MEMORY OF ANNA MAY BACK

A FAMILIAR face has gone from The Outlook's editorial rooms. On Monday morning, February 7, a chair which for many years had been filled by a worker whose loyalty, devotion, and skill have been an inspiration to those associated with her stood empty when the clock struck nine. The strange vacancy was all too soon explained with the tragic word that the chair would never be filled again.

In memory of May Back The Outlook here records the grief of its whole staff at the sudden passing from this world of a brave and friendly spirit.

PRINCE KROPOTKIN: A REMINISCENCE

THE death of Prince Kropotkin, or, as he preferred to be called, Peter Kropotkin, has been announced from Moscow. The news has since been contradicted. But there is no doubt that he has been seriously ill, and, as it is very difficult to get exact facts from Russia under present conditions, there is every probability that, if he is not actually dead, death is hovering near him. For he is a very old man, worn out by a life of exhausting labor and hardship. His long career as a revolutionary reformer is one of the most romantic and self-sacrificing of modern times.

Born at Moscow in 1842, of a family of the Russian nobility, he entered the Court of the Czar as a page, a position of great honor and distinction. He became both a soldier and a scientist, and made important geographical expeditions and discoveries in Siberia and Manchuria and geological investigations in Finland. His contributions to cartography and geological history have a recognized place in scientific literature.

At thirty years of age Kropotkin became convinced by his observations of the Siberian exile system and of the condition of the peasants in all parts of the Russian Empire that the Russian

political and industrial system was hopelessly vicious, and he therefore joined the revolutionary party. He was arrested, imprisoned, escaped, fled to Switzerland, was expelled from that country, went to France, was imprisoned in France, and finally took refuge in England in 1886, where he made his permanent home. He was a voluminous and accomplished writer, and two of his books published in this country, "Memoirs of a Revolutionist" and "Fields, Factories, and Workshops," are of absorbing human interest. In industry he was a Socialist, in government what is known as a philosophical Anarchist, but

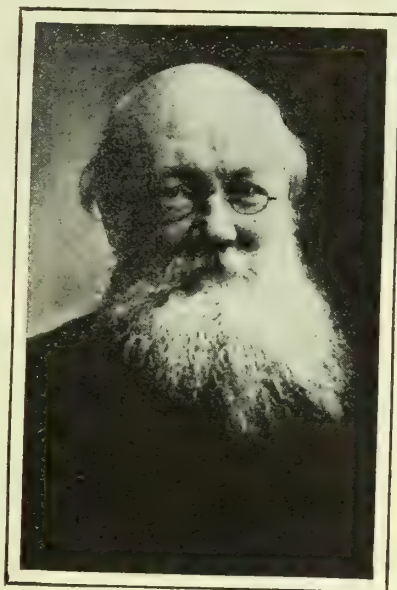
he was neither a lover nor an advocate of violence. Although an intellectual, he was very far from being a "parlor Socialist" or Bolshevik; for he put his beliefs into practice by living a life of self-abnegation, poverty, and privation with a patience and sweetness of spirit that reformers do not always display.

When Kropotkin visited this country twenty years ago, I learned from George Kennan, the Russian explorer, that he was very anxious to meet and talk with Booker Washington. We were publishing serially in *The Outlook* Washington's extraordinary autobiography, "Up From Slavery," and I was able to arrange a meeting—one of the most dramatic, although it was perfectly simple, natural, and spontaneous, in which I have ever had the good fortune to take part.

Booker Washington was staying at the old Grand Union Hotel, at Forty-second Street and Fourth Avenue, now torn down—and the only respectable New York hotel that in those days would receive Booker Washington, a Negro, as a guest. Kennan brought Kropotkin to the hotel, where I waited with Washington, and we all went up to the latter's room. It was a diminutive bedroom, such as in those happy times could be had for a dollar or a dollar and a half per day. The furniture consisted of a single bed, a chair, a washstand, and a trunk. Kropotkin sat on the chair, Washington on the bed, and Kennan and I on the trunk. There, in these simple surroundings, these two great men—for they were great men—talked for an hour of their hopes and aspirations for humanity. One born a Negro slave, the other an hereditary prince; one painfully and laboriously self-educated, the other with all the background of an aristocratic European culture; and each a champion and leader of a down-trodden and servile race—the American Negro and the Russian *muzhik*. It was this common interest in oppressed humanity, I suppose, that led the ex-prince to seek out the ex-slave. It was all informal, undemonstrative, almost matter-

of-fact; and yet it made a profound impression upon me.

It certainly is not inappropriate and it may be interesting to readers of *The Outlook* to add a quotation from a letter which I have just received from George



PRINCE KROPOTKIN

Kennan, to whom I submitted the foregoing account of the Kropotkin-Washington incident.

"Your little account," writes Kennan, "is excellent and I have only two suggestions to make.

"I think I would mention one more of his books [I mentioned only the two books which I had read myself.—L. F. A.], the mere title of which shows the trend of his later thinking, and that is 'Mutual Aid as a Factor of Evolution.' It was not published in this country, but my recollection is that it ran as a serial either in the 'Fortnightly Review' or the 'Nineteenth Century,' where I read it. It was published in book form in 1902, and impressed me as an admirable piece of work, of a really constructive rather than anarchistic character.

"Second, I would make it unmis-

takably clear that Kropotkin was not a Bolshevik or a sympathizer with Bolshevism. He opposed that tendency when it first showed itself in the Workmen's Council, and always, after the dispersal of the Constituent Assembly, he was an anti-Bolshevik. He soon saw that it was impracticable for him to fight Lenine and Trotsky, and, as he felt himself to be an old man and wanted to die in his own country, he entered into a sort of *modus vivendi* or agreement with the Bolsheviks, based on an understanding that he would not interfere with them if they would let him alone. After that he took no part in public affairs, but lived, practically isolated, in the little village near Moscow, where, I presume, he died.

"People might think that because he was called—and indeed called himself—an 'Anarchist' he must have been a Bolshevik, but he never was. Reports that have come to me indicate that after the suppression of the Constituent Assembly he was nearer to the Constitutional Democrats than to the Bolsheviks."

Few, if any, Americans have been more intimate with what may be called the Constitutional Revolutionists in Russia than George Kennan, or have understood more clearly their purposes and aspirations. His early Siberian explorations and his two distinguished books, "Tent Life in Siberia" and "Siberia and the Exile System," brought him into close contact with Russian revolutionary patriots. He was himself expelled from Russia by the Romanoff autocracy while visiting that country twenty years ago in pursuit of his investigations of Russian despotism.

That the Revolution could have produced such fine spirits as those of Nicolas Tchaikovsky, Kropotkin, and Catherine Breshkovsky, all of whom bitterly opposed Bolshevism, is perhaps the best ground of hope that Bolshevik despotism will finally fall, and the Romanoff despotism has fallen, and that human justice and social order based on representative constitutional government will finally prevail in that unhappy country.

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT.

"UNCLE SAM'S TIN HALO"

THE House of Representatives has wisely accepted Mr. Morgan's offer of the Morgan residence in London for use as a permanent American Embassy, and it has appropriated \$150,000 for the purchase of a Paris residence. In *The Outlook* for December 22 there appeared an article by Andrew Ten Eyck entitled "Uncle Sam's Tin Halo" dealing with the question of proper provision for the housing and support of Amer-

ican diplomatic representatives. It has called forth expressions of approval from men of experience in our diplomatic life. We print excerpts from some of their letters to us and trust that the Senate, when it comes to consider the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation Bill, will be moved to retain the excellent clause regarding permanent residences inserted therein by the House.—THE EDITORS.

From a Former Secretary of State

I have been advocating American-owned legations and embassies for fifteen years; first, in order that diplomatic posts should be open to worthy men without regard to wealth, and, second, in order that we may control the standard of living of our diplomats and make them represent American life.

W. J. BRYAN.

From a Former Assistant Secretary of State

Mr. Ten Eyck's article about diplomatic service brings out some striking contrasts and needs that ought to be widely known. I was very interested in reading it.

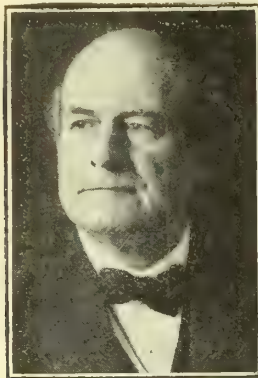
HUNTINGTON WILSON.

From Our Ambassador to Great Britain

I have read with great interest the

article by Mr. Ten Eyck on "Uncle Sam's Tin Halo."

Needless to say, it strikes a responsive chord in my heart, and, while the time is approaching when I shall have no personal concern in such reforms, I earnestly hope that the American people can be brought to a realization of the need for an adequate support to all grades of the diplomatic service.



(C) Paul Thompson
W. J. BRYAN



(C) Harris & Ewing
HENRY P. FLETCHER



(C) Harris & Ewing
OSCAR S. STRAUS



Bain
GARRETT DROPPERS



(C) Harris & Ewing
HUNTINGTON WILSON

I am gratified to see such a publication as *The Outlook* taking up the cudgels.

JOHN W. DAVIS.

From a Former Ambassador to France

I was tremendously amused and pleased with Andrew Ten Eyck's article. It is a splendid article—an exposé of a shameful condition which has too long existed. At present, in London, with all the diplomatic and business relations which we have with Great Britain, there are three or four separate representations there—the Shipping Board, the Treasury Department, the Consulate-General, the Ambassador—really with no co-ordination. The wonder is that we get on as well as we do. I hope, in the next Administration, that a good cleaning up of the diplomatic situation may take place. MYRON T. HERRICK.

From a Former Ambassador to France and Italy

Mr. Ten Eyck's interesting article on the American diplomatists is an admirable exposition of the absurdities of our present system, and if only the billions in hard cash which it has cost this country—especially in South America, but at one time or other in every foreign country—could be computed I think the total might make our people "sit up," indisposed as they usually are to adopt that course in respect to their own interests. Great Britain is a marvelous example of the reverse, as this war has so clearly demonstrated, though of course any one in diplomacy as long as I was could not but be well aware thereof. The comparative table in the article, of service by our Ambassadors and those with whom they had to compete, is a valuable addition to its arguments. I hope it may have some effect.

HENRY WHITE.

From a Former Ambassador to Germany

Mr. Ten Eyck's excellent article on the diplomatic service is a very useful contribution to an extremely important subject, and never more so than at this moment. It is likely that there never will be in the future so good an opportunity for the United States to acquire appropriate embassy buildings in the European capitals as is now afforded by the unusual rates of foreign exchange. A good house, well equipped and fur-

nished with a suitable staff of caretakers, would go far toward providing the means of proper representation of our Government. I have never believed in paying large salaries to our ambassadors and ministers. There is every reason against it. It is not proper that, as officers of Government, ambassadors should receive for their services a greater remuneration than the members of the Cabinet, the stipend of whom is fixed at \$12,000. The important point is that the ambassador or minister is obliged to live in a foreign country where he does not own his own home and where it takes much time to find suitable installation, and because he represents his Government to another government he requires an establishment appropriate for this purpose and equal to other establishments in the same place. Now all that pertains to the matter of representation is a proper charge upon the Government, as it is for the Government, in the interest of the Government, and designed to sustain the dignity and prestige of the Government. It is absurd that a public officer should be permitted to exploit his wealth in an official position of this kind; or, as the price of the honor of holding the office, that he should maintain it at his own expense. The Government has no right to ask it, and should not permit it, for its own sake, for the government to which the ambassador is accredited will know very well whether the establishment is really the representation of the Government or the ambassador's own exploitation of his private wealth.

The true solution of the problem is the purchase of a suitable house, to be properly cared for at the Government's expense, with a reasonable fund for social entertainment of an official character and a moderate salary for the services of the ambassador or minister.

Both from the point of view of Congress, the American public, and the foreign public, this would show that "decent respect for the opinions of mankind" upon which, in the Declaration of Independence, our democracy is founded. It is time that we justified our professions.

DAVID J. HILL.

From Our Ambassador to Italy

The interesting and useful article of Mr. Ten Eyck's ought to do a great deal

of good in stirring up members of Congress to their duty in remedying the humiliating situation in all the countries where we have no official embassy or legation, and I believe that *The Outlook* would find its account in making a little four-page pamphlet from the plates of the article and sending it to every member of Congress. [We have sent every Senator and Representative a copy of *The Outlook* containing the article.—THE EDITORS.] I am trying very hard to get attention for this Embassy at a time when the exchange is so largely in our favor and when bargains can be had.

May I call your attention to one incorrect reference to me, which was probably intended to be complimentary but is really not so. This is a statement that at the San Remo Conference I so literally construed my powers as to refuse to explain my status or to answer Lloyd George's inquiry as to my view on a certain question. As it was absolutely necessary when I entered the Conference that my status should be specifically set forth—as it was—there could be no doubt in the mind of the British Premier as to what that status was. In diplomacy, by the way, the proper thing is literally to construe one's powers. One does not take liberties with official instructions. I certainly did not feel that there was any predicament as far as I was concerned. As is already publicly known, my business was not merely to listen, but to report to the Government the proceedings from time to time, and to forward any communication from the Conference. To these functions I strictly adhered.

R. U. JOHNSON.

From a Former Ambassador to Turkey

I have read the article by Mr. Ten Eyck with great interest and approval. The facts are convincing and the argument is sound.

OSCAR S. STRAUS.

From a Former Ambassador to Mexico

Mr. Ten Eyck's article on Lo, the Poor Diplomat, strikes a very responsive chord in my undecorated chest. Like Caesar, I refused these baubles thrice—in Portugal, China, and Chile—and somehow I have never regretted this noble sacrifice in the name of republican simplicity and clean-breasted diplomacy???



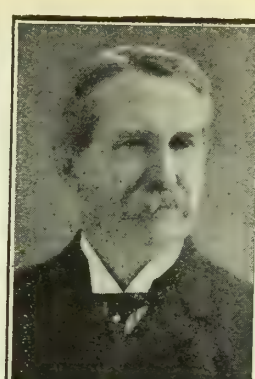
Keystone
JOHN W. DAVIS



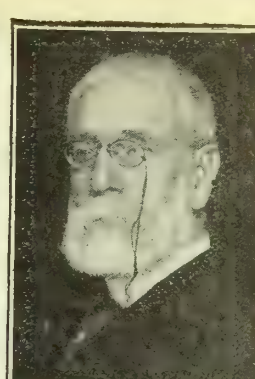
(C) Harris & Ewing
MYRON T. HERRICK



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DAVID J. HILL



(C) Harris & Ewing
HENRY WHITE



Bain
R. U. JOHNSON

You would be surprised, however, to see what advantage some foreign governments derive from these things—it's always easier to bribe a man's vanity than himself.

HENRY P. FLETCHER.

From Our Minister to Holland

Every word of Mr. Ten Eyck's article is true and to the point, and I wish there were more people who could present the situation to the American public as concretely and vividly as has Mr. Ten Eyck. Of course I myself am very full of the whole subject and am eager to see Washington adopt a policy of strengthening the Foreign Service, not only through the purchase of Government residences but through the selection of a personnel truly representative of our great country.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS.

From Our Former Minister to Greece

The article on "The Poor American Diplomat" goes to my heart. Without too much investigation I accepted the post of Minister to Greece. At the end of six years of work, the hardest years of my life, I come back to Williams just \$20,000 out of pocket, and the other American diplomats whom I have met say I am lucky. Twenty thousand dollars may not be much in these days of new millionaires, but they were accumulated in a professor's salary, which is something. Incidentally I saved American interests twenty million drachmas [a drachma is equivalent to a franc] in one instance when I put in a remonstrance to the Greek Foreign Office. I had an opportunity to purchase a legation property in Athens, the chance of a lifetime, but there was no money, or, rather, no appropriation. The fault lies, as you know, with Congress, not with the Administration. That same property has increased from \$150,000 to over \$1,000,000 to-day.

GARRETT DROPPERS.

From Our Consul-General at Rome

Our alleged diplomatic service has often been—but it would be undiplomatic for me to express opinions. We underrate the value of continuity of experience. For instance, I see that my friend Peter Augustus Jay has been made Minister to Rumania. He did exceedingly well

during his long period here as Chargé d'Affaires after the departure of Thomas Nelson Page, the Ambassador, under very difficult conditions. It was a great tribute to Jay's ability that this Administration named him as Minister to Salvador, for he had not been affiliated with the party. With nineteen years of experience in the field, with many accomplishments, with a wife who is altogether fine, and having in his veins the blood of John Jay who negotiated in 1789 the first treaty under our Constitution, Peter has claims to advancement. We shelved almost all of our "service Ministers" in 1913. I am sorry to see that one of them, John Brinckerhoff Jackson, recently died in Switzerland. The last time I saw him was when I played golf with him one day in the spring of 1917 in Zurich. King Constantine was soon to arrive in a villa close to the links. Mr. Jackson said he and his wife were to move on to Geneva in a few days. When I asked him why, reminding him that there was no golf down there where Caesar once knocked the first syllable out of the *Helvetians*, he said: "During my time in Athens, when I was Uncle Jack to my niece who was living with us, the whole diplomatic group, including the heir to the throne, Prince Constantine, called me Uncle Jack. Now that we are in the war, it would not be just the thing for me to be Uncle Jack to his exiled Majesty. So we are disappearing before he comes." I remember that I beat him that day, and now death has putted the winning hole.

FRANCIS B. KEENE.

From Two High Officials

I have read with great interest the article by Ten Eyck in regard to the miserable pay of our ambassadors and ministers, and hope that, owing to The Outlook's wide circulation among our more educated, and therefore more thoughtful, people, it may have a tangible effect. I have always felt convinced that if the facts could be made known in an intelligent but popular way much good would result. . . . For instance, I have seen it nowhere mentioned that most of the European governments have recently raised very considerably the pay and allowances of all grades in their foreign service—though these were

already very generally higher than in ours. In certain cases—presumably to avoid criticism—they have greatly increased the allowances while the salary remains practically the same; in others they have exempted the pay from taxation; and almost universally have met the adverse exchange by paying in gold. The fact that the country may be very hard up seems to make little difference—rather the reverse. The British Ambassador at Washington, instead of receiving, as formerly, £10,000 (\$50,000) with normal exchange, gets a salary of £2,500 and £17,500 for entertainment. He pays an income tax on the £2,500, but the rest is exempt. Otherwise, he would have to pay out in income tax nearly half of the £20,000 he receives. Under this new system the British Ambassador in Rome saved over a third of his pay, which in his case amounts to £10,000. Also in Japan an Ambassador's salary, as presented to the Diet, is about 5,000 yen (\$2,500), but he receives \$20,000 upwards in allowances.

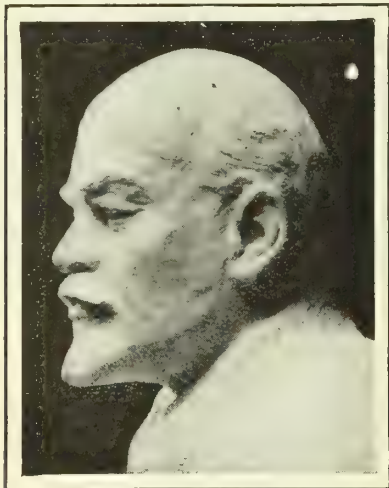
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I was very glad to see that The Outlook has espoused the cause of "The Poor American Diplomat;" he needs aid and sympathy from all classes, whom he serves indiscriminately. The article by Andrew Ten Eyck is pertinent, and I hope may have some influence, although he is only presenting old material in a new form. However, it should be helpful.

The American in general is very reluctant to change his customs as long as they do not advance his business interests, and for some time past I have been convinced that, without considerable pressure being brought on members of Congress by their constituents in favor of a more definitely established diplomatic service and the purchase of embassy quarters abroad, advancement to that end will only go by very short and infrequent steps. Looking back over a period of ten or fifteen years, one sees that a marked improvement has been made, but if at the beginning of those years a definite policy had been adopted our present situation would be far better and more efficient services be rendered our commercial and political interests abroad.

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CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED

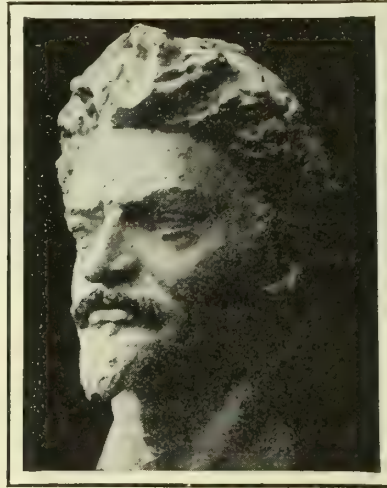


Central News

LENINE



Photo by Bertram Park, from International
MRS. SHERIDAN



Central News

TROTSKY

MRS. CLARE SHERIDAN, ENGLISH SCULPTRESS, AND HER BUSTS OF RUSSIAN SOVIET LEADERS
Mrs. Sheridan recently visited Moscow and had personal sittings for these busts

THE LESS THEY "HOOVERIZED" THE MORE THEY HELPED

John D. Rockefeller (left), William Fellowes Morgan (center), and Herbert Hoover are getting their lunch at a Y. W. C. A. cafeteria; the gross receipts for one day in these cafeterias throughout the country were devoted to the fund for European relief. Mr. Morgan's lunch, said to have been "delightful," consisted, it is reported, of vegetable soup, egg salad, chocolate cake, and one canned peach, at a cost of fifty cents. Judging from the appearance of Mr. Hoover's and Mr. Rockefeller's trays, they apparently did still better for the fund



(C) Keystone



Wide World

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT VISITS THE PERPETUAL CANDIDATE

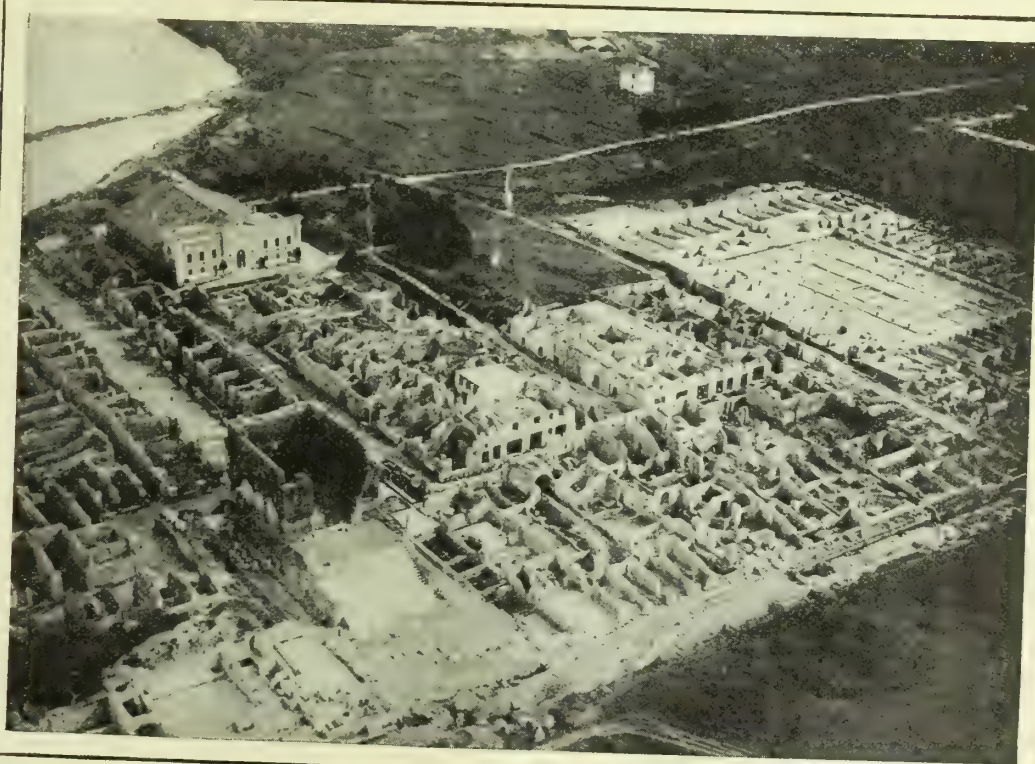
Mr. Harding, on his trip to Florida, accepted an invitation from Mr. Bryan to visit the latter's home at Miami. The Hardings smile, it will be noticed, seems somewhat more spontaneous than that of the man who has been thrice defeated for the office to which Mr. Harding has just been triumphantly elected. Senator Frelinghuysen is at the left of the picture, Mr. Bryan at the right, Mr. Harding in the left center, and the Bryan grandchildren are in the foreground



Wide World

WITH THE FLEET IN SOUTHERN WATERS

Is it any wonder that the boys want to join the Navy when they can spend the winter in the West Indies under fair skies and with work and play delightfully intermixed? Perhaps the work is a little to the fore in this picture, but there is plenty of play too. This photograph was taken from the deck of the U. S. S. Oklahoma as it entered Guantanamo Bay for battle practice. Other dreadnoughts belonging to Uncle Sam are seen in the background



Wide World

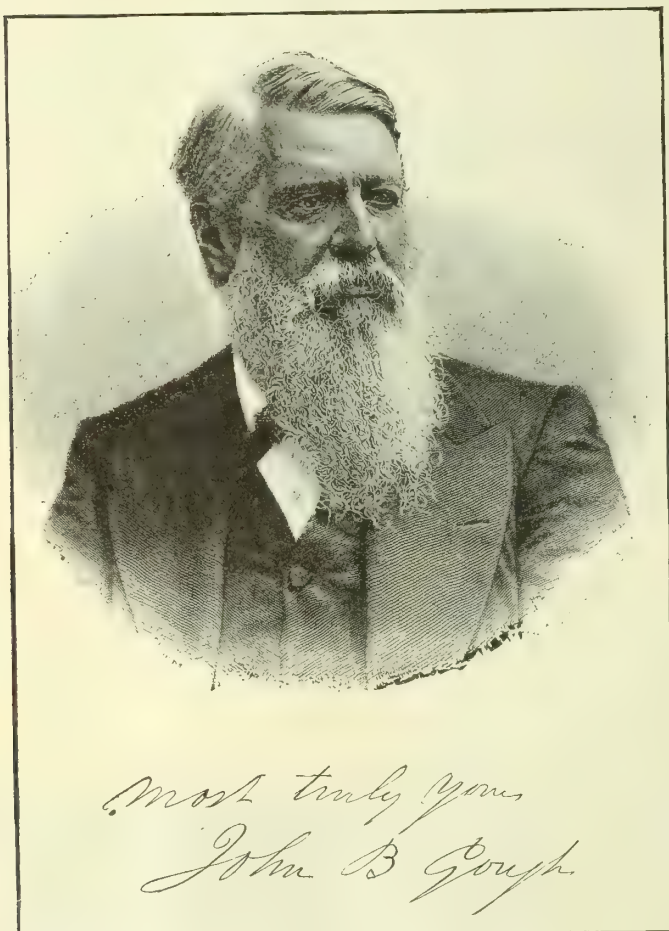
OSTIA, THE PORT OF ANCIENT ROME, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A DIRIGIBLE

The ruins of Ostia, which were first excavated toward the end of the eighteenth century, have been still further exposed by recent excavations. Ostia is situated about fifteen miles from Rome, at the mouth of the Tiber. It was long the principal station of the Roman navy, but after the fall of the Empire its harbor became silted up and the town fell into ruin. In the foreground of the above picture is the Temple of Vulcan; the remains of extensive salt works, which first gave the city its importance, are seen at the right

SNAP-SHOTS OF MY CONTEMPORARIES

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

JOHN B. GOUGH, OLD TESTAMENT CHRISTIAN



From "Sunlight and Shadow," by John B. Gough

"He was a consistent Puritan. If I did not fear being misunderstood, I would say he was an Old Testament Christian. He was for himself a very strict constructionist of the Old Testament laws. . . . But, unlike some Puritans, he never attempted to impose his conscience on another. He was strict with himself, liberal with others"

IN April, 1840, the Rev. Matthew Hale Smith delivered a temperance lecture in Baltimore. Two members of a drinking club which was accustomed to meet in a tavern in that city were appointed, probably in jest, to attend and bring back a report to their comrades. On their report a hot debate ensued. The interference of the landlord added fuel to the flames. As a result six of the members formed a temperance society on the spot, which they entitled the Washington Total Abstinence Society. This was, I believe, the first total abstinence society organized in America. A year or two later John B. Gough, then apparently a confirmed inebriate, was rescued by this total-abstinence movement from self-destruction, and at once gave himself to the rescue of others.

He was born in 1827 in England of humble parentage, was apprenticed at twelve years of age to a family migrating to America, entered the bookbinder's trade, took to the stage as a vaudeville

performer, fell into bad habits, increased by despair on the death of his wife and infant child, had two attacks of delirium tremens, by a kind word from a stranger was interested in temperance reform, signed the pledge, and began his real life—the life of an apostle of temperance. He brought into his new life the arts of the actor acquired in the theater, and was at once a favorite speaker in the temperance meetings held in district schoolhouses, public halls, and sometimes, although at first rarely, in churches.

He married again. His wife brought him those staying and steadying qualities which this impulsive, ardent, sensitive orator sorely needed. His newly acquired moral earnestness gave to him the artistic quality of sincerity and reality which the vaudeville performer had not possessed. He united with the Church and brought into the total-abstinence movement a Christian spirit which it at first had lacked. He early made

enthusiastic friends; but he had also to encounter bitter, unscrupulous, and astute enemies. They concealed their enmity under a guise of hospitality. Twice he fell under his old temptations; once a physician's prescription woke the old appetite, once he was drugged. From both falls he recovered, and by both falls his hatred of drink was intensified, his power to combat it was strengthened.

When I first knew him, this period of conflict was wholly in the past; but it was a past which he never forgot, and never could forget. He told me once that he never came into a roomful of company that he did not think, "These people are saying to themselves, here comes the man who has twice had delirium tremens," and that he never dared take communion when alcoholic wine was used lest the fragrance of the wine should be too much for him.

But he carried with him none of the marks of his upbringing; no vulgarities and no coarseness of speech, no lack of courtesy in behavior. He was a cultivated gentleman, able to grace any social circle, and the best social circles in England and America were opened to him. He was one of the very few absolute total abstainers I have ever known. He never touched wine or pretended to touch it at weddings or receptions; never tasted it at the sacrament; never used it as a medicine. He was the best story-teller I have ever known, and told stories with the same dramatic impersonation at the dinner table as on the platform. Of them he had an inexhaustible supply, because, although he was always drawing from his reservoir, he was also always replenishing it. The Lecture Lyceum was in a decline; Chautauqua had not yet been born; the Y. M. C. A. was still in its youth. But John B. Gough never failed to draw. He no longer confined himself to temperance, but I doubt whether he ever lectured on any theme that he did not introduce some reference to temperance into the lecture. On one of my visits to him at his country home a few miles out from Worcester, he took me over his farm and showed me half a score or more of cattle of a special breed. "Can you make this farm pay?" I asked him. "Pay!" he exclaimed. "Pay! It takes eight months of lecturing as hard as I can lecture to earn the money which my wife has to have in order to run this farm."

He was a consistent Puritan. If I did not fear being misunderstood, I would say he was an Old Testament Christian. He was for himself a very strict constructionist of the Old Testament laws. He spent eight months of the year on an itinerant lecture tour, but he would never travel on Sunday. I believe he would never ride in a horse car on Sun-

day. Does not the Fourth Commandment say, "Thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle"? To ride in a horse car is to make a servant and a horse work; therefore he would not ride. But, unlike some Puritans, he never attempted to impose his conscience on another. He was strict with himself, liberal with others. In this regard he was unlike many of us who are more inclined to be liberal in judging for ourselves and strict in judging for others.

He was in Edinburgh one Sunday (he himself told me this anecdote, and I do not think it has been before in print) and heard Dr. Finney preach on the seventh of Romans: "For that which I do I allow not; for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I." The sermon produced a profound impression on Mr. Gough's sensitive nature. The next morning he called on Dr. Finney at his hotel, was shown to his room, and, with characteristic directness, went straight to his point.

"Dr. Finney," said he, "I am Mr. Gough. I heard you preach yesterday morning; and I am afraid that I am living in the seventh of Romans."

With equally characteristic directness Dr. Finney met his visitor.

"Let us pray," said he; and knelt down at his chair. Mr. Gough knelt also. After a fervent prayer for his visitor's emancipation from the law Dr. Finney called on Mr. Gough to pray.

Mr. Gough. I can't, Dr. Finney.

Dr. Finney. Pray, Mr. Gough.

Mr. Gough. I can't, Dr. Finney.

Dr. Finney (with renewed emphasis). Pray, Mr. Gough.

Mr. Gough. I can't, Dr. Finney; and, what is more, I won't.

Dr. Finney. O Lord, have mercy on this wiry little sinner.

What was said in the conversation which followed I do not know. The incident is worth recording because it illustrates one distinguishing feature in Mr. Gough's character—his absolute sincerity. When he said, "I cannot pray," he spoke the literal truth. A sincerer man than he I have never known. He was incapable of false pretense. The emotion which he did not feel he could not utter. This was one element, perhaps the most important element, of his power as an orator. Because what he said he always himself felt, he compelled his audience to feel it with him. He was always real. Even in his impersonations he was for the moment the individual he impersonated.

At the time of which I am writing the temperance army existed in two wings—the legal and the moral-suasion. The leaders of the one sought by law to prohibit the sale of liquor; the leaders of the other sought to dissuade the drinker from using it. Mr. Gough belonged to the latter wing. He was essentially a Christian Evangelist. He characterized the temperance movement as a "Christian enterprise;" he sought, and not in vain, the co-operation of the Christian clergy and the Christian churches; he

appealed to the sleeping pride in man, which the most degraded rarely entirely lose, and he often roused it to self-assertion. At the close of one of his meetings the most notorious drunkard in the town arose and, pulling a bottle out of his pocket, said, "Mr. Gough, those young men in the gallery gave me this bottle and offered me half a dollar to drink your very good health at the close of your lecture. But you have told me that I am a man, and I believe I am;" and he broke the bottle in pieces then and there, signed the pledge—and kept it.

If Mr. Gough treated the "drunken Jakes" in every community as men, he

also treated genteel and reputable drunkenness as a sin. He condemned it, not because it always leads to poverty, disease, and crime, for it does not; but because it always does lead to a loss of self-control, and if self-control is not the foundation of all the virtues, no virtue can be exercised without it. I wrote to him once inviting him to deliver an address at a Congregational Club in New York City, and received the following reply:

I am glad that the subject of Temperance is to be the topic of discussion and I would have gladly occupied a few minutes in the expression of some thoughts on the subject

their children, and outrage the modesties of life; who love filth, and are well-versed in all abominations, moral and physical. Are there not men and women who are able to maintain a decent or respectable appearance, who are really drunkards as essentially as the poor victim who rolls in the gutter, only differing in degree. A man who greets his mother or wife with a profane exclamation under the influence of intoxicating stimulants is as drunk as the man who blasphemes under the same influence, or he who slanders in the silly, ungodly affection as he who beats his wife &c. But I am forgetting myself: I write with a despatch sent to the ^{and gen. committee} and I thank you most heartily for a kindness I shall ever remember and to send you my sincere and deep regrets that I am not permitted to assemble with you on the occasion of your Festival. Mrs. Gough is included in all I would say to you and the committee most truly yrs. John B. Gough.

FACSIMILE OF LAST PAGE OF LETTER WRITTEN BY MR. GOUGH IN 1882 IN REPLY TO AN INVITATION FROM DR. ABBOTT TO SPEAK IN NEW YORK



From "Platform Echoes," by John B. Gough

AN ILLUSTRATION OF ONE OF MR. GOUGH'S DRAMATIC NARRATIONS

"He was the best story-teller I have ever known, and told stories with the same dramatic impersonation at the dinner table as on the platform."

This picture illustrates one of Mr. Gough's temperance stories. In his book "Platform Echoes" it bears the following caption:

"A Fatal Leap.—His face was pale as ashes. He clenched his fingers as if he would press the nails into the flesh, his lip curled over his white teeth in the agonies of death, and his eyes glared upon his companions with the ferocity of a tiger as he said, 'Oh, why did you not hold me?' Why did they not hold him? It was too late; the demon of drink had full possession of him, and no mortal power could have held him then."

before such an audience. I fear we do not sufficiently recognize the importance of a more strict definition of the meaning of the term drunkenness or intemperance. We are apt to decide that drunkards are those only who beat their wives, neglect their children, and outrage the decencies of life; who love filth, and are wedded to all abominations, moral and physical. Are there not men and women who are able to maintain a decent or respectable appearance, who are really drunkards as essentially as the poor victim who rolls in the gutter? only differing in degree. A man who prays louder or with more apparent unction under the influence of intoxicating stimulants is as drunk as the man who blasphemes under the same influence, or he who slobbers in his silly maudlin affection as he who beats his wife, &c.

These two incidents illustrate the spirit which always animated Mr. Gough. His primary object was the redemption of the individual; the social betterment of the community took a second place in his customary thinking. But, though he rarely spoke in advocacy of legal measures of any kind—high license, local option, or prohibition—he was too good a strategist to criticize his legal co-workers in a common enterprise. The prohibitionists were not always as wise. With that intolerance which has too often characterized radical reformers from the days of the ancient Pharisees, some of them sneered and a few of them bitterly condemned the moral-suasionists. This led to one of the most dramatic incidents in Mr. Gough's dramatic career.

In 1857—I believe I have the date

right—Neal Dow, the author of the Maine Law, was about visiting England to take part in a prohibition campaign in that country. At that time the prohibition movement in the United States was suffering a relapse. Mr. Gough in a private letter to a friend stated the

facts. "The cause in this country," he wrote, "is in a depressed state. The Maine law is a dead letter everywhere—more liquor sold than I ever knew before in Massachusetts—and in the other States it is about as bad." At the same time he commended Neal Dow and referred to him for further information. "I see," he said, "that Neal Dow is to be in England. I am glad. You will all like him; he is a noble man, a faithful worker. He can tell better than any other man the state of the Maine law movement here."

There is no doubt that Mr. Gough's statement was true. But the radical reformer does not wish the truth told if it will hurt his cause. He is generally quite sure that nothing can be true which will hurt his cause. When a little later Mr. Gough landed in Liverpool, he found the prohibition circles in England in a fever of excitement which the publication of this private letter had caused. That he was a liar was the least of the charges preferred against him. Mr. Gough met the charges of falsehood by letters from distinguished advocates of temperance in the United States testifying to the facts as he had portrayed them. Resolutions by his friends which fully and heartily vindicated him had no effect to still the abuse. The reverse was the effect. Slanders, at first whispered from circle to circle, were at length openly published. One prohibition leader, bolder or more unscrupulous than his colleagues, printed a letter in which he declared that Mr. Gough had been often intoxicated with drugs—once insensibly so—in the streets of London, many times



From "Platform Echoes," by John B. Gough

AN ILLUSTRATION OF ONE OF MR. GOUGH'S HUMOROUS STORIES

He was "endowed with a musical voice, a vivid imagination, and human sympathy equally capable of irresistible pathos and of a rollicking humor"

This picture illustrates one of the entertaining anecdotes Mr. Gough was accustomed to tell. In his book "Platform Echoes" it bears the following caption:

"Betty and the Bear. The Husband's Advice from a Safe Retreat.—As the fight went on, he became excited. By and by he began to encourage her, and shouted, 'Well done, Betty! That was a good knock. Now take him on the other side,' and so on, till Betty hit the final blow and the bear gave a final kick. And then the husband came down from his safe retreat. 'Well, that's a bigger bear than I thought it was, Betty, and I consider we have done gloriously.'"

When the work is done, 'we,' and when the work is to be done, 'you' "

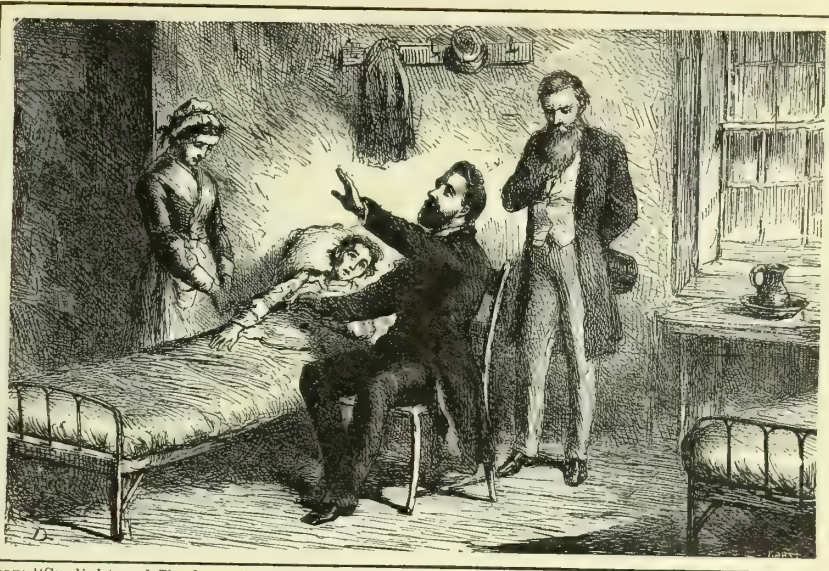
helplessly so in the streets of Glasgow; that there were many witnesses to the facts; that two of these occasions were within the writer's personal knowledge; and he challenged Mr. Gough to bring the matter before a jury of twelve Englishmen and pledged himself "on the honor of a gentleman and the faith of a Christian to furnish names and adduce further evidence of what I have now asserted."

Mr. Gough accepted the challenge of Dr. Lees, sued him for libel, and brought him before the court to make good his charge.

I should not venture thus to report this incident in the life of Mr. Gough if I depended solely on my memory of events occurring more than sixty years ago. But I wrote in 1884 a brief sketch of Mr. Gough's life which is now out of print. A copy of that sketch lies before me now, and from it I quote the following brief report of this extraordinary trial:

"Mr. Gough's counsel opened the case, stated the facts, and called Mr. Gough to go into the witness-box. Mr. Gough thus at the outset offered himself to the opposing counsel for a searching cross-examination into his whole life. It was a simple thing to do if the charges were wholly false; it would have been a disastrous thing to do if there had been any color of truth in them, any ground even for a reasonable suspicion of their truth. Mr. Gough carried with him into the witness-box a little hand-bag. He swore positively that since 1845 never had wine, spirits, or any fermented liquor touched his lips; that he had never eaten opium, bought opium, possessed opium; that he had never touched or owned laudanum, except on that one occasion before his reformation, when he stopped on the edge of suicide; that the whole story in all its parts was an absolute fabrication. . . .

"Then, in answer to a question from his counsel, he opened his hand-bag and took out a little memorandum-book. It was one of several. It then appeared that ever since the commencement of his lecturing experiences he had kept a diary. In this diary he entered upon every day the place where he spent it, the persons with whom he spent it, his occupation, and, if he had lectured, the price received for his lecture. He was thus able to fix with certainty his exact



From "Sunlight and Shadow," by John B. Gough

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON AND MR. GOUGH AT THE BEDSIDE OF THE DYING BOY

Of the effect of Mr. Spurgeon's personality upon those who looked to him for comfort and support Mr. Gough wrote:

"I have seen Mr. Spurgeon holding by his power sixty-five hundred persons in a breathless interest; I knew him as a great man universally esteemed and beloved; but as he sat by the bedside of a dying pauper child, whom his beneficence had rescued, he was to me a greater and grander man than when swaying the mighty multitude at his will."

place and the witnesses who could testify to his condition on every day. Slander was dumb. It dared not face that diary. A hurried consultation took place between Dr. Lees and his counsel. Then, in Dr. Lees's name, and in his presence, his counsel retracted the charges. He retracted the statement that his client knew of his own certain knowledge of Mr. Gough's intoxication. Everything was withdrawn. Mr. Gough left the witness-stand without being cross-examined. By consent a verdict was given to him of five guineas, a sum sufficient to carry costs."

The subsequent endeavors of Dr. Lees to retract his retraction had no effect upon public opinion. The verdict of the English people unanimously sustained the unanimous verdict of the English jury. What I wrote in 1884 is still true: "From that day to this, slander against his [Mr. Gough's] good name has never been repeated. Neither envy, nor malice, nor even partisanship, dares face that diary."

The closing years of Mr. Gough's life

were spent in his rural home a few miles from Worcester, Massachusetts. Without education he became a master of the English language; without advantages of birth or early training he became a refined and cultivated gentleman; rescued from the depths of degradation by a kind word fitly spoken, he became a devout Christian. He was a great orator because he was in the best sense of that often abused term a great man. Endowed with a musical voice, a mobile face, a vivid imagination, a human sympathy equally capable of irresistible pathos and of an almost rollicking humor, all controlled and directed to a noble end by common sense and a masterful conscience, Mr. Gough rendered to his native land and to the land of his adoption a service the effects of which surpass all calculation.

And when he died men came from various parts of this country and messages from all parts of the civilized world to do honor to his memory at the simple funeral services held in his country home near Worcester, Massachusetts.

THE STAGE DOOR

A CLERGYMAN wrote to Edwin Booth, asking if he could not be admitted to his theater by a side or rear door, as he preferred to run no risk of being seen by any of his parishioners. The distinguished actor replied: "There is no door in my theater through which God cannot see." Lyman Abbott's article "Edwin Booth—Interpreter" is full of significant episodes from the life of Booth. It is the next of Dr. Abbott's "Snap-Shots of My Contemporaries," and appears in an early issue of *The Outlook*.

PUNCH AND JUDY

A TALE

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

WHEN Judy Cronin first saw the topless towers of Manhattan rising into the lilac vagueness of a foggy winter morning, she passed into a numb and frightened daze. Standing on the steerage deck of the Celtic, she peered tremulously at these fantastic, impossible profiles of stone. Perhaps you don't know what it is to be thrown, ignorant and timid, into a place where everything is utterly strange—particularly a place as huge, violent, and hasty as New York. Judy, aged twenty-one, from a little village near Queenstown, was incapable of distinguishing in the roaring voice of the city that undertone of helpful kindness that is really there. On the same steamer came the widow of a famous Irish recusant and hunger-striker, and there were ten thousand people massed in West Street to cheer her. Judy heard the shouts of the crowd and saw the lines of policemen on the pier. There was some of that quiet but menacing shuffling with which the various branches of the English-speaking world show their esteem for each other. Judy was not familiar with that definition of a patriot as one who makes trouble for his harmless fellow-citizens; but it looked as though she was blundering into some more of the tribulations they had had at home.

At last her sister Connie found her sitting white and miserable on her very small trunk, clutching her imitation-silver coin-purse. Connie had been in New York for a couple of years, and it gave her a homesick throb to see that coin-purse—one of those little metal pocketbooks with slots to hold gold sovereigns and half-sovereigns. Father Daly had given it to Judy, years ago, but it had never had gold in the little sockets until Connie sent over the passage money to bring Judy to New York.

The city flashed by like a current-events film. Judy found herself in a friendly lodging-house in Brooklyn, kept by an Irishwoman who had been kind to Connie. Her sister then explained matters. Her own employers, with whom she had a position too good to abandon, had arranged to go South for the latter part of the winter. They had already delayed leaving so that Connie could meet her sister and get her settled. They had given Connie a few days' holiday for that purpose. Therefore Judy must get a place as soon as possible. And that very afternoon the sisters (Judy still in a kind of dreadful dream) went to the office of a Brooklyn newspaper to insert an advertisement.

A great many people were watching the "Situations Wanted" columns, and the next evening at supper time Mrs. Le-

land called up the lodging-house number, which had been given in the ad. Connie went to the telephone. Mrs. Leland had a pleasant voice and "talked like gentry," Connie said. She lived in Heathwood, Long Island, which is some twenty miles from town, and wanted a nurse to take care of two children. Connie agreed to take Judy out to Heathwood the next morning, to see if they could come to terms. Judy was inexperienced, but Mrs. Leland liked her looks. In short, by the time Judy had been in America three days she was installed at Mrs. Leland's home in the country; and a few days later Connie had gone off to Florida.

Now Judy was really very fortunate in these random proceedings, for she had found a good home under an exceptionally kind and understanding mistress. And therefore perhaps it was unreasonable of her to be so unhappy. But no one has ever demonstrated that human affairs are much controlled by reason. Judy was dumbly and piteously miserable. She was homesick and lonely, and half-mad with strangeness. She was not really slow-witted; but the confusion of her spirits put her into a kind of black stupor. Everything was uncouth to her: steam heat, electric light, gas stove, telephone—even the alarm clock in her bedroom. Not knowing how to turn off her radiator, and having the simple person's distrust of opening windows in a strange place, the first few nights she was sick with heat and suffocation. In her sleep she cried out indistinguishable words about being shot. In spite of Mrs. Leland's patient tuition, she made every possible kind of mistake. The children, with the quickness of youth, realized her inexperience and uncertainty, and played a thousand impish pranks. Mrs. Leland could see that the girl had been through distresses at home, and kept the evening papers, with their headlines about Ireland, out of sight. But one evening, in the kitchen, Judy came upon a Sunday rotogravure section with pictures of burned streets in Cork. The look of the people in those photographs went through her heart. The men wearing caps, the women in shawls, something even in the shape of trouser legs and heavy shoes, reminded Judy how far she was from all that she understood. It's the little things you take for granted at home that come back to hurt you when you're away. That night, sitting in her bedroom next the nursery, she shook herself ill with sobs.

One who might have helped her greatly took pains to add to her be-

wilderment. Hattie, Mrs. Leland's colored cook, a retainer of long standing, was sharply disgruntled at this new addition to the household. Jealousy was the root of Hattie's irritation, and it shot up a rapid foliage of poison ivy. The previous nurse, a bosom friend of Hattie's own race, had been discharged in December for incompetence. Moreover, Hattie had not forgotten poor naïve Judy's startled look when they first encountered. Judy had hardly seen a colored person before and was honestly alarmed. Hattie, though loyal to Mrs. Leland in her own primitive fashion, deeply resented this interloper. The invasion proved that Mrs. Leland was no longer entirely dependent on the particular clique of Heathwood colored society in which Hattie moved. The cook's logic was narrow but rigorous. The sooner the intruder could be discouraged out of the house, the sooner the Black Hussars (as Heathwood ladies called the colored colony on whom they largely relied for assistance) would resume undivided sway. Mrs. Leland had had a Polish girl as a stop-gap for a few days after the colored nurse left; and, observing the cook's demeanor toward this unfortunate, Mr. Leland had remarked that Hattie was working for a black Christmas.

So Hattie, who was sharp-tongued and very capable, hectoring Judy whenever she entered the kitchen, and by all the black arts at her command (which were many) added to the girl's distress. Judy, in spite of her mistress's kindness, grew more and more wretched. As Mr. Leland said in private (pursuing the train of his previous pun), the maids were black and blue. Mrs. Leland, much goaded by domestic management and the care of a very small baby, began to wonder whether she had not added another child to look after rather than lightening her burdens. And then she saw that Judy was on the verge of nervous collapse. She tried to hearten the girl by giving her an extra holiday. Judy was given some money, packed off to the station in a taxi, and sent on her maiden trip to town, in the hope that city sights and shop windows would revive her interest in life. Mrs. Flaherty, the lodging-house lady in Brooklyn, was telephoned to, and promised to send her small boy to meet the girl at the station.

It happened to be the eve of the genial Saint Valentine's Day. Shop windows were gay with pleasantly exaggerated symbols of his romantic power. Winter afternoons in the city are cruel to the unfortunate, for the throng of the streets, the light and lure of the

scene, make loneliness all the worse if there is trouble in your heart.

Judy sat in the waiting-room of the Long Island terminal in Brooklyn, and tears were on her face. She had somehow missed Mrs. Flaherty's lad. Then she had tried to find her way to the lodging-house, but grew more and more frightened and bewildered as she strayed. Giving that up, she had gone into a movie, and there, for a while, she had been happy. The favorites of the screen are the true internationalists: they speak a language, crude though it often is, which is known from Brooklyn to Bombay. But then pictures were shown of scenes in Ireland. She came out with cold hands, and wandered vaguely along the streets until dusk. Finally, in despair, she groped back to the station at Flatbush Avenue, and sat forlornly on a bench, too weary and sorry even to ask how to get home.

With the unerring instinct of the stranger for choosing the wrong place, she had blundered into the downstairs station, by the train gates, missing the waiting-room above, where departures are duly announced by orotund men in blue and silver. In that chilly cavern she sat, dumbly watching the press of homeward commuters laden with parcels and papers. Red signboards clattered up and down over the iron gates, and she puzzled doubtfully over such names as Ronkonkoma, Speonk, and Far Rockaway. The last somehow recalled a nursery rhyme and made her feel even more lost and homesick. Occasionally, with a gentle groan and rumble, an electric train slid up to the railing and stared at her with two fierce hostile eyes. The soda fountain in the corner was doing a big business; timidly she went over, feeling cold, and asked for tea. To her amazement, there were no hot drinks to be had. The people, all gulping iced mixtures, stared at her curiously. Sure, this is a mad country, she thought. The clock telling the time was the only thing she could properly understand.

So it was the clock, at last, that brought her to startled action. It was getting late. A tall, good-looking fellow in uniform came out of a room at the back of the station, carrying two lighted lanterns. He halted not far from where she was sitting, and compared his watch with the Western Union clock. Of all the hundreds she had seen, he was the first who looked easily questionable. With a sudden impulse Judy got up, clutching her coin-purse.

"If you please, where will I be after taking the train to Heathwood?" she said, nervously.

"Heathwood? The 6:18 makes Heathwood. Right over there; the gate's just opening. Change at Jamaica."

He looked down at her, wondering but kindly. He was puzzled at the frightened way she was staring at his cap; he could hardly have guessed that

to wet eyes the embroidered letters had at first seemed to be LIAR. Her puny pinched face was streaked with tears, the red knitted muffler made her pallor even whiter. The little imitation fur trimmings on her coat sleeves and collar were worn and shabby.

"Thank you," she said blindly, and started off for the wrong gate.

"Hey!" he called, and overtook her in a few long strides. "This way, miss. Got your ticket?"

In a sudden panic she opened her purse, and could not find it.

"Oh, surely I've lost it!" she cried. "Where's the booking office?"

"The booking office?" he said. "D'you mean the news-stand? Here you are." He picked up the ticket, which she had dropped in her nervousness.

"That's all right," he said, encouragingly. "This train, over here. I'm one of the crew. I'll see you get there. Don't worry."

He escorted her through the gate and found her a seat on the train, beside a stout commuter half buried in parcels.

"Now you stay right here," he said. "I'll tell you when we get to Jamaica, and show you the Heathwood train." He smiled genially, and left her.

JUDY got out her wet handkerchief and wiped her face. As the train ran through the tunnel she wished she had been on the inside of the seat, for the dark window would have been useful as a mirror. "He saw me crying," she kept repeating to herself. The man beside her blanketed himself with a newspaper, and the pile of packages on his knees kept sliding over onto her lap, but she was oblivious. She was thinking of the tall man in blue with the queer cap. How kind he had been! The first real kindness she had met in all that nightmare afternoon.

Presently he came through the car. She could see him far down the aisle, leaning courteously over each seat. At first she thought he was just saying a friendly word to all the passengers. "Sure, that's like him," she said to herself; "he has a grand way with him." Then she saw that he was punching tickets with a sliver clipper. "Glory, it's the Guard himself," she thought. "I wonder will he speak to me again."

The fat man beside her thrust an arm out from his mass of bundles and held a large piece of red-striped cardboard across in front of her face. This reminded Judy of her own ticket, which was so different from her neighbor's that she worried for a moment lest it should not be valid. Here was her friend, bending above her with a smile.

"Everything all right?" he said. "The next stop's Jamaica. That's where you get off. Watch for me at this door, and I'll show you the Heathwood train." Click, click; the two tickets were punched, and he went on. Judy shut up her coin purse with a snap, and be-

gan to notice the hat worn by the lady in the seat in front.

At Jamaica she found him in the vestibule, his head overtopping the pushing crowd. "This way," he said, and led her quickly across the platform. "Jack," he said to the brakeman on the other train, "tell this lady when you get to Heathwood."

"WELL, Judy," said Mrs. Leland when her nursemaid got back to the house, "how much better you look! Did you have a good time?"

"Oh, a grand time," said Judy. Her face had a touch of color and indeed even her awkward bog-trotting gait seemed lighter and more sprightly.

"That's good," said her mistress. "You'd better run down and get some supper before Hattie puts everything away. You can put Jack to bed after you've had something to eat."

"Pretty late for supper," grumbled Hattie, as Judy came into the kitchen. "Doan' you think I got nothing to do but wait on you?"

"I'll get my own supper," said Judy, politely. "Don't you bother."

"You've got a head on your shoulders," said Hattie, banging some dishes on the kitchen table. "Whyn't you use it and get back on time?"

"The black banshee's up in arms again," said Judy to herself. "I'll hold my peace."

"That's the trouble with foreigners," growled Hattie. "They ain't got no sense. These Irish micks come over here, puttin' on airs, where nobody wants 'em."

Judy's sallow cheek began to burn a darker tint.

"Ah, nabocklish!" she said. "There's somebody loves me, at any rate."

She hurried through supper, and ran upstairs to put Jack to bed. The six-year-old was amusing himself by snapping open and shut something that gleamed in the lamplight.

"Here!" she said. "What are you doing with Judy's purse?"

Jack looked up in surprise. It was the first time that he had heard that note of command in the meek Judy's voice.

"I found it on your bureau," he said.

"Well, leave it be, darlin'." She took it from him. "Glory above, what's become of—"

She fell on her knees on the floor and began searching.

"Ah, here 'tis!" she cried, gladly. From the rug she picked up a tiny red cardboard heart, and replaced it carefully in one of the sockets of her purse.

"What is it?" said Jack, yawning.

"Sure, it's my valentine!" said Judy. "It ain't many girls that gets a valentine from a big handsome man like that the first time he sees them."

I have often wondered how many of the Long Island trainmen use a heart-shaped punch.

OUR FIRST EMPLOYER-PRESIDENT

A LABOR VIEW OF HARDING

BY HAROLD LORD VARNEY



(C) Edmonston from International

PRESIDENT-ELECT HARDING AT WORK IN THE COMPOSING-ROOM OF THE MARION "STAR"

"I did not go to the famous house on Mount Vernon Street when I reached the candidate city. Instead I went to the less famous shop on Main Street, which proclaimed itself as the habitation of the Marion 'Star.' For it was here, among his fifty employees, that Warren G. Harding had written the indelible record of his labor personality"

TO many minds the chief significance of Warren G. Harding's election to the Presidency is not the political significance—stupendous though that may be. It is the labor significance. It is the significance of the fact that in this crisis of industrial unrest the voters have for the first time in the history of the Presidency chosen a practical employer of labor to the White House. At last we have a President who understands labor.

This labor significance of the man Harding was first borne in upon me when I visited the Marion Labor Day celebration in the middle of the recent campaign.

Since the Chicago Convention I had been among the skeptics. Like millions of others in the labor movement, I had been listening to the diatribes of Mr. Gompers and Mr. Morrison, and carelessly acquiescing. This obscure Senator, this backwoods printer—what did he know of the practical labor movement? Had he not always been numbered among the reactionary ones? Was there aught in his political record to indicate anything more than an opportunist's grasp of the myriad-patterned problem of labor?

And besides, I could not but ask myself humorously, could any National labor philosophy come out of Marion, Ohio?

Nevertheless I was willing to go to Marion to convince myself when opportunity arose on Labor Day.

I

I did not go to the famous house on Mount Vernon Street when I reached the candidate city. Instead I went to the less famous shop on Main Street, which proclaimed itself as the habitation of the Marion "Star." For it was here, among his fifty employees, in this shop where he had spent the thirty-eight years of his working life, that Warren G. Harding had written the indelible record of his labor personality. And it was here, I realized, that I must come to read it. What kind of an employer had he been? What kind of a shop had he established?

The Harding publishing plant, be it stated, is not an imposing building. Indeed, one would hardly suspect it of housing anything more than a corner grocery until one entered it. To describe it best one would say that it was a typical Marion building. A three-

story brick, a building whose counterpart greets one grayly in a thousand other monotonous county-seat towns of the Middle West.

In this unpretentious building are housed the journalistic activities of the Marion "Star" and the medical activities of lovable old "Pop" Harding.

Inside Elmer Blazer met me—Blazer, Harding's friend and long-time foreman; a simple yet strong-charactered man who greeted me with the "Howdy" cordiality which one meets only in the interurban belt of Ohio and Indiana. Certainly no one in Marion could have better served the purposes of my investigation than Elmer Blazer.

"What kind of an employer is Warren G.?" he repeated after I had explained my mission. "Well, I'm foreman. Don't ask me. Ask these boys." And he waved toward a long line of busy compositors and linotypers and pressmen. "See if you can find any kicks in *this* plant." He passed me down the line.

I didn't. What I did find was a loyalty and an affection for the absent Warren G. that burst spontaneously and eagerly from every man. If there was any concealed bitterness in this little shop, I would have detected it behind the protestations, for I plumbed for it. But it wasn't there. It was a one hundred per cent Harding shop.

With clumsy eagerness, each employee threw incident and assertion at me in quite bewildering profusion, bubbling with reminiscence, vociferous with enthusiasm—as though every man were anxious to cram me to overflowing with ammunition to be used in the cause of their idolized Warren G.

"If you want to know what Warren Harding's labor attitude is, you needn't go any farther than this room," asserted one of the linotypers, who was described to me as the oldest union man in the plant. "We've got our union and our closed shop and our union scale of wages here, but Warren G. goes us one better than the union even. Since the beginning of the European scrap he's been voluntarily raising our wages every time the high cost of living goes up—so that we can't even keep our union scale up with his raises. To-day every union man in the plant draws from \$778 to \$884 a year more than the contracted union scale. That's the kind of boss we've got."

"Did you ever have a strike in this plant?" I prodded.

"Never!" came the reply. "We never needed to. Warren G. has always granted every demand the union has made. Why, it was he who urged us to form

the union, seventeen years ago. He gave us a hall to meet in, rent free, and he has been like a big brother to the union through all these years."

"Tell him about the guy that ran off with the funds," broke in one of the pressmen, who had been hovering near.

"Oh, yes," resumed my informant. "There was a time a few years ago when a dirty rat skipped with all our union funds. We didn't have our treasurer bonded in those days, so the loss broke us all up. Some of the boys wanted to bust up the union altogether. And what do you suppose Warren G. did? He came forward and advanced us the full deficit. And that saved the union. You couldn't strike against a boss like that, could you?"

The logic of the incident was unescapable. Could this be the Harding whom the leaders of the A. F. of L. had stigmatized as a foe of labor-unionism? I asked myself. Already I found myself reconstructing my point of view—losing the doubts which I had brought with me to Marion.

The closed-shop character of the Harding shop I found to be all the more significant from the fact that Marion is an open-shop town. The large industrial plants in Marion have long been bitterly hostile to unionism. While in Marion I heard whispered tales of scores of men discharged and starved out of town from one of the large plants when it was discovered that they had formed a union. And yet in this atmosphere Warren G. Harding has unwaveringly upheld a régime of closed-shop unionism in his plant, and has found it strikeless. Was not the loyalty which burst so spontaneously from his men as I interviewed them that morning the best testimony to his wisdom?

Blazer told me other things. No man had ever been discharged from the Harding shop. To land a job with Harding was to be certain of employment as long as one was able to work. I met one old fellow past eighty years old who had been with the Marion "Star" for forty years. Another one informed me that he had been with Warren G. for thirty-three years, another twenty-eight years, one twenty-seven years, another twenty-six years. The "kid" of the plant among the printers, in point of years of service, had been in the composing-room for fifteen years.

"And many of these men are stockholders," Blazer added.

I caught him quickly on the statement—I had heard vaguely that the Senator was an advocate of profit-sharing. Here was a hint of another very significant phase of the Harding character.

To my surprise, I learned that many years ago Mr. Harding had introduced one of the most generous systems of profit-sharing among his employees.

"It was when he was elected to the Senate," Blazer explained. "Warren G. felt that some incentive ought to be given to his employees to manage the plant and assume the responsibilities during his absences. And so he capi-

talized at \$80,000 and distributed \$30,000 of the stock among the employees at par, to be paid for on easy installment terms. But as it worked out the stock cost us nothing at all. The earnings on the stock during the long period granted us equaled the original cost and repaid it, so that the \$30,000 turned out to be a virtual gift. None of the balance of this stock was offered to the public for sale.

"The result of this profit-sharing system has been to make every employee firmly loyal to the interests of this concern. And perhaps that also explains why you find us all enthusiastic Harding boosters in this campaign. The Senator has been a true friend to all of us."

I wonder how many other employers have tried the Harding method of generosity to their employees and been repaid, as he has, in dividends of loyalty. Certainly the profit-sharing movement in America ought to find a great impetus from this Harding example. There is significance in the fact that our first employer-President should also be of the school of the profit-sharers.

I left the Harding shop with a clearly defined image of the man Harding in my mind. And it was not the image that I had carried with me when I went there. Here was no bungling, benighted labor tyrant, such as one might have expected. Here was a man who had written all over his shop the evidences of the highest genius of labor management. Here was a man who, in his limited field, had solved all the practical problems of an employer. And yet there was something more which I had still to learn.

II

Concede that the President-to-be was a model employer. Concede that he had found the ideal relationship between himself and the men to whom he paid wages. Was there a comprehensive labor philosophy behind all this? Did he have a vision for National labor, as well as for Marion labor?

For remember, it was not merely the employer that I had come to study—it was the employer who was a candidate for President of the United States.

He was to enter an office where all the snarling waves of Nation-wide industrial hate were to be dashed against him to still. Had he the National vision? Had he the coal-mine vision, and the Detroit vision, and the roaring, black-skied Pittsburgh vision, the vision of men laboring on wharves and in ships upon the sea, the vision of the cotton-mill hand in New Bedford, just as truly as that of the lumberjack camp on the desolate northern Kootenai—indeed, the vision of all that far-flung empire of toiling men and clashing dreams that makes up the living stuff of our American industrial problem? Would he carry with him to Washington a practical Marion-learned solution?

To know this, I told myself, I must see the man Harding himself.

I fell in with the crowds who seemed

to be all moving in one direction that day—to the Labor celebration in Lincoln Park. All Marion was turning out to hear the Harding message to labor.

This Harding Labor Day speech has been little noted, among the other and more partisan utterances of the campaign. Admittedly it was not Harding at his oratorical best. There was in it none of the finch of labored or scholarly preparation. It was spontaneous—homely. But for that very reason it gives us just the insight that we need into the fundamental labor principles of this future President.

Certainly to one who, like myself, sees the labor problem as the supreme political test of the coming four years, no other Harding pronouncement could ring with a tenser significance than this colloquial exposition of his labor creed, delivered that afternoon to his neighbors, employees, and lifelong fellow-workers of Marion, Ohio.

In the first place, it was a smashing reply to my Gompers-implanted doubt that this employer-candidate had a labor vision. And to that other doubt which I had wrestled with—the doubt whether, out of little bush-league Marion, Ohio, could come a National labor philosophy.

Surprisingly enough, that was just what Senator Harding proposed that afternoon for all the sedition-torn industries of America—a *Marion, Ohio, labor philosophy*.

There is a way to industrial peace—to the harmony of employer and employee, said the Senator. Our cold polyglot Pittsburghs haven't found that way. Our neighborly little Marions have. The great dehumanized ten thousand man power mills, where human beings are automata and where toil is soulless and without inspiration, have strayed tragically from that way. But in the humble little fifty or one hundred man power workshops in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, or in Kokomo, Indiana, or in Marion, Ohio, where the man who represents capital is still John or Bill or Warren, as the case may be, to his overalled neighbor who represents labor—the way of industrial peace has never yet been lost.

And, generalizing upon the lesson of this contrast, Senator Harding has formulated his labor philosophy.

That philosophy is the philosophy of the little shop to be applied to the industrial problem of the big shop. Something is psychologically wrong with the labor relations which have grown up in our large city factories. Something is psychologically right in the industrial relations which have always obtained in our small neighborhood factories. Into the one has come anarchy. In the other there is still the sweet, sane Americanism that has been the glory of our past. And so, in the consciousness of this fact, Senator Harding urges for all America the industrial programme of the small shop.

Don't understand me as saying that the Senator presented his thought in just this sharpness or that he literally

drew this contrast. It was the implication that was there, not the statement. Remember that I had seen the shop on Main Street before I heard the speech at Lincoln Park, and so I could not but read the backgrounds in his conclusions. It was as though I recognized the laboratory in the idea.

And what is the application of this Harding philosophy? What is this labor gospel of the small shop?

In a phrase, I would call it *humanized industry*. It is to restore the human impulse to labor relationships.

The trouble with the factory to-day, says the Senator, is that it has become mechanical—soulless—automatic. And the result has made labor equally mechanical and disinterested. Gone is the old flesh-and-blood touch which once inspired the fine team-work of our industries. The worker to-day is shut out from the vision of industry as a whole. He can see industry neither as a person nor even as a process, but only as a monotonous, meaningless wage-job. How can we expect loyalty in such an atmosphere of aloofness?

Let us go back, then, to the spirit of the small shop and restore personal contact.

"When there was intimate touch in industry," said the Senator, "there was little or rare misunderstanding. I want that intimacy restored, not in the old way, but through a joint committee of employers and employees, not to run the business, but to promote and maintain the mutuality of interest and the fullest understanding. Herein lies the surest remedy for most of our ills. Nay, more, I will put it more strongly; I have spoken of the preventive—the understanding which prevents disputes or settles them on the spot."

It will be noted from this that the new President is in line with the "shop council" movement which is so strongly urged by many industrial students. But not with an ideal of "industrial democracy," as with so many of the shop councilites. Abstract motives have little place in the Harding beliefs. He is for a "joint committee" for its *prac-*

tical possibilities—for the industrial understanding that it will bring, for the industrial team-work that it will inspire. On this, as on all other labor theories, Harding's attitude is always consistently the attitude of the practical employer, never of the mere idealist. And therein lies its value.

"The need of to-day," continues the Senator, "is the extension by employers of the principle that each job in the big plant is a little business of its own. The reason men in modern, specialized industry go crazy from lack of self-expression is that they are allowed to be mere mechanical motion-makers. They ought to be taught by employers the significance of the job—its unit costs, its relations to other operations, the ways to its greater efficiency. In a word, the employer owes it to his men to make them feel that each little job is a business of its own. In that way, as some one has said, the job stops being an enemy of the man and becomes his associate and friend."

Cannot one trace the origin of this creed of the Senator's to that little Harding print-shop where I had found that every "job" was a proud little business of its own?

With this regeneration of the job spirit, the Senator looks for a revival of the sterling old American philosophy of *work* and its Nation-needed resultant, *increased production*.

"Let no one beguile you with dreams of idleness," he cries. "Life without toil, if possible, would be an intolerable existence. Work is the supreme engagement, the sublime luxury of life."

Again and again, this thought rings passionately through his speeches—*work!* It is his unquestioned solution of the labor problem. Work, that to the employer means increased production and mightier National bounty. Work, that to the employee means an antidote to the seditious dreams of idleness. Here we have touched the very heart of the Senator's personal as well as public philosophy.

One can never listen to a Harding

eulogy of "work" without thinking of that youth who, thirty-eight years ago, on a borrowed hundred dollars, bought a bankrupt country paper. Of the labor—the devoted, unsparing labor—that has filled these years since. The eternal struggle toward that so-distant star that Warren G. Harding must have seen sometimes in his dreams even then—the glittering star of the Presidency. The hopelessness of it all, the grim toilsomeness of it! And yet to-day that Marion boy has reached that incredible height. Is it surprising that he should cry devotion to that spirit of "work" which has lifted him to such a destiny?

There is no cant in this Harding philosophy.

III

I shall not try to trace the labor programme of the new President through each of the specific current labor problems. In his speech of acceptance he covered most of them. In his Labor Day address we can read the others. And the survey which I have already given of his own shop and employees is more informative than any words of his attitude on the greatest question of all—the trade-union question.

What I have tried to do in this article is to give a picture of the Senator himself and of his fundamental labor motives; to picture the Harding approach to labor problems; to set down the basic spirit of the man as I have read that spirit in this and later contacts.

For myself, I was satisfied that first day of one thing—that I had been all wrong in my previous estimate of the man. I found that he *had* a labor philosophy. I found that he *had* a National vision which was all the more valuable because it was personal. I found that he *had* a sympathy for the workingman that was deeper and sincerer than the sympathy of any of his more recent predecessors in the Presidency. And I found that, despite the legend, he was not without honor in his own country. And perhaps this is the greatest tribute of all to the sincerity of a man.

THE UNPROGRESSIVE PRISON

BY B. OGDEN CHISHOLM

HALF of one per cent of our population spends part of each year charged with some form of criminality—that is, one man in every two hundred. Yet we continue our worn-out methods.

Prisoners should be producers, not consumers only, fed, clothed, and amused at the expense of the public. As it is now, no effort is made to have the lawbreaker provide practical demonstration of his ability to maintain himself and support his family. It is illogical and invites disaster. The

longer the sentence, the greater the harm.

A judge recently criticised our prison system, and doubled the sentence of an old offender as an example to others, adding these words, "Prison years must be made years of suffering." If this pronouncement were intended as a remedial measure, it is a sad commentary upon our laws aiming to dispense justice. Much more would be accomplished if "prison years were made years of restitution and awakening."

It is unfortunate that the spirit of revenge should so cloud our intelligence as to compel a system so utterly indefensible, resulting in groups of inefficient men sent from our prisons handicapped, weakened in will power and physical resistance, unable to meet the problems of life. At a time when there is a cry for production the hands of prisoners are misdirected to fatten the purse of a rich contractor, or their work is carried on with little forethought to benefit them or the State. Half a million men pass yearly through

the prisons, and a wage offered as an incentive for faithful effort is rarely considered.

A man, bond or free, in creating something is happy when he receives recognition for his labor. Forced labor is not necessary to maintain discipline, accomplishing nothing beyond stirring up a rebellious spirit.

In the latest development of employing and paying prisoners, New Jersey has taken a step forward, announcing a plan to enable inmates to earn something. State Commissioner Burdette G. Lewis is quite enthusiastic about it, and makes it clear that training, not production, is the prime motive of the enterprise.

Warden Lewis E. Lawes, of Sing Sing Prison, realizing the feeble efforts made by New York to compensate prisoners, expressed the hope that legislators of the Empire State who have sidestepped the issue would soon be aroused to similar action.

An inmate from a New York State prison recently wrote me: "If I received nothing, I should never give the matter a second thought, but if my work is worth something I should be paid enough to urge me to better efforts. Under the present plan, I am compelled

to think that whatever I do is worthless. If actually accomplishing nothing, I should receive nothing, and thus learn the law of compensation."

Minnesota is considered the leader in compensating prisoners, although her plan at the Stillwater Prison differs from New Jersey, aiming more at production. Twenty thousand farming machines and three million pounds of binder twine found a ready market among the farmers in the wheat fields last year. The gross sales were over half a million, a portion being paid in wages to the inmates. Labor union leaders approved the plan, having studied the situation and expressed themselves satisfied that keeping men busy with a wage to support their families tended towards contentment and reduction of crime.

Labor unions want to see prisoners busy and properly paid to prepare them for release, to prevent them becoming a menace to the community. They oppose the contract system and release of such goods to the open market, because the system drives prisoners beyond physical endurance, producing an inferior grade of goods.

Michigan is not far behind in her efforts to inculcate respect among in-

mates at the State Prison in Jackson. Last year eighty thousand dollars was paid in wages to twelve hundred men. The industries are varied, thus giving men a better choice, for besides a 5,000-acre farm, there are marble and brick works, a canning factory, and a leather tannery.

The cost of maintaining our prisons in an unproductive state involves the public in a fabulous outlay of money. Not only are taxes increased, but the criminal tendencies of the inmates as well, for they return to society more embittered. The aim of the prison should be to correct the man and fit him to usefulness in his circle of life. It is old-time prejudice that prevents us from demonstrating self-respect with compensation for an honest day's work. It is evident that the public is beginning to understand this.

The prison, to function properly, must show a profit in men and money, and public opinion must guide it in this channel. Ancient traditions have prevented the prisons from becoming places of education and enlightenment. A system established along economic lines to correct rather than corrupt men will eliminate the waste which characterizes methods as they exist to-day.



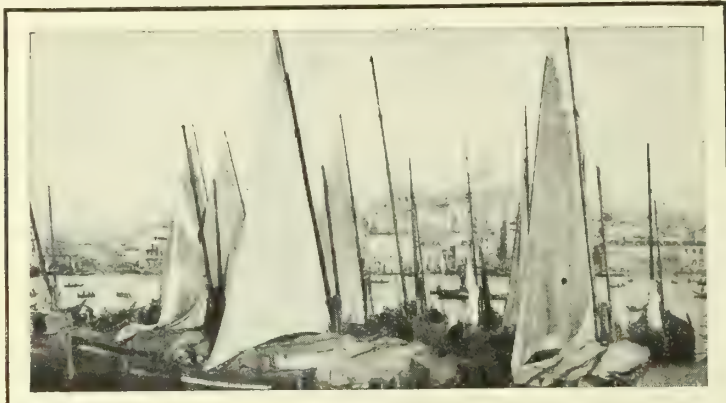
Etched by Earl Horter

BRIDGE OF SIGHS, NEW YORK TOMBS

Over the "Bridge of Sighs" pass convicted criminals from New York's Criminal Courts Building into the Tombs, whence they are taken away to serve their sentences in the prisons of the Empire State

FROM THE NEAR AND FAR EAST

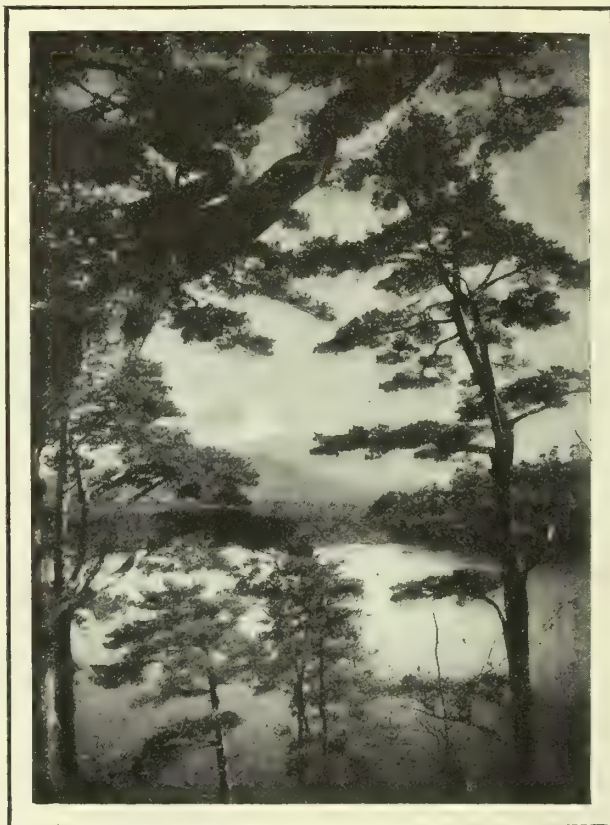
SNAP-SHOTS BY OUTLOOK READERS



From Lucius E. Thayer, Cambridge, Massachusetts

PERA AND GALATA— THE GREEK, ARMENIAN, AND EUROPEAN SECTION OF CONSTANTINOPLE

This section of the city, our contributor says, is now to be administered by the British. The tower in the background is the well-known "Galata Tower," formerly the citadel, and now used as a fire signal station. Of the scene visible from this landmark, Edwin A. Grosvenor says in his History of Constantinople, "Human language is inadequate to shadow, even faintly, the unutterable loveliness and magnificence of the view"



From S. M. Cavert, Mount Vernon, New York

JAPAN'S SACRED MOUNTAIN, FUJIYAMA, SEEN FROM LAKE HAKONE

Fujiyama is the focus of Japanese legend and is a familiar object in Japanese art. Its sacred places are annually frequented by many thousands of pilgrims

A GATEWAY THROUGH THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA, NORTH OF PEKING

A caravan of Mongolian traders are seen coming through the gateway into China—their camels loaded with goods for the Peking market



From W. F. Savale, Orange, New Jersey

THE BOOK TABLE

MIDWINTER FICTION

BETWEEN the outpouring of novels in November and December and the smaller but lively stream in the early spring, there is a quiet, mid-winter season. Then the reader and reviewer may catch breath and at least keep within sight of the squadrons of fictional ventures launched in the hopes of riding proudly on the high tide of popular favor—too often, alas! to be stranded in the back eddies of Carnegie libraries and second-hand book stores. It would be easy, even in these dull days of production, to name forty or fifty novels fairly to be called mid-winter fiction. No two critics would agree on choice of the "best ten," and no critic can feel confident that he has not passed over books more worthy than those in which he has felt a special interest. My shelf of novels read may not be vastly superior to that of novels unread. Here, however, are some disconnected impressions of stories that for authorship or promise or actual performance have given pleasure or excited admiration—and the two things are by no means the same.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's novel "The Sisters-in-Law,"¹ for instance, is entertaining in parts, but it is not notably admirable as a whole. It is the most serious piece of fiction work she has done for some time, and bears the marks of care and thought. It is strong, too, as a study of California society distinctions and social caste in the period just before and after the San Francisco disaster of 1906. Incidentally it contains a moving and vivid description of earthquake scenes and the terror that followed. The feminine psychology is clever and keen. But the men are sticks; Mrs. Atherton's men generally are. The one exception is the rough-and-ready Socialist workman who is induced to teach Marxian philosophy to a little group of fashionable women; Kirkpatrick is the real thing and is a figure that lingers in mind long after the putative hero is forgotten.

There is much clever talk, but there is no situation or fictional problem that "carries through" convincingly. These two "sisters-in-law" meet almost casually and for a few hours only the same wonderful Englishman (we are told that he is wonderful, but we never quite see why), instantaneously fall in love with him, and maintain that love after years of separation from even the sight of him; so that, although one of the women has been married and the other absorbed in professional work, both flare up into passionate longing for him, and one almost decides to murder the other to whom the lordly lover finally throws the handkerchief. Now love at first sight is common (perhaps), but two parallel

loves at first sight, continued through years of absence, is a bit too much! The reader simply doesn't care which sister-in-law wins. Thus the central idea "falls down" and the judicious reader regrets that the book does not balance right. And he also revolts a little at such profundities as this: "In the Latin races the conscious war be-



GERTRUDE ATHERTON

tween the brain above and the ego below, with the latter's constant reminders that mind is a mere excrescence, often warped or ill directed, at the apex of the perfect body, is almost negligible." This may be wisdom, and again it may be piffle!

Storm Jameson is a new English novelist. One reader at least read "The Happy Highways"² through under full belief that the author was a man, and would surely have said that there was masculine virility in the style if he had not happened to learn that Storm Jameson was a woman. There is a good deal more than promise here; the book is one that stirs feeling and stimulates thought. It is unconventional, will shock Puritans and precisians by its frankness of language and situation, yet emphatically it is not evil-minded, but sincerely eager to help modern tendencies of self-expression to turn toward truth and world betterment. What is the spirit of Young England? What is to be its social future? What kind of reintegration will follow the disintegration of war? Miss Jameson does not argue about these things. She shows us a group of English lads and one fine-natured girl. They are brilliant, almost reckless, inquirers into the life about them. They are far from being reformers; they simply "want to know" about life and things. One of them says: "In England marks of the effort of thought are commonly held to be un-

dignified and unnecessary—almost indecent." They roar with ironic laughter at social charlatanry; they have no use for sham philosophy or sham reform; they find feminine society largely "a mob of half-educated, acquisitive women, spending their abundant leisure on little dashes at new sensations."

It may be justly charged that the book is destructive rather than constructive. The sole contribution of this group of Eikonoklasts is a sort of "intellectual slumming," as some one called it, whereby they tried to get workmen to read about science and art. But if the author gets us nowhere she decidedly makes us sit up and take notice. Her publishers pretty well define the novel when they announce it as "Youth's revolt against conventional and the old solutions of old problems." No H. G. Wells philosophy satisfies this restless, battling crowd; they want action, but neither they nor the author know what action they want.

Whatever else may be said about this book, it is not boresome. The sharpness of movement and clash of mental swords keep the reader wide awake, and the individual characters with their loves and prejudices and aspirations stand out like etched figures. One hopes that Miss Jameson's next book may be a little more definite in purpose and no less clever in execution.

The "Lady Lilith"³ of Mr. Stephen McKenna's novel with that title is so called by a reluctant admirer because she is mysterious and dangerous in her strange charm. She is really Lady Barbara, daughter of an English ambassador, who has his hands full in trying to keep her within bounds. She is also a friend of that Sonia whom Mr. McKenna has made a central figure in two widely read stories. In fact, Barbara is a Sonia intensified and more reckless in her social extravagances. Sonia herself and O'Rane, her blinded husband, whom she so shamelessly deserted—a crime for which some of us cannot forgive Mr. McKenna—appear again as minor characters in "Lady Lilith."

This novel is the first of a trilogy with the appetizing general title of "The Sensationalists." Publicity, excitement, outrages on the usual social proprieties, half-sincere superstition, are the traits of the aristocratic girl of 1920 in London, if Barbara is a type. Her wit, cheek, and charm carry her through. The author knows his London of to-day, and his people move about it as on a stage, talking brilliantly and acting amusingly, if not always reasonably. Lady Barbara's future adventures and romances will be looked for with interest by readers of "Lady Lilith," for of course the first novel of the trilogy

¹The Sisters-in-Law. By Gertrude Atherton. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

²The Happy Highways. By Storm Jameson. The Century Company, New York.

³Lady Lilith. By Stephen McKenna. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

leaves her fate undetermined—one judges that she is to have one desperate love affair per volume.

Mr. Blasco Ibañez has a powerful basic idea in his "The Enemies of Women"⁴—the effect of the war in finally reaching the sensibilities of even the most sensual and sodden of rich pleasure-seekers and self-indulgent princely parasites. Incidentally there are realistic pictures of the gambling crowd at Monte Carlo and Monaco, with their infatuation, superstitions, and absorbing cupidity. The Russian prince and his satellites who form themselves into a band called "The Enemies of Women" have for their motto the false apothegm, "Man's greatest wisdom consists in getting along without women." Accordingly, as might be expected, the story is full of women and their influence, but there is hardly a decent woman in the book. To speak plainly, the lustful animalism of these men and women is sickening. Critics in these days are too generally afraid of being considered Miss Nancys to speak out about such matters, but, in the name of common decency and good taste (even if morality is not concerned), there should be a protest against such scenes and talk as occur here and there in this book. And the abler the writer, the less pardonable the offense.

Two stories of Western outdoor life and action are tense with excitement. Mr. Jackson Gregory's "Man to Man"⁵ is dramatic and thrilling; the girl of the tale is a lovable spitfire and a true bit of character-painting—a thing rather unusual in cowboy tales. Mr. Gregory writes vigorously and freshly, as his "Bells of San Juan" testified. In the present tale of the Southwest the interest is concentrated and continuous. The one thing that mars the book is the difficulty one has in believing that a grandfather, even if he is called "Hell Roaring Packard," ever would set a dastardly and murderous criminal to ruin and persecute the grandson in order to bring out the latter's self-confidence and heroism. It is not the grandfather's fault, but chance, courage, and good luck that save the precious grandchild's life. Mr. Bowers can always be depended on to tell a cowboy story with real knowledge of the cow-country and its ways. "Cow-Country"⁶ is a capital tale, as good as anything in its class. Three horses in particular are delightful to meet—Sunfish, Smoky, and Stopper are their names. And Bud Birnie's childhood, spent partly in a cattle drive in a prairie schooner with his parents, partly on a big ranch in southern Wyoming, is full of reality and novelty. There is plot galore, possibly a bit too much.

"Kaleema,"⁷ by Marion McClelland, has its special merit in the detailed, precise, photographic picture of the life of

⁴The Enemies of Women. By V. Blasco Ibañez. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

⁵Man to Man. By Jackson Gregory. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

⁶Cow-Country. By B. M. Bower. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

⁷Kaleema. By Marion McClelland. The Century Company, New York.



(C) Underwood

VICENTE BLASCO IBAÑEZ

a young actress in a struggling "one night" theatrical company playing "East Lynne," "Camille," and the like. The author has been through the mill and knows the fun and the wretchedness of show life on the road. The tragedy of the heroine's mother is worked too hard and becomes mere bathos.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

THE NEW BOOKS

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

DAME SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE, AND OTHER PAPERS (THE). By Samuel McChord Crothers. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Dr. Crothers is essayist, humorist, and social preacher in one. We have enjoyed some of these now gathered papers twice—once in periodical form and now as here permanently preserved—and not less the second time than the first. We particularly commend his talks on "The Pilgrims" and "The Education of Henry Adams."

SCIENCE

STORY OF THE ENGINE (THE): FROM LEVER TO LIBERTY MOTOR. By Wilbur F. Decker, M.E. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"The Story of the Engine" covers in a most interesting and non-technical fashion the fundamental principles governing the construction and operation of the various types of machines used in transforming fuel into power and manufacture for transportation. It may be recommended as a text-book for students of mechanical drawing or industrial work, a fact which in no way diminishes its interest to the general reader. It is a good book to give a boy with a mechanical turn of mind.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

CALIFORNIAN TRAILS: INTIMATE GUIDE TO THE OLD MISSIONS. By Trowbridge Hall. The Macmillan Company, New York.

The fortunate people who expect to visit southern California will find this book a

valuable one to prepare them for one of the most interesting features of that delightful region—the old Missions. Others, to whom the subject is attractive but who may not wish to read the histories dealing with the subject, will find these sketches satisfying.

IN OLD PENNSYLVANIA TOWNS. By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

Miss Wharton loves the old Pennsylvania towns and makes the reader of her book love them. Her sprightly account of her motor trips among them is based on an intimate knowledge of the history of the towns and of the people who lived and now live in them. There are many attractive pictures.

NATURALIST ON LAKE VICTORIA (A). By G. D. Hale Carpenter. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York.

The author devoted several years to the study of the tse-tse fly (whose bite causes the dreaded "sleeping sickness") on the shores and islands of Lake Victoria, in Central Africa. The results of his investigations are recorded here, together with many other scientific data gathered during this period. The book contains not a little matter of interest to the general reader, in its descriptions of scenery, animals, birds, etc., but its appeal is primarily to the specialist. There are many pictures.

SOUTHWEST SKETCHES. By J. A. Munk. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Pleasantly discursive chapters about the Southwest—ranches, mesas, cattle, snake dances, etc.—by one who is thoroughly familiar with the region and loves it. Attractive photographs illustrate the book.

TALES OF A VANISHING RIVER. By Earl H. Reed. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York.

Sketches of places and personalities of the vanishing Middle West, with exceptionally good illustrations by the author. The quaint characters thus pictured are described with a dry humor that will attract many readers.

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES OF RAPHAEL PUMPELLY. By Raphael Pumpelly. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Few men have been through more exciting adventures than Raphael Pumpelly, as readers of his "Reminiscences" learned a year or so ago. This book is a condensation of the "Reminiscences" and is especially designed for juvenile readers. It will furnish absorbing reading for them, with a "thrill" on almost every page.

WONDERLAND OF THE EAST (A). By William Copeman Kitchin, Ph.D. Illustrated. The Page Company, Boston.

Professor Kitchin has made a travel book for thoughtful readers which will enhance their interest in "seeing America first." The East he describes consists of parts of New York and New England; if not exactly a "wonderland," it is at least a very pleasant land, and readers of his book will be very pleasantly entertained by his account of his journeys through it.

THE EDITORS' MAIL BAG

THE Y AND THE KNIGHTS

I WAS very much interested in your editorial in *The Outlook* of January 5 last, entitled "A Papal Step Backwards." It treated a ticklish subject tactfully, and it met with my fullest approval. But within a day or two I took occasion to refer to it in conversation with a young Irish lawyer of the Catholic faith, a friend of mine, and a young man of broad views even on subjects touching his faith.

He gave me this explanation of the Papal decree: It appears, from his statement, that the by-laws of the Young Men's Christian Association bar any one from holding office in that organization who is not "of the Evangelical faith." The words quoted have been so construed by the organization as to exclude Jews and Catholics.

My friend stated further that he had been approached to join the organization, and to the committee that waited upon him he suggested that, as he was a Catholic, he could not be received into full membership of the Young Men's Christian Association, inasmuch as he would not be permitted to hold office; that his membership must necessarily be of a limited character, different from other members because of his faith, and that he did not care to join an organization in which his religious principles were a ban to his holding office if he were otherwise qualified. The committee expressed entire ignorance of such a by-law and were disposed to question its existence. My friend suggested that they make inquiry, and if he was mistaken and they would return and repeat the invitation to membership and satisfy him that no such by-law existed he would cheerfully join. He says the committee never returned, and one of them, afterwards meeting him on the street, admitted that he was right.

If this be true, it seems to me that there is some ground for the head of the Catholic Church to look upon the organization with some degree of disfavor.

I have been a reader of your magazine for a great many years and enjoy its editorials immensely. The one in the same number which contained the article I have been discussing entitled "A Shadow Over a Pleasant Land" was one of the most charming and graceful bits of writing I have read for a long while, and appeals to every one who has ever seen Maude Adams on the stage.

It may be unnecessary for me to add, too, that I am not a member of the Catholic faith.

If you have any information as to the correctness of my friend's statement, I shall be glad to hear from you.

H. H. GILKISON.

[There are two distinct questions that should not be confused. One is this: Is the purpose of the Y to engage

"I have a sweet little story for you," says the charming authoress. "I am sure you like sweet little stories."

"Only one lump, if you please," says the Gentle Reader.

—S. M. Crothers.

in Protestant propaganda? The other is this: Is the control confined to Protestants? Two corresponding questions may be made concerning the Knights of Columbus. Is the control of the Knights of Columbus confined to Roman Catholics? That is one question. The other is: Is the purpose of the Knights of Columbus to engage in Roman Catholic propaganda? The control of the one organization is undoubtedly Protestant; of the other is undoubtedly Roman Catholic. There is no evidence that we know to show that the Young Men's Christian Association has shown any purpose to engage in a Protestant propaganda among Catholics to turn them away from their faith.—THE EDITORS.]

JEFFERSON INSTRUCTS AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD ON THE FINE ARTS

Mr. Lawrence F. Abbott, Pres.,
Outlook Company,
New York City.

Dear Sir:

Remembering your recent discussion with an *Outlook* correspondent as to what constitute the fine arts, I was interested in reading in the February "North American Review" Thomas Jefferson's definition of the term in a letter written to his granddaughter, aged eight, and which I quote in full:

Washington, July 10, [18] '05.

My dearest Ellen,

To answer the question in your letter of the fourth I just observe that neither the number nor the particular arts entitled to that appellation have been fixed by general consent. Many reckon but five: Painting, sculpture, architecture, music and poetry. To these some have added Oratory, including within that Rhetoric which is the art of style and composition. Others again, add gardening as a 7th fine art. Not horticulture, but the art of embellishing grounds by fancy. I think Lord Kames has justly proved this to be entitled to the appellation of a fine art. It is nearly allied to landscape painting, and accordingly we generally find the landscape painter the best designer of a garden. No perfect definition of what is a fine art has ever yet been given. Some say that as those are mechanical arts which consist in manual operation unconnected with the understanding, those are fine arts which to manual operation join the exercise of the imagination or genius.—

This would comprehend sculpture, painting, architecture and gardening, but neither music, poetry nor oratory. Others say that the sciences are objects of the understanding, the fine arts of the senses. This would add gardening but neither poetry nor oratory. A definition which should include Poetry and Oratory and no more would be very difficult to form. I have delivered your love to Mrs. Smith. I will bring mine to you all on Thursday, Friday or Saturday next. . . . God bless you all.

TH. JEFFERSON.

I note in this correspondence that the then President of the United States had been suffering with an imposthume under the jaw. I suppose an abscess by any other name would feel just as bad, but it occurs to me that I would hate to have an imposthume. I note, too, that Mr. Jefferson speaks of the "tag, rag and bob-tail," out of which I suppose our "rag-tag and bob-tail" has grown.

C. F. HILDRETH.

Freeport, Illinois.

ENGLAND'S CRIMES

WE cannot refrain from expressing our great surprise and regret that you have published such an article as appeared in the issue of January 5 under the title "British Rule in India," by one David Downie, missionary, who, as the name would indicate, is either Scotch or English. For you certainly cannot be ignorant of England's frightful massacre of hundreds of innocent men, women, and children at Amritsar, in the Province of Punjab. And this awful "frightfulness" was not committed in war times. It was not committed against an armed mob, but against a defenseless, helpless, peace-loving people. Search history to find anything more brutal and cold-blooded. Again, after the armistice was declared and the Peace Treaty was signed at Paris still England kept up the food blockade against the central empires, causing slow starvation of thousands who were entirely innocent. And yet you raised your voice mightily against the nation that committed the awful crime of sinking the *Lusitania*, when only a few hundred perished. Have you raised your voice against England's crimes?

English rule in India is a blot upon Christian civilization. Further, look at her bloody work in Ireland to-day. England is supreme in tyranny and merciless cruelty.

No, we are not pro-German or pro-Irish, but *pro-justice* and against injustice, whether at home or abroad.

By lending your magazine to such an article above referred to, one might infer that you approved of British tyranny.

In the above article Downie speaks about the East India Company and its "sphere of influence." Oh, yes, the world is beginning to understand something of the "cussedness" that is covered up

by this seemingly harmless phrase "sphere of influence."

Poor old China is just about covered over with "spheres of influence," which, in plain American, means robbery.

If we have spoken strongly, it is because we feel strongly, and we believe the subject under discussion justifies it.

JOHN W. RUSK,
C. O. ANDREWS,
L. M. RUSK.

The Allandale Improvement Association,
Allandale, Florida.

NOT AMERICAN SENTIMENTS

ORDINARILY I am a law-abiding citizen, but when it comes to reading that such a man as Sir Arthur Shipley is met at the dock by "sandwich women" bearing such placards as "Anglo-American Friendship—Bah!" and "The English Employed Indians to Kill Your Ancestors," I am constrained to ask if there isn't some way of showing Sir Arthur and his countrymen that, though we don't carry placards, a lot of Americans do not share such sentiments. I claim the right to speak for *real*, three-centuries-old American families—my children number among their ancestors Richard Montague and John Mason, who came from England in the decade after the Pilgrims, and some of whose descendants *may* have been killed by "Indians employed by the English." A lot of them weren't, as Revolutionary and Civil War records testify. However, if we, their descendants, can bear that thought, why can't these people who *have* to write "The English Employed Indians to Kill Your Ancestors" (their own were doubtless in Ireland or elsewhere then and for a long time thereafter!) try and bear it, too?

I am much too busy bringing up Richard Montague and John Mason (Miller) in the rising generation to start reform movements, but surely some one has time to devote to such a praiseworthy object as organizing those of us who feel that England is indeed our mother country, and that we only insult ourselves in any attempt to insult her or to stir up trouble against her. Owen Wister, when he wrote "The Straight Deal or the Ancient Grudge," expressed my sentiments accurately, and at least one family is being educated to see things in that way.

HELEN MONTAGUE MILLER.
Sharon, Massachusetts.

A PLEA FOR BUDDHISM

IN the number of The Outlook for April 14, 1920, is an article called "Buddhism in a Frock Coat." This article, I presume, is true in detail, but it gives a most erroneous idea of the general religious life in the Buddhist world. You, I am sure, do not believe that Christianity is in any way promoted by printing disparaging reports of rival faiths; and you would agree that it is an illusive progress which would rise by pushing others down.

The erection of hospitals was common

in Buddhist countries before the Christian era; so the Buddhist student finds the author of "Buddhism in a Frock Coat" committing an anachronism in implying that such social service is Christian rather than Buddhist in origin.

Debased forms of Buddhism may have prayer wheels and gods strange to us, but to pass judgment on its essential qualities because of these is like judging Christianity by the Calabrian peasants who whip the images of their saints when good crops are not forthcoming.

How much more in harmony with the sublime teaching of Jesus to treat others as you would be treated; to inform your readers of some of the good work which Buddhists are doing. May we not in the future hear something of the work of such scholarly and devout Buddhists as the great Burmese preacher Ledi Sadaw, and She Zan Aung, whose writings have been published by the Pali Text Society; and the translations of earlier writings by such scholars as the late Henry Warren, of Harvard, and Professor and Mrs. Rhys Davids?

A religion whose chief object is the annihilation of greed, hate, and ignorance and the development of unselfishness, love, and enlightenment can hardly be without its mission in the world to-day.

E. H. BREWSTER.
Villa Daphnis, Sorrento,
Gulf of Naples, Italy.

[It is true that Buddhist hospitals appeared in India as early as 260 B.C. and are said to have been in their provisions comparable to modern institutions. But with the revival of Brahminism they disappeared and were not revived until the British ascendancy in India. It is true that the West can learn from the East as well as the East from the West, but the difference between Buddhism and Christianity is more radical than our correspondent seems to think. Buddhism regards desire as an evil, seeks to extinguish it, and has for heaven Nirvana, which may be described as "unconscious existence." Christianity seeks to elevate and ennoble desire, to cure the evils of life by giving a more abundant life, and has for its heaven "life eternal."—LYMAN ABBOTT.]

IDEALISM AND COMMON SENSE

SINCE your journal has degenerated into an extremely partisan weekly, I have concluded to let my subscription expire. After reading your article "Forgetting 1920," in which you so intensely belittle "Idealism" and use the extravagant expression "every one of them [soldiers] reserved the liberty of going to war again," it seems to me that you have abandoned even the substitute for the Wilson League—the Association of Nations invented for campaign purposes, after suggestions by Taft *et al.* had been used in its (Wilson League) formation and Mr. Lodge had offered

and discussed reservations to the same, now considered Idealism. If it is only idealism, why was it not rejected at first? Your journal favored it. I am desirous to see what you will substitute for idealism.

NEAL T. SCOTT.
Ladonia, Texas.

[In the hearing of a member of The Outlook's staff Venizelos of Greece made a remark in Paris that he was a Realist. He said in substance: "I am a Realist. This does not mean that I am not an Idealist. The contrast is not between idealism and realism, but between idealism and materialism."]

The trouble with most Realists is that they are not Idealists and with most Idealists that they are not Realists. To regain the sense of reality is not to lose one's ideals.—THE EDITORS.]

ONLY ENOUGH FOR PICKING

WE think The Outlook one of the very best magazines published; we have found it so fair and just in the recent Presidential campaign, and have enjoyed and appreciated every issue that has come to us; but we are cotton farmers, and cannot afford to renew our subscription. We will not, however, be without The Outlook, for a friend who lives in the city has offered to forward to us the different periodicals she takes, and we accepted her offer to send The Outlook, as we knew we would miss it more than any of the others we will have to drop.

Regarding the cotton situation, I wish you would look into it and write it up in your magazine, for I am sure few outside of the cotton raisers know what a hardship the reduction in price has worked on the cotton farmer and his family. The prices quoted in the market reports in our daily papers are not the prices being paid at the local markets. For instance, our local market last week was paying only 2¼ cents per pound for cotton in the seed, or 5 cents per pound for it in the lint. Cotton pickers require now \$2 per hundred pounds and their board to pick it. So you can readily see that where the farmer is compelled to sell right away he is only getting enough to pay for his picking, with nothing left for the year's work, and cotton is a very hard crop to make and harvest. The Farm Club boys have to make a report of the expense of each acre cultivated, and, according to their report, cotton has been raised on my farm this year at a loss of \$18 an acre, and they are required to charge labor at 10 cents per hour, whereas we had to pay \$3 a day and board to have the cotton chopped in the spring and \$6 a day for a man and team to cultivate. You will find, I believe, on investigation, that conditions are much worse among the farmers than the general public knows.

With best wishes for your success,
(Mrs.) C. M. PIRRONG.
Choctaw, Oklahoma.

But Fire is working faster than our builders can

THE house that burns down today is more than a loss to its community, it is a drag. It diverts unnecessarily the labor, materials and financing so badly needed to catch up with a building program now so lamentably behind. It puts increased demand on restricted supply. It keeps prices up and progress down.

Yet still they burn—and still we need a million homes.

It's shameful when we analyze the figures and see that more than half of America's million dollar a day steady fire loss is not only preventable, but easily preventable.

What makes the national figures so big? It is communicated fire that, leaping from roof to roof, wipes out

an entire community in a few hours—and *that* is absolutely preventable—for your roof, now a fire hazard, becomes a fire barrier the moment you make it all-mineral — Johns-Manville Asbestos.

And what is more, it gives you an *economical* roof.

You naturally associate Johns-Manville asbestos with fire resistance, but bear in mind that the same qualities that give it rock resistance to fire also provide it with rock resistance to decay—a double saving by simply putting on a Johns-Manville roof instead of the inflammable kind.

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CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd., Toronto

NOT only is Johns-Manville Asbestos the all-mineral roof—but also the all-purpose roofing.



- in built-up form for flat roofs.
- in ready roll form for sloping roofs.
- in corrugated form for roofing and siding.
- in shingle form for dwellings.

—all approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.
—and all sanctioned by the hundred or more cities and towns that have ordinances against inflammable roofs.



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Asbestos
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INSULATION
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that cut down fire risks

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that save power waste

LININGS
that make brakes safe

FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE

Serves in Conservation

THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Our First Employer-President

IN Mr. Varney's article, found on another page of this issue of The Outlook, we are informed that for the first time in our history the American people have chosen for the Presidency a practical employer of men. Was President Washington an employer of men? Test further Mr. Varney's statement by reviewing the occupations of our Presidents previous to their elections.

An employer of many men might tell you that Mr. Harding's ideas about the employment of labor may be all right for the small employer, but they are impossible for the big employer. What response would you make to such a comment by a big employer?

Do you agree with Mr. Harding in his belief about work? Do laborers who do a day's work for a day's pay actually and literally benefit themselves from an economic point of view?

If you were asked to write a ten-point labor creed, what points would you include in it?

Define with care the following terms: *Diatribes, counterpart, logic, régime, closed shop, colloquial, automaton, anarchy, abstract motives, cant.*

The three following books are among the best dealing with modern industrial questions: "The Human Factor in Industry," by Frankel and Fleisher (Macmillan); "Mediation, Investigation, and Arbitration in Industrial Disputes," by Barnett and McCabe (Appleton); "The Making of To-Morrow," by Hayes Robbins (Dutton).

The Unprogressive Prison

What, in your opinion, should be the fundamental aim in sentencing criminals? What argument can you give for the aim you champion?

It is perfectly evident that society must protect itself against criminals. Do you think society pays more attention to the punishment of criminals than it does to the removing of conditions which produce criminals? If you do think society pays more attention to the punishment of criminals, what explanation have you to offer?

Who are criminals? Can you suggest a better and more effective way of dealing with the problem of crime than that adopted by your community?

Should prisoners be producers? If they should, what do you think ought to be done with the products of prison labor? Is it reasonable to oppose the market along with goods not made in prison?

If you were the warden of a prison,

¹ These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—The Editors.

how would you conduct it? Would you try to imagine how it would feel to be a prisoner and then treat your prisoners with that idea in mind?

Two excellent chapters to read are those dealing with crime and its punishment found in Hughes's "Community Civics" (Allyn & Bacon); Towne's "Social Problems" (Macmillan).

The German Indemnity

Should the Allies pay any attention to the protests from Germany against the amount of the indemnity and the method of paying it?

What is meant by "the power to tax is the power to destroy"? Has this power ever been used by the United States Government? If so, when and for what reasons?

Do you think the enforcement of the twelve per cent export tax provision on German goods would tend to destroy German initiative and ambition to pay the indemnity?

Is, or is it not, true that the thrift, the frugality, and the industry of one nation is economically bad for other nations? Should Germany be allowed to export as freely and as much as she can?

Do you wish to see Germany once more a prosperous nation and a nation with which all the other nations can be good friends? How, in your opinion, can these objectives best be brought about?

The German indemnity is largely a question of economics, and it would be well indeed if Americans paid more attention to the study of economic principles. For this object, among the most readable books on the subject are the following: "Principles of Political Economy," by Charles Gide (D. C. Heath); "Principles of Political Economy," by Professor Thomas Carver (Ginn & Co.); "Elementary Principles of Economics," by Ely and Wicker (Macmillan).

Define the following words: *Indemnity, aggrandizement, ethics, voluble, ad valorem, subtleties, jargon, initiative, publicists.*

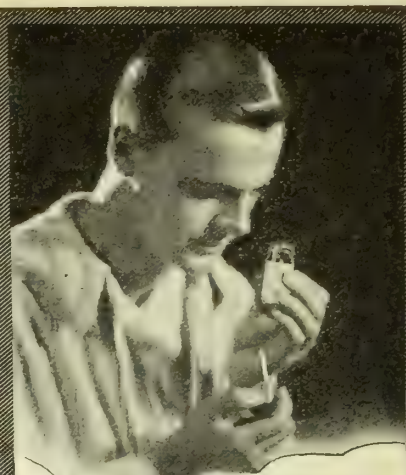
Debs Stays Put

Did Attorney-General Palmer act wisely in recommending that Debs be released from prison? What reasons have you to offer in answering this question?

What are the pardoning powers of the President? Are they absolute? Can he pardon persons conditionally?

What is the difference between pardon, amnesty, and commuting a sentence?

If you were a Governor of a State or President of the United States, what principles do you think you would follow in granting pardons? What attitude would you expect those seeking pardon to show before you would pardon them?



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a Break in
the Skin"*

Use New-Skin promptly on little cuts or scrapes.

New-Skin forms an antiseptic covering, keeping the germs out of the wound while nature is healing it.

Keep a bottle always on hand.

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CHRISTOPHER MORLEY conducts a genial column called "The Bowling Green" for the New York "Evening Post," and before that conducted a column for the Philadelphia "Evening Public Ledger." He is a graduate of Haverford College and was a Rhodes

Scholar at Oxford from 1910 to 1913. He is the author of numerous books, among them "Parnassus on Wheels," "Songs for a Little House," "Shandygaff," "The Rocking Horse," "The Haunted Bookshop," "In the Sweet Dry and Dry," and "Mince Pie." He has contributed extensively to American magazines. He is familiarly known as "Kit" Morley.

HAROLD LORD VARNEY was in charge of labor publicity for the Republican National Committee during the recent campaign. He had an exceptional opportunity in this capacity to study Senator Harding as an employer of labor. He discusses Senator Harding from the point of view of an active trade-unionist.

LYMAN ABBOTT contributes to this issue the third paper of his series entitled "Snap-Shots of My Contemporaries." His article on P. T. Barnum appeared in the January 12 issue. The second article was on John G. Whittier and appeared in the January 19 issue. Coming issues will contain Dr. Abbott's memoirs of President Hayes and Edwin Booth. Dr. Abbott is Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook.

BODGEN CHISHOLM is a vigorous exponent of better prisons. During the war he wrote extensively against the practice of denying our thousands of convicts and ex-convicts the privilege of serving their country in time of war. His office is at 66 Beaver Street, New York City.

HENRY HOYT MOORE, whose camera caught the winter impression of Madison Square, New York, which appears on the cover, is art manager of The Outlook. He has likewise long been responsible for the "By the Way" columns, which many of our readers assure us they invariably turn to first.

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT is President of The Outlook Company. He is the author of "Impressions of Theodore Roosevelt."

EARL HORTER, who is again represented in this issue, this time by an etching of the "Bridge of Sighs," is Vice-President of the New York Society of Etchers. He is largely self-taught in his art. Beyond a few lessons in the etching craft by Senseney, Mr. Horter has had no teacher save his own early and persistent passion for the arts.

What Is Nerve Force?

By PAUL von BOECKMANN

Nerve Specialist and Psycho-Analyst

EXACTLY what Nerve Force is, we do not know. If we did know, we would know the Secret of Life. We know this: it is generated by the Nervous System through which it travels at a speed greater than 100 feet per second. It is the Master Force of the Body, the force that controls every heart beat, every breath, the digestion of every mouthful of food we eat, the action of every muscle, and the life of every cell. It is the force that gives us courage, ambition, personality, character, mental power and energy—the Force that Drives us On, On and On.

Every mental impulse and every bodily act uses up a certain amount of Nerve Force. If we expend more Nerve Force than the system can develop, we necessarily become Nerve Bankrupts, and we then have a condition known as Neurasthenia, Nervous Debility, Nervous Prostration or Nerve Exhaustion. Since the greatest drain of Nerve Force is by way of the brain, it can easily be understood why mental strain, worry, grief, and of course, abuse of the reproductive functions, wreck the nerves so readily.

Nine people out of ten have weak nerves and are not aware of it. They think because their hands do not tremble, muscles twitch, or knees shake, that their nerves are perfect. Bear in mind that our nervous system consists of two great branches, the External and the Internal. Organic derangements and ailments are due to weakness of the Internal Nervous System, and not the External System, which mainly governs the external muscles. Note the accompanying diagram.

The symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

First Stage: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling."

Second Stage: Nervousness; restlessness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headache; backache; neuritis; rheumatism; and other pains.

Third Stage: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies; and in extreme cases, insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental turmoil, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

I agree with the noted British authority on the nerves, Arthur T. Schofield, M. D., the author of numerous works on the subject, who says: "It is my belief that the greatest

single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves be in order."

Hundreds of books have been written by Nerve Specialists intended as a guide in caring for the nerves and restoring nerve force. Unfortunately these books do not meet the need of the general public as they are written in technical and complex language. I have written a 64-page book entitled "Nerve Force,"

which in the simplest language explains hundreds of vital points regarding the nerves and their care; information every person should know. Students of the subject, including physicians, pronounce the book the most practical work on the subject which has ever been written. Large corporations have bought my book by the thousands for their employees. Physicians recommend it to their nervous patients. Extracts from the book have again and again been reprinted in magazines and newspapers, which is the strongest proof of real merit. The cost of the book is 25 cents. Bound in substantial leatherette cover 50 cents. Remit in coin or stamps. Address Paul von Boeckmann, Studio 331, 110 West 40th Street, New York City. I have advertised my various books in this and other high-class magazines for more than twenty years, which is ample guarantee of responsibility and integrity. If the book does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money PLUS your outlay of postage. So send for my book To-

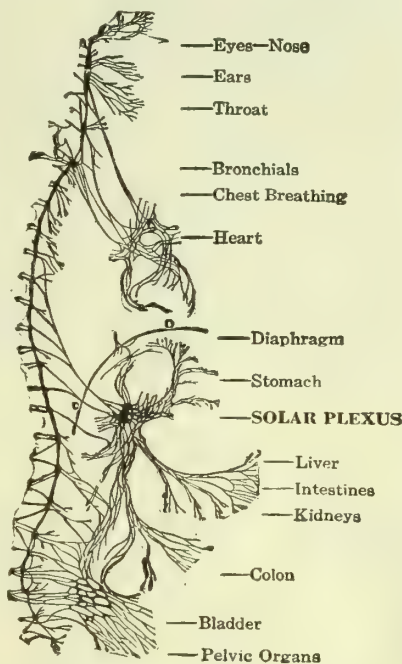
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If your nerves have given you trouble, especially if your doctor has told you that your condition is due to your nerves, submit your case to me, and I shall tell you definitely the exact nature of your weakness, and whether I can help YOU, as I have helped over 90,000 men and women during the last thirty years.

I am a Nerve Specialist and Psycho-analyst, besides being generally experienced in all sciences pertaining to the Body and Mind. I have treated more cases of "Nerves" than any other man in the world. My instruction is given by Mail only. No drugs or drastic treatments are employed. My method is remarkably simple, thoroughly scientific and invariably effective.

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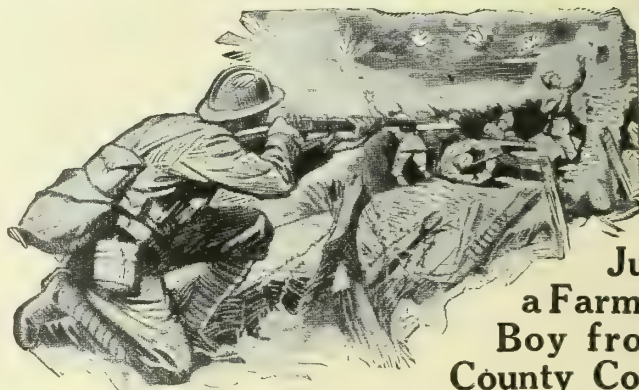
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A POLITE QUARREL

(P. F. Reniers in the New York "Evening Post")

IF only the cinema could be personified and endowed with the faculty of writing just long enough to write its "Apologia Pro Vita Sua," the result would be highly diverting and not a little instructive to both its detractors and its champions. Not that the apologia would be less biased, say, than Colley Cibber's. Nevertheless, Mr. Cinema would know enough about himself to cast a magnesium flare over that umbrageous No Man's Land between the dugouts of the extremists. Adverse critics and ardent defenders never risk proximity of ideas. There is perhaps such a thing as too great preoccupation with argument to permit of reason. Surely, it can't be that they don't know! No one writes of the movies who doesn't know whereof he speaks. Goodness, no!

All of which is perhaps too long a prelude to a remark or two about a polite quarrel of recent date that flared up between Messrs. Pulsifer and Fuessle in The Outlook. Mr. Pulsifer's article was entitled "The World's Worst Failure" (as a high art), and it hardly seems necessary to proceed any further to the classification of the gentleman's attitude. Deferred hope hath sickened his heart. In answering him, Mr. Fuessle goes, not quite, but almost, to the other extreme. His heart beats a splendid tattoo, full of the vitamins of hope, or whatever they are.

Mr. Fuessle's jubilant defense is based on the fact that the motion-picture making is a business, a profit-grubbing affair. So far so good. He urges patience with mass production. Time may develop its artistic possibilities. But, after all, he qualifies. Why should we expect art when the producers do not try to produce art? They know, and he knows, he says, that the true métier of pictures is the manufacture of one melodrama after the other. In fact, "the motion picture is as yet bound to melodrama with fetters that neither its gallant Griffiths, its ingenious Inces, nor its dauntless De Milles [shuffle the adjectives if you like] seem to have been able to break."

Is that so? Does he recall, one wonders, a gentle little thing called "Conrad in Quest of His Youth"? William De Mille had more or less to do with that. If Mr. Fuessle sincerely believes that melodrama (that is, drama without motivation of character) is the best the motion pictures can do, perhaps he has overlooked an engaging piece entitled "Honest Hutch," in which Will Rogers showed melodrama and hammer-and-tongs comedy the door. Or perhaps he has forgotten Mary Pickford's fling at characterization in "Suds." The list by no means ends there; addenda upon request. The point is that producers know that something besides melodrama is possible, and now. Profits from that something else may not always be as imposing as those from melodrama, but business men in other industries would be satisfied with them. If Mr. Pulsifer is to season his extreme dejection with patience, Mr. Fuessle might well season his extreme patience with a dash of reasonable intolerance.



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On beach front. 12 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, shower and dressing room for sea bathing, garage for one car; lot 75x350 ft.; very comfortable; good neighborhood; will sell furnished. Address WM. H. REA, 921 Farmers Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

FOR SALE, Summit, N. J.

Modern house, desirably and centrally located, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, gas, electricity throughout. Fine chance for prompt buyer. Apply Dr. C. Morrison, 379 7th Ave., Newark, N. J.

For Sale—Summit, N. J.

Beautiful corner lot, 226x394 ft., overlooking Passaic Valley and surrounding country. Single house, thirteen rooms, three baths; hot water heat; three-car garage; large garden; asparagus bed, fruit trees, grape vines, flowering plants and shrubbery in abundance. For information apply to Charles D. Ferry, 271 Boulevard, Summit, N. J., or real estate agents.

NEW YORK

ADIRONDACKS Summer Homes

Near Whiteface Mt., furnished, hot and cold running water, 6 or 8 rooms. Also 4-room camp. \$150 to \$300 for season. A. WARD, Jay, N. Y.

AMAGANSETT, N. Y.

Furnished and unfurnished cottages for rent or sale. Ocean front building sites, farms and acreage for sale. W. M. FERRY, Amagansett, N. Y. Phone 20.

For Sale or To Let—Summer Cottages

Furnished—unfurnished. Elevation 2,000 feet. Mountain top. 100 miles from city. Air like wine. LONG—Cragmoor, Ulster Co., N. Y.

FOR RENT

FURNISHED SUMMER HOME

At Essex, N. Y.—Lake Champlain On breezy hill overlooking lake and mountains; ten large, comfortable rooms; all improvements, electricity, garage; excellent boating and fishing. \$600 for season. Address STRAGNELL, 24 East 63d St., New York. 123 Chestnut St., Rochester, N. Y.

Lake Champlain Shore-front furnished 7-room cottage; fireplace, bath, sleeping-porch, spring, sand beach, spacious wooded grounds. \$250 per season. W. M. MORROW, Schenectady, N. Y. R. D. 5.

Lake George. Two furnished homes for rent on large estate. 9 rooms, 2 baths, sleeping porches; 11 rooms, 3 baths, wide piazzas. Telephone, ice, running water. Address STRAGNELL, 24 East 63d St., New York.

FOR SALE—12-room house, 2 enclosed sleeping porches. All modern impts. Exceptional location. Fruit trees, berries, good garden. Photo. Address Box 733, New Paltz, Ulster Co., N. Y.

NORTH SHORE LONG ISLAND

Manhasset (Bathing), express trains to New York or Brooklyn, 25 minutes, attractive house. French architecture, eight rooms (Cathedral drawing-room), three baths, built-in garage, large plot, \$20,000. B. C. VORZIMER, 220 West 42d St., New York City.

Only One Real Estate Broker

in each locality can secure the Goldsmith Service. It will give him the initial grip on the opportunities in his territory arising from present conditions. Ask about it—now!

The Goldsmith Service, Nyack, N. Y.

For Sale Fruit and dairy farm, 312 acres. \$35 per acre; high elevation; 19-room house and cottage. One of Dutchess County's best farms. Rev. R. C. WRIGHT, Executor, Pine Plains, Dutchess Co., N. Y.

SCARSDALE

Cozy home, 8 rooms and two baths, shade, fruit, and garden; sleeping-porch. Garage for one car. Rent June 1st to October 1st, \$800. Forty minutes from New York. S. L. ANGELL, Scarsdale, N. Y.

SHELTER ISLAND, N. Y.

Furnished cottages for rent and sale. Country homes and farms for sale. Ralph G. Duval, Shelter Island Heights, N. Y.

Westport, on Lake Champlain

Comfortable house for summer season. Four downstairs rooms. 5 bedrooms, modern conveniences, wide piazzas, spacious grounds. Beautiful view of Lake Champlain. Reasonable rent. Offers considered. 4,121, Outlook.

PENNSYLVANIA

FOR SALE 95 ACRES FINE LAND.

2 miles east of Newtown, Bucks Co., Pa. 7 miles from Trenton, on State highway and trolley. Good substantial buildings. For particulars address FRANKLIN PACKER, Newtown, Pa.

Real Estate

OREGON

Portland, Ore., Suburban Home

7 miles out on macadam road; beautiful situation, best in several miles, view Cascade Mountains; 15 acres fine soil, 8-year orchard. Modern house, natural wood finish; 5 rooms, bath, toilet, large closets, attic, basement, fireplace, furnace, running water, city telephone. House never been rented. \$12,000, terms. Owner, J. Q. JAMIESON, Route 1, Box 169, Oswego, Oregon.

VERMONT

DORSET, VT. For Sale, "Cloverlea," town water, gardens, 1 acre, view Green Mts. Picturesque village, golf, library, church. Also smaller bungalow, 2 bedrooms. E. M. Carhart, 1437 Belmont St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

Property Wanted

Wanted to Lease or Buy Small School

Address, with particulars, 4,195, Outlook.

Wanted—To Lease or Buy on Easy Terms buildings suitable for a boys' boarding school. Preferably in Pennsylvania. 4,071, Outlook.

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A large, perfectly appointed house with every modern comfort. Management of a graduate nurse. Only six guests. Sunny porches; cheery open fires; soft, restful colors; unusually good food; quiet, efficient service; the atmosphere of an ideal home. If you are tired or convalescing and want a week or two of satisfying rest, write now to

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Greenwich, Ct. First-class in all respects, home comforts. H. M. Hitchcock, M.D.

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A private sanitarium for invalids and aged who need care. Ideal surroundings. Address for terms Alice Gates Bugbee, M.D. Tel. 241.

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SPECIAL articles, speeches, letters, booklets. Historical and biographical sketches prepared: any subject. Ruth Ridgell, 5100 Ridge Arcade, Kansas City, Mo.

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STORIES, poems, plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 325, Hannibal, Mo.

THE AIMS and METHOD, A LIBERAL Education for Africans, by E. W. Blyden, 50 cents. Young's Book Exchange, 135 West 135th St., New York.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES

"MARY MOORE" romper dresses made of pink or blue imported crepe or black sateen embroidered in dainty colors make serviceable and attractive play frocks. If you cannot buy "Mary Moore" dresses from your dealer write for pictures. The Irish Linen Company, Davenport, Iowa.

LANTERN SLIDES

LANTERN slides made and colored. Highest grade work. 25 years' experience. Edward Van Altena, 6 East 39th St., New York City.

WOMEN'S GOODS

LADIES' FINE GLOVES in all popular styles and colors at new low prices. Write for booklet. J. Roucoules, Jr., 257 W. Main St., Amsterdam, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

COOKING for PROFIT. Earn handsome income; home cooked food, catering, tea room, etc. Correspondence course. Am. School Home Economics, Chicago.

INVENTIONS wanted. Cash or royalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 217 St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

WANTED—1,500 Railway Traffic Inspectors: no experience; train for this profession through spare-time home study: easy terms; \$110 to \$200 monthly and expenses guaranteed, or money back. Outdoors, local or traveling, under big men who reward ability. Get Free Booklet CM-27. Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

WANTED—Thoroughly competent woman as resident secretary for first-class Eastern girls' boarding school. Must be accustomed to meeting and working with refined people. Protestant. Rapid stenographer with experience in office methods. Good home and salary for the right person. Give full information (with small photograph if possible) in first letter. 9,451, Outlook.

WRITE photoplays: \$25-\$300 paid anyone for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary; complete outline free. Producers League, 438, St. Louis.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

RELIABLE Protestant woman as chambermaid and waitress in Baptist Home for Aged. Wages \$30 month. Room alone. 9,439, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Gentlewoman as mother's helper to old American family. Three children, 8, 6, 4 years. Capable, strong, cheerful. Good home. Personal references required. P. O. Box 146, Ridgefield, Conn.

DIETITIANS, superintendents, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, social workers, and secretaries. Miss Richards, Providence, East Side Box 5, Boston, Fridays, 11 to 1, 16 Jackson Hall, Trinity Court. Address Providence.

PLACEMENT BUREAU for employer and employee. Housekeepers, matrons, governesses, secretaries, attendants, managers, dietitians, companions. 51 Trowbridge St., Cambridge, Mass.

Teachers and Governesses

DESIRE small summer camp for healthy boy of ten, within two hundred miles of Albany, N. Y., where he will receive individual attention. 9,438, Outlook.

WANTED—Teachers all subjects. Good vacancies in schools and colleges. International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

SECRETARY-companion, or similar position where executive ability and superior qualities of a gentlewoman are of first importance. 9,445, Outlook.

LADY SECRETARY-STENOGRAPHER, long experience, desires position with out of door interests, possibly country life. 9,442, Outlook.

SMITH College graduate, holding executive position in private school, desires position for summer. Has kept house, and had business and social experience. References exchanged. 9,429, Outlook.

WANTED, by young, single, experienced farmer, position on farm. Preferably working manager in Virginia. C. S. Rutter, Jr., 612 Prince Edward St., Fredericksburg, Va.

EXPERIENCED working care taker, married, no children, would like a position about May 1. Lock Box 3, Townsend Harbor, Mass.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

YOUNG woman, linguist, good traveler, will chaperone to Europe all or part of summer. References. 9,449, Outlook.

MATRON or housemother for school or institution, or care for children while parents travel. Capable of assuming all responsibility. Best of references. 9,450, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as matron or managing housekeeper in institution near New York City. In present position 9 years. 9,395, Outlook.

WOMAN of education and refinement desires care of household and children. Any section. Exceptional references. 9,421, Outlook.

CULTURED young woman as companion or governess. Experienced. Highest references. 9,422, Outlook.

WIDOW, experienced with young people, desires position as housekeeper or housemother in girls' school. 9,453, Outlook.

LADY with college education having lived 17 years abroad, wishes to be nurse-companion or guide to party traveling in U. S. or abroad during summer months. References exchanged. 9,454, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

PRINCETON senior wishes position as tutor or companion during next summer. Accustomed to outdoor life and sports. 9,428, Outlook.

MAY, 25, desires tutoring or part time teaching. Five years' experience. University student. 9,443, Outlook.

TRAVEL and EDUCATION. College professor, experienced traveler, going abroad in June, would include several young men or students in his party. Tuition in college entrance subjects if desired. Apply 9,436, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for personal, club, or business correspondence, 150 sheets bond note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address \$1.50. Write for samples. Lewis, 25 Hudson Ave., Troy, N. Y.

FOR SALE, genuine antiques. Wonderful highboy \$300. Other rare specimens. "Parkway," Katonah, N. Y.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 44 West 23d St., New York.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will send things on approval. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

INVALID or nervous patient cared for in physician's suburban home. Wife professional nurse. 9,386, Outlook.

OKLAHOMA farms. Write for free agricultural booklet. Board of Commerce, Shawnee, Okla.

PURE extracted buckwheat honey in 10-pound pails. \$2.75, postpaid in first, second, and third zones. Harris Bee Yard, Jefferson, Scholario County, N. Y.

IS there a child needing a refined, Christian home with a mother's love and care? If so, address 9,455, Outlook

Old Hampshire Bond

The letterhead is important. Too many firms neglect to give proper thought to their business stationery.

Standard usage, where stationery is really appreciated, is apt to be Old Hampshire Bond.

Paper so strong and clean and crisp adds force to any message. It gives a personality to the written word.

For any letter worth careful writing, use Old Hampshire Bond, the paper whose quality nobody can criticise.

Business is so largely a matter of human likes and dislikes, that

Stationery—good stationery—is well worth most careful consideration.



Old Hampshire Bond is made from the finest selected rags.

It is tub-sized and loft-dried. Every process in its manufacture is carefully hand-controlled. The resulting paper is tough, strong, durable—and of the finest appearance.

Write for our new Book of Specimen Letterheads.

HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY
South Hadley Falls
Mass.

BY THE WAY

ONE experience cured a writer in "To-day's Housewife" of her interest in gossip. She had said of a girl friend, "She dresses well on a modest salary, and she must be a good manager, for I saw her show a good-sized roll of bills to a couple of girls to-day." This remark reached the girl's mother in this form: "One of Madge's friends who works in the office with her says she saw Madge accept a hundred dollars from one of the managers, and that explains how she dresses so well!"

President Rea, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in reminding his employees that when they travel on passes they should surrender their seats on crowded trains to pay passengers, said, significantly:

Patrons, on all occasions, should be treated as guests, and whenever any question arises, we should sacrifice our own individual comfort for theirs. The railroads are judged in the public's mind as much by the conduct of their employees as by any other single factor. What the public thinks of the railroads, whether good or evil, will inevitably in its turn react upon the welfare of every one of us. It is, therefore, to our direct personal interest to give every passenger the best possible impression.

Gum-chewing seems for the present to be on a decline, according to the New York "World." That paper publishes the announcement that a great American gum-manufacturing company will omit its usual dividend this quarter, and follows this with the results of an investigation by its reporters as to gum-chewing in the subway cars. In 48 cars with an average of 59 passengers per car, only 6 gum-chewers per car were noted. English papers please copy!

German children seem to appreciate the work of American relief agencies, according to a Brooklyn "Eagle" correspondent. A Berlin school-teacher, she says, was trying to instill in her scholars love and reverence for their parents. "Who is it feeds and clothes you?" she asked, expecting the parents to receive the credit. "The Quakers!" came the shout from fifty childish voices, whose owners had been the daily recipients of relief from the American Friends' Service Committee, which is supplying one hot meal a day to 600,000 undernourished German children.

A Southern family lost their colored housemaid, a subscriber writes, and took in her place a girl used only to field work. This one was first taught to use the carpet-sweeper. The next day she cheerfully asked: "Miss Jane! Miss Jane! Shall I go lawn-mow de parlah?"

The extent to which English is read throughout the world, and also the number of English and American business representatives in foreign lands who order books from "home," is indicated

Special Real Estate Issues

This issue of The Outlook, February 16, contains special announcements of Real Estate for sale or for rent. Other important issues will be

March 16 and April 20

Send us information concerning your property and we will submit a suggested advertisement for your approval. The March and April issues will carry your advertisement at the height of the buying and renting season.

The cost of space is only 60 cents a line. Write us immediately to catch the March 16 issue. Address

Real Estate Department

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

by a statement made by the Houghton Mifflin Company in that firm's answer to a questionnaire sent it by the State Department of Labor and Industry. The company says that it is exporting books to more than twenty foreign countries.

Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, which was badly damaged by fire recently, will, it is announced, be restored along its original lines, though with all the latest improvements. The church was built in 1847 and for many years has been one of the landmarks of Brooklyn. During the Civil War period, when Henry Ward Beecher's stirring sermons in advocacy of freedom for the slaves made Plymouth Church a National forum, it became so famous that strangers in New York City who sought it on Sunday were simply told to "cross Fulton Ferry and follow the crowd."

F. C. Burnand, one of the editors of "Punch" in its earlier days, on one occasion became seriously ill, and Sir Henry Lucy, who later succeeded him in his cheerful task, was asked by a London daily paper to write a column, in memoriam, about his friend. But Burnand recovered, and on being told about the matter he flashed out: "A column! I never thought I should get so much. Why, that's what they gave to Nelson in Trafalgar Square and the Duke of York on the top of the steps overlooking the Horse Guards!"

Pitfalls await every translator, but the victim is not always seen falling into one, for the original text is often not available to compare with a translation. The "Mexican Review," however, a subscriber points out, prints its Spanish pages alternately with an English translation, so that a reader can readily turn from one to the other. A recent note in the "Review's" Spanish section was as follows:


Los chauffeurs de ciudad de México seran obligados, en adelante, a someterse a un riguroso examen, a fin de prevenir los accidentes.

This was turned into this remarkable announcement (italics ours):

Chauffeurs in the future will be obliged to pass a rigid examination in Mexico City, prior to precipitating accidents.

Miles City, Montana, has the distinction, according to a Weather Bureau report, of having the greatest recorded range of temperature of any place in the United States. On its hottest day the Miles City thermometer recorded 112 degrees; on its coldest, 65 degrees below zero. These extremes were made endurable, however, it is said, because of the dry air and of the fact that a fine breeze blows at Miles City when it is hot, while during very cold weather the air is usually calm.

Illiterate sign-painters often seem to go out of their way to misspell short words. Here are two examples seen in New York streets: "RUBBER HEAL's, 50c." "ORDERS TAKEN HEIR."



STRANGE that Stetson alone seems able to interpret the smartness and high distinction of the current style.

You have only to pull a Stetson snugly down on the forehead and look at yourself in the mirror to see what we mean.

Style, Quality and Sound Money's Worth assured by the Stetson Label in each Hat.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, Philadelphia

STETSON

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A new book just issued. 271 Hymns and Scripture Readings, selected from the famous

MOODY & SANKEY GOSPEL HYMNS 1 to 6
A handy volume in durable cloth binding.
\$50 per 100 Carriage extra


THE BIGLOW & MAIN COMPANY

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Stands for Tycos
which means trustworthy
THERMOMETERS
for every purpose.

Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER, N.Y.
There's a Tycos or Taylor Thermometer for Every Purpose



Don't Let the Expense Stand in the Way of Your College Education.

This student and hundreds like him earned his own college expenses by giving part of his spare time and vacations to interesting, dignified field work.

No house to house canvassing—no goods to be delivered. Each student is assigned an exclusive territory, often his own home town. He meets the finest class of people and receives a business training worth almost as much as his time in college.

No Cost—No Obligation

High school, normal school, private prep. school, college and university students are eligible. You have nothing to lose—everything to gain—by trying out the plan.

Write today for "Victory," the booklet that tells the story. The attached coupon brings it. Use it!

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Please send me, without obligation or cost to me, "VICTORY," the booklet that tells how to win a college education.

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It is suggested that, if you do not live in New York, you write Mr. W. R. Nicholson personally for an appointment, in advance of coming to the city.

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A CASH OFFER FOR CARTOONS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

Cash payment, from \$1 to \$5, will promptly be made to our readers who send us a cartoon or photograph accepted by The Outlook.

We want to see the best cartoons published in your local papers, and the most interesting and newsy pictures you may own. Read carefully the coupons below for conditions governing payment. Then fill in the coupon, paste it on the back of the cartoon or print, and mail to us. THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

To the Photograph Editor of The Outlook:

The attached photograph is the property of the undersigned and is submitted for publication in The Outlook. Postage is enclosed for its return if unavailable. It is my understanding that The Outlook agrees to pay \$3 for this photograph if reproduced as a half-page cut, or smaller, and \$5 if reproduced in larger size than a half page. The enclosed brief account of the object or event depicted you may use as you see fit.

Name.....

Address.....

To the Cartoon Editor of The Outlook:

The attached cartoon is clipped from the

..... of the following date If this particular clipping is selected for reproduction in The Outlook, I will accept One Dollar as payment in full for my service in bringing it to your attention. I agree that if it is not used it will not be returned nor its receipt acknowledged.

Name.....

Address.....

PUBLISHER'S NOTES

WINNERS of contest No. 1 prizes in the first of our series of prize contests will be announced in next week's issue of The Outlook. This contest closed on January 31. Nearly one hundred contest letters rolled in on the last day of the contest alone. Contest letters came from forty-two States of the Union and from Canada and Mexico. The State of New York held the lead as to number of contestants throughout the contest. At the final count California stood second, Pennsylvania third, Illinois fourth, and Massachusetts fifth. Watch for the announcement of Prize Contest No. 2.

WE are informed now and then by subscribers that to be a constant reader of The Outlook means more to them than a college degree. What, then, was our surprise to find that a six-year-old miss out in Oklahoma had discovered that she too could read and enjoy "daddy's Outlook"? Jennie K. Hoover, of Paterson, New Jersey, holds a different view. She writes:

"Father is a Republican, mother is a Democrat. Big sister is a Republican, big brother is a Democrat. They all read The Outlook to each other, talk about what they read, discuss answers to Mr. Gathany's questions, and have a fine time. The younger children look at the pictures of The Outlook, but there is no reading for us, so we can't have a fine time talking, arguing, disagreeing, and getting mad, as the big folks do. The Outlook doesn't tell its good things so we children can understand them. Mr. Editor, could not the children have a children's department in The Outlook?" To this complaint Ernest Hamlin Abbott, Secretary of The Outlook, replied:

"My dear Miss Jennie: When The Outlook for February 9 comes to your house, look in it for the story called 'An Indian Winter's Tale.' I think that you will like this. This is not a story just for children. The best stories for children are stories that really wise grown-up persons can enjoy. We are going to try to find such stories and articles, but it is not very easy to find them. It is much harder to write simply and clearly than it is to write so that nobody but a very dull person can understand. Thank you for your letter."

UNLESS you are in the habit of keeping The Outlook for reference, it is suggested that you pass your copy along to a friend who is unable to subscribe. We would welcome letters from those who make a practice of sending their copy to some one else. The pass-it-along record seems to be held by the Western business man whose copy is mailed to five different addresses after he has read it, winding up on the reading table of his nephew's fraternity house at college.

FREDERICK JOSEPH RIECKER is the youngest boy carrier of The Outlook on record. He is two years old. He has eighteen regular customers in Richmond Hill, a suburb of Brooklyn. He is assisted in his work by his mother. It is suspected that this is easily the world's record of precocity in salesmanship.

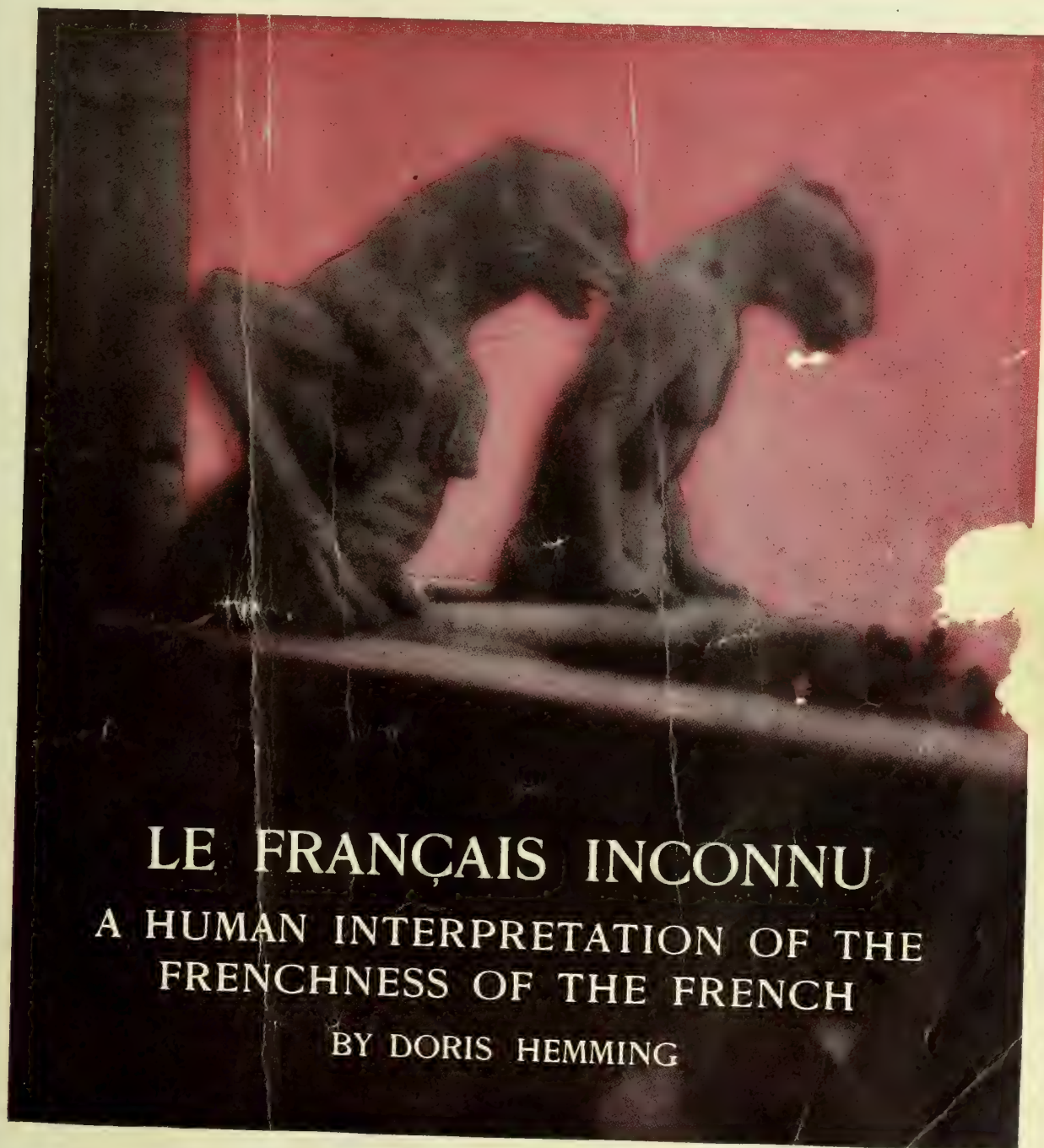
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FEB 21 1921

The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life



LE FRANÇAIS INCONNU
A HUMAN INTERPRETATION OF THE
FRENCHNESS OF THE FRENCH
BY DORIS HEMMING

GARGOYLES OF NOTRE DAME LOOKING DOWN AT PARIS
Photograph by Henry Hoyt Moore, of the Outlook staff

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1921
PRICE: FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY
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The World's Who's Who and What's What Sent Free On Approval

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Solvay

Solvay (sol'vā). A village in Onondaga County, New York, adjoining Syracuse. It has manufactories of soda-ash, pottery, etc. Population, 5,139, (1910).

Somali Coast Protectorate, or **Somaliland**. About 15,000 square miles were ceded to Abyssinia in 1897. It is administered by a commissioner. Chief town and seaport, Berbera. Area, 68,000 square miles. Population, over 300,000.

Somali Coast Protectorate, French, or French Somaliland. A French colony in North Africa, on the Gulf of Aden, between the British Somali Coast Protectorate and the Italian colony of Eritrea. It includes the ports of Obok and Jibuti, the latter being the seat of government. The native races are the Danakil and Somali. The colony is administered by a governor and a privy council. Area, about 5,790 square miles. Population, over 200,000.

Somerset (sum'er-set), **Lady Henry (Isabella Caroline Somers)**. Born 1851. An English philanthropist and writer, daughter of the third Earl Somers. She has taken a prominent part in temperance reform and the advancement of women's work, and established the first industrial farm colony for inebriate women and various training-schools and missions. She is the founder and editor of the "Woman's Signal," and has written "Studies in Black and White," "A Book for Children," "Our Village Life," "Under the Arch of Life," etc.

Somerville (sum'er-vil). The county-seat of Somerset County, New Jersey, on the Raritan River, 10 miles northwest of New Brunswick. It has manufactories of carriages, woolen goods, ranges, etc. Population, 5,060, (1910).

Sommer (sō-mār'), **Roger**. Born at Pierrepont, Meurthe-et-Moselle, Aug. 4, 1877. A French aviator. He made a world's record in a Farman aeroplane on Aug. 7, 1909, by a flight lasting 2 hrs., 27 min., 15 sec., at Camp de Châlons.

Sonnenthal (zōn'en-tāl), **Adolf, Ritter von**. Born at Budapest, Dec. 21, 1834; died at Prague, April 4, 1909. An Austrian actor. His first appearance on the stage was at Temesvár, in 1851. In 1856 he was engaged for the Vienna court theater, of which he became manager-in-chief in 1884. In 1882 a patent of nobility was conferred upon him. He played in various European cities, and in 1885, 1889, and 1902 visited the United States. Among his chief parts were Hamlet, King Lear, Wallenstein, Nathan (in Lessing's "Nathan der Weise"), and Mortimer (in Schiller's "Maria Stuart").

Sons of the American Revolution. An association similar to that of the Sons of the Revolution, but limited to lineal descendants of those who rendered actual service in the War of the Revolution. The national society was organized in New York, April 30, 1889. The total membership is about 11,000.

Sons of the Revolution. A patriotic society originated in New York in 1876 by John A. Stevens and others. The aggregate membership of its thirty-one State societies is now about 8,000 and is limited to adult male descendants of those who helped to establish American independence between the dates of April 19, 1775, and April 19, 1783. The object of the society is to perpetuate the memory of the men who achieved American independence, to preserve documents relating to the War of the Revolution, to inspire a patriotic spirit, and to assist in the commemorative celebration of great historic events.

Sorel (sō-rel'), **Albert**. Born at Honfleur, France, Aug. 13, 1842; died at Paris, June 29, 1906. A noted French historian and author. In 1893 he was elected a member of the French Academy, succeeding Taine, of whom he was a disciple. The most important of his works are "Histoire diplomatique de la guerre franco-allemande" (1875), "La question d'orient au XVIII^e siècle: origine de la triple alliance" (1878), and "L'Europe et la révolution française" (1885-1903), for the last of which the French Academy awarded him the Gobert prize in 1887 and 1888. He is the author also of two novels, "La grande falaise" (1872) and "Le docteur Egra" (1873); "Essais d'histoire et de critique" (1882, 1888); and biographies of Montesquieu (1887) and Madame de Staël (1891). He was made an officer of the Legion of Honor in 1885, and received the Prix Osiris in 1906.

Sorolla y Bastida (sō-rōl'yā ē bās-tā'dā), **Joaquín**. Born at Valencia, Spain, Feb. 27, 1863. A noted Spanish painter. He studied in Valencia and Madrid, and later in Rome, Paris, and again in Italy. In 1909 a large number of his paintings were exhibited in New York and elsewhere in the United States.

Sorsogón (sōr-sō-gōn'). 1. A province of the Philippine Islands, situated in the southeastern extremity of Luzón, and including several small adjacent islands. It is bounded by Albay (partly separated by mountains) on the north; the Pacific Ocean on the east; the Strait of San Bernardino (separating it from Samar) on the southeast; and the Visayan Sea on the south and west. Among its bays are Port Gubat on the eastern and Port Sorsogón on the southwestern coast, the latter a fine harbor safe for large vessels in all weather. Sorsogón is in an active seismic center, and earthquakes are frequent. The volcano Bulusan, 4,053 feet in height, is solfataric, and there are numerous hot springs near its foot. The chief rivers are the Donsol, the Futiao, and the Irocin, which are navigable by native boats for from 10 to 13 miles. Coal is found in several parts of the province. Lead, sulphur, and gypsum are also reported. Almost half of the land (45.5 per cent.) is agricultural. Among the products are sweet potatoes,

Specimen Page

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See
Opposite
Page

Charlatan," and "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp"; orchestral suites; and a large number of miscellaneous compositions.

South Africa, United States of. See **Union of South Africa**.

South African Republic, now the **Transvaal**. After its annexation to the British Empire in 1900 its name was changed from South African Republic (adopted in 1884) to Transvaal Colony. This name was changed to the Transvaal when it became a province of the Union of South Africa in 1910. It sends 8 senators and 36 representatives to the Union Parliament at Pretoria. Its internal affairs are conducted by an administrator (appointed by the governor-general for 5 years) and a provincial council of 36 members elected for 3 years. Members of the Provincial Council are elected on the same system as members of Parliament, but the restriction as to European descent does not apply. The first parliamentary and provincial elections for the Transvaal were held (under the South Africa Act of 1909) on Sept. 15, 1910. See **Union of South Africa**.

South Amboy (south am-boi'). A city in Middlesex County, New Jersey, incorporated in 1908, and coextensive with South Amboy township. It is on Raritan Bay, at the mouth of the Raritan River, 20 miles southwest of Jersey City. It is a shipping-point for coal, and has manufactories of pottery, asphaltum, brick, etc. Population, 7,007, (1910).

Southbridge (south'brij). A town in Worcester County, Massachusetts, situated on the Quinebaug River. It has cotton- and woolen-mills, and manufactories of cutlery, optical glasses, etc. Population, 12,592, (1910).

Southern Education Board. An organization for aiding in the advancement of education in the Southern States, by cooperating with State and local authorities in building up the public school system, especially in rural districts.

Southington (suth'ing-ton). A town in Hartford County, Connecticut, on the Quinnipiac River, 10 miles northwest of Waterbury. Manufacturing is its principal industry, the products including cutlery, hardware, etc. Population, 6,516, (1910).

South Kingstown (south kingz'toun). A town in Washington County, Rhode Island, 26 miles southwest of Providence. Its chief interests are agriculture, manufacturing, oyster culture, and fishing. Population, 5,176, (1910).

South Milwaukee (south mil-wā'kē). A city in Milwaukee County, Wisconsin, $\frac{3}{4}$ miles south of Milwaukee. It has manufactories of electrical supplies, steam-dry wool, etc. Population, 6,092, (1910).

South Omaha (south ō'mā-hi). Douglas County, Nebraska, at Missouri River adjoining Omaha business in slaughtering and meat-p. manufacture of barrels, tubs, etc. (1910).

South Orange (south or'anj). Essex County, New Jersey, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Newark. It is mainly residential seat of Seton Hall College (Rc Population, 6,014, (1910).

South Orkney Islands. The pendency of the Falkland Islas

South Portland (south pōrt'la). Cumberland County, Maine, on opposite Portland, with which it has bridges. It has railroad shops, works, etc., and is the seat of a school for boys. Population, 7

South Sharon (south shār'on). Mercer County, Pennsylvania, 1901. It has steel- and wire-weaving. Population, 10,190, (1910).

Standard Oil Case

South Shetland. The group of islands form a dependency of the Falkland Islands.

Spargo (spär'gō), **John**. Born at Stithians, Cornwall, Jan. 31, 1876. An Anglo-American socialist. He became identified with the socialist movement in England in early life, came to America in 1901, and has since been active in the socialist cause. He is a member of the national executive committee of the Socialist party. Among his publications are "The Bitter Cry of the Children" (1906), "The Socialists" (1906), "Socialism" (1906), "Capitalist and Laborer" (1907), "The Common Sense of the Milk Question" (1908), "The Common Sense of Socialism" (1908), "The Socialism of William Morris" (1908), "The Spiritual Significance of Modern Socialism" (1908), "Karl Marx" (1909), "The Substance of Socialism" (1910), "Sidelights on Contemporary Socialism" (1911), etc.

Spartanburg (spär'tan-bérg). A city, the capital of Spartanburg County, South Carolina. It contains Converse College, Wofford College, a public library, and the State Institute for the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind; and has cotton- and lumber-mills, iron-works, and manufactories of rope, brooms, etc. Population, 17,517, (1910).

Speer (spér), **Robert Elliott**. Born at Huntingdon, Pa., Sept. 10, 1867. Assistant secretary 1891-93, and secretary from 1893 of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. He was graduated from Princeton University in 1889 and attended Princeton Theological Seminary 1890-91. He made a missionary tour in Persia, India, China, Korea, and Japan 1896-97 and in South America 1909. Among his publications are "The Man Christ Jesus" (1896), "Missionary Principles and Practice" (1902), "Missions and Modern History" (1904), "Christianity and the Nations" (1910).

Spencer, **John Poyntz**, fifth Earl Spencer. In 1902 he was appointed Liberal leader in the House of Lords to succeed the Earl of Kimberley.

Sperry (spér'i), **Charles Stillman**. Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 3, 1847; died at Washington, D. C., Feb. 1, 1911. An American naval officer. He was graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1866; was promoted captain in 1900 and rear-admiral in 1906; and was in command of the battle-ship fleet in its cruise around the world (1908-1909), from its departure from San Francisco, July 7, 1908. He was president of the Naval War College, and was a delegate to the second Peace Conference in 1907. Retired 1909.

Spitzka (spits'kā), **Edward Charles**. Born at New York, Nov. 10, 1852. An American neurologist and comparative anatomist. He was professor of nervous and mental diseases and medical jurisprudence in the New York Post-Graduate Medical College 1882-84.

Spooner (spōn'ér), **John Coit**. Born at Lawrenceburg, Ind., Jan. 6, 1843. An American lawyer and statesman. He was graduated at the University of Wisconsin in 1864; served in the Civil War; was admitted to the bar in 1867; and was (Republican) United States senator from Wisconsin 1885-91 and 1897-1907.

Sprague (spräg), **Frank Julian**. Born at Milford, Conn., July 25, 1857. A noted American electrical engineer and inventor. He was graduated at the United States Naval Academy in 1873; resigned from the navy in 1883; and later formed the Sprague Electric Railway and Motor Company, and actively developed electric motors. He is recognized as the pioneer of the modern electric trolley system because of his installation of the road at Richmond, Virginia, 1887-88, the first on a large scale, the features of which became general standards. He then introduced high-speed and automatic electric elevators; formed the Sprague Electric Company; and in 1887 invented the "multiple-unit system" of electric train operation, now generally adopted.

Spring Hill (spring hil). A town in Cumberland County, Nova Scotia, Canada. It is situated a few miles from the Spring Hill coal-mines. Its main interests are in the mining and transportation of coal. Population, 5,713, (1911).

Spring Valley (spring val'vā). A city in Bureau

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PUBLISHER'S NOTES

WE judge a paper as we do an individual. And we respect your common sense, admire your courage, and appreciate your fairness and charity for the views of others," writes Charles E. Snyder, editor of the Chicago "Daily Provers' Journal," commenting upon Sherman Rogers's article "The Nation's Meat Bill," which appeared in our February 9 issue. Letters are still arriving commending Mr. Rogers's article "What's the Trouble? Rough Stuff?" published in the issue of January 19. Such letters have come variously from a high official of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, an officer of the Twentieth Century Club of Boston, the manager of works of a large electrical company, the secretary and chief chemist of a large die-casting concern, an official of the Edison Lamp Works, the resident of a Dayton manufacturing organization, and the president of one of the largest commercial art organizations in the country. One of them says: "Mr. Rogers usually strikes the nail on the head, and, in my estimation, is doing more than any one else that I know of to bring about industrial peace."

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The Outlook

FEBRUARY 23, 1921

"MURDER IS MURDER," EVEN IN IRELAND

CARDINAL LOGUE, the venerable Roman Catholic Primate of All Ireland, did a service to his Church, as well as to the Irish people, when he had the courage in his Lenten pastoral letter to denounce as criminal all acts of violence by whomsoever committed. Thus he said that "the lying in wait and shooting of policemen or soldiers is not an act of warfare, but plain murder, and will entail punishment for murder here, and, if not repented and atoned for, terrible punishment hereafter. No reason adduced nor any end, however noble, could justify it."

There never has been any question that most Catholics in the south of Ireland are Sinn Feiners and advocates of an Irish Republic; most priests also sympathize with this view; and it has been generally charged that the Church sympathizes with resistance to English rule. It is encouraging, therefore, to find high authority in the Church thus discriminating between political sympathy and murderous violence. Naturally, Cardinal Logue denounced with equal vehemence all lawless acts in the nature of reprisals, and declared such acts, when countenanced officially, to be nothing but wanton oppression, injustice, and sometimes sacrilege and slaughter.

Bishop Cohalan, of Cork, in his Lenten pastoral, even went so far as to say that the so-called Irish Republic could not, at present at least, be regarded by the Church as legally constituted.

Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, took the same occasion to tell his London flock that they must not become implicated by sympathy or co-operation in conspiracy against Church or State, which had been declared by the Pope to be a sin.

Still another Irish ecclesiastic, Archbishop Harty, denounced lawless violence and urged his people not "to compete with others in acts of barbarism."

Nevertheless the news every day continues to report from many Irish towns and villages ambushments and outrages directed against the police force. A moving and fair-minded account of the wretched and almost unbelievable condition of affairs in Ireland is drawn by Mrs. Maude Radford Warren in a recent article in the "Saturday Evening Post," which presents with sympathy the suffering of the families of those

killed on both sides of the guerrilla warfare that flares up here and there in Ireland to-day.

SERBIA APPEALS TO AMERICA

BISHOP NIKOLAI VELIMIROVIC, of Serbia, is visiting this country. As orator, writer, and theologian he stands pre-eminent among his countrymen.

He is the son of a Serbian peasant. He was educated in the schools of his country and at the University of Belgrade. Later he studied in the universities of Switzerland, England, Germany, and Russia. He holds the honorary degree of D.D. from the Universities of Oxford and Glasgow.

He is Bishop of Okhrida, near the Albanian border, and is a popular and beloved leader of the Serbian Orthodox Church. Last summer an American accompanied him on a journey into the mountains, where he was to preach in a remote village church. They found the roads lined for twenty-five miles with men, women, and children, who had journeyed far on foot to greet him, and in the mountain church the densely packed people had been standing all through the night.

Bishop Nikolai, as he is familiarly

called, has come to this country to preach the doctrine of Christian unity—that unity which during the war enabled men of different races and creeds to stand shoulder to shoulder in defense of the same ideals. Europe looks to America, he says, both for spiritual and material aid—for spiritual leadership, first of all, without which a ruined world cannot be rebuilt. This message he has already delivered in some of our great churches.

As to material aid, recent developments show that Serbia still needs help. It may be given either through the Serbian Aid Fund, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City, or through the Serbian Child Welfare Association, 7 West Eighth Street, New York City. The statement has been made that Serbia and Rumania are now able to grow food enough for their populations. So they are, but the poor people have not money enough to purchase the food. The price is very high because Serbia and Rumania have no other commodity of exchange than the food which they produce. The Serbian organizations are endeavoring to increase the agricultural output, especially of the small farms and home gardens, as a means to enable the poorer classes to feed themselves. Pending that



(C) Underwood

CARDINAL LOGUE (CENTER)



BISHOP NIKOLAI VELIMIROVIC

happy time the need for allowances of money with which to purchase food is as great as it ever was. The general condition of the poor people, indeed, gets worse instead of better, because during the first year after the armistice a large number of European relief organizations provided food, money, and clothing for the destitute members of the populations; these organizations have now had to withdraw, owing to the lack of funds from their own countries.

HERBERT HOOVER ON INDUSTRIAL WASTE

HERBERT HOOVER, as President of the American Engineering Council of the Federated American Engineering Societies, has launched a movement for the elimination of waste in American industries which has promise of being of far-reaching importance. In an address before a convention of engineers at Syracuse on February 14 he outlined the scope of the work which he has in mind.

He declared that, among other things,

the waste in our production is measured by the amount of unemployment, the time lost because of labor conflict and labor turnover, and the failure to secure maximum production from individuals due to lack of personal interest or assignment to work for which they are unfitted. Other gross wastes, Mr. Hoover declared, were due to the lack of co-ordination in great industries, failures in transportation and in coal and power supply. Lack of standardization, speculation, and mismanagement are likewise contributing causes to inefficiency.

Mr. Hoover stated as his belief that no nation can over-produce if its productive powers are directed into the proper channels, and that with the proper adjustment every increase in production would mean a directly improved standard of living.

Mr. Hoover proposes, through the agency of American engineers, to conduct a survey of American industrial conditions which will provide the country with authoritative information upon which to base a campaign by which a large amount of industrial waste can be eliminated. This survey will cover certain key industries and will attempt to discover standards towards which these industries can intelligently and understandingly move.

It is no small task which Mr. Hoover has undertaken. But that he should institute such a campaign affords the country a hopeful sign for the future and an indication that American industry is increasingly aware of its responsibility to itself and to the Nation.

MEDICINE WITH A KICK

PEOPLE who take patent medicine for their health's sake are not over-intelligent; people who take patent medicine to get an alcoholic joy ride may be sharp-witted but show mighty poor taste. That the enormous increase in patent medicines having a high percentage of alcohol content has nothing to do with the popular thirst in prohibition times is impossible to believe. A study of "non-beverage" patent medicines that are obviously used as beverages has lately been made by the New York "Herald." One of these concoctions, which are variously called tonics, extracts, or wines, has forty-two per cent of alcohol, several have twenty-five per cent, and many have twenty per cent. The medical value of these liquid fakes is practically nil.

A campaign against this sort of thing is being carried on, not only by prohibition enforcement agents, but by the leading respectable drug associations, who find that these piratical booze distributors have been flooding the country with hair tonics, perfumes, and elixirs. Last

year, we are told, the enormous quantity of thirty-nine million gallons of grain alcohol was used for such patent preparations, an increase of over three hundred per cent as compared with the amount used before the war. It is true that the law requires that alcohol used in this way must be so treated or medicated as to make it impossible to use as a beverage; but the ingenious manufacturers have found formulas that comply with the law and still satisfy the not very delicate stomachs of the "booze hounds." The result has been that during the last calendar year about five thousand permits were issued for the manufacture of patent medicines and toilet preparations having a high percentage of alcohol, whereas before prohibition there were about two hundred firms in the business.

One is almost tempted to wish that the people who buy this sort of stuff might be allowed to drink themselves to death with it. As this is hardly practical, however, we can only wish success and power to the efforts of the makers of honest and decent preparations containing alcohol to get the laws applied more strictly, and to drive this sickening and illicit business out of existence.

JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER

THERE was acid in the ink that flowed from the pen of James Gibbons Huneker, and it bit into every subject over which it ran. His mind was brilliant and active, even though at times it seemed undisciplined. He so much enjoyed the emotion of playing with ideas that sometimes it seemed as if he was indifferent to the essential value of the ideas themselves that he played with. In his autobiography, recently published, and reviewed in *The Outlook* last November, he called himself a steeplejack who had "climbed to the very top of many steeples the world over, and dreamed like the rest of my fellow-beings the dreams that accompany the promenade of pure blood through young arteries. . . ."

How much he contributed to enduring American literature and how much he contributed to sound and discerning criticism of art cannot for some time be known; but that he stimulated reading and thinking about art and had in this way a wholesome and energizing influence on his own generation cannot be questioned. Though the debt of the future to him is uncertain, there is no uncertainty about the debt of his contemporaries. If he did not always succeed in enabling his reader to think straight about music and other arts, he perhaps did as great a service by quickening their dreams of art and giving

them encouragement in starting out on adventures of reflection.

His death on February 9 evoked from his fellow-critics and the artists whose work he had criticised expressions of genuine grief. This was surely not because of his suavity. He never hesitated to exercise his wit in his criticisms; but he had the gift of mixing his fault-finding with such mental stimulant as to give enjoyment even to his victims.

He was barely sixty-one when he died. He was a native of Philadelphia, and early began his study of music with his study of law. For ten years he was a teacher of the piano, which he had studied in Paris. It was at thirty years of age that he began his regular and thereafter continuous career as a critic of the arts, chiefly music and the drama. The newspapers with which he was associated as a critic included the old New York "Recorder" and the "Morning Advertiser," the "Sun," the "Times," the Philadelphia "Press," and the New York "World." Among his books are "Melomaniacs," "Chopin, the Man and His Music," "Franz Liszt," "Overtones," "Ivory Apes and Peacocks."

THE SILK SHOW

ONE of the most effective methods of teaching certain subjects is by using objects and processes instead of descriptions. This is recognized in schools and colleges. But we are learning too that education does not end with school or college days, and that one of the most effective methods of carrying on education into maturity is by means of expositions and shows.

It is a mistake to think that such an exposition as the Silk Show that was recently held at the Grand Central Palace in New York City is a mere method of stimulating trade and concentrating publicity. Of course there are valuable commercial advantages in getting representatives of an industry together and enabling prospective buyers to see a broad and general display of its products. That, however, is by no means the only function of such an exposition. At the Silk Show, for example, there were many children. How they ever could see what was displayed there it is hard to imagine, for the crowds were so great that even a fairly tall adult had to exercise ingenuity and muscular force to see the more interesting exhibits. The children evidently did succeed, as children have a way of doing. They squirmed under people's arms and found places pretty well toward the front. Weeks of schoolroom dissertation on the silkworm and on China and on machinery could not have the educative value of even a few minutes in front of the Italian and Chinese women who were

engaged side by side in the processes of reeling the silk from the cocoons, and no amount of exhortation would take the place of the value derived from watching a hand loom (there was only one, we believe, at the show) weaving from silk soft and rich textiles.

And even a cursory examination of the exhibits as a whole had the value of impressing upon the observer the magnitude of this one industry. To some perhaps it will lead to the reflection that modern industry is international. The presence of Japanese and Chinese in this American exhibit indicated how far-reaching are these threads of silk and how greatly our industrial life would suffer if those threads were ever severed by hostilities. Modern industry has its sordid but also its romantic aspects; and those who have insight may discover that it is developing processes of education not only in mechanics but also in human relations.

BARRETT WENDELL

UNIVERSITIES have at least a threefold function. As repositories of learning they store the knowledge of past generations and render it available for generations to come. As laboratories of the arts and sciences they afford facilities for research. And as schools they provide men and means for the education of youth. Few men attain distinction in more than one of these functions. A man may be a distinguished curator, or a distinguished investigator, or a distinguished teacher; but the very qualities which enable him to become expert in one of these functions seem generally to be obstacles in the way to the mastery of the others. Compelled thus to choose between these functions, men who looked toward a university career seem to be drawn by the hope of reward away from the teaching function. University honors are more likely to go to the curator and the investigator than to the teacher.

The man, therefore, who chooses the

career of the teacher, renouncing the special opportunities for scholastic honors that are more likely to go to the scholar, and who succeeds in his career by teaching greatly, is deserving of special public recognition.

It was probably because Barrett Wendell, who died on February 8, was chiefly a teacher, not a curator or investigator, that such scholastic honors as came to him reached him late in life. It was not until within four years of his retirement from active service as a teacher that he was made a Doctor of Letters by Columbia, and not until after his retirement that he received his doctorate from his own university, Harvard. And such honors as came to him were a recognition probably of his writings rather than his teaching. Early in his life—when he was about thirty—he attempted two



Paul Thompson

A SILK BRIDAL GOWN AS DISPLAYED AT THE SILK SHOW

novels. Later he turned his attention to essays and to the history of literature. His books in these two fields have never attained a great vogue, though they are the utterances of an interesting mind that could express itself in an interesting way. What he will be remembered for is his great contribution to the science and art of teaching English. Of all his books, therefore, the one which most closely represents his service to his generation and which has contributed most to his reputation is his book on "English Composition." Since it was published teachers of the subject and writers upon it have been his debtors. It would be difficult to name any other single book in any department of teaching which has had so wide and direct an influence.

Barrett Wendell himself was a debtor to his predecessor in the English Department at Harvard, Professor A. S. Hill, whose "Rhetoric" students of English a generation ago have good reason to remember. The principles of teaching English, however, which Professor Hill enunciated Barrett Wendell humanized and made understandable and interesting to thousands who found the old rhetoric dry.

It particularly was in his personal teaching, in the pains that he took with individual students, in his remarkable ability to discern the causes of the trouble that the individual student had in his attempts to write clear and forcible English, and supremely in his power to impart to the student who was willing to receive it the art of self-criticism, that Barrett Wendell showed his greatness as a teacher. There were many students in his courses that did not like him; for they considered his mannerisms affected, and they resented some of his quips and his comments on men and manners. But many of the students in his classes will always hold him in honor; for they know that they owe to him some of the ability they have to discriminate between the real and the sham, and such command as they have over their native tongue.

THE CHINA FAMINE FUND

REPEATED, almost continuous, responses to appeals for sympathy, like other long continued effort, results in numbness. It is harder to respond now than it was when Belgium was first invaded. And it is harder still to respond when the objects of sympathy are in far-off China. Yet Americans are never slow to respond when they know the need is great, and when they can visualize that need.

Now millions in China are "under the sway of hunger."

Readers of the two articles in this



BARRETT WENDELL

issue on the famine in China who are moved to help relieve the situation there described may send their contributions to *Treasurer, American Committee, China Famine Fund, Bible House, New York City.*

AN UNNECESSARY WAR

THE clothing industry in New York City employs thousands of men and women and affects directly the lives of millions of Americans. As that city is the most important center of the manufacture of clothing in the country, the health of that industry in New York determines in a measure the cost of clothing throughout the United States. A war between the labor and capital of the trade in New York City is a matter of National concern.

At present these two forces are at war, and the story of the beginning of this war does not make pleasant reading for those who hope for improved conditions in American industry. It will be remembered that the clothing business in New York City was originally built up upon a basis of cutthroat competition and of oppressed sweat-shop labor. The combination of the employees in labor unions did away with the worst of the oppression, and the recognition of these unions by the employers and the creation of trade agreements for the settlement of all disputes brought a measure of peace and greatly increased prosperity to both factions. The industry was highly organized upon a very similar basis to that which now obtains in Chicago and Rochester. An account of the "Industrial Government in Rochester,"

by Paul Blanshard, is to be found on page 300 of this issue of The Outlook.

Unfortunately for the industry in New York, the era of high prices which accompanied the war aroused the cupidity of employers and employees alike. Both elements when the supply of labor fell below the demand began to violate their trade agreements. Employers stole help from each other, and individual laborers took advantage of the situation to ask for continual increases in pay. The union was put in the embarrassing position of forcing some of its members to accept jobs paying less than the labor market offered. This process naturally resulted in raising the cost of manufacturing clothing in the New York district. With the war-time prosperity over, both factions began to search out a method by which a return to normal conditions might be brought about and the New York clothing industry placed on a basis from which it could compete efficiently and fairly with the industry in other centers.

According to the former impartial chairman of the industry in New York City, negotiations to this end were proceeding with a fair hope of a favorable outcome when a certain element among the manufacturers, unrepresentative of the trade in general, so manipulated the internal politics of the industry that the whole machinery of industrial adjustment was scrapped and open war declared upon the unions. The labor managers charge that the duplicity of a few manufacturers has been the cause of wrecking a promising experiment in applying modern principles of readjustment to a key industry.

The former impartial chairman of the industry, displaced when the agreements were abolished, points out that the public has a duty in the present situation:

It should insist on a thorough airing of the facts, the expulsion from the situation of the agitators . . . and the group who brought on the strike. It should see to it that negotiations are resumed on the basis of the original issue of decreasing labor costs. This can easily be brought about if the authorities and the newspapers, the official and recognized representatives of the public, . . . will bring the pressure of public opinion to bear on both parties to take this action.

Without such pressure the employers who were unwillingly led into the conflict cannot be expected to oust . . . the group who are misleading them. As long as the strike is on they feel in honor bound to back up their leaders. Once the facts are brought to light, however, as to the methods by which these leaders have obtained control of the employers' association, and the responsibility is clearly fixed on the guilty parties, then the employers will get rid of the agitators, settle their dispute peacefully with the union of their employees, and relieve the community of

AFTER THE DANCE, THE PIPER

CARTOONS AS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

Halladay in the Providence Journal



THE REAL IRON CROSS

From Miss M. L. Gladding, Providence, R. I.

Ball in the Cincinnati Times-Star



A LONG ROAD

From M. H. Bowerman, Stearns, Ky.

Clubb in the Rochester Herald



MUFFLED

From C. E. Auchampaugh, Pultneyville, N. Y.

Orr in the Chicago Daily Tribune



A PATHETIC PICTURE—BUT THE BACKGROUND RUINS IT

From Thomas R. Beman, Chicago, Ill.



THE KEATS CENTENARY

Keats died in the house at the right, in a room overlooking the Spanish Steps (la Scala di Spagna), at Rome

disorder and violence and the consumers of clothing of the burden of a costly and unnecessary strike.

The New York press in general has not lived up to the hopes of the former impartial chairman. Failure to present the facts of the situation to the public can lead only to the strengthening of the radical and reactionary elements in the industry. It is a strange evaluation of news which leads an editor to give front-page space to the fact that Mr. Harding found somebody's glasses on a golf course, while at the same time the same editor ignores entirely the situation in the clothing trade of New York City!

THE KEATS CENTENARY

IT was a hundred years ago, the 23d of February, that John Keats died in the house that is pictured on this page. Both in England and America his service to the world of beauty and of art will find formal memorials and official homage. Both Americans and Britons are uniting in a movement to preserve the house where he lived at Hampstead in the years immediately preceding his death and in the garden of which still stands the plum tree under which he wrote the "Ode to a Nightingale."

It is not in such movements as this, however, that the best memorial of any

poet is to be found. Fortunate among artists is the poet, for he needs neither stone nor interpreter to keep his memory green. His art is as universal and eternal as the aspiration to enjoy it. Sculptor and painter touch only the limited few who can see and understand the direct creations of their genius. The orator and the singer pass with the generation which stirred to the sound of their voices. The composer and the dramatist must leave to others the interpretation and presentation of the substance of their dreams.

The world is richer, not because John Keats lived and died, but because he still lives wherever English speech is known.

IN THE NAME OF CHARITY

ICAN remember that, even as a child," the Young-Old Philosopher was saying, "how curious it used to seem to me to go to a Sunday-school entertainment given for the heathen, and pay ten cents for a dish of ice-cream, satisfy my little inner man—overeat, in fact—and realize that perhaps only two cents went for the benefit of my unseen and unknown brethren.

"My sense of humor was keen even at that early age; and I could not reconcile the two things. Not that I was one of those precocious little children—Heaven

forbid! But I did see over and beyond the immediate event, though a child; and it rather hurt me to know that most of us would never have given a penny but for the dish of ice-cream—often three and four dishes!

"Grown older, I see that so much giving is based on that principle. We hear of some need in the world; and immediately a bazaar or a fête or a picnic is planned, in the high name of goodness and charity. We seldom give unless we get something in return; and it is of little consequence whether that something is ice-cream and cake or a fancy-dress ball.

"I was struck with this the other evening when I learned of a fête given at a great hotel for the benefit of the orphans of the Great War. One woman went in a magnificent costume that cost upward of ten thousand dollars—and ten dollars from her purse went to the orphans! No, less than that; for there were certain necessary expenses connected with the enterprise. Another wore a priceless comb in her hair that she had purchased expressly for this affair; and there were numerous gay dinner parties arranged with special care before the real dance began in a room hung with crystal and silver and gold. I could not help wondering, as I read, what the poor, desolate orphans would have thought of such a spectacle given in their honor had they been privileged (?) to be present. Their pitiful, stricken faces—I wonder if any one at that bacchanalian feast gave one thought to them? There was much jazz and tumult and laughter and drinking. It was like that Victory Dance of which Alfred Noyes wrote so powerfully a few months ago. He told how

The cymbals crash
And the dancers walk
In long white stockings
And arms of chalk,

and went on to give a picture of the shadows of the dead men, 'watching 'em there!'

"My point is: Why should we misuse the holy name of charity in these revels? Why not give our bit to the poor and the destitute and the suffering, and not arrange these monstrous 'entertainments' that are a disgrace to the high cause in which they are given? If the World War has taught us no lessons; if, as happened at the fête above alluded to, the prizes for the best costumes worn were given to alleged 'society' persons instead of to a couple of dressmakers who were justly entitled to them, let us cease talking about democracy and hide our heads in shame that such things can be.

"Have we forgotten so soon? This is our fault as a nation: that we think we will never forget. Then, like conva-

lescents, the danger passed, we rush out and do exactly the things we know we should never do. I have spoken to sev-

eral men and women who were at this fête; but they merely smiled. I could not make even a dent in their spiritual

consciousness. Yet I know that they must think now and then. Only, of what do they think? I wonder!"

SHALL THE BRITISH EMPIRE BECOME A UNITED STATES?

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

LONDON is now preparing for the Imperial Conference, held there every five years, and only abandoned in 1916 because of the war. This Conference will touch the interests of the United States at many points, and I may explain, therefore, what it is and how it originated.

In the year 1884 British imperialism, which culminated in Kipling, was still a courtly and Tennysonian sentiment, and a League for Imperial Federation was started. Three years later Queen Victoria held her first Jubilee, and a consciousness of Empire was stimulated. The Prime Ministers of the Dominions, attending the festivities, also met for business; and the Conference, so inaugurated, was resumed in 1894, seven years later, at Ottawa. When the aged Queen held her Diamond Jubilee, in 1897, the Prime Ministers of the Dominions again, for a third time, conferred in London, under the forceful chairmanship of Joseph Chamberlain, then Colonial Secretary. Imperial federation was, however, set on one side as impracticable, mere distance preventing the effective attendance of overseas representatives in an imperialized Parliament at Westminster. It was decided, for the present, to hold Conferences of Dominion Ministers at about five-year intervals, and in 1902, 1907, and 1911 such meetings undoubtedly prepared the way for immediate co-operation by the Dominions and Britain, when war broke out in 1914. Mr. Chamberlain's scheme for preferential tariffs within the Empire was resisted by the Liberal and Labor parties and came to nothing.

The British Empire includes about 440,000,000 people, or more than one-quarter of the human race. But, as General Smuts observes, it has ceased, while thus expanding, to be an Empire, and has become an alliance of widely diverse states—some essentially republican, others monarchist; some barbaric, others civilized; some of the East, and others of the West. The Conference, now to assemble, is thus really a league of nations, often of very differing aims and degrees of loyalty. The discussions will furnish material for much prophecy on the question whether, as time passes, the confederation will hold together or disintegrate.

Contrary to what is often supposed in the United States, the British Parliament imposes no taxation on the Dominions, nor indeed on India and the Crown Colonies, each of which territorial units has its own distinct Budget. From this

it follows that financial questions, like those which lost the American colonies to England, do not arise at the Conference. The Dominions are, however, much concerned over their status as sovereign countries and over their foreign relations, on which topics a word or two may be timely.

The Imperial Parliament, sitting at Westminster and elected wholly by voters within the United Kingdom, has never surrendered its prerogative to legislate for the whole British Empire. It is a prerogative actually convenient for the Dominions, for it was the Imperial Parliament that gave to Australia, South Africa, and Canada the admirable Constitutions under which these countries have achieved first their unity and then nationhood. But with each Dominion or Commonwealth, now peacefully governed by a Parliament of its own, any attempt from London to legislate on domestic issues in a Dominion, or on any issue affecting the Dominion, except as the Dominion consents, would lead at once to a crisis, and, in the opinion of Mr. Newton Rowell, the representative of Canada on the League of Nations, to a revolution. The suzerainty of the Imperial Parliament continues, therefore, only as a characteristic English device, whereby things can be done for the Empire which everybody wants done; but on no part of the self-governing Empire can there be compulsion. If, then, a bill for Canada is passed at Westminster, it is because Canada has thus made petition.

You ask why the Dominions do not simplify their status by "cutting the painter" and assuming independence. In South Africa elections are in prospect on this very issue, and if General Smuts were defeated by the combination of Labor and Dutch Nationalists, which so nearly defeated General Botha, the position might become highly interesting.¹ The reason for the British connection is not, as some imagine, sentimental. At Geneva the Dominions found that they could speak with an authority even in opposition to Britain, which amazed independent countries of similar wealth and population. Within the Empire the Dominions are among the Great Powers. But outside the Empire they are as yet only among the smaller Powers. They know that England makes mistakes, suffers for them, and is at the moment hard hit, but they also know that for

any nation England's friendship is still an asset.

Full sovereignty within the Empire is none the less a little difficult to define. Mr. Newton Rowell says that the Dominions now enjoy an equal sovereign status with Britain, only with the same sovereign. A parallel would be Austria and Hungary during the Dual Monarchy or Hanover and England under the Georges. The Conference will have to decide whether this phrase—equal sovereign status—is to be translated into facts, and I will show what the facts would be. Hitherto the Dominions have dealt with London through the Colonial Office. In other words, they are assigned to the department which also "governs" Sierra Leone. To ease matters, the Colonial Office, by means of glass partitions, as it were, subdivided itself into slightly separate departments for Dominions and Crown Colonies; but the Dominions want now to deal with an authority on a level with their own—a separate Dominions Office in London, or the Privy Council, or the Prime Minister himself. They think that in Conference no one less than a Prime Minister should preside over Prime Ministers, and they are restive over the appointment of Mr. Churchill to be Colonial Secretary partly because they fear his vigorous initiative and partly because they desire no rehabilitation of his office in Downing Street.

Some Canadians are also agitated over the appeal which can still be made from the Dominion courts to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in London, which there corresponds, roughly, to the Supreme Court of the United States. In many cases this appeal gives an advantage to litigious wealth, while it reflects on the competence of Canadian tribunals. On the other hand, the Law Lords, sitting in London, include the best brains of the Empire. Their judgments are admittedly great and final verdicts on the Constitution. They despatch their business without vexatious delays and with a deep sense of responsibility. On large issues, affecting provinces and municipalities and railways, there are obvious advantages in such detached arbitration, and even in the United States legal opinion takes into account whatever English precedents there may be for a point in question.

Canada is much exercised also over the pending appointment of her Governor-General, whom she now regards as a kind of Ambassador from England, with no more power of veto over the Parliament at Ottawa than King George

¹ Since this was written General Smuts won an impressive victory, a sign that South Africa does not want to "cut the painter."—The Editors.

has, in practice, over the Parliament at Westminster. Hitherto the Governor-General has been recommended to the King by the British Government, his constitutional advisers. Canada now insists that her own Government also must be "consulted," and she has turned down several names, including that of the Earl of Athlone, brother to Queen Mary. From "consultation" to actual "recommendation" is but a short step, and some Canadians appear to be determined to secure the right of direct access to the throne, whatever be the "advice" of British Ministers. This means that the King would be separately "advised" by each self-governing Dominion, a form of multi-monarchy, to be watched with sympathy!

Finally, the Dominions are faced for the first time by foreign relations of their own. For Australia the one international question is Asiatic immigration, whether from India or Japan, and what

Australia asks of British diplomacy is an agreement with the United States in the Pacific. Such an agreement, already a fact in all but a formal sense, is desired by Canada, but the British Foreign Office has also to consider India and Japan. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance contains a reservation which excludes the possibility of conflict between Britain and the United States, but, even so, it is embodied in a Treaty the renewal of which would inevitably alienate the Dominions. Canada and Australia—especially the former—have both asserted the right, if necessity should arise, of accrediting their own Ministers to the United States Government at Washington, and seventy-five per cent of the business transacted by the British Embassy in Connecticut Avenue is Canadian. Britain has so frankly conceded these claims, including, as they do, separate consulates or trade representation, that Canada, having gained her

point in theory without a struggle, asks herself why she should spend money on diplomats, who will do her work no better, after all, than it is done today, and may have to do it, in the long run, under less favorable conditions. Still, there was some trouble lately over the Dominion's right to conclude with France a separate treaty about wines, and if the St. Lawrence were canalized or Niagara developed further, one can imagine very close negotiations proceeding between the United States directly and her northern neighbor.

Having fought in the war and lost both men and money in the Allied cause, the Dominions are looking at the future with new eyes, and the Conference now pending must be regarded, therefore, as a momentous landmark in the history of nations.

P. W. WILSON.

American Office of
the London "Daily News,"
New York.

THE MOVIES

SMALL TOWNS AND SMALL FOLK

MR. PULSIFER has given us his pronouncement on the movies.

Mr. Fuessle has replied.

Each has presented the matter from his own angle. Now may we look at the matter from the standpoint of a mother, or of many mothers, with children of school age?

Let us look first at Mr. Pulsifer's angle. I take his criticism to mean this: That the movie trade, invention, profession, whatever it is called, has had the most glorious opportunity given to it that the world has ever known and that it has wasted that opportunity; thrown it away with both hands.

Mr. Fuessle replies from the producer's angle, the money-making angle, and proves that, so judged, the movies are a success. What do the mothers think?

If you have retired to the country to raise your family and live near a small town, you will find that the movies loom larger than you ever dreamed they could. If you try to put a ban on them, you place them at once in the category of forbidden sweets, than which there is nothing sweeter. So you take the middle course and watch the announcements and go when the play is one of a story you know or when the star is one whom it is safe to trust. What happens? Before the real play begins you are treated, or maltreated, to some hideous farce of the slap-stick variety with sometimes questionable morals or at least containing examples of great vulgarity. The idea of humor is so warped that it nearly splits into splinters. A great many explosions, tumbling from windows, loss of clothing, exploiting of bedrooms, and similar episodes make up the most of these farces which have no plot and no meaning. When the real play begins, you are ready to leave in disgust. If you stay, you are constantly annoyed by the overacting of the players.

You cannot see why it is necessary to screw one's face into knots in order to register surprise or anger or horror. Nor why the actors seem to have so little knowledge of the ways of polite society. To see one star pour tea for a few friends is enlightening in that it reveals the ignorance of the star in matters social. Are there no gentlewomen in the movies? One would scarcely think so. Or do the directors insist on overemphasizing these facial expressions, fearing lest the intelligence of the audience will not be able to grasp the idea presented? And if they do not know social customs in polite society, why not hire some one to instruct them? There are many gentlewomen who act as professional chaperons; why not secure one to coach the stars?

Nor is Mr. Fuessle's statement that it takes a million of money, six months of time, and a great deal of lumber, not to mention many actors, to produce a popular play soon to appear, an argument capable of convincing us that this play will be a work of art, or even a masterpiece of the film world. The breweries and distilleries of the country are larger and cost more and have been at their work longer, but if they have produced anything of beauty the world has yet to hear of it. Mere size or quantity does not make art. That good pictures have been produced we know. It is this knowledge which is at once so discouraging and so encouraging. Because it has been done it is saddening not to see it done all the time. Because it has been done it gives us hope that it will be done more and more until the unfit is relegated to limbo.

I think I must range myself on the side of Mr. Pulsifer. As the case stands now, the movies are the world's worst failure because they have not lived up to their splendid opportunity. But in this case Opportunity knocks again, and

they have only to unbolt the door and let her in.

I. C. MANN.

WANTED, WHOLESOME AMUSEMENT

IHAVE read "The World's Worst Failure," by Harold T. Pulsifer, and this greatest of failures is announced by Mr. Pulsifer to be the movies.

My home is in a small country town where in the winter we depend mostly on the birds (besides a few friends) for society. Adjoining our town is a factory town of several hundred people. In this town there are only two families who do not toil from morning until night in this factory. Many families—father, mother, and children—go to their work together. In my town we are fortunate enough to have a fine large hall, well ventilated and thoroughly comfortable, belonging to one of the more prosperous lodges. In this hall a certain enterprising citizen is giving movies each Wednesday and each Saturday night. I have availed myself of this opportunity for amusement on several occasions. And it is about the last occasion (because it is still fresh in my mind) that I wish to tell you. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" was advertised to be given on a certain Wednesday night in January. Perhaps it was because I live several miles from the village, perhaps it was because I have an old-fashioned way of liking to watch people come and catch snatches of picturesque conversation, but, whatever the cause, I arrived twenty minutes before the time scheduled for the programme to begin. When, lo! the hall was packed. Only about five empty seats remained in the back row. I slipped into one, and in less than two minutes others had slipped into the remaining ones. And still they came. The first picture thrown on the screen was of a cotton field, the colored people gathering the cotton. We were then taken through a factory and shown all

of the different processes until the cotton came out prints, muslins, and gingham. Then came the so-called funny pictures. A very bad boy, a sort of a "Peck's Bad Boy," continually getting into precarious positions and his miraculous escapes held us quite spellbound. Then came the play.

All the way through ran fun, pathos, and excitement. As I sat in the last row, I was one of the first out. But my curiosity held me. I stood at the door and watched this mass of people file out. And this is what I saw—family after family, father, mother, and children, old men and old women, young girls and young boys, all with a less tired expression than they had when they went in. And I thought as I stood there, "What a blessing to mankind are the movies!" Many now will rise up and say, "But the movies are not all like that." I, in my turn, demand why are they not all like that? The movies have come to stay. I believe that it is up to each community to demand and fight for good movies. It is up to each public-spirited person. It is our responsibility.

E. H. S.

MOVIES AND MANNERS

READING your moving-picture articles in the issues of The Outlook for January 19 and 26 inclines me to cast in my lot with Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer as against the apologist, Newton A. Fuessle, and to vote that the movies are "the world's worst failure."

Have you not, Mr. Editor, often wondered from what walk of life the scenario writer is drafted by the producers of our movie plays? Leaving out of the reckoning the changes and other liberties which are taken with the framework of the "best sellers," or the equally awful rendering of the popular plays transferred from the acting stage, what a queer medley we find when an original presentation is served up for our delectation! A young gentleman who is denied admittance by the butler climbs into the heroine's residence through a window and presents himself in the drawing-room unabashed and unafraid; and such unconventionality seems to excite no astonishment or adverse comment upon the part of Mr. or Mrs. Dives or of the adored member of their household. Young ladies presumably occupying recognized stations of eminence in the most exclusive circles address their conversation to young men at casual meetings without the formality of an introduction; and I shudder when a youth and maiden are left unchaperoned for the briefest moment, for I know an ardent declaration or worse is staged for immediate transaction before our astonished (I had almost said our blushing) gaze. I would fain subscribe to a fund to send these scenario writers through a course of "First Aid to the Socially Uncultured" as a condition precedent to their continuing at their tasks.

Mr. Fuessle is brutally frank; but I thank him for the short cut which he has taken to the goal he has sought to

attain. If we concede his point and admit the movie stage as now conducted is merely a large industry, and "the object of a large industry is not art, but profit," why there is an end of the matter. It behooves the American people to look about them and evolve some system that can at least produce negative results—can cease to degrade, if it does not elevate, that department of the stage which supplies entertainment for so

large a portion of our more than 100,000,000 souls.
RICHARD S. HARVEY.

NOW WE KNOW HOW THEY DO IT IN JAPAN

CINEMA industry in Japan is also one of the main industries in the country like in America. Difference between the two is, while the latter has reached at the highest point of the development in motion picture industry, the former is yet on its way of progress.

At present, there are about fifteen motion picture concerns in this country, but the noteworthy one are limited to the following five namely Japan Cinematograph Co., Shochiku-Kinema, Universal's Japan Branch, Kokusai-Kinema (this one is now on its verge of collapse) and Taisho-Katsuei.

Unlike that of America, all the chief companies in Japan undertake the both sides of picture-making and picture-exhibiting owning its own studio and theater. Of the whole amount of about seven hundreds of the theaters in Japan, its half number are under the power of Japan Cinematograph Co.; since this one is the most foremost moving picture company with its capital of \$3,000,000.

In making of the picture, there are three currents: firstly the production of Japanese Old School Drama (treating the historical matters with samurai, harakiri, daimyo, shogun and etc.) secondly that of New School Drama (dealing with today's Japanese life), thirdly that of New Era Drama (aiming to entertain the intellectual audience). And while Japan Cinematograph Co. produces all the three kinds of the picture, Shochiku and Taisho are only trying to make thirdly one.

Every company is cherishing the ambition to cultivate a wide market for their thirdly production in foreign lands, chiefly in America. But the producing efforts for the thirdly picture are the very much latest one and every company's every production in the line has been proved all failure.

On the other hand, in exhibiting the picture there are also two policies. One policy is the showing of the home-made pictures only, while the other is foreign pictures exclusively. And the latter policy has been always more profitable than the former. Shochiku-Kinema, Taisho-Katsuei and Universal's Japan Branch are severely suffering from the lack of the picture-theatres; Universal making the most unfortunate figure cherishing many pictures and having very few theatres.

The most welcomed pictures during the last year in Japan were: De Mille's "Man and Female," "Whispering Chorus," "For Better For Worse," Von Stroheim's "Blind Husbands," "Devil's Pass-Key," Fitzmaurice's "Common Clay," "On With the Dance," Keenan's "Bells" (his "World's Aflame" imported but its performance suppressed by the governmental authority), Priscilla Dean's "Virgin of Stamboul," William Farnum's "Le Miserable," Nazimova's "Red Lantern," and the German Film "Veritas Vincit."

HIDEO KOUCHI.

No. 226, Shimoshibuya,
Tokio, Japan

WINNERS OF PRIZES IN THE OUTLOOK'S CONTEST NO. 1

FIRST PRIZE, \$50

Won by

HOWARD MURRAY JONES,
1822 Chadbourne Avenue, Madison, Wis.

SECOND PRIZE, \$30

Won by

REV. WM. HARRIS GUYER, A.M., D.D.,
President Findlay College, Findlay, Ohio

*THIRD PRIZE, \$20

Won by

Mrs. JAMES B. DRAPER,
Oswego, Kansas

*THIRD PRIZE, \$20

Won by

Mrs. ALICE E. CATE,
11 Oak Street, Belmont, Mass.

* Mrs. Draper and Mrs. Cate tied for third place. Instead of dividing the third prize of \$20 between these two contestants, the judges decided to award them each a full third prize of \$20

The four prize-winning letters will be published in next week's issue of The Outlook, together with a running story of the contest

Following are the names and addresses of contestants whose letters were unusually interesting. Some of these letters will be published in coming issues of The Outlook

BEERS, Mrs. G. H., Auburn, N. Y.
BERGSTRESSER, F. L., Montgomery, Pa.
BIGELOW, MAY THORPE, Washington, D.C.
COOK, Mrs. G. L., Basil, Ohio
DENNY, CORAL, Buffalo, Wyo.
ELY, Rev. J. B., Greeneville, Tenn.
EVANS, Mrs. MORRIS, Pipestone, Minn.
FORTUNE, GERTRUDE, Los Angeles, Cal.
GAINES, Rev. D. P., Waterbury, Conn.
HALL, F. A., Chancellor of Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
HARING, H. A., Tampa, Fla.
HILARY, F. A., Swarthmore, Pa.
HODGES, W. H., Richardson Park, Del.
HUDSON, BLANCHE H., Boston, Mass.
INNESS, GEORGE, JR., Tarpon Springs, Fla.
KETCHAM, M. B., Indianapolis, Ind.
LANE, E. A., Hillsdale, N. J.
MACKIN, Mrs. MARGARET, Roxbury, Mass.
MCDONALD, PHILIP B., Assistant Professor of English, New York University, N. Y.
MURRIN, J. A., Franklin, Pa.
NICHOLSON, J. C., Los Angeles, Cal.
OTIS, CLARA PAINE, White Plains, N. Y.
RICHARDSON, WEBSTER, Los Angeles, Cal.
SAINT-AMOUR, GEORGE, "The Plain Dealer," Cleveland, Ohio
SCHWAB, B. T., Denver, Col.
SILVER, MILDRED, Marquette, Mich.
WHITE, EDWARD S., Harlan, Iowa
WINTLER, HENRY H., Los Gatos, Cal.
WOOD, A. L., Jacksonville, Ill.

CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



Wide World

THOUGH THE WORLD IS SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY, ROYAL PROCESSIONS
ARE STILL SEEN IN EUROPE

Here is King Christian of Denmark on his way from Parliament in Copenhagen after its opening session recently. The photograph shows the Danish King and Queen and their two sons in the royal carriage, in the foreground. The King is on the right, in the rear seat, with his hand at salute



(C) Underwood

PRESIDENT-ELECT HARDING ENJOYING HIS VACATION IN FLORIDA

Guesses as to what paper is proving so absorbing to Mr. Harding are futile, though his second choice seems to be the "Sun"—but of what city?



Wide World

AN IMPRESSIVE PICTURE OF ONE OF THE GREATEST WAR ENGINES EVER BUILT

Here is the U. S. dreadnought New Mexico in dry dock at Balboa, Panama Canal Zone. Hundreds of the great battleship's crew are engaged in repainting her



(C) Underwood

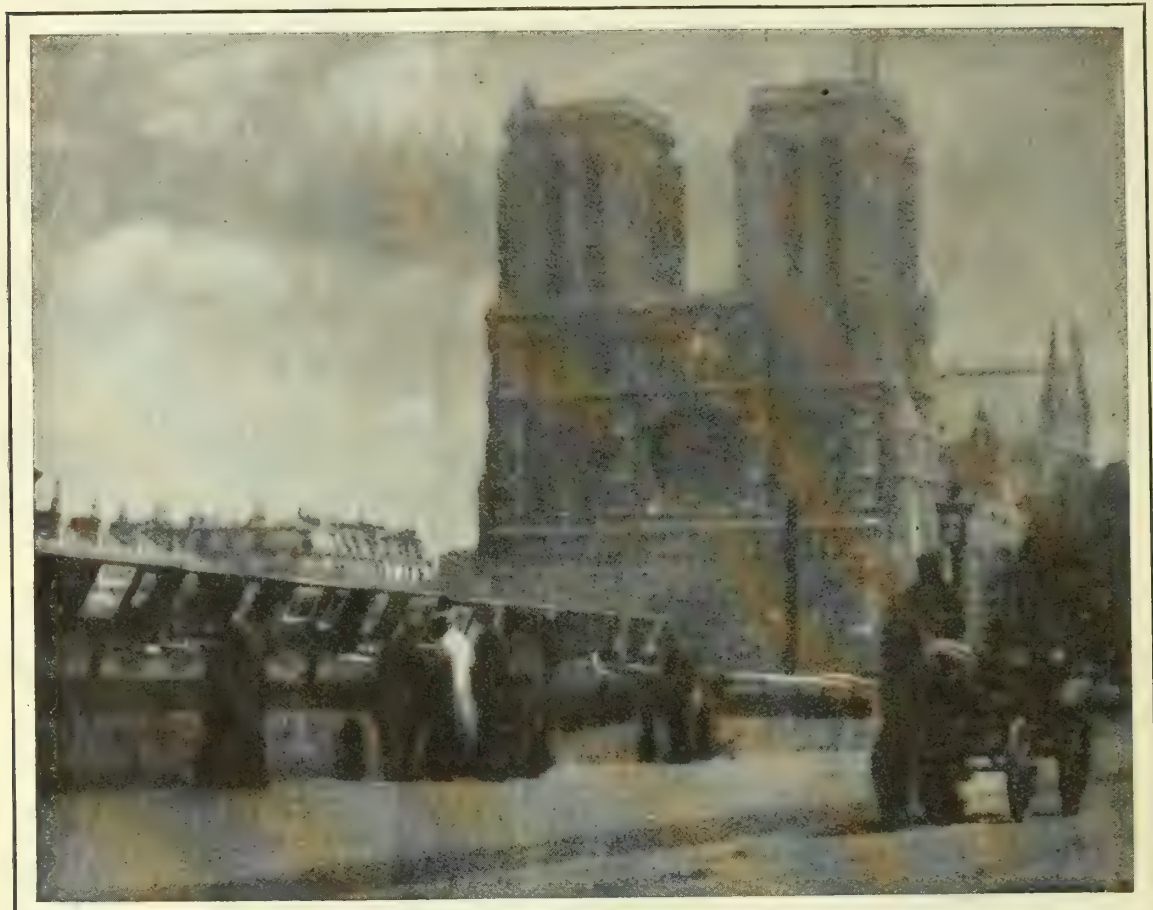
THE "FOOTPRINT" SYSTEM OF IDENTIFICATION INTRODUCED INTO A MATERNITY HOSPITAL

Instead of making records of new-born children by finger-prints, the Jewish Maternity Hospital of Philadelphia has adopted the footprint method, for the first time, it is said, in the history of any institution in this country. The new plan is advocated as effectually preventing "getting the babies mixed"

LE FRANÇAIS INCONNU

AN INTERPRETATION OF THE FRENCHNESS OF THE FRENCH

BY DORIS HEMMING



Photograph by H. H. Moore, of the Outlook staff

THE BOOKSTALLS ON THE SEINE IN PARIS, AND NOTRE DAME ACROSS THE RIVER

AN American banker came to Paris in the year of grace 1920, filled with charity towards all mankind and the economic opinions of Mr. Hoover. He had watched events roll in and out of the American political arena during the year that had elapsed since the armistice. He felt uneasy and dissatisfied, now with his Government, now with his superiors in the world of finance. He was sure that there was something wrong somewhere and that perhaps, after all, the Continent of Europe was being rather bullied by its sturdy young American brother. Chance sent him across the Atlantic, and he rejoiced at the unexpected opportunity to make up his mind on international subjects by personal experience, and not by adopting the opinions of others ready made.

Elated by the intoxicating atmosphere of Paris, our banker gazed with exceptional appreciation at the fine proportions of the Opera House that dominates the center of this whirling city. Not content with a superficial survey of such a magnificent building, he booked tickets for the following evening, determined to drink deep of the artistic

pleasures of this wonderful Paris. Three hours of exquisite harmony of music, color, and form passed as if by magic, and half in a dream he found himself following the line of slow-moving people down the aisle of the vast auditorium. Were there ever such musicians, such a rare appreciation of the dividing line between art and banality? These people should be cherished and fostered by the rest of the world for the sake of their inspiration. Would the New World ever attain to their discernment and originality?

In the lobby he presented himself before the *gardienne* of hats and umbrellas and mechanically held out his number. A Frenchman who pressed from behind received his hat as a matter of course. Still the American held out his ticket. Three more newcomers were served, and then another three. The dream of beauty was beginning to fade.

"Would you be good enough to give me my hat?" said our banker, calmly.

"Comment," said the *gardienne*, "*un Américain! Hein!*"

The dream of music and flowers had

given way before a feeling of decided annoyance, but the American still held out his ticket. As one customer after another was served with deliberate intention, his anger began to mount.

"*Faut pas faire du mauvais sang,*" said the brazen woman, with a toss of her head. "*Vous êtes un étranger.*"

"*Un étranger, oui,*" he replied in a low voice, clenching his fists.

After the last member of the audience had departed she founced his hat and stick on the counter with a laugh. "*Deux francs, monsieur. Non, je ne prends pas de timbres.*"

Fortunately, the American's knowledge of French was very limited in certain directions, and, after one or two inarticulate attempts to express himself, he shrugged his shoulders and stalked out.

"So this is France," he said aloud. "What a paradox!"

Three months later he surveyed the receding shores of France from the back of an ocean liner. One cannot condemn a people wholesale, he reflected, yet neither can one approve. A nation is as many-sided as a diamond which reflects and creates lights of every hue.

A medley of half-formed impressions chased across his mind, with no salient features upon which to base his verdict. The problem presented itself to his keen intellect during the whole of the voyage, and by dint of many tobacco meditations he finally succeeded in bringing a semblance of order out of his mental chaos by the time that the Battery sky-scrapers loomed gray on the horizon.

"We do not understand the French, and they don't understand us," he concluded, "and the worst of it is that we don't want to understand each other." Then he caught sight of his wife in the crowd huddled close along the edge of the pier, and he straightway forgot his international meditations in the overwhelming, indescribable joy of being once more among his own people.

IN America we really know very little of the psychology of the French. We believe our brilliant ally to be a man of little religion, of great freedom in sexual matters, and a genius in designing women's dress. We understand that he is extraordinarily vivacious and a rapid talker, and also that he is patriotic and brave. We all know that he considers prohibition a slight form of madness, and we are interested in his *mariage de convenance*.

But there it ends. Our impressions, although superficial, are accurate enough so far as they go, but there is much more to be said. For the first time in history we have worked side by side with the French during the war, and in the framing of peace we have sat around the same table. To our astonishment, we have found our ally's view-point on many occasions diametrically opposed to our own, and the result has been a hopeless series of misunderstandings, as regrettable as inevitable.

Approaching the psychology of the French on the broadest possible lines, let us first establish the fact that, in contrast with the New World, where the losses of the present are forgotten in the hopes of to-morrow, France is an old country, with no dazzling promises for the future. On this foundation let us build up our structure.

FRANCE, then, is not a country of promise. She is mature. Her people accept the existing order of things as final, and adapt themselves to their surroundings without thought of molding conditions to suit them. The methods and accomplishments of their forefathers lie heavily upon them. As the burden of tradition increases their resistance decreases, until to-day they put up with inconveniences that would not be tolerated a week in a more elastic community.

Picture the rage of an American who waits five minutes for a telephone connection. He is up in arms immediately, and writes to his favorite newspaper in complaint of the service. The Frenchman shouts fruitlessly into the receiver

for a full half-hour, and usually, giving up in despair, merely remarks: "What will you? We have always had a bad administration." No one in France ever seriously believes that by taking thought the inconveniences of life can be remedied.

As the natural resources of the country have been more intensely developed and the skill of her people exploited, the struggle to live has become keener and keener. Setting aside the excep-



Photograph by H. H. Moore

OLD FRENCH SHOPWOMAN

"It is rather astonishing to an American to buy, at the hands of a vegetable woman let us say, a cauliflower, a large cauliflower, and to receive it wrapped in one small sheet torn from a magazine"

tional war period, there are few wonderful opportunities for the ambitious young man. Unless possessed of ability amounting to genius, the ambitious young man must be content to remain in the sphere in which chance has placed him at birth, or, if endowed with less than ordinary ability, to keep his hold by the help of his friends. As a rule the young man is not ambitious, and is more than content to accept assistance, be it monetary or influential, in order to keep his footing in such precarious surroundings.

THIS lack of ambition permeates the whole French social system. In America the successful business man has become a National type. We have our J. J. Hill urging the young men of the last generation to go West, as he did, and to grow up with the country. We have our Andrew Carnegie and his book of smug advice, telling his followers to go and do likewise. We have finally our John Wanamaker, adorning his store advertisements with maxims of success.

No Frenchman since the time of La Rochefoucauld has bothered very much about the success of his contemporaries, and even this philosopher's advice was cynical rather than optimistic. The

fathers of France have far more faith in a good *dot* for their daughters and a good business start for their sons (obtained through their personal influence) than in all the success maxims ever printed. The truth is that they are not preoccupied with worldly success either for themselves or for their offspring.

And here we discover one of the cardinal differences between the character of the peoples of the Old and the New Worlds. We in America are obsessed with the idea of making money, while the French are sublimely indifferent. In France this trait, or rather its absence, seems to be accentuated at every turn, startling us from our cherished belief that the almighty dollar is the chief end of man. Provided the Frenchman can live according to his station, he does not covet further riches. His philosophy has taught him that wealth does not come without labor, and after a certain point has been reached he considers that no mere money can compensate for further effort.

So we find the maid-of-all-work preferring to do without her pay than to work on a holiday. The butcher closes his shop all day Monday, for one must rest, *parbleu!* The dressmaker does not answer inquiries, for she already has sufficient work for her little establishment, and additional sewing women would be so difficult to find! The milliners in the rue de la Paix never advertise, for it would be such a worry to look for extra premises if their trade increased, with Paris so crowded; and so forth. The artists in the Quartier Latin despise filthy lucre and all it brings, and glory in the view from their seven-story garrets.

All this, of course, is quite apart from the fungus of war profiteers that clings to Paris as well as to London and New York. In a general way the French are not seeking after great riches or the luxuries that riches command, and they are wont to despise us for what they term our mercenary view of life. On the other hand, they will take infinite pains to save a few sous, although they shrink at the effort necessary to adding to their income.

As the grinding process of the survival of the fittest has continued down the centuries, it has brought with it a keen attention to detail which the French call thriftiness and we call meanness. With amazing faith in an orange-colored future, we spend whatever appears necessary at the time, and set ourselves to making a larger income to cover any expansion. Whenever it is a question of enlarging our personal scope, we step forward unhesitatingly, confident that our share of good things will increase with the growing country.

In France one does not find this tendency to advance. Competition is too keen for the storekeeper to raise his prices in order to cover added expenditure, so he arrives at his balance

by cutting down his outlay. If the customer cannot be made to pay more, he must be given less for the same money. And so it comes about that while in America we pride ourselves on the efficiency of our service, in France they are receding farther and farther from this ideal.

It is rather astonishing to an American to buy at the hands of a vegetable woman, let us say, a cauliflower, a large cauliflower, and to receive it wrapped in one small sheet torn from a magazine. Upon protest, the woman adds another inadequate piece of paper, grumbling that she can hardly be expected to supply two sheets for a sale of only thirty-five sous! You buy a hat for, let us say, a hundred francs, and you are charged three francs for the hatbox and a franc for the delivery. The shopkeeper has worked out her costs so closely that she cannot afford to give the slightest service without making a charge to cover it. In America we would have marked the hat 120 francs with a grandiose flourish and let it go at that—delivery, hatbox, and all!

We find this tendency to count the pennies as prevalent in France as in the lowlands of Scotland, and we are irritated by it beyond expression. Our boarding-house keeper presents us with a weekly bill of seven francs for the light and three francs for a bath in addition to her charges for board and lodging, and, naturally, we grumble.

THIS lack of ambition, this small-mindedness, is but one of the many effects that the maturity of their civilization has had on the minds of the French people. One feels instinctively that every French man and woman has inherited a share of a civilization which is at once more advanced and less healthy than our own. We are immediately conscious of the hostility that a hayseed from the country feels in the presence of an *habitué* of the city. We from America are ill at ease in the intellectual atmosphere of France, and we resent the fact that we are being tried in the balances by the keen, rapid French minds.

"It will be three hundred years before you are civilized," they tell us coolly as they make their diagnosis. And, in spite of our outward blusterings, we are bound to acknowledge their intellectual superiority as a nation.

We may not be willing to admit it in argument, but our actions belie us. We show our appreciation of their originality by preferring their fashions to our own. We adopt their music and copy it. We worship at the shrine of their great painters and we pour out our millions to acquire their art treasures. We marvel at their histrionic ability and we applaud their Bernhards and Réjanes. We laugh at their wit and we copy their inventions.

Behind the genius of the French is the slow artistic development of many centuries, and, whether we will or not, we must recognize their refinement in

comparison with the crude material that emerges from our "melting-pot." They have reached a higher intellectual plane than we have, but, owing to their progress, they are suffering from the pangs of over-civilization.

They are brilliant, intellectual, vivacious, witty, sparkling, and full of knowledge. These are the very qualities we are striving for, and yet when found in the French they leave us cold. We prefer the impulse born of the heart of our own people to their impulse born of the mind. As man acquires the veneer of a super-civilization he sacrifices much of his original kindness. In the lonely districts of America, where the next house is a mile away, not a stranger is allowed to pass by without a meal, and the host would be mortally offended if payment were offered. In the large city one no longer "drops in" without a formal invitation, for there is always a restaurant around the corner. In France hospitality in our crude sense of the word does not exist. They have passed that stage in civilization.

Then, again, in the country every one feels a lively interest in the affairs of his neighbor, from the minister's wife to the washerwoman. In the city no one knows his neighbors, even when a dozen families are huddled together in a single apartment-house. The French are definitely hostile to the outside world. They live behind high walls.

Their interpretation of hospitality is one of the greatest stumbling-blocks that the American has had to encounter in his study of French character. The fame of the American and Highland Scotch welcome has long since spread far and wide. In each case the impulse springs from similar conditions. Hospitality is a religion to an American or a Scotchman, and a breach of this custom is as unpardonable as an unsportsmanlike act to the Englishman. To this tradition we of the United States have added the motive of expediency, and have welcomed with outstretched hand all the castaways of Europe. We have clothed their nakedness, spiritual, moral, and physical, and have given them success. We have welcomed strangers for two generations, and our bread has returned to us many thousandfold. Hospitality is still one of the dominating factors in our primitive civilization, for we have not learned the knack of *arrière-pensées*.

This hospitality is utterly incomprehensible to the Frenchman. He finds it almost repulsive, and he condemns us for our *naïveté*. He prides himself on the fact that his social circle has been closed for half a century. He sets up his little god Privacy and builds a wall around it. Being of a contemplative disposition, he prefers to read and meditate than to pass his time in unprofitable conviviality. He is almost Asiatic in his suspicion and his dislike of intrusion.

"What would happen to us," a charming old French gentleman once said to me, "if we Parisians did not defend ourselves against the invasion of foreigners that rush over the city every year? We should be overwhelmed, our family life would be lost. We must protect ourselves and our privacy."

"We do not lose our home life," I answered, unsympathetically, "and yet we find time to welcome you when you cross the Atlantic."

"Which is not often," he interposed.

AND truly, the Frenchman never travels. The result is that he is not interested in the doings of the outside world. Read the newspapers of Paris, and we find almost no foreign news, and very little even of Lyons and Marseilles. In New York we have an insatiable curiosity to know the happenings of people the world over and our reading cannot be too varied to please our taste.

To the Frenchman his family life is extraordinarily precious. He has reached a point where he is unwilling to enlarge his social or commercial sphere, so he locks and bars his door to strangers. Moreover, he carries this love of family right into his business life, where one invariably finds that the shareholders of a company are all related to one another and that the sons inherit their father's business as a matter of course. In the United States we preach a contrary doctrine. "Take tea with your friends and do business with strangers," we say as we bring new recruits into our ever-increasing social circle, and we advise our sons to try their worth in the open market and sell their services to the highest bidder.

Our friends pass in and out of our lives with astonishing rapidity, leaving scarcely an impression. The Frenchman grows up with his friends; he knows them *au fond*, accepts them, and trusts them as a matter of course. We urge one another to throw off the ties of family and go out into the world and make a place for ourselves. In France a man clings closer to his own people as he grows older, whatever may be the quarrels that interrupt the peacefulness of life.

And quarrels there are. No family could possibly live within such narrow confines as are prescribed in France without appalling disturbances. Thanks to the multitude of our interests and outside friends, we are able to live our family life, such as it is, with comparatively little trouble. Not so the French, who support a generation of lawyers on the proceeds of their grievances. Nevertheless they stick to one another through thick and thin, presenting a united front to the rest of the world and cherishing alike their quarrels and their affections.

ANOTHER outstanding trait that one is instantly aware of is the independence of thought of the French. Possibly this individualism is the result of their

super-civilization. Possibly it is an innate national characteristic. At all events, one finds it fully developed in every walk of life, from the newspaper vendor who refuses to change a five-franc note in order to sell her papers, to the president of a large financial house who declines to receive an American caller because he does not approve of the attitude of the American Government.

During the war the French stood aloof in magnificent self-satisfaction. While the British, Americans, and Italians were eagerly exchanging ideas for the perfection of their methods, the French looked on with indifference, continuing along their own lines, without even showing a natural curiosity in the discoveries made by their allies.

In this connection let me cite a little dinner party that took place in Paris in the third year of the war. We were a cosmopolitan assembly, for about the board had gathered officers and civilians from England and Italy, from Canada and the United States. Our host was a Frenchman. The talk drifted in many directions, for each guest had an anecdote to relate concerning the attitude of his compatriots in the great struggle and his own impressions of Europe as seen through the distorted glass of war. At length the Frenchman spoke.

"*Mes amis*," he said, "you have all traveled much and you are curious to know of the doings of your neighbors. As for me, I have never traveled. I have never wished to. I know Paris, and that is all. And is not Paris the greater half of the world? To Paris, *mes amis*," and he lifted his glass to the toast.

Self-schooled, like Shakespeare, self-scanned, self-honored, self-secure, the French are led to adopt a haughty attitude towards all foreigners. They give not a passing thought to the opinions of others, and the result is that they sacrifice both national and personal benefits by making no effort to please. Do you ever find a Frenchman advertising his goods in a New York paper? Never. Let the American come to Paris if he wants French novelties, but the day has yet to come when the Frenchman will be humble enough to cross the Atlantic.

This individualism accounts for many phases of Parisian life. The Parisian guards his liberty with fierce jealousy and works out his destiny untrammelled by the opinions of others. If it pleases him, he disdains the consolations of Mother Church. As his intellectual development progresses he throws aside the gods of his childhood, making his various decisions with full confidence in his own personal strength.

In sexual matters he is equally independent. He cares not a fig for the sacred rites of marriage. If he wishes to live with the woman of his choice, he does so and he snaps his fingers at the conventions of society, arguing his case—if he gives himself the trouble—on the

most materialistic lines imaginable. You will find a penniless young baron living quite happily with a manicure girl. The lady was bequeathed to him by an army friend whose regiment was transferred to Morocco, and she appears to be perfectly satisfied with her lot. And the delightful part of it is that our young French baron moves among the upper four hundred as freely as ever and the manicure girl is just as welcome in her own little coterie.

THE Frenchman thus is individualistic to a fault, and when it serves his purpose indifferent to convention. Yet, paradoxical as it may sound, in non-essentials he is the soul of conservatism. Of all the countries in this world, none is more conservative than France. In strong contrast to their intellectual freedom the French are almost Oriental in their subservience to convention in the minor things of life. Until they are aroused to throw off the shackles that have accumulated with the years they are content to run along in their little grooves without questioning the

wisdom or expediency of their methods. They carry on the work undertaken by their fathers with little ambition to change it or adapt it to modern requirements.

Compared with American papers, the French press is hopelessly conservative. In politics it is the moderates who are elected by a huge majority every time. In business they cling to their antiquated office buildings and factories with even greater tenacity than the English. Napoleon I established the pensions and bonuses of the Bank of France according to the needs of his generation. Dynasties have died away and democratic governments have fallen, but the Bank of France never revised its pensions and bonuses until two years ago. Nothing short of a world war and an upheaval in economic values is able to arouse a state institution to a sense of the passage of time.

In their homes the French are not less conservative. One finds few labor-saving devices in the kitchen, and monstrosities are treasured in the *salon* simply because they have been there for



Photograph by H. H. Moore

GATEWAY TO THE OLD CHURCH OF ST. SERVIN, TOULOUSE

"France is an old country with no dazzling promises for the future. . . . She is mature"

two generations! They have their family reunions every Sunday simply because they have always had their family reunions on Sunday—they and their fathers before them. They still lock and double-bar their doors at night, as they did in the days of feudalism, and the *concierge* guards the entrance to the apartment-house just as she did in the dangerous times of the Revolution. Once a custom has been established, be it good or bad, it will be followed until long after it has outlived its usefulness.

The offspring of a proverbially small family, the Frenchman grows up spoiled and overeducated. Instead of bringing

into the world a half-dozen children whom they can ill afford to clothe and educate, his mother and father have preferred to lavish their attention on one child or two. The result is that, where American children knock the corners off one another long before they leave their nursery, their little European cousin grows up with an exaggerated idea of his own importance. If he were subjected to the wholesome discipline of the games that do so much to develop the English schoolboy, he would throw off a great deal of his early egotism. But the training that awaits him as a philosopher and intellectual tends rather to encourage and crystallize the individ-

ualism that already characterizes him as a boy.

OVER this complex web of traits and tendencies glimmers the ideal of patriotism, a patriotism of such beauty and refinement that in its contemplation we would fain forgive the weaknesses beneath it and remember only the singleness of spirit that upheld the nation so magnificently during the war. There is not a Frenchman born but thrills to the inspiration of sacrifice or ambition for his country, and much may be said and done in the name of the individual that would be cast aside for the sake of the magic name of France.

INDUSTRIAL GOVERNMENT IN ROCHESTER

BY PAUL BLANSHARD

WHILE war is raging in the New York clothing market the clothing manufacturers and workers of Rochester are completing two years of successful co-operation in industrial government. You may find the secret of it if you will go almost any afternoon of the week to an office on Clinton Street, in Rochester. There you will find the Industrial Court of the clothing industry of Rochester, supported jointly by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the Rochester Clothiers' Exchange.

When you go into the office, you see a little man with shaggy red hair sitting at a desk. Clothing workers in Rochester say that he has the brains of a regiment and talks like a presser. He is Dr. William M. Leiserson, a former college professor and chairman of the Bureau of Labor Administration at Washington, now chairman of the Labor Adjustment Board of Rochester's clothing industry. He is the supreme diplomat and judicial authority in a court which is doing as much for the peace and prosperity of the people of Rochester as any other court in the city.

But this court is not run like an ordinary court. There are no sheriffs to make you get up when the judge comes in. There are no pomp and ceremony and red tape. There are no lawyers to argue technicalities. If you have anything to say, you say it in your own way. If you happen to be a worker in a shop and you want to say something against your boss, no one says, "Sh!" No one can fire you for expressing your feelings. This is your court. You help to hire the judge and you help to pay the judge's salary. Why shouldn't the judge be nice to you? Likewise, if you are an employer accustomed to encountering Brindellism in unions. There is no labor dictator to hold a club over you here. The smallest contractor can deal as effectively with the union as the largest manufacturer. The judge of this court will not allow the clothing industry of Rochester to be operated on the basis of blackmail and terror.

He represents but very real things. He does not forget that the worker buys a suit of clothes himself. He is a consumer, and one of his duties is to guard the interest of the consumer as far as possible.

This Industrial Court is not a new and untried thing. Over 270 cases have been brought before it. It began in the spring of 1919, when the Rochester manufacturers signed an agreement with the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, recognizing the union and agreeing to bargain with it collectively. In this agreement both sides expressed their belief that strikes and lockouts are not the most satisfactory methods of settling industrial disputes. They agreed to try for one year the experiment of settling all their disputes through an impartial chairman whose salary and expenses should be borne equally by the union and the manufacturers.

The manufacturers who signed this agreement were not unscientific dreamers. They were hard-headed, successful business men who had fought unions in the clothing industry and defeated them for twenty-five years. But they found that, no matter how many times they defeated the union, they always came out at the wrong end of the whip. They were making their employees more and more rebellious and the employees were losing interest in production in the industry. So they got together and said, "Suppose we try a really constructive plan for industrial peace."

And the union which entered into this agreement was not a "bosses' union." It was not a small union of highly skilled workers trying to build up a monopoly for itself. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers is known as one of the most "radical" unions in the country, and it includes all workers in the clothing trade. Yet this union was persuaded to surrender its right to strike, and for over eighteen months it has submitted to every decision of the Industrial Court. The man responsible

for the workers to accept the plan of view was Sidney Hillman, President of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. His inspiration came largely from the successful industrial machinery of Schaffner & Marx in Chicago. Hillman's theory is that the people who invest labor in the clothing industry should have just as much to say about the general conduct of the industry as the people who invest their money. He says that you cannot expect workers to be interested in their jobs as long as the employers keep them out of a share in control of working conditions. Some of the far-sighted employers agreed with him, so the plan of industrial government was accepted.

The agreement is not a contract so much as a constitution for the industry. The ordinary trade agreement is like the last will and testament of Jonas Smith: it is either disregarded altogether or followed out literally to the last comma. The clothing industry is not a dead thing; it is as lively and vigorous as the imagination of its builders. So it needed a constitution that would allow for growth. The Rochester plan provides for continuous industrial legislation by a Labor Adjustment Board composed of representatives of the manufacturers and the union, presided over by the impartial chairman. The plan works out in this way:

On September 16 an off presser was discharged for using indecent language in the shop. The union appealed the case to the Industrial Court, pleading extenuating circumstances. Dr. Leiserson ruled: "Neither the employer nor the employees can have any justification for using indecent language in the shop. . . . When an employee uses indecent language and is discharged therefore, the chairman will not reinstate him."

On December 10, —, a clothing cutter, did not report for work. He telephoned his employer that he was sick. When he reported for work after his ill-



THE INDUSTRIAL LEGISLATURE OF ROCHESTER'S CLOTHING INDUSTRY

At the extreme left are Dr. Leiserson and his secretary; center, labor managers representing the employers; right, shop chairmen and union officers

ness, he was told that there was no place for him. He appealed his case to the Industrial Court after trying for two weeks to get his job back.

The employer declared before the Court that — was a poor cutter and that he was discharged for incompetent work. Dr. Leiserson ruled: "Even if it were true that —'s work was poor and below normal in production, such charges cannot be entertained at the present time. — himself was not told that there was any dissatisfaction with his work. On the contrary, one week before he became sick his wages were raised from \$30 to \$35. It is therefore ordered that — be reinstated in his old position and that he shall be given two weeks' back pay. He lost three weeks, but one week was due to sickness." An employer could not make sickness an excuse for discharge.

These cases of discharge are comparatively simple. The real test of the Rochester plan comes when both sides are called upon to reach an understanding about stoppages, loafing, and lockouts.

One warm morning last August an older and two younger men were pressing coats in a hot little room on St. Paul Street. The elder was the father of both the younger men. About eleven o'clock he leaned over from his machine and said: "Cut out he hustlin', kids. Ve ain't gotta do more dan 44 coats this week. I says it's hot enough."

The two young men were obedient sons. The employer begged for increased production in vain. Finally he took the case to the Industrial Court. The judge said: "You can't cut down production without a real reason. It's too bad about the weather, but if I allowed you to take the weather as an excuse you would find it too cold in winter and too hot in summer. You pressed fifty coats a week all last year and all other pressers in Rochester are doing the same. You are entitled to \$41 a week for pressing fifty coats, and if you fall below that amount you will have to lose 82 cents for every missing coat."

The agreement has put a stop to strikes. When a few workers forget

themselves and break loose from discipline, what happens is politely called a "stoppage." The workers must pay for stoppages. Last spring the fancy of seven armhole basters lightly turned to swimming-holes and pastures green. They had an argument with the management of a large Rochester shop and promptly left the shop for a day's vacation. What happened was summed up in the decision of the Industrial Court:

"When workers cannot agree with the management on any question of dispute, it is provided that they shall make complaint to the union, and if the union cannot adjust the matter it can be appealed to the impartial chairman. By quitting work in a body these armhole basters violated the agreement against stoppages. Whatever may have been the merits of the dispute in question, no stoppage is justified under the rules made by the union in agreement with the manufacturers. The armhole basters will therefore make up the time they lost by working overtime six and one-half hours, and they shall be paid straight time for this work."

The judge is just as stern when the employer attempts a lockout. In September an employer who was running a small clothing shop, wanted to get out of an agreement he had voluntarily made to keep his pocket-makers working if the rest of the shop was working. He had bungled the assignments of work to the various parts of the shop in such a way that Saturday morning arrived and the pocket-makers had no work to do. He had agreed to give these pocket-makers continuous work, but he tried to evade his agreement by laying off the entire shop. The workers appealed to the Industrial Court for their Saturday pay.

The judge said: "To shut down a shop, hold back production, and make innocent employees suffer a loss of wages when the fault lies in the management of the shop is entirely unjustified. The workers must be paid for Saturday morning." It cost the employer about \$500.

The most important part of the Rochester plan is its flexibility. Cloth-

ing plants are constantly changing; new machinery is being introduced; short cuts are being invented; the whole standard of values in the clothing market is going up and down like a chip on the waves. How are you going to establish "normalcy" in such a whirlpool of price-cutting and competition? "We must face the actual facts of industry and provide for them in our constitution," said the leaders of both workers and manufacturers in Rochester. So they wrote passages into their agreement which make the Labor Adjustment Board a real industrial legislature:

"The Board shall have the authority to make such rules, regulations, and supplementary arrangements, not inconsistent with this agreement, as may be necessary to carry into effect the principles of this agreement, or to apply these principles to new questions whenever they arise.

"Upon petition of either party, the Labor Adjustment Board shall have the power to determine whether important changes have taken place within the clothing industry, or in industrial conditions generally, which warrant changes in general wage levels or in hours of work; and if it is decided that such changes are warranted, negotiations shall begin between the parties hereto. In the event of a disagreement, the question shall be submitted to arbitration."

So the door is opened to scientific management and to wage adjustments in times of financial crisis. "Our co-operative enterprise," says Dr. Meyer Jacobstein, labor manager of the Stein-Bloch Company, "is laying the groundwork for the introduction of scientific management methods in a very salutary way, because when new methods are introduced to-day they are done with the willing consent of the workers, and not imposed upon them arbitrarily and autocratically. We are preparing the soil which will make it easy for the production experts to reap the harvest when the proper time arrives. In a word, we are constantly 'selling' the concept of scientific management to the workers not by thrusting it down their

throats but by winning their consent by persuasion, reason, and practical demonstration."

An interesting illustration of the legislative function of the Labor Adjustment Board came when the question of overtime and the forty-four-hour week was decided. The agreement had simply specified that the work week should be forty-four hours and that overtime work should be paid for at the rate of time and one-half. Should a man who comes into the shop at one o'clock and works until 6:30 be given an hour and a half overtime because he has worked an hour and a half past five o'clock? Should a man who works only thirty-six hours a week in four installments of nine hours a day be given four hours of overtime? Here was a question for legislation. The judge differed from both the workers and manufacturers in their final ruling, but the word of the "two houses" in the legislature was made law. It was decided that only work in excess of eight hours in any one day or in excess of four hours on Saturday should be counted as overtime. The man who

comes to work at one o'clock and works until 6:30 is not given overtime, but the man who works nine hours a day is given one hour's overtime even if he works only one day a week.

The proof of any pudding is in the eating. While the New York clothing market is being destroyed by a bitter industrial struggle, Rochester workers and manufacturers are maintaining harmonious relations with profit to both. They have renewed their agreement so that it will not expire until June 1, 1922. The firms which have helped to maintain the industrial government are some of the largest and most influential in the United States. They include L. Adler Brothers & Co., August Brothers & Co., the L. Black Company, the A. Dinkelspiel Company, R. Goldstein & Co., Goodman & Suss, Hershberg & Co., the Hickey-Freeman Company, Louis Holtz & Sons, Inc., Joseph Knopf & Sons, Inc., Lears, Prinz & Mandel, the Levy Brothers Clothing Company, McGraw, Benjamin & Hays, the Rochester Standard Clothes Company, Rosenberg Brothers & Co., Steefel, Strauss & Con-

nor, the Stein-Bloch Company, the Weiss Kopf Company.

The effect of this industrial government upon the union has been marked. In its earlier stages the union in Rochester was dominated by the men who were the most daring fighters and loudest talkers. They were not necessarily men of careful judgment and responsibility. Now the union is dominated by leaders who know the industry from A to Z, men who are capable of representing the workers before a court which requires reasoned statements supported by an array of facts. The union has established a labor college for its members and is seeking to build up their cultural life. The fighting spirit is still there, but the era of peace in the clothing industry has allowed the union to devote much of its energy to constructive endeavor.

"Not only is the democracy of Rochester developing leaders who make for safety," says Dr. Meyer Jacobstein, "but, in the second place, it is developing trained citizens—trained citizens who are informed, enlightened, and disciplined."

UNDER THE SWAY OF HUNGER

I—LAST YEAR

BY LUCIA E. LYONS

LITTLE WINTER sat on a tiny bench in the bare Chinese courtyard, with the pale November sunshine falling about her. She needed all the sun there was, because she still wore her summer garments, with a very tattered fragment of grandmother's old wadded coat tied about her body. She had outgrown her last year's winter clothes, and this year there was no cotton to make larger ones. Even now mother was dividing the old wadding to make it stretch farther and piecing the outside and the lining with strips cut off from the bottom of her own coat.

Little Winter did not greatly mind the cold, though. She did not greatly mind anything any more. Two months before she had cried when they told her there was no more porridge after her half-bowlful was gone. She had cried because her millet cake was full of dry chaff that hurt her throat. But since then many, many of their meals had been only a soup made of leaves and weeds, and now even the leaves were gone. Somehow it was too much trouble to cry about things any more. Instead of crying she was playing a game. Spread out on the hard ground before her were many broken bits of pottery, with which she carried on her little make-believe. If the game had had a name, it would have been called "Last Year."

She began to arrange the pieces in regular order. "Last year there was



(C) Underwood

SEARCHING THE BARREN FIELDS FOR LEAVES
AND ROOTS

"Many of their meals had been only a soup made of leaves and weeds, and now even the leaves were gone"

good millet porridge," she said, putting down a very large one. "Last year there were salted vegetables. Last year sometimes there was white bread."

Then she paused, trying confusedly to remember all the glories of that distant time. She needed big sister to help her play the game. She got up, gathering together the precious fragments, but she did not dart across the yard in the manner of former times; instead she walked sedately and a little shakily to the front gate, where Little Spring was at her usual task of caring for the fretful baby. He had not forgotten how to cry, and Little Winter looked at him with solemn dark eyes as he stretched out his small body in an angry wail.

"Sister," said Little Winter when the baby was finally pacified, "come and play it is last year. Tell me some more things we had."

"Are you still playing that?" exclaimed Little Spring. "Why do you always play that?" But she sat down to the game nevertheless, for even nine years old has not yet outgrown the comfort of making believe.

"This one is the porridge," said Little Winter, "and this is the vegetables, and this is a great big piece of white bread. What else is there?"

"There is chicken soup," said big sister with decision. Then, warming to the subject, she went on with enthusiasm, putting down the pottery bits as she spoke. "It is a feast," she announced. "Here is a bowl of meat-balls,

and here are eggs, and here is fish, and—hai! I forgot the dessert at the beginning. This little one is watermelon seeds, and this is peanuts—"

"Yes, yes, peanuts," chimed in Little Winter, the ghost of a smile hovering on her lips. Of course there used to be peanuts when she kotowed to grandfather and he gave her two large cash to buy some from the peddler. Candy, too! How well she remembered!

But big sister was speaking again as she arranged some broken pieces of brick along the wall. "Here are our best clothes," she said, "that father took to the pawn-shop. And here is the thickest bedquilt. He sold it, but he only brought back such a little bit of grain! And here are the two armchairs where father and grandfather used to sit."

Little Winter watched for a moment, but clothes and furniture did not greatly interest her. She turned to arrange her own pieces of china, and once more began the singsong chant which the family had heard so constantly: "Last year here was good porridge. Last year here was white bread. Last year there were vegetables."

A shadow fell across the steps, and father stood looking down at the game. His face had a strange expression that almost frightened them, and they thought he was going to speak, but he passed on into the house in silence. His wife and his mother looked up as he entered.

"Did you go to the city?" asked the older woman. "Are the officials distributing food?"

"They are distributing food," he answered, listlessly, "but the food is only enough for those who are already there. No more may go to receive it."

He sat looking at the mud floor for some time. At last he brought out the thought which was in his mind. "The money from the mule will soon be gone. In the city I saw them selling little girls. Five mouths are less to feed than six."

"Shall a man like you sell his children?" cried the grandmother. "I am old, and their grandfather no longer lives. I had better die at once and give my food to the young."

"No," said the man, heavily. "You are my mother. They are only my daughters."

"Which one?" asked their mother, with a frightened face.

"The big one would be worth more money," said the father, slowly, "but—but—my heart endures not Little Winter's playing; 'Last year,' always 'Last year.' Perhaps—if we sold her—the people would give her enough to eat."

"You shall not do so," said the grandmother, firmly. "When have the Kuan family ever sold their daughters? She and I will go together to the river. Then there will be only four mouths, and perhaps next month the officials will feed more people."

The wail of the baby interrupted her. Little Spring was coming across the yard.

"The foreigner has come!" she called. "He stands on the temple steps talking. Every one goes to hear him."

The family turned to the gate with one accord. The temple stood near by,

and the foreigner was, indeed, talking to the crowd of villagers.

"The people in America have sent grain," he said. "There will not be much for each one—but enough to keep all this village alive until they send some more. All the men are to go and work on the new railway. The women and the children live at home and come every day to the temple. A man of the Jesus Church will distribute the food."

"It is good," said an old man in the crowd. "Forty-two years ago I ate the food of the Jesus Church in the P'ang Family Village, at the time of the great drought. As the Jesus Church men say, so will they do. Also there is no graft."

"No graft!" exclaimed the people nearest to him. "Why, then, do they do this deed for us strangers?"

"Perhaps he will tell us soon," said the old man, looking towards the American, who was now giving some directions to the village elders. "It was many years ago that I heard, and I am an old man and have forgotten much. But there was talk of one Jesus, who pitied all men. He it is whom they follow."

Little Winter still sat by the gate when they returned. "Last year," she was saying, "there were sometimes peanuts. Last year—"

"You are making a mistake," said her father, bending over her. "Say it this way now—always this way: 'Next year there will be porridge. Next year there will be vegetables. Next year there will be white bread.'"

II—WHAT CHINA MAY GAIN FROM FAMINE

BY SYDNEY GREENBIE

FAMINES, floods, plagues, wars within and invasions from without have tested the soul and the strength of China and its agglutinated provinces from time out of mind, but no single thing has ever come with such wide-read yet intensive horror as the famine which is now devastating the eastern part of the five most important northern provinces. Joseph through his interpretation of dreams saved Egypt from one such scourge. But though men have been prophesying this present situation in China by way of a suggested remedy for years, China has looked right into it as though still in dream. For two years the actual danger of a food shortage hung over the northern lands. First came the floods filling the saucer-like plains. Then, as though the heavens had been drained dry, were followed uninterrupted drought lasting over two years. Every blade of grass has shriveled in the burning sun. That this has meant to the hundred million people in that region will be known later. In the meantime the geographical conditions which caused it testify a digression to the extent of a paragraph or two.

The present famine in China spreads over the greater part of five provinces—Shantung in the east, Chihli northwest of it, Honan southwest of it, Shansi in the far west, with Shensi south of it. Together they comprise an area of some 390,000 square miles, which is remarkably close to the combined area of North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota, Nebraska, and Kansas, our five great prairie and wheat-producing States. The ratio of population, however, is more startling, for, while these five States contain about 7,000,000 people, these five provinces in China, according to one computation, have more people than the entire United States. Like our States above mentioned, the five Chinese provinces are said to have been at one time the bed of a great inland water; but, unlike ours, they are closer to the sea. In consequence, their geographical status has not yet become stable. The great rivers which course through the central part of them have changed their beds several times, completely altering the topography of the country. Geographers claim that the process of forming the land is not yet over. This means that no man living there knows how long

nature will tolerate him or when he will be summarily dispossessed. This means that all efforts at permanently building dikes against floods or irrigation works against drought are speculative in the extreme. It means that into the psychology of the Chinese there has been deeply graven the lessons of fate and the conviction that life is the most impermanent of things.

The implications of this are far reaching. They account in part for the spirit of the Chinese in face of famine, such as has been torturing them these past five months. Inured to a devastating destiny, always on the verge of starvation, the ground literally swept from under them, they have learned to face the unknown beyond with what Westerners call fatalism and to yield "lazily" to conditions which with us would arouse violence.

Yet year after year for at least five thousand years of recorded Chinese history the people of these regions, especially Shantung, have plowed in the face of nature's opposition and planted in the hope that nature would not again desert them. Time and again they have been disappointed. In 1877-8 the cost



Photograph from China Famine Fund
A YOUNG CHINESE MAN CARRYING HIS AGED FATHER IN SEARCH OF FOOD

of disaster amounted to nearly nine million lives—the toll of famine. Since then another famine has occurred coincident with the political upheaval and the coming of the Republic—1911. Then it was that the Red Cross proposed a gigantic engineering project which would have taken some forty years to accomplish. It was never launched. So to-day we see what inaction means and what it is certain to mean unless the entire world interested in what China has to offer takes the matter in hand and helps her out of this age-long sorrow.

What is seen in China is this: Normally in these five provinces there should be at least two full yields a year. Even at that, the majority of the people have barely enough to keep body and soul together. But the years since 1918 have seen not even one full harvest, and much of the seed has either been wasted through planting or has been consumed to escape starvation. With these ever-increasing and recurring floods and famines, few farmers ever succeed in raising two normal crops in five years. This last year nothing has been harvested—at most one per cent of the normal—and a conservative estimate says that in consequence forty-five million people are facing starvation. Since the coming of winter ten to fifteen thousand of them are daily dying of hunger, cold, and typhus. Those who are on the ground claim that before the next crop can possibly be harvested in the coming

June from ten to fifteen million will have succumbed, and millions of others will be reduced to a precarious state through undernourishment and exposure.

To ward off starvation the millions of poor have resorted to the consumption of bark from trees. The leaves had been stripped long before the blasts of winter had arrived. A blade of grass no sooner makes its appearance than it is literally pounced upon by a starving Chinese, though few now have the energy to so vital a pursuit of food. The chaff of former harvests is now being mixed with roots and peanut cake (after the oil has been extracted) and with ground corn-cobs, and even potato leaves.

Famine is famine, and nothing one says can add or detract from it. A great number of comparisons have been made to bring home to this world of ours the reality of the famine in China. According to a composite of estimates, between ten and fifteen million people are doomed, even with all the aid the most sanguine expect from the outer reaches of the world. The picture that has come to us dates back some weeks or months. A vast, seething multitude of weary, fearful men, women, and children are selling their few possessions at unjustly low prices—their "extra" clothing, their household utensils, the wood from the roofs of their houses, and the animal or two; selling and moving on to imaginary places of security. Children have been murdered or sold by

their parents to relieve themselves of the physical and emotional burden they were upon them. Men of some vigor have left their families behind in the hope of finding work to do. What happened to the "deserted" is no conjecture. A seething world of human beings, like a beehive broken into.

Most of us have at one time or another read romantic accounts of famines. Foremost among these is that of Egypt. But the picture of Jacob arriving in Egypt with his asses and the gifts of spices and fruits with which the old patriarch sought to placate Joseph makes one wonder how they and famine got along together. I have heard no such accounts of conditions in the famine area of China.

For these Chinese there is no Egypt to which they can go. On the borders guards have been stationed to refuse admission to the wandering, starving hordes. Even Manchuria, which is every year a haven of promise to thousands, has been shut to them—Manchuria, which is their own land. So back from the Manchurian border press the thousands who had exhausted themselves getting there.

Back to what? Back to starvation and exploitation. For some of the almost unbelievable accounts of exploitation are part and parcel of the problem of China, as of the rest of the world. Pawnbrokers have exhausted their funds in many regions buying up the odds and ends of things the poor have sold at prices next to nothing; panderers in women are buying up young girls and even wives, many of whom prefer death. Even the officials are not free from taking advantage of famine to fatten their own purses. So much so that some Chinese cannot believe that any one is disinterested enough to offer aid without ulterior motives. And, indeed, there is an atom of truth in this suspicion.

Can it, then, be marveled at that when Japan offered to sell half a million bushels of rice to wheat and millet eating Chinese, payment of which was to be made by way of a loan, the Chinese hesitated? One wonders further how overpopulated Japan, importing much of her rice from India and other places, could spare so much without making the price prohibitive. To counteract these unsavory impressions, generous Japanese have raised a fund of nearly half a million yen for distribution among the sufferers. And more far-seeing Japanese, among them the proprietors of the somewhat liberal paper the "Yomiuri," are advocating whole-hearted assistance as a means of regaining the friendship of the Chinese, lost to them through the famous Twenty-one Demands and the rape of Shantung. Nothing would further good relations all around more than this, and China's sorrow might easily become a means of her rejuvenation. Many Chinese objected to the loan of any money to the present officials in China by the Powers in the Consortium.

Other nations are seeing the great possibility in this method of generous aid. The British Minister to China recently

pointed out how even to this day Chinese in distant places express their heart-felt appreciation of the help Great Britain and British subjects rendered famished China forty-three years ago. America has gained much from the return of the Boxer Indemnity funds for educational purposes to China, and to-day the work we are doing in connection with this famine is bound to make an everlasting impression on the hearts and minds of the Chinese.

As I pointed out in the beginning, China is inured to natural catastrophe, a training which has deeply affected the psychology of the people. But, on the other hand, it has made her ready to accept the friendship of aliens with child-like simplicity, or to resent invasion with a ferocity that might even be called majestic. While, on the one hand, the Chinese plow their fields with the slow, plodding water-buffalo all day long, returning home to tinker on into the night at little jobs, living in little mud houses, making tasty food out of anything that happens to be around; on the other hand, their application makes of their land an enormously productive one. Just as they can turn anything to edible food, so can they manufacture things with little inventions that have not been excelled by the most modern of machines. As a race they are physically much more stalwart than the Orientals we are here accustomed to see, and require twice as much food as the Japanese, for instance. Imagine, then, what this famine must mean to an active, large-bodied people. Contrast, in your minds, the verdant, rolling plains during the fat years with the withered fields under these terribly lean ones.

Let us contrast, further, even though it may seem a bit visionary, what the prospect is for China with Powers around her who, though impelled by self-interest to assist her development, realize that that very motive dictates a united and not an intriguing and divided

self-interest. These same fields over which there are but few railways, and only footpaths, so to speak, where wide roads should be, can be made to yield treble what they have so far produced. Where now are only wells which periodically go dry there could be, and will be, tremendous reservoirs built with native labor, but with machines and knowledge from abroad. Vagrant rivers will be straightened to avoid the usual floods.

Considerable reconstruction work is now being carried on with famine funds. Starving men are given work building roads. That is only a beginning. But with the famine bringing all foreign Powers into accord on at least one point, a nucleus might be formed for greater and greater international co-operation in China. The Red Cross should be urged to push the project long

ago considered most advisable for the dredging of canals, the straightening of rivers, the surveying for railway beds. It is spending half a million dollars in Shantung for relief; millions more are being given from America through various agencies to succor the starving; Japan, Great Britain, France—all people who are vitally interested in China and who are making tremendous money every year in trade (America's trade alone amounted to \$350,000,000 last year)—are seeing to it that these funds are being put to constructive work in China which shall be permanent, and not merely temporary, relief. It is a great lesson in co-operation for good, on almost altruistic lines, and leaves one with the hope that China is not forever going to be the teapot in the tempest of international greed.



Photograph from China Famine Fund

TERRACED FIELDS ORDINARILY IRRIGATED, BUT NOW DRIED BY DROUGHT

The man in the foreground is of considerable wealth, as is indicated by his being carried on the shoulders of four coolies



Photograph from China Famine Fund

THE WHEAT LINE—CHINESE OBTAINING FOOD FROM THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

THE BOOK TABLE

AN ASTONISHING AMERICAN COMMONPLACE

BY MURIEL HARRIS

IN the great European libraries—Paris, Berlin, London, Frankfurt—you work as a student. You obtain formal permission; you are admitted with due ceremony; you can make inquiries at the central desk, which are very courteously answered; sometimes you can take books home and sometimes you can't. In any case, your studentship carries you through—even if you are only reading novels or a guide to the turf. By virtue of being a student you are admitted to the charmed circle of books; you have become a member of a bibliographical aristocracy.

In the New York libraries you *may* be a student. Quite as often you are a mere parent, a business woman, a loiterer—even a child. You may want Westermarck on "Human Marriage" or you may merely want an "easy" book—which is to say that you are not all too sure of your spelling and don't like long words. But it doesn't matter. You are equally a citizen of an enchanted country in which naturalization is automatic, in which there is room for everybody, in which everybody, no matter who, is made more than welcome. The enchanted kingdom is served, not by officials whose officialdom reminds you all the time of the privilege that is yours, but by hosts and hostesses, who regard your visit as something eminently desirable. It is this attitude on the part of the authorities which is the greatest among many differences between the libraries of the Old World and the New.

The European has still to get over the monastic attitude with regard to books—an attitude acquired when they were scarce, for one thing, and also when knowledge was deemed a dangerous weapon. Seekers after knowledge at the great libraries are given facilities, but they are not specially helped and encouraged to make use of them. Methods exist chiefly because they have existed, and man is made for the method rather than the method for the man. It is significant that in England the term "free library" is used rather than "public library," as is the case in New York. And, like most "free" things, the "free" library has a less proud suggestion about it than has the "public" library. The children's room as it exists in New York is in England almost unknown. Libraries, indeed, are provided liberally, dumped down here and there, as if they were pieces of furniture necessary for the respectability of the family, but not to be used too much. Except in settlements there is hardly any attempt to teach or help people how to use them, and in small towns, indeed, they are apt to become something of a white elephant.

New York of course started its libraries free from the monastic tradition. With its cosmopolitan population, it had to make wide provision, and it did it.

In the absence of a specially student aristocracy, it had to evolve a system which would apply with the utmost breadth. With its Babel of languages, that system had to be as simple as possible. To work at the British Museum or at the Sorbonne is a liberal education—always provided that you have education in the first instance. Both would be nearly impossible of access to the casual Syrian or Jew or Italian or Bohemian or any other of the multitudinous nationalities that frequent New York who have not the best facilities either for making themselves understood or for making themselves felt. The British Museum, for instance, with its world-famous collection of books, has a system of cataloguing to decipher which is in itself a science. Instead of the card index of the New York libraries, there are huge tomes, which are sometimes more alphabetical and sometimes less, according to the number of insertions recently made. The press marks, instead of being composed of two or three letters, are as long as a government filing reference, and as easily mistaken. In addition to the great general catalogue there are sundry supplementary catalogues, all of which need to be known and quite often to be consulted. And when the whole ceremony is complete, it is usually half an hour before the books appear. In the reading-room itself, with its picturesque if murky atmosphere, with its ancient students and its well-known literary figures most days to be seen there, with the great dome reducing its readers to the mere specks that they are, a certain number of books can be approached by the readers themselves. But not nearly as many as is the case in the New York library, where as many books as possible are on open shelves to be fingered and selected according to pleasure.

To be able to walk into the reading-room without formality is in itself an almost unheard-of thing in Europe. To obtain almost any book in ten minutes or so makes possible much reading for otherwise busy people. To have the simplest method in filling out the book slips saves time both for the visitor and the attendant. And to have a large degree of choice, where you can freely look at the book yourself and need not judge of its usefulness merely from the title, offers all the advantages of a first-class private library.

The New York library has of course the inestimable advantage of being really central, and working with branches. One of the most impressive things about the whole system is the co-operation possible between center and branches. In Paris and London, for instance, libraries are in water-tight compartments.

If you want medical books, you go to one kind of library; you cannot be sure of obtaining them at the great central libraries, and if you do, they are mostly not up to date. Again, if you live in Chelsea, London, you obtain a reader's ticket for the free library; but if you move to Bloomsbury, London, the Chelsea ticket has no significance and you have to begin all over again in Bloomsbury. It follows that there is no interchange of books between such self-contained institutions. If the book isn't there, it simply isn't there. In actual practice, a high state of efficiency as regards book purchase exists in the various libraries in London, but this is in spite of, rather than because of, any system in the matter. Also of course it means a great deal of duplication, and money thus spent might well be devoted to salaries and the insuring of a better type of librarian. Now in New York State I have worked continuously at Forty-second Street and also in the library of a little town of some six or seven thousand inhabitants. What do I find? If I want a book that does not chance to be available, the central library obtains it for me from one of the branches where it happens to be visiting. Incidentally a central filing system enables this to be done in the shortest possible time. In the country-town library I find many special books that I ask for. When I want a book that is not there, the librarian, not being dependent upon a little-town grant, has only to send up to Albany to get it from the State library there.

Most impressive perhaps of all to the foreigner are the facilities offered by the traveling libraries in country districts. There is a fascinating suggestion of George Borrow in these itinerant libraries, all worked from the center and bringing books to those who cannot come to the books. European countries, being on a smaller scale, have not of course quite the same need for such an institution. To them it sounds more like a Utopian scheme than an actual working system readily accepted in the Newer World as a matter of course.

In Europe, again, the lending library is conducted in quite a different spirit from that obtaining in New York. To be lent books is something of a privilege, and many safeguards are adopted. There is far more of a feeling over there that man is made for books and not books for man. Either you may pay—and pay quite heavily—for the loan of a number of books or you can borrow two, or at most three, from the free libraries in England. In France there is still more formality. There is nothing of the gladness of lending—because it contributes towards the general standard of education—which obtains in the New York institutions. Also the few books obtainable cannot compare with



Courtesy of the New York Public Library

A PICTURE-BOOK CORNER IN THE CENTRAL CHILDREN'S ROOM, NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



Courtesy of the New York Public Library

ON THE ROOF AT SEWARD PARK BRANCH OF THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY. THE BOYS AND GIRLS ARE DEEP IN FAIRY TALES, WHILE THE MAN IS STUDYING FOR THE REGENTS' EXAMINATIONS

the generous half-dozen at a time which are open to the borrower here.

Much has already been written about the comparatively new feature of the children's rooms in American libraries. It is with full consciousness of the danger of repetition that I give the point of view of the foreigner with regard to a system which goes to the whole root of the matter of book education. In England and in Holland the children's room has here and there made headway. But it is by no means a matter of course, and there is ever present the suggestion, not that books must be taken care of but that they must not be spoiled. In such institutions as exist for children the books are nearly always behind wires and there is none of the joy of loitering round the shelves, of taking out one volume and then another, and, finally, of finding both advice and sitting accommodation made to order for you. The American method of giving advice too strikes me most forcibly. It is never thrust upon the child. There is nothing pedagogic about it. The child is never required to improve his mind as a condition of citizenship in this most delightful of all worlds. Yet the connection between library and school, which in Europe is practically unknown, is in actuality the most naturally educative factor that could possibly be conceived of. Many Carnegie libraries have been bestowed upon Great Britain; some have been refused by the small-town authorities. Why? Because nobody knew how to use them and complaint was made that they were frequented merely for the sporting news in the newspaper room. To the uninitiated, the library is bound to be a hieroglyph until the Rosetta stone of knowledge is forthcoming. But when you are actually sent from your school to your own library in your own children's room to see what you can find, say, about the War of 1812, or Abraham Lincoln, or the great rivers of America, and when a benign being in the center of the room comes down to earth and initiates you in the whole joy of hunt-the-slipper through encyclopædias or dictionaries or histories or what not, why then you have started along the road to knowledge, not through dreary, unintelligible wastes, but along a golden path with a rainbow at the end of it. And last—but this is by no means the least point—that same benign being will not be too hard upon you if your borrowed book, having traversed the whole family, is perhaps not quite as fresh as when it started upon its career. Only reasonable care is demanded, since it is held that knowledge is worth paying for.

It is difficult to determine whether the great difference between the American libraries which I have seen and those of the Old World was produced by the unusually cosmopolitan condition of America or the absence of moribund precedent. Whatever it was, the full influence of this difference has yet to be felt—upon those succeeding generations who begin their library career in the public school. Just now it is probably only

the foreigner, the outsider, accustomed to the limitations of good things at home, who can most fully appreciate the value of opening up to all and sundry, irrespective of race or creed, the thought of the world, the whole kingdom of the mind.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

BRIDE OF MISSION SAN JOSE (THE). By John Augustine Cull. The Abingdon Press, New York.

"Long years, and happy ones, they lived, and their descendants, now of the third and fourth generation, bless their memory." This finale indicates that this is an old-fashioned novel, with plenty of incident, love-making, and courtly language. As such, it will no doubt be well liked by many younger novel-readers.

FIRESIDE STORIES FOR GIRLS IN THEIR TEENS. By Margaret W. Eggleston. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

Stories of a religious tendency, by a practiced story-teller, which may have an excellent influence on minds in the formative stage.

BIOGRAPHY

DIARY OF A FORTY-NINER (A). Edited by Chauncey L. Canfield. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

This is described as "an authentic first-hand account of California's life in the golden days of '49." Taking it as such, it is lively, entertaining, and realistic. To be of real historical value it would require more authentication than the editor vouchsafes.

SAINT COLUMBA OF IONA. By Lucy Menzies. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

The life of this peaceful Irish saint makes interesting reading at the present time when his native land is torn by dissension. This book, by a devoted admirer, attempts to set forth in connected form the facts and legends given in the early lives of Saint Columba, together with the material found through the researches of modern scholars.

WAYS OF THE CIRCUS (THE). Being the Memories and Adventures of George Conklin. Set Down by Harvey W. Root. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, New York.

This volume contains many entertaining reminiscences of the forty years of Mr. Conklin's life spent in the circus world.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY HUMAN MACHINE AND INDUSTRIAL EFFICIENCY (THE). By Frederic S. Lee, Ph.D., LL.D. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

As Dr. Lee says, scientific management is to be highly commended for what it has accomplished in organizing the administration of industry and in improving the material equipment with which industry works. But in its dealings with the human machine it falls far short of an ideal. And yet any activity in which the human body plays as large a part as it does in industry should, as this author believes, be organized on a physiological basis if the highest degree of efficiency is to

be secured. To the qualifications of the human machine, however, the manager of industry usually does not pay much preliminary attention; he hires labor with but little previous examination. We learn from this very suggestive volume how such a method imposes both upon the quantity and quality of the manufactured product the possibility of failure.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

AMERICA TRIUMPHANT UNDER GOD AND HIS CHRIST. By Kitty Cheatham. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The author of this little book is widely known both in this country and in Europe as an interpreter of songs of childhood. She is more successful as a singer than as a metaphysician. Indeed, we doubt whether this little volume, which is a plea for the application of the metaphysical ideals of Christian Science to government and social life, will be wholly welcomed by even the most loyal of Christian Scientists, for it is enthusiastic to the point of extravagance. The many tributes which Miss Cheatham pays to Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson will adequately explain to Christian Scientists why this fine-spirited but not very judicious piece of special pleading does not bear the imprint of the Christian Science organization, but is published through ordinary trade channels.

WAR BOOKS

OUR AIR FORCE. By William Mitchell. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

General Mitchell presents in this book a timely appeal to Americans to organize an efficient aviation force. He tells how it should be done and how we are failing to do it. The book should rouse every patriotic reader to energetic effort.

YANKEE MINING SQUAD (THE); or, LAYING THE NORTH SEA MINE BARRAGE. By Captain Reginald R. Belknap, U. S. N. The United States Naval Institute, Annapolis.

The laying of the North Sea mine barrage marked an epoch in the use of submarine mines. Here we have an account of this and some other great accomplishments in the war. Mere technical details are suppressed in this book by the commander of the squadron which laid the North Sea barrage. Those who have traveled by the coast passenger steamer Massachusetts between Boston and New York will be interested in knowing that this fine boat was transformed into the twenty-knot mine-layer Shawmut.

SPORT AND ATHLETICS

INTER-ALLIED GAMES (THE). PARIS, 22D JUNE TO 6TH JULY, 1919. Published by the Games Committee.

Members of the A. E. F. will like this book for the memories of the Pershing Stadium which it will revive; American athletes of all classes will be interested in the careful descriptions of events and participants; and even the general reader, who may be inclined to skip accounts of athletic meets, will find interest in the numerous pictures and the descriptions of the background of the Inter-Allied games.

THE EDITORS' MAIL BAG

OSWEGATCHIE'S DISTINCTION

A FEW years ago a beautiful grove of hard and soft woods, many of giant stature, several acres in extent and situated on the Oswegatchie River about five miles from the city of Ogdensburg, was sold to a couple of woodsmen, who were about to "lumber the tract" and leave a barren waste. Regret was expressed up and down the countryside and four public-spirited citizens of the town of Oswegatchie "bought off" the woodsmen by paying a handsome profit over their purchase. At next town-meeting day the property was offered to the town for its exact cost, with the understanding that it was to be forever used as a pleasure-ground for the townspeople. The proposition was voted almost unanimously, and, if I am correctly informed, the town of Oswegatchie has the distinction of being the only township in the State of New York which owns and supports a public park.

It has been a great success. The cost of upkeep is trifling, and thousands of citizens of the town visit it every year for rest and recreation. The action of this township in northern New York is worth copying, for there are natural beauty spots all over the State, and the trees thus saved will stretch their branches heavenward in stately though mute thankfulness that they have been spared to shelter mankind and offer comradeship to those who find a delight in communion with nature.

JOHN C. HOWARD.

Ogdensburg, New York.

CAN A DEMOCRAT PULL IN A REPUBLICAN TEAM?

IN your issue of January 26, on an editorial page, sound principles of Cabinet making are laid down; and in another column Nicholas Roosevelt in somewhat dictatorial language lays out part of a Cabinet framework.

Without question the Republican party is divided on several issues, and President-elect Harding has no easy task before him in forming a Cabinet that will do successful team-work. He needs the qualifications of the driver of the traditional twenty-mule team hauling borax rather than the nice tools of the maker of fine furniture.

If, as Mr. Roosevelt seems to prescribe, the Cabinet is made up of a representative from each of the factions which, although as yet unexpressed and unorganized, really constitute our party, it will require the highest grade of professional mule-skinner to make its members pull together.

The importance of team-work, as stated in the editorial referred to, must be recognized and put before every other consideration. For two years lack of team-work in our Government at Wash-

"THERE
IS
NO
NEED
FOR
ME
TO
DETAIL
EVERY
INCIDENT"

"WESTWARD
HO"

ington has disgraced this country at home and abroad, to the disgust of all thoughtful people. It is hoped that different results will follow from the late election.

As a suggestion that I have not so far seen, what does The Outlook think of Robert Lansing for Secretary of State?

J. P. SNOW.

Boston, Massachusetts.

INVITATION RESPECTFULLY DECLINED WITH THANKS

ONE of my best friends (?)

Cuts out your write up,

Which to me he sends,

On "Li'l Old New York"—Jan. 19, I mean,

Where you take a slam at our prize-fight scene.

Understan' I ain't sore, and this ain't no kick,

But I can't, on me oath, get an editor hick

Like yourself, who says, Houck and me is flukes

And that we don't know how "to put up our dukes."

Sam Forrest, Glendinning, and me, we all dug

Down in books, and in prints, and then got a pug,

Who's father's father's father at school, Had learned the dope on LONDON PRIZE RILE.

We rehearsed every pass, every stand, every pose,

And thought we was right. We didn't suppose

There was a man livin' so wise and who knew

How they fought then

Back in 1810,
But it seems, Gov., it seems that you do.

You say you *can* see how when eight times a week

We mix it up easy and play hide and seek—

Well, this is an invite, but I've got a hunch

You'll refuse to be target for Tommy's pet punch.

But, if you are game, you can pinch hit for me

Just once, and I think when you stop one you'll see

That mixed with the laughs there's a couple of groans,

And this writer's acquainted with iodine —Sloan's—

And arnica.

(NOTE: Read ads for aches and pains.)

It looks like a joke to the fellow that sits

Out in front, but not to the bird that "gits"

The clout and the fall.

And it ain't on the level for to roast and abuse

The gink that's doin' his best to amuse, That's me burden—that's all.

If that fight

Ain't right

Show us how—be a sport—er—

Withdraw your wise cracks.

Respectfully,

PAUL PORTER,

"Bully Boy Brewster."

New York City.

IDEALS AND FAITH UNDER LOCK AND KEY

I WANT to congratulate Dr. Abbott on his broad-mindedness as expressed in his article "Free Thought," in the February 2 number of The Outlook.

I trust his correspondents who took him to task for inserting the Ingersoll advertisement are wiser and less dogmatic than they were a week ago.

Any person who gets his information on any subject from a negative source is bound to be misinformed; so I have felt perfectly justified in reading any author who through his knowledge and force of character commanded a large audience.

I have always felt that, if my ideals and faith were not safe unless under the lock and key of some censor, it didn't make much difference whether I retained them or not. I feel the same way regarding our Government, our courts, our business principles—that if they cannot stand under the spot-light of honest criticism without cringing and crying for help there is something wrong somewhere, and any one who is afraid to read Ingersoll, Lenine, or any of the so-called radicals, whether on economic or religious subjects, hasn't very much faith to lose.

H. N. BARTLETT.

Wilkesburg, Pennsylvania.

THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY¹

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

The Frenchness of the French

HAS France made any unique contributions to civilization? If so, what are they? Has the United States made any original contributions to civilization? If so, compare them with the French.

On another page of this issue Miss Hemming tells us that France is not a country of promise, that there are "no dazzling promises for the future" for France, and that there are few real opportunities for even the ambitious in France. Has this been your impression of France?

If the writer has described France accurately, how is such a state of affairs to be accounted for?

Do you think America will ultimately become what Miss Hemming maintains France now is, or are you of the opinion that the United States will ever remain ambitious and continue to afford great possibilities of achievement for her citizens?

The writer of this article characterizes the American people as obsessed of the idea "that the almighty dollar is the chief end of man." This, we are told, is rather a common opinion in Europe about America. Could you prove that this is not the dominant American aim?

Do you think that the sending of public men of note unofficially from one country to another, as is true of a few nations now in a limited way, should be extensively and officially adopted by all nations? What reasons can you advance for your answer? Would you be willing to have our Federal Government spend considerable money for this purpose? Could you name four or five Americans who are specially qualified for such a mission?

Define the following: *Banalities, paradox, preoccupied, obsessed, fungus, histrionic, insatiable, innate, vender, naïveté, coterie, paradoxical, monstrosity, feudalism, proverbially.*

If you have not done so already, you certainly should read "American Ideals, Character, and Life," by H. W. Mabie (Macmillan). The following books are also of particular value for the study of this topic: "A Short History of France," by Mary Duclaux (Putnam); "Contemporary French Politics," by R. L. Buell (Appleton); "French Foreign Policy," by G. H. Stewart (Century).

Barrett Wendell

On another page of this issue The Outlook, in commenting upon Barrett Wendell and his work, speaks of the function of universities. Are the three phases of this function which are mentioned of equal importance? Discuss your answer.

¹ These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—The Editors.

What are the characteristics of a first-class teacher?

Should the attitude of the teacher toward his pupils be any different outside of the class-room from that within it?

Are all the students of a given school or college generally taught in about the same way? Should they be?

Can you think of any real improvements that could be made in your school or university?

Was education made for man or was man made for education? What is the difference between these two conceptions of education? From what The Outlook says, which of these two views do you think Barrett Wendell held? Which of the two has generally prevailed in the past? Which should prevail?

Is the work of the teacher appreciated as highly as it ought to be? What facts have you to back up your answer?

Industrial Government in Rochester

For what reasons are strikes and lock-outs unsatisfactory methods of settling industrial disputes?

What are your reasons for believing or not believing that an industrial court, such as is in operation at Rochester, could be instituted and successfully operated in all of our industrial plants?

What points in the agreement between the Rochester clothing manufacturers and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers impress you as being particularly reasonable and constructive?

Should the workers who invest their labor in their industries have just as much to say about the general conduct of those industries as the people who invest their money in them?

What are the points at issue between the New York clothing manufacturers and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of that city? Would or would it not be a good thing if the New York manufacturers should succeed in destroying the clothing workers' union?

There are many workers who believe that all the product of labor belongs to the laborers. Can you show wherein such people are decidedly wrong in their economic reasoning?

Define accurately the following expressions: *Extenuating circumstances, normalcy, scientific management, financial crisis, salutary.*

A valuable new book dealing with the problem of managing labor is that entitled "Human Engineering," by Eugene Wera (Appleton); "The Economics of Progress," by J. M. Robertson (Dutton), is a book that will prove of great benefit to sane economic thinking. Have you yet read "A Short History of the American Labor Movement," by Mary Beard (Harcourt, Brace & Howe)? "The Six-Hour Shift and Industrial Efficiency" (Holt) is a good book to read in connection with this topic.

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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY



SYDNEY GREENBIE is an expert on Far Eastern affairs. He spent six years on various shores of the Pacific, including China, studying the interrelations of the people of the Pacific. He has been on the editorial staff of the Japan "Chronicle" and of "Asia." He is the author of "Japan, Real and Imaginary," an excellent critical study, reviewed last June in The Outlook. A second book by him on the peoples and problems of the Pacific is now in press. He made a special study of the Consortium and of the relations of American finance to China for the World's Work." He contributed to the Outlook for July 30, 1919, an article on "Japan's Gains from the War."

UCIA E. LYONS was born in Detroit, but was taken to Hawaii as a child, where her father had been born in one of the early missionary homes. She was later appointed a missionary of the American Board and asked to be sent to China. She spent seven years in the province of Shantung, on the great plain of North China, where she had charge of a girl's boarding-school in a country village, and became thoroughly familiar with the peasant life of the Chinese. She is again in America and lives in Detroit.

MORIS HEMMING, whose illuminating discussion of French character appears in this issue, is a member of the American newspaper colony in Paris. He was formerly on the editorial staff of the Montreal "Star." One critic who has read her "Le Français Inconnu" declares that he does not remember anything except Brownell's "French Traits" that has the same power of analysis of French.

AUL BLANSHARD writes from Rochester, New York. He is identified with the Rochester Joint Board of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America.

HENRY HOYT MOORE, whose camera study of the gargoyles of Notre Dame Cathedral, in Paris, appears on the cover of this issue, has traveled extensively in France, England, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, and Switzerland. He is art manager of The Outlook.

Although born in Iowa, Moore has lived in New York since the age of five. He is in this picture pointing his camera at a corner, and taking his picture before it.



On the Basis of Facts

The life of our country is built around its Public Utilities. Our social, industrial and Government activities could not exist today without the continued operation of their indispensable services.

That such services may be extended and developed to be of the greatest use to the greatest number, the Federal Government and practically all the states have appointed Public Service Commissioners as permanent tribunals to regulate public utilities with fairness to all concerned.

Facts as to the past and studies as to the future, the Bell Companies find are essential to the proper management and development of their business. This information is open to study by these Commissioners and through them by the public generally.

The solution of the problem of building up and maintaining the public utilities, which is of the greatest importance to the people of this country, is assured whenever all the facts are known and given their due weight.



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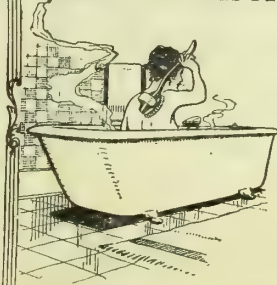
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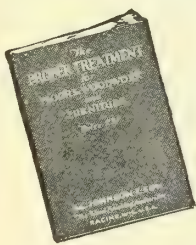
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THE INAUGURATION BIBL

UNLESS President-elect Harding desires otherwise, he will take the oath of office as President of the United States upon a Bible provided for that purpose by Mr. James D. Maher, clerk of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The custom of the clerk of the Supreme Court providing the inaugural Bible goes far back into American history, and with a very few exceptions the Book upon which the President takes his oath has been furnished by that official. President Cleveland was one of the later-day exceptions, being sworn in upon a Bible which had belonged to his mother. This was at Mr. Cleveland's own request, and was a tribute to his mother's memory. Another exception of even more recent date was President Wilson, who took the oath as President upon the same Bible used in his inauguration as Governor of New Jersey. In connection with Mr. Wilson's last inauguration it is not generally known that he was sworn in twice—once informally on March 4, which fell upon Sunday, and again publicly at the regular inaugural ceremonies, on Monday, March 5. The same procedure was followed in the case of the inauguration of President Hayes. In this instance the double ceremony was performed to guard against any irregularity, as it was feared there might be a move on the part of the defeated candidate, Samuel J. Tilden, to have Mr. Hayes's inauguration declared illegal.

The clerk of the Supreme Court holds the Bible during the inaugural ceremonies, and carefully notes for future reference the verses upon which the new President's lips touch when he kisses the Book. After the President has been sworn in the Bible is inscribed by the Chief Justice of the United States, and his signature is attested by the clerk of the Court, after which it has been the custom for the clerk of the Court to deliver the Book to the wife of the President.

Clerk of the Supreme Court Maher has already procured the Bible upon which Mr. Harding, unless he arrange otherwise, will take the oath. It is a handsome black leather bound Oxford edition of the King James's Bible. After being suitably inscribed and attested, the Book will then be delivered by Mr. Maher to Mrs. Harding.

R. HATTON.

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Once in many generations a man is born in whom burns the fire of heaven—the world calls such a man a genius. He flames into the world like a meteor. The heaven-given fire is his and urges him on. Of such was O. Henry. He has the vision of the seer. He sees into the hearts of men as though they were cased in glass.

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in them as in ten different authors. Each and every one of his stories is new and different—each with a new beginning—a new plot—a new and always unexpected ending—and so human—so full of humor and understanding—of laughter and tears.

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE USEFUL DOLLAR

IF a group of one hundred Americans were asked to define their notion of what money is for, what would be the majority of the answers? If Americans are as most Europeans seem to consider them, the almost unanimous reply would be, "To spend." A thrifty Frenchman made the statement a few years ago that the United States would never attain its full possibilities of development until the American people realized that twenty-five cents is money. There is food for thought here. Few of us think that so small a sum is worth saving; only the rare individual considers a dollar as anything but a piece of paper

which must be exchanged as speedily as possible for something else. How many people still buy War Savings Stamps? How many people have bought any since the armistice was signed? The American trait of spending shocked the Frenchman, whose countrymen are known the world over for their thrift. Some ten years ago one of our big railway corporations sold an issue of bonds in France, the interest and the principal payable in francs. The evening before the subscription books opened a line of people formed outside the offices, a line so long that it extended down into the street and around the corner; these

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put in their applications for bonds when the books opened. And many of them were buying hundred-franc (\$20) bonds. Did you ever hear of people standing in line all night in this country unless they wanted to see a baseball game? Another Frenchman of our acquaintance once told us that all his life he had made it a rule to save one-half his income every year, no matter what its size. Did you ever hear of an American doing such a thing? This Frenchman was able to retire at the age of forty-five. His savings had never been large at any one time, but they had been steady, and that is what counts.

Any one with a slight knowledge of arithmetic can soon figure out what savings of twenty-five dollars a month would amount to at the end of ten or fifteen or twenty years, compound interest calculated at 5 or 6 per cent. Independence is not to be gained only as the result of some big "killing." The pot of gold at the end of the financial rainbow is alluring but elusive and is not usually found by accident, but most often by the man who exercises thrift, who saves his money regularly, who is conservative, who, in the words of the old saying, pays attention to the dimes and lets the dollars take care of themselves. The man with a bank account and an income derived from investments can look the world in the face, unafraid. He is his own master, he is independent, and the benefits flowing to him from this state are immeasurable. His dollars are useful to him not only as media of exchange, but they are a safeguard for his old age, a protection against want and, what is still worse, charity. What is more, invested dollars are as useful to the world in general as they are to the individual who owns them. Every investor is a public benefactor.

A company which finds its business growing and requires additional facilities to manufacture its product goes to the bankers and arranges for a bond issue or a sale of stock, the proceeds to furnish capital for the desired improvements. Those who buy the bonds or the shares of stock are the ones who supply the capital, and more and more those in search of it are looking to the great general public rather than to a small group of rich men, as used to be the case years ago. Progress is dependent to a large degree upon capital. Capital supplies the means with which to build railways, dam rivers, erect power-houses, manufacture goods, and obtain raw materials; with capital new enterprises can be undertaken, work supplied for men and women, and production made possible. Production is the basis of all wealth. Money in itself is worth nothing; only when it can be exchanged for goods does it acquire value, and only the nation which produces the goods which the world requires is wealthy. Mexico, potentially one of the richest countries in the world, is in reality poor because of lack of production. Due to her changing and unstable governments, her credit with other nations has been destroyed and she cannot find the money to develop her vast resources. If it were possible for her to convince the remainder of the world that she was rough with revolutions and was going

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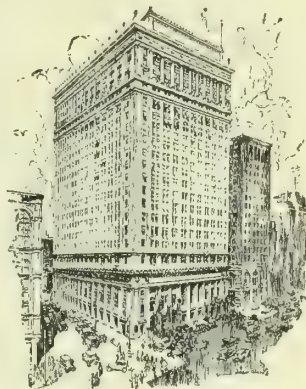
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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

to encourage and protect industry, capital would pour in to her, great enterprises would start up in all corners of her domain, work would be provided for her people, and they could quickly change from half-starved, ignorant peons into prosperous, well-fed, happy people. In the United States production is not held back through lack of a stable government; our industrial growth and expansion are determined by the people themselves—you and your neighbor. If all of us will save part of what we get and invest it in worth-while enterprises, we shall go ahead by leaps and bounds. Saving and investing on the part of the individual is comparable to the practice of well-run business concerns of always putting a portion of the year's earnings back into the industry. This provides capital for expansion and a surplus for the rainy day; and if it is wise and prudent for a business concern to do this, why not for an individual?

When a man buys bonds, he makes a contribution to the prosperity of the world. He is providing work, the fruits of which add to the resources of civilization, raise the standard of the world's living, and add to the sum of its comforts and pleasures. Invested dollars mean that business can be increased and production made greater. Greater production means that the wants of the world can be better satisfied. Now the wants of the world are almost limitless, and in order to satisfy them work must be done and goods produced. Before work can be done capital must be furnished. During the war production reached a high point, but savings were at a minimum; it availed the world little to turn out a great quantity of goods and materials and then destroy them as soon as they were finished. It was like a man earning \$10,000 a year from his business and then throwing \$10,000 away instead of putting it to work again. It is one thing to earn money, and another to dispose of it intelligently. Earnings are the fruit of production, savings the result of thrift. Dollars earned reach their full possibilities of usefulness only if they are invested properly, whether in goods or in securities. Dollars invested earn additional dollars not only for the investor, but for countless other people, and presently they too are enabled to invest, and then still others are benefited—an endless chain. Money makes money. A dollar is one of the most useful things in the world if regarded in the proper light, not merely as the means of gratifying some personal desire, but as a stimulus to production. The statement has often been made that Mr. Carnegie did more for the world when he was making his money than when he was giving it away. His libraries of course are monuments to generosity and far-sightedness and will afford pleasure and profit to people for generations to come; but when Mr. Carnegie was in active business he was furnishing employment to thousands of men, and thousands of families were living on the dollars earned in his business; the dollars they got were being

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THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

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spent for food, clothing, rent, and the other necessities of life, and indirectly benefited untold thousands of other people. Mr. Carnegie made millions himself, but his profits were extremely small compared with the profits accruing to mankind as a result of his brains and industry. And what he did, a big capitalist, every one else can do in less degree—put his dollars into productive enterprises, reap a reward for himself and make it possible for many others to get rewards too. Idle dollars are no good to anybody; but is there anything more useful than dollars if they are put to work?

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

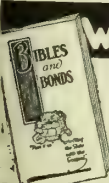
Q. Please give me the date of incorporation of the American Cyanamid Company, the funded debt, the rate of the preferred dividend, and yield of this stock at present prices. Also earnings for the last fiscal year, showing total sales as compared with the year previous.

A. The American Cyanamid Company was incorporated July 22, 1907, in the State of Maine. It has no funded debt; preferred stock is cumulative and outstanding to the amount of \$5,595,000. Dividends are at the rate of 6 per cent a year. Total sales for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1920, were \$8,684,085, as against \$6,205,386 for the preceding twelve months, and the percentage earned on the preferred stock was 19.09, compared with 13.12 for 1918-19. At its present market price this stock yields about 10.80 per cent.

Q. Please give me some information about the preferred stock of the American Tobacco Company. What has been the annual average earned on this stock in the past few years?

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BY THE WAY

A NEW YORK firm of furriers prints on its card "Established 1743." A furniture dealer says "Established 1807." The Caslon Type Foundry of London recently celebrated the 200th anniversary of its existence; it can still supply the fonts cut by William Caslon, the original founder of the firm. Are there any "going" businesses older than these?

An insurance company, according to a nautical magazine, refused to pay a policy on a British vessel, the Hydra, which disappeared in 1917, on the ground that there was no proof forthcoming that the ship had been lost by war risks. Unexpected proof of the vessel's fate has recently been furnished, in the shape of a photograph taken by one of the occupants of a German submarine at the moment the vessel was sunk. This picture supplied the necessary evidence, and the insurance company, it is stated, has been required to pay the amount claimed.

A New York City advertiser who believes that a partner should work begins his offer thus: "Wanted—A Business Associate with \$25,000. Not A CHAIR WARMER." The man must be "a live wire that is full of pep." Just how a wire can be surcharged with pepper is not explained.

"The sad level to which our need of teachers has reduced us," a subscriber writes, "is indicated by this letter recently received by an agency from a teacher who wants a position. She says: 'I took the Latin Course. Later dropped Latin and took Ancient Mid-Evil and Modern History.'"

"An original lumberjack in one of the forests of California," a reader says, "has discovered a new form of entertainment for lonesome woodsmen. There were many playful chipmunks around his hut, and he rigged up some greased poles for them to climb. These were smooth, round sticks about half an inch in diameter and four or five feet long driven in a log or in the ground. The upper ends were sharpened and a piece of meat or bread stuck on. The poles were then greased until they were nice and slippery. Those who have seen it say it is better than a circus to watch the chipmunks try to climb to the food on top and slide back down the slippery poles. After several unsuccessful attempts, the smart ones would roll around in the dirt and then try it over again. If they didn't succeed, they would receive a morsel, anyway, for the fun they had caused." Do chipmunks climb?

"The epigrams of famous men which you quote," a subscriber writes, "ought to include Goethe's words, 'More light,' Galileo's 'It [the world] moves nevertheless,' and perhaps, as a companion piece, Brother Jasper's 'De sun do move,' Horace Greeley's 'Go West, young man,' Lincoln's 'A house divided against itself cannot stand,' Andrew Jackson's 'Our

Federal Union—it must be preserved; Wendell Phillips's 'One on God's side is a majority,' in apposition to Napoleon's 'God is on the side of the strongest battalions; Mark Twain's 'Reports of my death are greatly exaggerated; Herbert Spencer's 'Survival of the fittest; Perry's, 'We have met the enemy and they are ours; and, of especial note for young Americans, Davy Crockett's 'Be sure you're right, then go ahead.'"

The complexities of the English language, says the "Spectator," "are illustrated by the message sent by a bridal pair, who, after arriving at a fashionable hotel, hired a boat and went out for a short excursion on the lake on which it was situated. The bridegroom wrote to the bride's mother on a postcard: "Arrived safely. Grand row after supper." "Oh dear," cried the mother when she read it; "they've quarreled already!"

There's many a slip between catching a lawbreaker and convicting him, according to the experience of Thomas E. Pratt, chief special agent of a great Western railway. "When a detective employed by a railway catches a thief in the act and arrests him," said Mr. Pratt before a shoe dealers' convention, "it is well-nigh impossible to bring about his conviction, for the simple reason that most shippers fail to keep records that will enable them to identify their shipments. If shippers would show the lining numbers of shoes on invoices, then identification could be established and no lawbreaker could escape. Court proceedings require positive identification to show that the shipment was in possession of the carrier and that the shoes recovered were the same shoes that were shipped." Much freight is lost *en route* in this way, it is said, and the guilty men escape to continue their misdeeds.

Attempts of foreigners to write English are often amusing. In the following letter recently received by a New York trade journal from a South American inquirer, the genders seem to have been one of the unsolved difficulties encountered:

I beg please excuse me if I permit me call your attention. Reading in a Chilian review, I have had the pleasure to find me with an article where it does reference to your magazine. In spite than I don't know your publication, it has interested me, and should have very pleasure to subscribe me to her. Therefore I request, Sirs, please tell me the terms of your magazine, and if possible, should thank please send me together a copy to know him firstly.

Awaiting the pleasure of your esteemed reply, I am, Sirs,
Yours very truly,

The "Scalper" offers this skit on a prevailing fashion:

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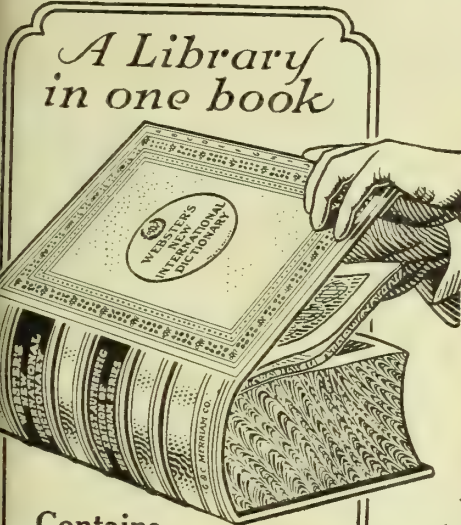
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Balance Sheet, January 1, 1921

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Real Estate.....	\$8,407,481.00	Policy Reserve.....	\$759,017,764.00
Loans on Mortgages.....	164,796,225.60	Other Policy Liabilities.....	26,552,728.70
Loans on Policies.....	147,499,247.07	Premiums, Interest & Rentals prepaid.....	4,233,320.00
Loans on Collateral.....	6,565,500.00	Taxes, Salaries, Rentals, Accounts, etc.....	7,270,905.80
Liberty Bonds and Victory Notes.....	109,722,115.37	Additional Reserves.....	6,733,983.60
Government, State, County and Municipal Bonds.....	141,539,552.50	Dividends payable in 1921.....	37,446,654.80
Railroad Bonds.....	343,293,117.30	Reserve for Deferred Dividends.....	76,176,646.00
Miscellaneous Bonds & Stock.....	8,416,460.10	Reserves, special or surplus funds not included above.....	49,232,393.90
Cash.....	10,574,203.04		
Uncollected and Deferred Premiums.....	13,711,710.24		
Interest and Rents due and accrued.....	12,087,598.25		
Other Assets.....	51,186.72		
Total.....	\$966,664,397.19	Total.....	\$966,664,397.19

During 1920 the Company Paid

To Beneficiaries	\$35,453,758.67
To Living Policy-Holders	79,395,838.63
Total Policy Payments	\$114,849,597.30

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\$37,446,654.87

were authorized by the Directors and will be paid in 1921.

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The Outlook

MARCH 2, 1921

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION'S SECRETARY OF STATE

OF the Cabinet of President Harding, whose Administration begins this week, the office to which an appointment was first officially announced was appropriately that of Secretary of State.

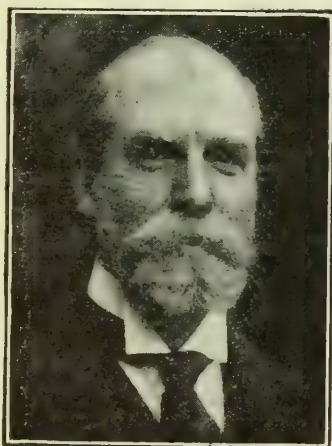
In recent years the conduct of foreign affairs has proved of utmost concern to every household in the Nation, and in the years immediately ahead of us there will be further proof that the Department over which the Secretary of State presides has in its keeping the welfare of the Nation as no other department has. Moreover, in one sense the Secretary of State is a second Vice-President. He is the assistant conductor of the Governmental orchestra, the vice-chairman of the Governmental Board of Directors. For this, one of the most important governmental positions of the world, far exceeding in power and influence many a throne, Mr. Harding has selected one of the most eminent of American public men, Charles Evans Hughes.

There are few men in American public life as well known in the United States or better known abroad than he. He has been Governor of the most populous and the richest of the States, New York; he has been a Justice of the United States Supreme Court; he has been a candidate of one of the two principal parties for the Presidency and was barely defeated; he has been one of the Nationally acknowledged leaders of the American bar; he has been an investigator whose great legal ability, intelligence, and fearlessness have made him the reliance of friends of honesty in government and business and a terror to crooks and self-seeking politicians and incompetent officials, from the time of the insurance investigation over fifteen years ago to the investigation during the war into the aircraft situation.

Politically he has made enemies. Some of them, including Mr. Hearst, whose attacks upon him assisted greatly in early establishing his reputation, are to his credit. He has many admirers, but his career has not been such as to create for him a large body of political friends and adherents. The fact that he left the Governorship of New York in the midst of a political fight in order to take his seat upon the Supreme Bench, not to leave it again until he emerged as a Presidential candidate, saved him alike

from political animosities and political attachments. His Presidential candidacy was so nearly successful as to leave him with a considerable political prestige. In the factional or party sense he has not been a Progressive, but he has been identified with distinctly progressive measures.

He has been a severe critic of certain features of the Wilson Administration, and in particular of certain features of the League of Nations as Mr. Wilson advocated it. On the other hand, he is



CHARLES E. HUGHES

not opposed to a League in principle and is strongly an advocate of establishing and developing international relations on the basis of the law.

The selection of Mr. Hughes as Secretary of State will be generally recognized, we believe, as appropriate. He comes to the office with an international reputation and with a great and invaluable measure of public respect. He will encounter the opposition and distrust of some of those, like Senator Johnson, who have been identified with the Progressive wing of the Republican party, because he has disappointed them as a politician and because they have felt that he was too friendly to the ideal of the League of Nations. His success in the Department of State, however, will depend less upon his ability to reconcile his political opponents than upon his ability to work with his chief and with his associates. Circumstances and events are offering him the opportunity of becoming one of the greatest American Secretaries of State.

MR. BRYAN'S OPINIONS

THE views of Mr. William Jennings Bryan are sometimes purely his own and sometimes they reflect widely

held opinions, especially in the Middle West.

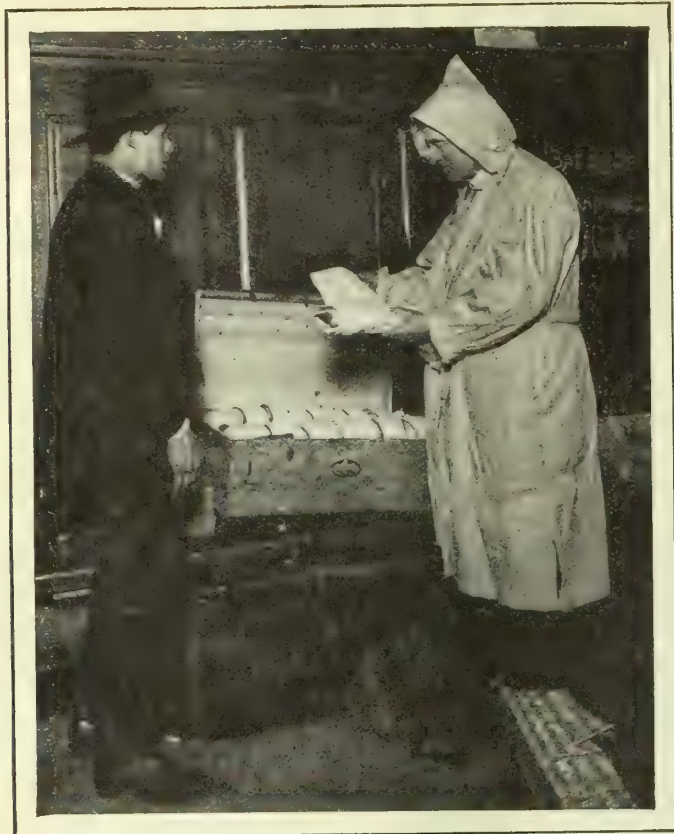
Mr. Bryan has just issued a statement outlining his suggestions for a National legislative programme for the proposed reorganization of the Democratic party. The programme contains twenty-two planks.

Some of them will meet with little, if any, opposition; as, for instance, the arbitration of international disputes, the inauguration of a new President and the assembling of a new Congress in the January following the November elections; the fearless enforcement of the Prohibition Amendment; riddance to the profiteer; a liberal provision for the soldiers and sailors who made sacrifices in the world war; official investigation of labor disputes; the prohibition of gambling in foodstuffs; the reorganization of the executive departments at Washington; and a reduction of taxes, showing consideration for those least able to pay. Most of these, however, are nothing more than pious wishes. Nobody advocates profiteering, for example, or gambling in foodstuffs. It is not enough to denounce an abuse; it is necessary to define it, if it is to be abolished, and then provide a practicable and reasonable measure to bring it to an end without creating greater evils in the process.

On the other hand, most people will, we think, oppose some of the planks—for instance, Mr. Bryan's denunciation of military training in time of peace, his upholding of the excess profits tax, his opposition to a sales tax, and the repetition of his plea for a guaranty of bank deposits.

Some of the planks are at least questionable, such as those providing for a formal assembly to do something which probably can best be done informally, namely, to discuss disarmament; those providing for a National bulletin "under the fair and equitable control of the two leading parties to furnish information as to political issues;" and for all necessary monopolies to be taken over by the National, State, and municipal Governments.

Two of Mr. Bryan's political and three of his financial planks are at this moment causing considerable discussion among members of Congress—the planks providing for a National primary election law and for absentee voting by mail, also the planks favoring Federal action to maintain the price of Liberty Bonds at par, the insistence that



Paul Thompson

INSPECTING AN IMMIGRANT'S BAGGAGE IN THE SEARCH
FOR POSSIBLE TYPHUS CARRIERS

the Federal Reserve Banking law "must not be used to squeeze the debtor by deflation processes," and the extension of the Farm Loan Bank Law.

FIGHTING TYPHUS FEVER

THE best-informed medical and sanitary experts believe that there is no danger of an epidemic of typhus fever in this country. This belief is founded on the assumption that thorough precautions are taken, first to keep it out altogether, if possible, and, secondly, to guard against centers of infection wherever a few sporadic cases may spring up.

Typhus, as most people know, is a disease communicable almost solely, if not solely, through body lice. It becomes epidemic under conditions of starvation, filth, and physical exhaustion. It is therefore almost certain to become epidemic in countries ravaged by war and reduced by lack of food to a poverty-stricken condition rendering proper sanitation and health measures impossible.

A comparatively few cases of typhus have been brought to this country from Trieste and other Adriatic ports. The long voyage makes it possible to identify the disease positively, and therefore to quarantine and isolate, when necessary, all immigrants who have been exposed

to the contagion. With thorough cleansing measures and after continued examination, it seems certain that the spread of infection can under the conditions existing in this country be fully prevented. A very few deaths and a small number of cases have been reported in New York State, and a few cases in the States of Connecticut and Pennsylvania.

Dr. Copeland, the Health Commissioner of New York, appealed at once to the Washington authorities for co-operation. That he certainly should have; National, State, and municipal health and police authorities should work together with the utmost vigilance and in unanimity. Dr. Copeland has charged laxity at Ellis Island and at Boston and other ports, and has stopped immigrants who have been forwarded by rail still infested with vermin. The task of examining, cleaning, and watching many hundreds of immigrants is enormous and space and facilities must be increased.

There is no such menace from typhus as we used to fear in the past from yellow fever and cholera. The nature of the disease and the advance of medical science in dealing with it make it highly improbable that there will be a disastrous epidemic. There is no cause for alarm, much less for panic. There is every reason for thorough measures of protection and watchfulness.

A MYSTERIOUS DISEASE

THERE is more mystery than cause for alarm in the so-called sleeping sickness, or *encephalitis lethargica*, as the doctors call it. It is true that there have been some scores of cases of this disease, or at least cases which were so classified locally, during the winter. In New York City, for instance, the Health Department registered one hundred and eighty-seven cases and forty-eight deaths between January 1 and February 15. Elsewhere, both in the East and the Middle West, a comparatively few cases have been reported here and there. There has been nothing, however, that can be called an epidemic, and physicians generally do not seem to anticipate an epidemic.

Dr. Scherechewsky, Assistant Surgeon-General of the Federal Public Health Service, is reported as saying that the danger of having sleeping sickness and dying of it is only about one in one hundred as compared with pneumonia, and it is far less communicable than pneumonia, so that there is really no cause for general alarm.

What is known positively about the disease is that it appears only in the colder months of the year and that it has nothing whatever to do with the tropical disease called sleeping sickness, which is propagated by the bite of the South African tsetse fly. Dr. Simon Flexner, who is an authority on the disease, has stated in a printed paper that the sleeping sickness in this country can be traced indirectly to an epidemic in Vienna five years ago. For some time physicians were inclined to ascribe the cause of the disease to that form of food poisoning known as *botulism*. This theory has now been discarded. Dr. Flexner believes that the cause is quite independent of diet and that "it is probably of a microbic origin and of a communicable nature." Other authorities agree in this and declare that it is a nose and throat disease; naturally, therefore, appearing in winter. It is not contagious in the ordinary sense, as is shown by the fact that it is a very rare thing indeed for more than one case to occur in one family.

The precautions recommended are those which are generally applicable to careful health preservation in winter-time, such as being in the open air a good deal, keeping away so far as possible from persons with colds, dressing warmly, and avoiding crowds and bad ventilation.

The disease derives its common name from the fact that the person affected falls into a condition of drowsiness and sometimes remains asleep or in a semi-comatose condition for days at a time, falling asleep sometimes in the midst of

FOOD, DRINK, AND ECONOMY

CARTOONS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

Ctale in the Los Angeles Daily Times



DO WE HEAR A HORSE LAUGH?

From H. F. Clark, Los Angeles, Cal.

Cheney in the London Weekly Dispatch



THE SPOIL-SPORT

Youth: "Drat the girl! She's gone and brought her mother with her."

From Mrs. Daniel Child, Stanford Bridge, Worcester, England

Knott in the Dallas Morning News



THE CAT WITH 9,000 LIVES IS DROWNED AGAIN

From Major I. J. Nichol, Dallas, Texas

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



IT'S A TOUGH JOB, EVEN FOR AN ELEPHANT, WHEN THE WEEDS GET A BIG START!

his work or even at meal times. It must always be remembered that where mystery and peculiar conditions like those of this sickness exist there is a great tendency to exaggerate its extent. Unless present indications and the opinion of the medical authorities are entirely mistaken, it is extremely improbable that there will be a dangerous and destructive epidemic.

NORTH DAKOTA NEAR THE ROCKS

FINANCIALLY, the State of North Dakota seems near the rocks. South Dakota bonds are selling at a premium, but North Dakota cannot borrow even at a far higher rate of interest. The reason is found in the breakdown of the State Bank of North Dakota, a concern established by the Non-Partisan League on gaining complete political control of the State. The bank is owned by the State, and is empowered to be the depository of State, county, municipal, and school district funds and to make loans.

The results of the elections on November 2, 1920, showed a change in public sentiment adverse to the League. Two measures proposed by its opponents were adopted. The first restricted the domain of operations hitherto granted to the bank, confining it to rural credits and making impossible the financing of various industrial projects which were the League's chief reason of being—the establishment and operation by the State of grain elevators and flour mills, and even the building of residences. The second measure repealed the legal requirement which the Non-Partisan League had succeeded in getting adopted, that all the State's political subdivisions should deposit their funds with the banks. Before the Bank of North Dakota was established these funds were generally kept in the home banks.

Moreover, A. C. Townley, the head of the League, has now been defeated in control of it by his very active lieutenant, William Lemke, Attorney-General of the State. The League's opponents are demanding a recall election to unseat Lemke, and also Governor Frazier, the remaining member of the powerful triumvirate, and also to provide for the deposit of public moneys in private banks, thus taking such moneys from the Bank of North Dakota and automatically forcing its liquidation. On the other hand, the bank appeals to the citizens to support its programme of freeing the farmers "from the iron grip of the exploiters."

At the present time, just as during the past two or three years, the outstanding fact concerning the connection of the Non-Partisan League with the history of North Dakota is not so much its past Socialistic strivings or its later

financial instability as that it has become a close corporation and has had a greater grip on public problems in that State than has Tammany in New York State. A self-perpetuating machine, the League has had its hand on every branch of State machinery. No matter whether its propaganda has been good or bad, the breaking up of any political oligarchy will benefit others than the oligarchs.

YALE'S NEW PRESIDENT

FOR the first time since the day of Abraham Pierson, when there were no Yale graduates to choose from, Yale has chosen as President a non-Yale



(C) Harris & Ewing

JAMES ROWLAND ANGELL

graduate. In announcing the unanimous election by the Corporation of James Rowland Angell as the successor of Arthur Hadley to the presidency of the University the official statement tersely gives the reason as follows: "Yale is a National university, and the Corporation has endeavored to choose for its head the ablest educational administrator available in the United States, irrespective of the college of his graduation or the place of his residence." The decision follows ten months of study of the situation in an effort to decide on the strongest man available and after consideration of no fewer than eighty names. The Corporation expresses its belief that "no one in America combines the breadth of educational experience and business ability, high public service, and spiritual ideals more completely than Dr. Angell."

Dr. Angell's educational and other public career shows that he has high qualifications as scholar, teacher, and administrator. He is one of the most eminent of American psychologists and has taught psychology at Yale as well as at the University of Minnesota and elsewhere. In college administration he had experi-

ence at the University of Chicago, where he was Acting President. As chairman of the Carnegie Corporation Trustees his executive leadership was fully put to the test. The Corporation of Yale is amply justified in selecting him as a man who—to use President Hadley's words—in character, scholarship, and public spirit is in line with the highest traditions of the office, a Western man thoroughly familiar with Eastern ideals.

Dr. Angell is a graduate of the University of Michigan, over which his distinguished father so long presided. He holds degrees from the University of Vermont, Harvard, and two foreign universities. He has had the honor of being called to the Paris Sorbonne as an exchange professor in 1914. For eight years previous to that he was President of the American Psychological Association.

Yale has traditionally been a conservative institution, averse to self-advertising, reluctant to enter into sensational methods of publicity, perhaps a little self-centered. The choice of President Angell may indicate that, with no loss of dignity, soundness, or thoroughness, there may be a wholesome new effort to nationalize, rather than to localize, her usefulness and her field of effort.

CAN A JUDGE SERVE BASEBALL AND THE LAW?

FRIENDS of clean sport welcomed the recent appointment of Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis as the chief arbiter of the disputes of the baseball world. The acceptance of this office (which carries with it a salary of \$42,500 a year) has brought down Congressional fire upon Judge Landis's head. Representative Welty, of Ohio, has charged that he has neglected his official duties for another gainful occupation not connected therewith, and because of this and other reasons has moved that the Judge be impeached. Congressman Welty's motion for impeachment was referred to the Committee on Judiciary.

Whether or not Judge Landis's action warrants such drastic treatment, it seems obvious that a Federal judge who accepts a business office which pays a salary more than five times the size of that bestowed upon him by the Federal Government lays himself open to justifiable criticism.

It is entirely possible that Judge Landis can conduct his private and public work without any real detriment to the latter. We feel sure that he would resign one or the other of his offices if he felt that he could not do concurrent justice to them both. Knowledge of his divided interests, however, will inevitably react adversely upon public confidence in his judicial single-mindedness.

THE CONTEST LETTERS

OF the four hundred who contributed letters to the Prize Contest only one per cent could be successful in winning prizes. (Their letters are printed elsewhere in this issue.) A much larger proportion, however, will receive compensation for their contributions. Altogether, the proportion of those whose letters will be printed in full or in part is very much larger than the percentage of the accepted manuscripts among the hundreds that are submitted to The Outlook each month. It is evident that the participants in this contest compare favorably with other writers.

Among the reasons for their success, we believe that three are fairly obvious. One is that they knew their subject and were interested in it; another is that they were under pressure to write tersely; and the third is that they could not write about this subject without revealing something of themselves. Will all writers please take notice?

No one of the contestants, we are sure, will object to the fact that we have interpreted our own rules liberally. One of the contestants who was successful exceeded in her letter the number of words set as a limit. If the prize awarded to her had been withheld from another, there might have been some occasion for complaint; but it happens that hers is an additional prize which no one would have won if she had not. Moreover, to have denied her the prize would have penalized her for a literary virtue. Her letter occupies no more space than one of the letters that came within the five-hundred-word limit. She put six hundred words in the space not too great for five hundred because the words she used were short and simple.

To the winner of the first prize we wish to offer an acknowledgment and proffer a defense. Ignoring superficial blemishes, of which he might have found plenty (we know that, because we find them ourselves), he directed his fire upon a vital part. To change the figure, he diagnosed what, if he is right, is a functional defect. His probe found a tender place where we thought we were sound. Evidently Mr. Gathany's articles, the articles by the farmers' wives, and other contributions and our editorial discussion of agriculture and the social and economic problems of the farmer (which we could catalogue by reference to our file indexes) have seemed to a fair and deserving critic quite inadequate. Our natural impulse was to put up a defense, but our judgment has prevailed over the impulse, and we hand out a prize.

To all our friends who have thus

Where the Prize Contestants Live

Letters to The Outlook's Prize Contest came from the following places:

ARKANSAS—Fayetteville, Hope.
CALIFORNIA—Alhambra, Berkeley, Colton, Eureka, Fallbrook, Fontana, La Jolla, Los Angeles (6), Los Gatos, Mill Valley, Monrovia, Pacific Grove, Palo Alto, Pasadena (3), Patchin, Redlands, San Diego (2), San Francisco (7), San José (2), South Pasadena.
COLORADO—Boulder, Denver (2), Hayden.
CONNECTICUT—Hamden, New Haven, New London, Norwich Town, Orange, Stafford Springs, Stamford (3), Waterbury.
DELAWARE—Richardson Park.
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington (6).
FLORIDA—Deer Park, Georgiana, Orange City, Orlando, Tampa, Tarpon Springs.
GEORGIA—Atlanta (2), Macon, Waycross.
IDAHO—Pocatello.
ILLINOIS—Alton (2), Astoria, Aurora, Champaign, Chicago (3), Cuba, Evanston, Galesburg, Jacksonville (2), Lincoln, Mount Carroll, Oak Park (2), Polo, Princeton, Rock Island, Virginia, Watseka, Winnetka.
INDIANA—Auburn, Brazil, Butler, Coatesville, Columbia City, Evansville, Indianapolis (4), Lafayette, Linton, South Bend.
IOWA—Burlington, Charles City, Coon Rapids (2), Des Moines, Estherville, Harlan, Lamoni, Newton, Salem, Waucoma.
KANSAS—Arkansas City, Baldwin City, Beloit (2), Hiawatha, Oberlin, Oswego.
KENTUCKY—Shelbyville, Mt. Sterling.
LOUISIANA—Jeanerette, New Orleans.
MAINE—Mechanic Falls, Portland (2).
MARYLAND—Cambridge, Cumberland, Sykesville (2), Gaithersburg.
MASSACHUSETTS—Belmont, Boston (6), Brookton, Brookfield, Chelsea, Concord, Danvers, Dedham, Easthampton, Fall River, Harwich Centre, Lynn, Merrimac, Roxbury, Springfield, Wellesley, Westfield.
MICHIGAN—Ann Arbor, Charlotte (2), Conway, Detroit (3), Flint, Grandville, Highland Park (2), Iron Mountain, Lansing, Marquette, Petersburg.
MINNESOTA—Detroit, Duluth, Madelia, Montevideo, Pipestone, St. Paul (2), Waseca.
MISSISSIPPI—Raymond.
MISSOURI—Kansas City (5), Poplar Bluff, St. Joseph, St. Louis (2).
MONTEANA—Gilman, Great Falls, Kalispell.
NEBRASKA—Lincoln.
NEW JERSEY—Allentown, Boonton, East Orange (2), Haddon Field, Hillsdale, Newark (4), New Brunswick, Newton, Plainfield (3), Trenton, West Orange, Woodstown.
NEW HAMPSHIRE—Chesham.
NEW YORK—Albany, Auburn, Brooklyn (5), Buffalo (3), Cazenovia, Deansboro, Elizabethtown, Falconer, Fredonia, Garden City, Hudson, Hudson Falls, Katonah, Kew Gardens, Lake Placid, Millbrook, New York City (18), Niagara Falls, Oneida, Perry, Rochester, Scarborough, Schenectady (3), Sodus, Town Line, Troy (2), Wassala, Watertown, Webster, Westfield, White Plains (3).
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville (2), Durham, Tryon, Wise.
NORTH DAKOTA—Bathgate.
OHIO—Akron, Basil, Birmingham, Cincinnati (3), Cleveland (3), Columbus (4), Dayton, Findlay, Garrettsville (2), Mansville, Masury, Milford, Wellsville, Wyoming.
OKLAHOMA—Edmond (2), Tulsa.
PENNSYLVANIA—Bethlehem, Brookline, Columbia, Conshohocken, Coopersburg, Drumore No. 1, East Stroudsburg, Erie, Franklin, Greensburg, Lancaster, Lock Haven, Mercersburg, Montgomery, Mt. Pleasant (2), Philadelphia (7), Pittsburgh (2), Pittston, Scranton, Southampton, Swarthmore, Wellsboro, Wilkesburg, Wilkes-Barre (2), Wyncote.
RHODE ISLAND—Providence, Westerly.
SOUTH CAROLINA—Greenwood, Summerton.
SOUTH DAKOTA—Binder, Greenwood, Miller, Mission Hill, Mobridge, Hot Springs.
TENNESSEE—Athens, Greenville, Nashville.
TEXAS—Abilene, Austin (2), Cuero, Galveston (at sea, en route to), Van Alstyne.
UTAH—Ogden.
VERMONT—Enosburg Falls, Middlebury, Montpelier, Orleans.
VIRGINIA—Blackstone, Ivy, Lexington, Meadow View, Petersburg, Richmond, South Boston.
WASHINGTON—East Stanwood, Port Angeles, Seattle (2), Spangle, Tacoma, Yakima.
WEST VIRGINIA—Fairmont, Morgantown (2), Moundsville.
WISCONSIN—Belleville, Beloit, Blue River, Burlington, Edgar, Madison (4), Milwaukee, Peshtigo.
WYOMING—Buffalo.
ONTARIO—Ingersoll, Kingston, Scotland, Stratford, Toronto.
NOVA SCOTIA—Halifax, Wolfville.
MEXICO—Mexico City.

counseled us we send our thanks. We cannot with sincerity wish all who failed this time to succeed in one of the remaining contests, for that would drain our treasury and strain our space; but we hope that many of those who failed this time will try again with better luck.

AMERICA FIRST

SURELY. As the first duty of a father is to protect his family and promote its interests, so the first duty of a government is to protect its citizens and promote their interests. But, as no father can protect his family without taking his share in preserving law and order in the community of families, so no nation can protect its citizens without taking its share in preserving law and order in the community of nations. National well-being is imperiled by international anarchy.

This is always true. It is very evidently true in the present world conditions.

To protect civilization from the assaults of the Huns the Great Powers of the world combined. The peril to civilization still continues; but the combination no longer exists. One very difficult duty which confronts the incoming Administration is the duty of securing an efficient co-operation between the four great world Powers—Italy, France, England, and America—to preserve law and order in the world. For the war is not over. The combatants have changed their form, but not their spirit.

Socialistic Germany is not less possessed by aggressive ambition than was imperial Germany. She has the will, though she temporarily lacks the power, to be the overlord of Europe.

Bolshevik Russia is under a dictatorship as absolute as that of the Czar, and frankly announces her purpose to overthrow the traditional rights of person and property in all civilized states as she has already overthrown them in her own territory.

The dethroned and exiled autocrats are plotting how they may regain their lost authority, and they have astute and unprincipled advisers in the aristocracies which have been deprived of their wealth and their power by the revolution.

The emancipated peoples have had no training for self-government, and the tragic experiences of Poland and Hungary demonstrate the peril which always attends the possession of power without intelligence to guide it.

The danger to civilization was hardly greater in 1914 than it is in 1921; the need of co-operation among the civilized nations was hardly greater during the war than it is in this puzzling period of

reconstruction. And that co-operation must be between the peoples, not merely between kings and prime ministers.

This is the international problem which confronts the incoming President. It will not be solved by merely amending the Covenant of the League or abolishing that Covenant and constructing a new League. Somehow the statesmen must discover or create a common spirit and a common purpose in the peoples of these four Great Powers before they can construct the machinery to accomplish that purpose. And this spirit and purpose must be developed from within, not imposed from without. If this is to be done, the President must secure:

Unity between himself and the Senate; for he shares with the Senate the responsibility of conducting international negotiations to a successful issue.

Unity in the Republican party. If a real unity cannot be accomplished between the progressive and the conservative wings, a working alliance between them must be achieved.

As far as possible, unity in purpose and design in our international relations between the two great parties. They may differ in domestic policies and unite in foreign policy. A united America is needed to be a leader in world policies in the present crisis.

And if America is to succeed, she must go to the foreign nations, not with a completed plan to be accepted or rejected, but with a fluid plan, subject to conference, discussion, change—not in the essential purpose to maintain law and preserve liberty and justice, but in the methods to be adopted in order to accomplish that purpose.

Mr. Harding has been criticised for not proffering a well-defined plan to take the place of the present League. He has been wise. For any plan of international co-operation to be of practical value must be worked out by international conference, and must so appeal to that love of liberty and justice which is dormant in all peoples that it will arouse an enthusiasm which will be more than a match for the fanaticism of despotism and rapacity which confronts it and which it has to conquer.

WANTED—MORE POLITICIANS

WE are not afraid lest Mr. Harding appoint too many politicians in his Cabinet; we are disturbed lest he put in too few. We think that this statement can be defended even if "political appointments" be defined as "appointments made for party interest" and the word "politician" be defined as "a man who works for his own party all the time." Neither of these definitions

can be found in the dictionary, but they have a secure place in the popular mind.

When a President makes a dubious appointment to pay a personal debt or to satisfy a local clique, he does not make a political appointment; he makes an appointment which is definitely bound to react against the interest of his party. Such an appointment is not food upon which a party can grow; it is only a drug used to stifle hunger pains.

If a President is a real politician, devoted to the best interests of his party and desirous of surrounding himself with men of similar aim, he will choose those who satisfy the National demand for efficiency, courage, and vision. He will choose men who will not be afraid to "turn the rascals out" even if the rascals bear the same party labels as themselves. He will choose men who will not be afraid to work for the reorganization of their departments even if such a reorganization reduces the number of plums for distribution. He will choose men who can think in terms of the Nation and whose names are accepted as current coin of the land in the marts of public opinion.

No party, no matter what its apparent balance in the bank of popular favor, can be sure that the deposit will be permanent. A plurality of millions in one National election may disappear in four years and leave party leaders bankrupt in votes.

The only way out of the difficulty is for party leaders to play politics of a brand which appeals to the twentieth-century American electorate.

THE GREEN GODDESS AND THE MATTER OF MURDER

FOR sophisticated and consistent villainy we commend William Archer's *Raja of Rukh*. For a highly developed feeling for drama and a Satanic sense of humor we commend the same inestimable gentleman. Who is the *Raja of Rukh*? He is the central figure in "The Green Goddess," a play of "a remote region beyond the Himalayas" and of that indefinable region which we can only attempt to define as the West's idea of what the East ought to be like. Romance, intrigue, and color—this is what the West demands when it is asked to look at a play of Eastern life. And William Archer in "The Green Goddess" has filled the extended cup of the West to overflowing.

The first act of "The Green Goddess" finds an English major and his wife and a doctor-aviator in an airplane wreck above the portal of the Temple of the Green Goddess. They have crashed in an attempt to cross the Himalayas, but

all four (we include the major's pocket flask) have escaped unhurt. We mention the major's flask because it has a real rôle in the play.

While the temple attendants stand around in awe of this strange bird which has descended with its unbidden guests from the sky, we are permitted to learn that the major and his wife are not happily married. The major, indeed, is quite frank in the statement of his belief that his wife would not take it amiss if he should drink himself to death and leave her free to marry the doctor-aviator. After a short acquaintance with the major, the audience is quite ready to keep the major out of prohibition territory (or should we say, in prohibition territory?) until this result has been achieved.

This necessary exposition of the situation over, the *Raja of Rukh* (played by George Arliss) arrives with his bodyguard upon the scene. Does the *Raja* speak English? He does. Educated in an English university and on the Continent, he has succeeded in combining the vices and graces of Eastern and Western civilization with a complete intellectual detachment from both. His Prime Minister, valet, cocktail-shaker and cabinet consists of one cockney Englishman whose loyalty to the *Raja* is chiefly dependent on the fact that there is a price upon his own head in all regions which owe allegiance to or exchange criminals with the British lion.

Unfortunately for the three visitors from the sky, it develops that three brothers of the *Raja* have been sentenced to death for a political murder on the farther side of the Indian frontier. With perfect humor and courtesy the urban *Raja* extends to the major, his wife, and the doctor the hospitality of the palace—a hospitality the limit of which he sets upon the day when the *Raja's* three brothers are to be executed. The only cession which the *Raja* is willing to make in the decree that his three visitors must die on that date is an exception in favor of the major's wife, whom he offers to protect from the anger and fanaticism of his people on condition that she accepts a place in his seraglio.

Offers to secure an exchange of prisoners do not interest the imperturbable *Raja*. His people, bent on vengeance, demand the death of the shipwrecked mariners of the air. As for himself, he sees no reason to interfere, for he does not desire the return of his brothers. The British Government is kind enough to remove them from this world, where there will exist just three fewer excuses for a revolutionary outbreak in his kingdom. Why should a despot desire to preserve three possible and jealous heirs to his power?

Among the things which the *Raja* has

MIGHTY—MARCH 4, 1921



(C) Kadel & Herbert

VICE-PRESIDENT COOLIDGE
AND MRS. COOLIDGE

THE CONTEST



HOWARD MURRAY JONES
Winner of First Prize

AWARDED FIRST PRIZE

THE OUTLOOK'S NEXT JOB

BY HOWARD MURRAY JONES

I AM no "highbrow," but I read The Outlook. Year after year I have kept on taking it, though for less than half the price I could get more than double the paper, with an avalanche of illustrations, in a periodical boasting two million circulation. By the pound The Outlook is the most costly periodical I read.

Were I selling soap, let us say, I would keep my eye on circulation, but I am not selling soap. I am a farmer. Deducting the Outlooks mailed abroad, there is about one copy for each thousand people in the United States. Among "open-country" farmers I do not suppose there is one regular Outlook reader in fifty thousand. Surely I am a rare bird—"queer," my farmer neighbors think me, for reading The Outlook at \$5 a year, but "there's a reason." The Outlook is different. It would be silly to attempt to define a flavor or taste, but I affirm I do like the taste of The Outlook. I am an addict. There is no cure. I cannot define the quality that is all its own, so let me illustrate it: Twenty-two football players are at it cheek by jowl, they go to it hip and thigh, and the twenty-third man, cool-headed, maybe a little fellow, does the refereeing. The Outlook has done the most of my refereeing for the last thirty years.

Sometimes I "get hot" at its decisions (there is a "rank" one now and then), but when I cool off I have to admit to myself I know no other periodical that tries so hard to be fair and that does score right, in my judgment, so often. This passion to play fair is, fortunately, accompanied by a rare gift of seeing it through the other fellow's eyes. Thus The Outlook is not an advocate, but a mediator, interpreting Jew to Gentile, Catholic to Protestant, capital to labor,

AMATEUR'S Night in vaudeville is nothing new; but amateur's night in editorial circles is. The Outlook recently held one. Exactly four hundred and one of our friends gathered around the editorial council table and said their say. They came from forty-two States of the Union and from Canada and Mexico—in the form of letters in our Prize Contest for the best criticisms of The Outlook.

It was a remarkable gathering. It included the chancellor of a university, college presidents, deans, professors, instructors, and students. One contestant was an eminent landscape painter. Another was an officer in the United States Navy, his contest letter written at sea.

and so on. But The Outlook, like the vast majority of papers, has failed to interpret the thirty-five million farm dwellers to the seventy million town and city dwellers. This is natural, the editor being a city man; natural, but tragic nevertheless.

To-day there is a growing bitterness between the country and the city. For years The Outlook has been trying through interpretation of view-points to mediate between capital and labor, but both are city classes. Two million trade-

There were clergymen, lawyers, physicians, and engineers. There were legislators, newspaper men, and authors. There were farmers, homesteaders, manufacturers, merchants, salesmen, clerks, stenographers, housewives, and school boys and schoolgirls. The oldest competitor was well in his eighties. The youngest was low in his teens.

BAITED AND CHASTENED

We were told in plain language what is thought of The Outlook. Language varied with opinions. We were baited for prizes with honeyed words, and were smitten soundly with the chastening rod. "Ostensibly I am after a prize; actually I am after a scalp," is the way one con-

unionists have made more uproar than forty million farmers. But now a fourth estate, a rural estate, is rising into organized and embittered self-consciousness. Right here lies The Outlook's next job: Make the seventy million urbanites know, and therefore appreciate, the thirty-five million farmers who, often amid physical discomforts and social deprivations, toil early and late to feed the multitudes enjoying the opulence and splendor of our American cities.

Enter the Agriculturalist! Exit for a season the Archæologist, the Æsthetic, the Agitator, and sundry other shop-worn worthies!

Here's to The Outlook, ordained Interpreter—Mediator!

Madison, Wisconsin.

AWARDED SECOND PRIZE

ONE YEAR WITH A COLLEGE PRESIDENT

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF FIFTY-TWO NUMBERS OF THE OUTLOOK

BY WILLIAM HARRIS GUYER

MY first coming into this home was in company with the usual mail, consisting of letters, circulars, papers, magazines, etc. I found myself in a jungle of literary productions. Circulars and booklets on 'How to Make Fat Men Lean' and 'A Trip to Devastated Europe' were in company with the 'National Republican,' the 'Ladies' Home Journal,' and the urbane 'Atlantic Monthly.'

"It was a typical American home, consisting of the father and mother and six children ranging in ages from nine to twenty-two years. When James, who is the second son, was told that The Outlook was to be a regular visitor in the home, he cracked his heels together and jubilantly shouted, 'Bully! now I'll know where to get the "goods" for our college debates.'

"I soon won my way into the hearts of each member of the home. Tennyson,

the youngest son, would throw himself on the floor before the grate fire and pass happy moments with the illustrations. The whole family participated in the discussion over the new disease known as 'Spenditis.' James introduced 'Hello, Central,' 'Uplifting the Clown,' and 'Honest Baseball' to the college boys, who were delighted with them.

"Without any premeditation, the family conceived the idea of making a file index of the contents of The Outlook. An inexpensive filing case and several hundred cards were bought, and James was given charge of the work. The young conservator of knowledge was often puzzled to know under what head to classify 'Allied Fiddlesticks' and 'The Folly of the Ouija Board.'

"At the end of the year the family was brought together to hear the result of the 'Great Experiment.' It was found that through the medium of The

LETTERS

testant put it. Some used the contest to pay off old scores. Some seized the opportunity to order their names taken off the subscription list at once. Many more brought charming compliments. "We sort of feel it's our magazine, not yours," wrote one. "We're just writin' home. I own up to being short of the critic's cool detachment. My penholder isn't an icicle. This is California, anyhow."

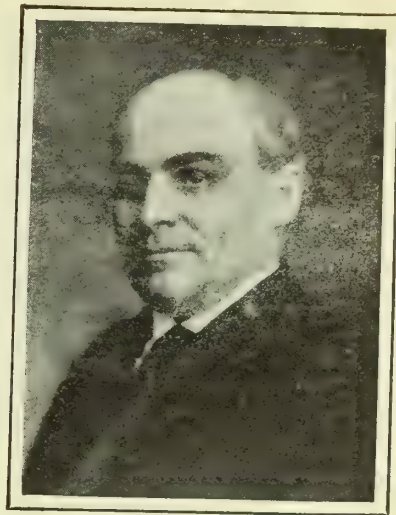
THE WINNERS

It wasn't easy to pick the winners. It was something like observing four hundred people running a 100-yard dash, some almost neck-and-neck. As to third place, it was finally agreed to declare it a tie and to award two third prizes, one

to Mrs. Cate, of Massachusetts, and one to Mrs. Draper, of Kansas.

The first prize thus goes to a Wisconsin farmer; the second prize, to a college president in Ohio; and two third prizes, to housewives in Massachusetts and Kansas.

The first prize letter, by Howard Murray Jones, of Madison, Wisconsin, is an appreciative, but frank, criticism. The second prize letter, by Dr. William Harris Guyer, President of Findlay College, Findlay, Ohio, is an understanding summary and analysis—with the evidence catalogued—of what *The Outlook* accomplishes; while both of the third prize letters may be classed as affectionate personal tributes.



WILLIAM HARRIS GUYER
Winner of Second Prize

Outlook there had come into the home fourteen hundred and twenty-five different subjects; the titles and notices of more than fourteen hundred and seventy-six different books; forty-eight poems, consisting of twelve hundred and seventy-four lines; forty-one full-page illustrations, among them those of Lyman Abbott, John Burroughs, Lincoln, Lafayette, Harding, and Coolidge. It was also found that of the more than sixty clubs of the city most of them had used articles and other material catalogued in the filing case. All were highly pleased, not only because the material was so conveniently accessible, but because it was reliable and covered such a variety of subjects.

"The lovers of poetry were delighted with 'Kentucky Mountain Rhymes' and 'How Long, Massa Jesus, How Long?' and others which were read before literary societies.

"The father reported that ministers of the city found helpful articles pertaining to their work and private study. 'The Misunderstood Christ' and 'The Two Worlds' received much attention.

High school children referred to *The Outlook* in preparing papers on English, history, and politics. One of the professors bore testimony to the fact that no other publication gave him such an intelligent understanding of European affairs. Everywhere in his travels did the college president find Christian lay-

men familiar with Dr. Lyman Abbott's 'Knoll Papers.'

"The whole family agreed that the bound volumes of *The Outlook* furnished a thesaurus of information convenient and reliable which is indispensable to every modern home."

Findlay College, Findlay, Ohio.

TIED FOR THIRD PRIZE

THE COURIER

BY EDYTHE I. DRAPER

MY mind to me a kingdom is, but I must have a courier who will bring to me reports of the doings and thinkings in the great empire of the world. *The Outlook* is my courier, wise, yet guileless, smiling often, presenting the two sides or more that most things have to them, but not leaving me in doubt as to which side is fairly to be judged the right side; stern rarely, but always when truth is subtly and dangerously assailed.

I suppose I smile always when I see *The Outlook* among the papers and letters one day in each week. I remember that I did to-day. For what could I be thinking about as I darn Sonny's knees or pick up all the things three children and one man can bestrew a house withal each hurrying morning if I could not have a minute or two at breakfast time to read just a little of *The Outlook*? The waffles are crisp and hot. I feel the ever-new excitement of sensing the dawn coming up out of the woods beyond the pasture. I prop *The Outlook* against the water-pitcher and read bits to Jim and we talk just a little—and my day has begun. I read the paragraphs about politics, see a few fat faces of Representatives, etc., then the Angels' Advocate wants me to smile at him, and I do. Mary Garden next! I saw her once in a movie of "Thaïs," and I am a better woman since. (What will Mr. Pulsifer say?) Then I look almost tearfully at Joyce Kilmer's little tree poem, one of

my nicest friends among poems, and I am ready to put off my courier until the babies are in bed and my wood fire is ready to comfort my toes and inspire my fancy. And don't I adore the play reviews then! I can enjoy my black sea of an onion patch and still hie me "to the well-trod stage anon" and catch a little of what a modern Jonson is doing in his learned sock. I hope Mr. Walter Damrosch will never see this, but I did adore him so when I was eighteen and stayed on one hard bench hour after hour, day after day, at Willow Grove in Philadelphia, one summer to hear every note of his music. *The Outlook* is good to let me have news of him occasionally. I have read Mr. Fuesle ever since the first time when I just happened to read him one day. He quarrels so deliciously.

Here in Kansas men and women of the Old World are rare. *The Outlook* is doing something which a compulsory plan for peace can perhaps fail to accomplish in making us all in the New World more understandingly kind towards our tired but spirited friends of the old countries.

I do not read much about sports, nor, I am ashamed to say, do I always pursue the economists and the business writers to the bitter ends of their articles. (I mean to, though, when the babies are grown up.)

My mother, away across the miles to the East, reads *The Outlook*. Her guide



MRS. EDYTHE I. DRAPER
Tied for Third Prize



MRS. ALICE E. CATE
Tied for Third Prize

and friend for many rich years has been Lyman Abbott, and as I go on facing life's responsibilities and trying to answer its questions I find he is more and more mine. I climbed the arid way from Calvinism to Unitarianism a good many years ago, when I was very young and very ardent, and I think Lyman Abbott's wise hand often helped me over bitterly rough places to the wider, happier plain where reason and faith shine together. The Outlook has meant sanity, you see, to an extremist, a pendulum-swinging.

Oswego, Kansas.

TIED FOR THIRD PRIZE HOW I FEEL ABOUT THE OUTLOOK BY ALICE E. CATE

I HAVE in my mind a vivid picture of my father about to take the first sip of his breakfast coffee. It was a ceremonial. He would put in the sugar, stir cautiously, as if fearing that its aroma might escape. Then, with his head on one side, would seem to listen, as if hearing could help his attuned sense of taste to enjoy to the utmost that first sip of the delectable.

Some such emotion possesses me when, expectant, I slip the wrapper from the current number of The Outlook. I stop, look, and listen in that first sublimated enjoyment, scanning headlines, peeping at pictures, reading a paragraph here, an editorial there, an advertisement, a joke, knowing that later I can settle down to a full and satisfying meal. Just now I am exultant over its 8 by 11 size.

As to subject-matter, I do not enjoy everything, for I am not interested in everything within the compass of any magazine, but there is such a wealth of subjects that I always find more articles that are appealing than I can possibly find time to read. I especially enjoy The Outlook's book reviews, for they are honest and not nauseatingly flattering. I like its vitality, which makes me feel as if the writers were all on tiptoe

in their eagerness for life—more life and fuller. I am amazed each week at the scope of the articles, and feel as if the correspondents sailed about on a magic carpet to view this old world at every fantastic angle. They seem eager to touch life and make it flame, to arouse sympathy with the unfortunate and make people act, yet they are never hectic nor sensational. For those who need to be soothed and calmed there is always the poet's magic touch and Lyman Abbott's crystal thinking and gentle philosophy.

As to its editorials, no matter what the topics, I know they will be treated fairly and sanely. I like their snap, their clear-cut English, and good literary form. I like the way they come to a point, then stop. I like their analysis of character and events. I like their way of illuminating big issues, and, most of all, I trust The Outlook's editorial judgments, knowing that moral issues will never be confused. Now I will confess to its greatest service to me personally. Being somewhat wobbly-minded, I depend on The Outlook to stabilize me, to set me right morally, politically, ethically, socially, spiritually. And it does. What more could any magazine do?

Belmont, Massachusetts.

OUTLOOK READERS IN CONSULTATION

WHAT THE OUTLOOK MEANS TO THEM

THE character of The Outlook is described by contestants with almost endless variety. It has "the attributes of a perfect gentleman;" it is "an arsenal whence the thoughtful may draw their weapons;" it is "a welcome ambassador from everywhere."

One refers to the "dulcet editorial notes of the ecclesiastical canary and to the intriguing feline purr of alluring advertisements."

"Why not arrange to have The Outlook made a final arbiter of all decisions and the world will move smoothly," is an ironic inquiry from Ohio. "I could wish that you were not quite so uniformly and impregnably fortified in your self-confidence, or a shade less clever in retreating from a position which has proved not quite tenable," says a vigorous contestant.

A man in Indianapolis finds us careful, well edited, and sane, but declares frankly: "That is just the trouble—you are too darn careful, too well edited, and too sane."

We find, too, that we are a manual of conversation. Thus, from Tacoma, Washington: "When I was a college student, I was criticised for not joining in the general conversation in my home. A little introspection convinced me that I must take time from my college work to read more broadly and have something to talk about. I subscribed for

The Outlook as a means to that end. Thus I found a friend that has been my constant companion for twenty-eight years."

A lady in Columbus, Ohio, confesses that if she were asked what had exerted the greatest influence in her life she would answer, without hesitation, "The Outlook and the life and ministry of Dr. Washington Gladden." She once asked Dr. Gladden his opinion on a certain subject, to which he laughingly replied, "I haven't read The Outlook yet."

Some one refers to our "boyish enthusiasm." "It can feel things because it has the sensitiveness of youth," he adds. "When I disagree with The Outlook, it is a clean disagreement which leaves my mouth unfevered," is another's tribute. "The Outlook is a good comrade. It is old in experience, young in heart, optimistic in spirit, and it doesn't talk too much," we learn from another. A Cincinnati physician seems also to perceive elements of the fountain of youth in The Outlook. "With pleasure I advise my convalescent patients to read it," he says.

We are twitted by one because we print "little to rouse the sleeping dogs of combat," and are complimented by another because "you bring to my house by the side of the road the news of the world. Someway or other, you are the peep-hole through which I see the world."

Our contestants are split into rival camps as to the typographical appear-

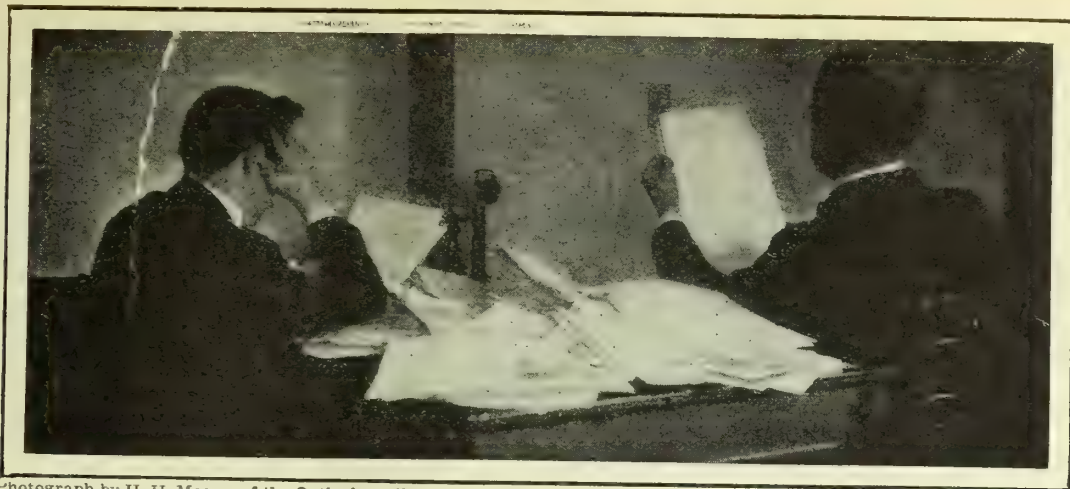
ance and size of The Outlook. A Mexican ingeniously assures us that the reduced size makes The Outlook "commodious for handling in the daily siesta." While some sigh for larger print, others like the type, finding it, to use the words of one contestant, "so clear that aging people beam when they open it." And here is commendation of a distinguishing typographical feature: "Cursed be the day when Edward Bok first ranged all his big game with heads and foreparts grandly showing and then buried their tails in the sloughs of precious business. The Outlook has not succumbed to this practice."

ITS "VETERAN EDITOR"

One compares The Outlook to "a delightful meal, with the editorials as the soup course, sharpening the appetite, the 'Knoll Papers' the staff of life, a poem for a relish, illustrations for salad, a story for dessert, 'By the Way' the after-dinner speeches, the book table furnishing nuts to nibble with the after-dinner coffee. Alas, though, that the aroma of a cigar should follow this almost perfect meal!"

"What," demands one, "has a high-toned publication like The Outlook to do with the noxious weeds of tobacco?" A kindlier critic writes: "I am not one of those who hold that The Outlook has lost its religion. It has merely lost its head."

"Lyman Abbott's writings are my church," writes one contestant. "Con-



Photograph by H. H. Moore, of the Outlook staff

"EXACTLY FOUR HUNDRED AND ONE OF OUR FRIENDS GATHERED AROUND THE EDITORIAL COUNCIL TABLE. . . IT WASN'T EASY TO PICK THE WINNERS"

tinue the 'Knoll Papers,' with Rabbi Wise assisting," urges another. The next critic "can't understand why Lyman Abbott, a modern prophet, can print a description of a prize-fight." A man in Newton, Iowa, complains that Dr. Lyman Abbott "regrets that he didn't learn to dance when young." A Kansan who heard Lincoln debate with Douglas hopes "there is some Elisha in training in The Outlook family upon whom the mantle of its veteran editor may fall."

TOO PROVINCIAL?

Is The Outlook too provincial? This question agitates a considerable number. "Your editors sit in New York in their clubs and easy chairs," charges one; but takes the sting out of the remark by graciously adding, "To me it is a cool breeze that purges the mind each week." A man in Coon Rapids, Iowa, commands us to decentralize. "Keep a member of your staff at large all the time," he urges. "Let the golden glow of the western sun drive the city fog and provincialism from your pages," pleads another.

Numerous criticisms arrived clothed in apologies. One critic confesses that he feels as if he "had spoken sharply to a loved companion." Some discern a sign of weakness in our announcement of this contest. One asks: "Are you not weakening that faith which your constituency has at all times possessed in your absolute efficiency and your ability to paddle your own canoe?" A man in Brooklyn "would treat our weaknesses with a touch of velvet like the Angora cat which sometimes awakens me in the morning by cuffing my cheek." A Philadelphian trusts that the contest "will not induce you to spoil your journal by adopting suggestions where they are not needed."

Opinions as to our politics bristle from many of the letters. One writer feels "fed up with politics" when reading The Outlook. "Sometimes it squints its blind eye toward partisan projects; yet who is not partisan sometimes?" asks another. "The Outlook is my political boss. It does not mince or mulch. It strikes with a sharp ax and digs with a pointed spade," we learn from another.

One says we "made a twelve strike when we secured Theodore Roosevelt as contributing editor;" but adds that if we will now secure President Wilson for a similar service we will have "rung all the bells at once." But apparently The Outlook's partisanship is of a peculiarly non-partisan variety, for we are told on the one side that we made "a grave mistake in supporting President Wilson in his personal efforts to establish world peace. . . The Outlook deserves in a degree the rebuff given to Mr. Wilson at the last Presidential election;" while on the other side we are charged with personal malice toward President Wilson and are told that "in order to show the absolute disregard of truth on the part of The Outlook, the contest editor will probably pigeonhole this criticism and award the first prize to the person who falsely states that The Outlook never made a mistake and is not subject to improvement."

A critic in Alton, Illinois, asks: "Why should I palpitate at the news that college presidents will unanimously 'flop' next election? They can't be served in crisp slices with waffles, more's the pity." One thinks it was "a stroke of genius" to get popular novelists to talk politics in our pages. One discovers that there is on the staff "a delightfully musical member."

Numerous contestants take a timely hand in our motion-picture controversy. One "rejoices in Mr. Pulsifer's castigation of the movies." Another says that he "wears a complacency which is irritating and not always justified by his knowledge and his wisdom." A discerning graduate of Vassar College observes concerning Mr. Pulsifer that "he seems to have stepped from his editorial slippers into dancing pumps."

The "Contributors' Gallery" evokes considerable comment. For instance: "After reading a sketch of the author's life, the article is made many times more interesting than if the reader did not know whether the author were a Congressman or an ex-convict."

There are numerous laments at the disappearance of the Spectator. "Was he too good to last?" asks one. "An irretrievable loss," grieves another.

"By the Way" comes in for much praise. One critic, however, considers it "a little too verbose." A San Francisco colonel compares "By the Way" with "a fragrant cigar after the evening meal."

"Articles in lighter vein and stories do not add to the value of The Outlook," writes a school superintendent in Easthampton, Massachusetts. "We do not like your stories. But, since you print so few, we will forgive you. Possibly you do not like them yourselves," is another view. "Give us one of your incomparable short stories every week. You are publishing the best short stories in America," one makes no bones about saying. Another finds that they "lack virility" and thinks they are "too dreamy and reminiscent." One exponent of rougher stuff holds the opinion that our stories "melt too much into your background of culture and refinement."

A subscriber in Sodus, New York, says: "I buy almost every book of which you give an extended notice, and rarely regret the purchase."

DELIGHTED WITH DRAMATIC REVIEWS

A reader in Kew Gardens, Long Island, says he consults our play reviews regularly before buying theater tickets. An M. E. preacher in Iowa naively states: "I wonder if we ministers have made a mistake. We have looked upon actors, theaters, and the whole stage paraphernalia as in apposition and, I fear, opposition to the Church. . . Even the minister reads of the drama as described in The Outlook and wishes he were there to enjoy it, and feels his inward man would receive no hurt, but very likely a helpful impulse on the way."

The covers and illustrations draw various kinds of fire. A woman in Montana wants more of Henry Hoyt Moore's photographs on the cover; she cuts them out and frames them. But an Iowa critic objects decidedly to "the out of focus pictures of your staff photographer." "Your illustrations are good, but don't overdo them," a critic from Yakima, Washington, entreats us; "your clientele is sufficiently educated to appreciate a good short story more than

pages of half-tones." One highly approves of Outlook covers as compared with "half-dressed, red-lipped girls on other periodicals," while a man in Texas finds our covers "weak, lacking the forcefulness of the editorial pages."

WHAT THEY WANT

Recommendations for the improvement of The Outlook are legion. A gentleman in Abilene, Texas, offers "to criticise each week the miserable and inefficient city government of New York." Some one else wants to know "what the psychoanalyst has accomplished in municipal clinics and how psy-

chology is being applied in the care of epileptics at the Craig Colony, New York." A Pittsburgher wants "a contest of ideas as to how to preserve the peace of the world, with a prize of \$50,000 to attract the big men of the world." Still another wants "a department of physical culture and hygiene for the middle-aged." There are repeated demands for pronouncing glossaries of difficult names that appear in The Outlook. A reader in Enosburg Falls, Vermont, puzzles over the pronunciation of Fuessele, Brandeis, Deschanel, and Bourgeois. A Pennsylvania teacher of history "abominates and deplores Herr Gathany's waste of

space each week;" he prefers articles by Bruce Barton and Frank Crane. Another wants Bergson. Some request a department devoted to babies and children. One suggests that we start a loan fund to provide scholarships for college students.

One comments on our "evident cult for conceited foreigners" and would have Americans write their impressions of America. One critic cries: "Adjust your specs; focus on both men and women," and requests something from the pen of Margaret Sanger. A woman in Indiana wants some articles "on the bacteriology of dish-washing."

THE ST. LAWRENCE OUTLET TO THE SEA

A GREAT PROJECT OF INTERIOR DEVELOPMENT

BY KATHERINE LOUISE SMITH



LOCKS AT THE "800"

THE West needs a new outlet to the sea. This was the reason why West and East—farmers, manufacturers, bankers, shippers, and railway executives—met in Detroit, Michigan, to discuss the remedy for the continued emergency of transportation shortage. At this time the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence movement became a national undertaking.

Every year we hear that car shortage is great. Every year there is a possibility that enough coal cannot be carried from the mines to avert coal famine. Production is hampered by failure of transportation facilities, industries are disturbed by inability to produce raw material, the crop movement is retarded so that seed, machinery, and labor are curtailed and prices are influenced by the shortage of stocks at some points and accumulation at others.

This is no new story and the States

that are making tremendous contributions of food supply to other sections are the Western and Northwestern States, where is the surplus food-producing area of the United States. These districts are capable of yielding many times what they do now, but they are hampered in development by remoteness from market and transportation facilities. It is for these and other cogent reasons that the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Tidewater Association, in behalf of the States of Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, Iowa, Montana, Idaho, Colorado, Wyoming, and Nebraska, and the Canadian Deep Waterways and Powers Association, in behalf of numerous municipal and civic bodies of Canada, are advocating connecting the Great Lakes with the ocean by way of the St. Lawrence. In the Rivers and Harbors Act of 1919 Congress requested that the In-

ternational Joint Commission created in 1909 investigate what further improvements were necessary to make the St. Lawrence available through its entire course for ocean-going vessels, and what economic results could be predicated on such an improvement.

Look at the map of the United States and Canada, and you will see that from Duluth and Superior, Port Arthur and Fort William, at the head of the Great Lakes to Montreal and Quebec and the sea there is a series of water routes from the heart of the continent to the ocean. It is a stretch of water which is now recognized as a National and international necessity to benefit thirty million people of the United States alone. Already there is on the Great Lakes a commerce of millions of tons a year on a length of one thousand miles. What is needed is the continuation of this and the way made ready for boats to pass on the two hundred and fifty miles of Ontario and the upper St. Lawrence and on the lower St. Lawrence to the sea. Canada is building the new Welland Canal, which will remove one obstacle in this link. There will remain the obstructions of the St. Lawrence River to overcome, and this is now under investigation by the United States and Canada. Each country has appointed engineers to make surveys that the public may be fully informed when the result of the engineers' investigations is given.

It is not disputed that New York is not entirely in sympathy with this undertaking, for she feels that the Port of New York may suffer; but it must be remembered that the Great Lakes-to-ocean route would make seaports of Buffalo, Ogdensburg, and Rochester. Another benefit is that if the four million horse-power awaiting development in the St. Lawrence is utilized it would serve central New York to below Albany, and a possible radius would include New York and eastern Massachusetts. The West feels that the advantages to

the whole country ought to be the paramount issue in this undertaking. There is no opposition from the Pacific States; and the Gulf States, at the hearing recently held in Detroit, were represented by Walter Parker, of the New Orleans Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Parker has given years to the subject of inland waterways, and, in his opinion, this is not a sectional matter. He says: "The northern tier of States in the Mississippi Valley desire an outlet via the St. Lawrence. If that project be proved to be feasible as an economic thing, we will help them to get it."

If you are cognizant of the story of our great inland seas, you know that years ago we began work on deepening channels and dredging rivers. We had a barrier between Lake Superior and Lake Huron, shoals between Lake Huron and Lake Erie, and another barrier between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. This is a story of marvelous achievement in which the United States and Canada spent thirty-two million dollars in getting from Superior to Huron. By this Lake Superior became an integral part in the chain of lakes and the way was opened to ship hundreds of commodities that now pass through the "Soo." We overcame another barrier on the Great Lakes when we dredged the St. Clair flats and Detroit River. This cost sixteen million dollars, but this and the thirty-two million dollars that we spent for the "Soo" unlocked the Great Lakes and paid for the expenditure many times over.

The barrier at Niagara still remains to be properly overcome, and Canada is attending to this. That country is constructing a new Welland Canal at a cost of seventy-five million dollars. The old Welland Canal is inadequate, but the new Welland Canal, which is almost finished, will open the way to ship commodities to the sea. There only remain the international section of 113 miles along the boundary between the United



LAKE FREIGHTER PASSING UNDER BASCULE BRIDGE. THIS BRIDGE IS THE LARGEST OF ITS TYPE IN THE WORLD AND GIVES RAIL CONNECTION BETWEEN SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN, AND SAULT STE. MARIE, ONTARIO

States and Canada from Lake Ontario to St. Regis and the Canadian section of the St. Lawrence to be dealt with.

The enterprising West was behind all of the changes in the Great Lakes. Now the West wants one more. It urges that the obstructions in the St. Lawrence be done away with, so that thousands of acres can yield their full production and Western products can easily reach the sea. The West gained by the doing away of barriers at the "Soo" and other places on the Great Lakes. Not the least of these was the opening of the mines in Michigan and Montana and the settling of the Red River Valley and Montana. Now the West sees greater possibilities. It is not content with present traffic and car congestion and shortage at loading and unloading ports, with inadequate terminal facilities and other factors that delay shipments to the sea. Heretofore only a partial solution of the transportation system has been offered. The Soo Canal opened the

way for the productive areas of the West, but this is not enough. What is needed, say the farmers, manufacturers, and business men of fifteen States adjacent to the Great Lakes, is a direct outlet to the sea that will obviate loading and unloading and that will save time and money. They think they see this in the St. Lawrence route.

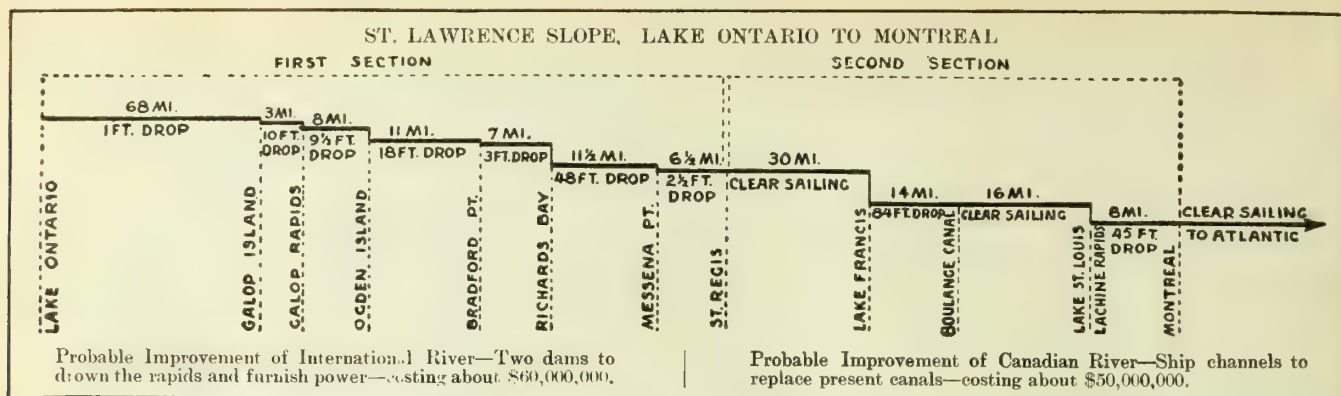
It is certain that already the Great Lakes way in freight saving pays for any improvements over and over every year. When our continent is unlocked by constructing canals around the rapids of the St. Lawrence and by opening a new Welland Canal, navigation, which is now clear for over ninety per cent of the way, will give our vast inland sections access to all American and European ports. The chain of lakes now extends one thousand miles. Ontario and the upper St. Lawrence add two hundred and fifty miles, and the lower St. Lawrence is ready. The main obstacle to the sea can be rectified by about forty-five miles of river channel. This, engineers say, can be done by a series of dams, by canals to side-pass the rapids, or a combination of both.

It is almost impossible to estimate what industries would be aided by this new route. Chicago with its harvest machinery, Detroit with its automobiles, Cleveland with its steel products, Minneapolis with its flour mills, Omaha with its packing industry, Montana with its smelters, Wyoming with its potato fields, Idaho and Washington with their fruit districts, sections too numerous to mention, will be helped by shortening the market to the sea. For many years the shipyards of the Great Lakes have turned out huge lake boats. During the war these yards ranked with the best and adjusted several boats to go to the sea as well as constructed new ones. If the St. Lawrence project is carried out, these lakes may become the center of the ship-building industry.

Senator Townsend has been called the father of the movement. He says: "Viewed from every angle of National welfare, this international project should



SCENE AT ONE OF THE LARGE RECEIVING AND SENDING PORTS ON THE GREAT LAKES. A LAKE FREIGHTER, WITH MACHINERY FOR LOADING AND UNLOADING



be carried to completion without undue delay." At this time, when there is such a demand for adequate transportation facilities, can Canada and the

United States do better than to open the Great Lakes route to the sea? The West thinks not. The West calls for the commerce of the world to touch at

her shores. The West claims that the benefits of the St. Lawrence-to-the-Sea route will be unlimited in importance, world-wide in scope, universal.

THE ANTEDILUVIANS

A STORY BY DYSART McMULLEN

"GOOD-MORNING, James."

Mr. Richard Bartholdi paused in his aimless wandering and stood blocking the graveled path. His fellow-antediluvian came to a corresponding halt.

"Morning, Richard," Mr. James Cannon responded. "How is the rheumatism to-day?"

"So so," Mr. Bartholdi replied, ungraciously. "And you, James? You are looking a trifle yellow."

"It's this confounded weather—I'm as sound as a dollar," replied Mr. Cannon, with difficulty concealing his rage at this unnecessary and unjust aspersion upon his complexion.

"Poor Tom Wilkenson died yesterday," said Mr. Bartholdi, treating Mr. Cannon to a look of cheerful commiseration that brought an added flush to that gentleman's freshly shaved jowl.

"I read the papers," Mr. Cannon snorted rather than articulated.

"Thought maybe you hadn't seen it," Mr. Bartholdi apologized with a wintry smile. "You're older than I am, James, so of course you knew Tom Wilkenson better than I did. Let me see? Seventy-four? No—seventy-five? Yes, seventy-five; that is what the papers had, though I thought he was older—some-what nearer your own age, James."

"He was seventy-four, not seventy-five," replied Mr. Cannon with unruffled urbanity; "and I was seventy-one my last birthday. I'm just eleven months older than you are, Richard; but then—I've—I've always taken care of myself—" He did not complete the sentence, but let his gaze wander over his crony's none too vigorous frame until that gentleman's freshly shaved cheeks began to assume a hue that more nearly approximated the apoplectic than the ruddy tinge of youth.

"I keep my health," Mr. Bartholdi

cackled brokenly; for anger did not agree with him, as his doctor was fond of emphasizing. "My legs are not quoted at par, James, but my wits are still rugged, thank God!"

It was Mr. Cannon's turn to flush; within the month he had dropped a fair-sized sum in an unfortunate stock speculation, and the wound was still painful.

"Any one may lose money," he answered in a voice that shook in spite of him. "It was only five thousand, and I don't need help yet, Richard."

"I'm glad to hear it," his *vis-à-vis* responded, warmly. "But you are too old to speculate, James. You must remember that the world belongs to the young—and so does your five thousand now." And the speaker broke into a dry cackle of laughter at his own wit.

"Well—take care of yourself, Richard," Mr. Cannon retorted, not trusting himself to reply in kind.

"So so, James," Mr. Bartholdi responded, amicably.

"He's looking old—he's getting old! And so am I, God help me!" was the simultaneous reflection of two elderly gentlemen.

MR. BARTHOLDI hobbled to the end of the path, where a closed car was waiting. His rheumatic knees ached painfully as his chauffeur helped him into the car.

"Had a nice walk in the park, father?" his daughter asked when he reached home.

"So so," Mr. Bartholdi answered, gruffly. "Met that old fraud Cannon. His wits are growing senile."

His daughter smiled indulgently. "You are too hard on him, father. I saw him yesterday, and thought that he was looking pretty spry, considering."

"Considering? Considering what?" Mr. Bartholdi demanded sharply.

"Dear me!" exclaimed his daughter; "but you certainly are peppery, father. I did so hope that you would be in a good humor after your walk in the park."

"Peppery?" spluttered Mr. Bartholdi. "Spry? Peppery? And both terms indicating age! James Cannon may be spry—I'm not denying that he's more active than I am, thanks to this confounded rheumatism—but peppery? Good Lord!"

"There you go again, father, losing your temper over nothing. You know Dr. Willing said you must not excite yourself. And just now, when I want you to be in a good humor. It's too bad!"

Mr. Bartholdi checked the objurgation that trembled on the tip of his tongue. Over the rim of his glasses he gave his daughter a scrutinizing glance.

"Well?" The rising inflection caused his daughter to give a perceptible start.

"Well?" he repeated. "Out with it, Emma! What is it this time? You've said twice that you wanted me to be in a good humor. I'm always in a good humor. 'Never lose your temper'—that was Bob Randall's maxim. No, it wasn't Bob's, it was—by George! I'd forgotten—it was poor Tom Wilkenson's expression."

Mr. Bartholdi suddenly remembered the recent occasion for Mr. Wilkenson's appearance in the public press. Poor Tom Wilkenson! Only three years his senior! His daughter laid her hand on his shoulder with a slight pressure of understanding that the old gentleman found unexpectedly comforting.

"Never mind Tom Wilkenson, father, dear," she said. "It's not a funeral I want to talk about, but a wedding. Molly has gone and become engaged."

"Molly?"

"Yes, Molly. I feel like an old

woman. My youngest child married? I can't take it in."

"Who is the man—or boy, I should say? I suppose it's one of these whippersnappers who are always loafing around under one's feet."

"It's Ted Lawton," his daughter replied in a troubled voice.

As father and daughter gazed at one another there crept over the old man's face a look of wintry bleakness. For the second time that afternoon he checked an objurgation that trembled around the tip of his tongue.

"So that is why you wanted me to be in a good humor?"

His daughter nodded. "It isn't his fault that you had that lawsuit with his father years ago," she began. "He is a nice boy, father. We all love him and Molly's heart is set on the match."

"What if I refuse?" Mr. Bartholdi asked, frowningly.

"They will have to wait."

"Until I die, eh? Until this confounded rheumatism creeps up to my stomach, and then to my heart, and the time comes when you can do as you like with my money?"

"You know that isn't so, father," his daughter expostulated. "And you won't make me mad, so you may as well calm down. We want your consent to this match for many reasons. Molly is twenty-one and Ted is of age; they can marry to-morrow if they want to—and they do want to—and it is a suitable match every way you look at it. But we want your consent. Molly wants it, and so does Ted. It means a lot to young people just starting out on such an overwhelming adventure to have things made easy and loving for them. Then their children—if they have any—will be your great-grandchildren, father."

Great-grandchildren? Great Julius Caesar!

Before Mr. Bartholdi's startled vision appeared the mocking smile that would inevitably accompany Mr. James Cannon's morning salutation of the future.

"Morning, Richard. How's the great-grandchild to-day, Richard?"

Mr. Bartholdi's firm chin hardened perceptibly. It was high time for him to assert himself and put an end to this preposterous marriage.

"Where are these youngsters?" he inquired, brusquely.

"They are in the library," replied his daughter. "They want to see you. I do hope that you'll be nice to them, father!"

"Nice? Why in heaven should I be nice?" her father demanded, crushingly.

MR. BARTHOLDI tried to be extraordinarily dignified as he stalked into his library, but his rheumatic knees played him traitor. They were aided and abetted in this particular by a pair of slender but strong young arms which were thrown around his neck as he entered the room, while a pair of warm, velvety lips blocked the objurgation that trembled on his lips for the third time that afternoon.

"You darling granddaddy!" Miss Molly exclaimed, caressingly; "I just *knew* you'd say yes!"

Mr. Bartholdi became painfully conscious of a viselike grip that was afflicting his right hand. Over his granddaughter's brown head he looked into a pair of twinkling brown eyes that seemed to be attached to the owner of the viselike grip. Some one had placed a great spray of lilacs in a tall vase by the window, and their fragrance suddenly engulfed Mr. Richard Bartholdi, aged seventy years and a fraction. Lilacs and a brown head against his heart! Dear God in heaven! How the past came back to him! Something in those twinkling brown eyes, some electric current from that firm young clasp on his hand, mounted through Mr. Bartholdi's rheumatic muscles and flooded his diminished arteries. His predetermined sternness melted as snow before an April rain. He found himself smiling at the son of his ancient enemy and returning a seventy-year-old replica of that viselike grip. Old age had suddenly lost its terrors for him; he would live to see his great-grandchild.

"I hope you'll be happy, Molly; darling," said Mr. Bartholdi as he kissed his granddaughter.

"MOLLY is going to be married," Mr. Bartholdi informed his friend when they met in the park next morning.

"Molly?"

"Emma's child—my grandchild."

"Ah!" There was a world of meaning in Mr. James Cannon's voice, while a pleasantly malicious twinkle came into his faded eyes. "Molly, eh? Then if she has a child it will be—"

"My great-grandchild," Mr. Bartholdi announced, proudly, not waiting for the question to be completed. "Great-grandfathers are rare birds, James. I'm not going to cash in until I've seen Molly's baby."

As Mr. James Cannon regarded the eager flush that swept over his friend's features the satiric retort that rose to his lips died unspoken. Suddenly he felt envious.

"You always were a lucky devil, Richard," he said, gruffly. "Who's the man?"

"Ted Lawton's son."

"The devil you say!" Mr. Cannon looked rightfully astonished, but his friend waved a reassuring hand.

"It doesn't pay to bear a grudge," Mr. Bartholdi explained, apologetically. "I hated the father, but I was young then, and hate came easy. The boy is a nice boy and will make Molly a good husband. I'm glad of it—the marriage, I mean. I want to see her happy, for I'm getting to be an old man, James."

"Old?" Mr. Cannon's astonishment was plainly progressing according to geometric rules.

"Yes, old!" Mr. Bartholdi repeated, firmly.

"He says he's old, and he says it as though he wasn't ashamed of it," Mr.

Cannon pondered when the two friends had parted for the day. "Old—and, by George, he's proud of it!"

Mr. Cannon paused in his stride and struck the graveled walk with the end of his cane.

"And he's eleven months younger than I am!"

Then memory came to Mr. James Cannon. He had no daughter Emma, no grandchild Molly, no ancient enemy whose sins he could forgive for a boy's sake; and he was eleven months older than Richard Bartholdi. It abruptly occurred to Mr. Cannon that he would cheerfully give all that those young stockbrokers had left him of his fortune if only he might be a grandfather—much less a great-grandfather. Mr. Cannon's eyes no longer wore the malicious twinkle with which they were wont to regard Mr. Bartholdi. On the contrary, they had grown very dull and lifeless. He looked about him wearily. He had struggled against age. He had fenced with his ancient crony; but he knew that the wounds he had given had been as painful to himself as they had been to his friend, for they, alas! were fellow-passengers on the same boat, bound on an identical voyage.

"He admits that he's old, and he's proud of it!"

"DARN if the old geezer ain't talkin' to himself!"

Mr. Cannon wheeled; he had not been conscious of thinking aloud. The boy and girl who occupied one end of the park bench regarded him with the mildly indifferent gaze of callow youth. Though they were frankly lovers, there was nothing hostile in their attitude towards this intruder upon their privacy.

The boy's arm stayed where it was, the clasped hands remained motionless. Mr. Cannon choked—it was all so open and aboveboard. He was plainly bored both their experience and their antagonism; an antediluvian, an "old geezer talkin' to himself." Mr. Cannon experienced again that bleakness of soul that had assailed him a long with the envy he had felt for Mr. Bartholdi. He passed by the lovers and reached the end of the graveled path, where he turned to retrace his steps. As he did so a pale gleam of late March sunshine broke through the gray clouds overhead and fell at Mr. Cannon's feet.

A little breeze came with it, a vagrant, tender little breeze. It caressed that part of Mr. Cannon's anatomy whereon a white stubble had fallen recently before a skillful razor. The antediluvian's leathery lungs expanded to a breath of balmy air that sent the thin blood pounding through his rigid blood channels.

A pair of gayly appareled ducks began to splash and quack in a little runlet beside the path, their gleaming bills darting in and out as they fought for some unseen dainty beneath the rippling water. What the lilacs had done for Mr. Bartholdi those ducks did for his

friend. Memory suddenly engulfed Mr. James Cannon, aged seventy-one years and a fraction.

"By golly! They look just like those ducks I had when I was a boy!"

For the second time that morning Mr. Cannon had spoken his thoughts aloud.

He leaned on his cane and watched the ducks splashing in the shallow water, the pale sunshine glittering on their lustrous plumage with prismatic brilliancy.

"Just like those ducks I had when I was a boy," he repeated, solemnly.

That commonplace somehow appeared to Mr. Cannon as endowed with a tremendous significance. Some other boy must be the proud possessor of just

such another pair at that very moment. In another sixty-five years there would be another old man and another boy—the circle would be repeated and repeated. Mr. Cannon did not wince at the phrase "old man." "I am an old man—why try to hide it?" he admitted to himself. "But I was a boy once and I owned a pair of ducks just like those yonder. Heigho, but life's been good to me, after all. It's great to have been a boy."

MR. CANNON turned on his heel and walked back along the path beside which the lovers were seated; but it was a different Mr. Cannon from the one who had passed that way a few short

moments before. He greeted the lovers with a kindly smile; it didn't matter to him that they mistook it for a grin of amusement, for he no longer minded their indifference. He was "an old geezer," but he had ceased being ashamed of it. He would never be a great-grandfather; but at last old age had lost its terrors for him. He would live to tease Mr. Bartholdi about his great-grandchild; he would live to boast of his age, to be proud of being an antediluvian.

"It's going to be an early spring," remarked Mr. James Cannon, blissfully unaware that he was speaking his thoughts aloud for the third time that morning.

A RUSSIAN JEW AND THE CHRISTIAN CHURCHES

BY ISAAC DON LEVINE

AS a child I learned to fear and keep at a respectable distance from a church. Whenever my way lay near the only church of my native town in White Russia I would make a wide detour to avoid passing it, so that I should not have to take off my hat. But this was only the formal excuse. There were several more substantial reasons for my action, the chief of which was that I would either encounter a group of Christian boys near the church and be treated with a beating or that I would forget myself and chance to expectorate in front of the church, and, if detected, be arrested and—who knows?—perhaps be exiled to Siberia. Then the prospects of being kidnapped and baptized and being forced to live among Christians and eat pork did not appeal to my imagination. Our town at that time had not yet forgotten the then recent occurrence of this kind, when a Christian, enamored of a young Jewess, forcibly abducted her into some monastery, baptized her, and married her in spite of her and her parents' protests.

When I grew a little older, in my early boyhood, my fear of the church had slowly changed into hatred. I had already learned about the Crusades and the Inquisition, and a blind, passionate hatred for everything Christian permeated my blood. Christ to me then was the inventor of a machinery that had for eighteen centuries been employed in burning, crucifying, exterminating a people. The priest in the street, in his black robe, was to me the symbol of paganism, barbarism, ignorance. And the church was a place where Christians deified a wooden statue and revered a number of persons who stood for bloody execution and torture throughout the eighteen centuries of Christianity. In those days the mention of the name of Jesus Christ was forbidden in the community, and if one happened to pronounce it by chance he would speedily accompany it by a vigorous spitting.

All this time the church was a mystery to me. Sometimes I would stealthily approach it and try to divine the expression on the face of the richly ornamented statuette of Christ, placed high above the main entrance to the church, and from the opposite sidewalk I would strain my eyes to see through the open doors the figures on the walls in the interior of the church and to understand their significance. But there was little in those paintings that I understood, and not much that could be observed from a distance outside. So the mystery about the church remained as thick and deep as ever, as impressed on my imagination. Of course I never thought of approaching the church on a day when there were services going on; and when the mighty bells in the church towers sent forth vibrations that shook the town and its surroundings my heart would beat faster and my imagination would endeavor to draw a picture of the interior of the church at that moment.

Then in my early youth came the days of doubt, skepticism, free-thinking. The synagogue had lost its grip on me. It was a place for tears, for wailing, for submission to the yoke, and patiently suffering it. And I was then filled with the fighting spirit of youth, with ambition, intolerance, and revolt. The church at that period of my life had ceased existing. It lost all its significance in my eyes, together with the synagogue. Both, I thought, were archaic and at the end of their careers. In those phantasmagoric days I momentarily expected the arrival of a wonderful social order on earth.

And then came a shock. A member of the church, a Christian priest, suddenly arose and became the inspired leader of the people. At the head of a vast mass of humanity, he appeared one Sunday before the Czar's palace and asked for liberty and justice. And he had the courage to face the soldiers' bullets and the Cossacks' sabers on

that Bloody Sunday, as it has been christened in history. The church at once became to me a living, animated institution, fighting the people's battles. The somber and calm priest was now in my eyes a secret revolutionist awaiting the opportune moment to lead the masses in the struggle for freedom; and every morning I would hopefully look at the church towers, expecting the huge copper bells to begin gathering the people from the town and the villages and calling them into the revolutionary ranks.

But month after month went by—bloody months of revolution—and the church remained as passive as ever to the stormy currents of life raging around it. One day I participated in a parade which passed by the church. There were red and black banners floating above us with fiery inscriptions. But when I looked at the statuette of Christ high above the entrance to the church, I saw it was unchanged, and through the open doors of the church I noticed that the paintings in the interior still retained that old mysteriousness of theirs. Even the Christian boys still flocked in its vicinity, with the only difference that now they would throw no more stones at me.

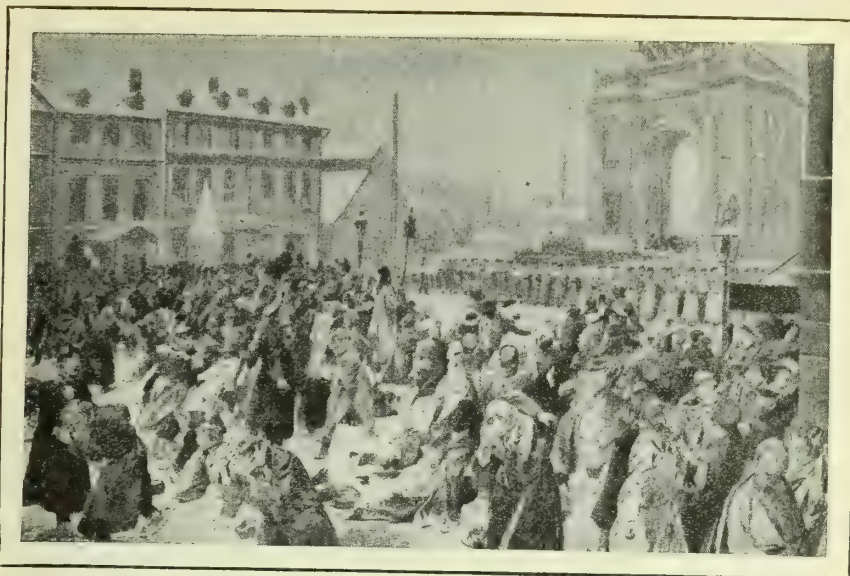
Then came the brief days of intoxicating liberty, followed quickly by a tremendous wave of reaction. That was the period of ordered massacres on a national scale. The church had suddenly become active. The huge copper bells sent forth from the church towers powerful vibrations that echoed and re-echoed for miles in the hills and valleys surrounding the town. Thousands responded to the call and poured into the city from north and south, east and west. To the edifice where Christ dwelt they came armed with rifles, swords, axes, hay-forks, knives, scythes, saws, and all kinds of primitive weapons. The church could not accommodate even half the crowd, and the priest, standing on the stairs at

the entrance, addressed the multitude. He spoke of Christ and the Czar, and their duty to both. He spoke very eloquently and enthusiastically of their Christian mission, and blessed them on their way. Then the mass surged forth wildly with the savage cry, "Kill the Jews!" and did its horrible work. There were babies, born and unborn, mothers, daughters, fathers, sons, limbs, arms, fingers, and even solitary eyes—wide-open eyes crushed out of their orbits—buried in one large fraternal grave. There were orphans, widows, cripples, dazed, insane men and women robbed of their earthly possessions, huddled in the synagogues, crying in horrifying voices to God. And in the church the sackers hid all the looted goods, in the church they divided their spoils. Oh, how I hated the church at that time! Had I not been forced to leave my native town immediately I would have set it afire the following Sunday morning when it was packed to its doors.

One Sunday morning I found myself wandering aimlessly in the streets of New York. The metropolitan canyons were resting, as if they had emptied their tempestuous human currents into the harbor and fallen into deep slumber. Suddenly the sonorous chiming of bells reached my ears, and at the thought of a church my pulse began beating faster and faster. Walking in the direction of the sounds, I soon discovered the brown edifice of a church jammed between rows of Babylonian towers. It looked to me like a cherubic apostle of God in the midst of a tribe of gigantic pagans.

There was a sign, "All Welcome," on the door, and the near-by bulletin board informed me that the sermon that morning would be delivered by a well-known minister on a subject that promised much. I entered. A Sphinx-like usher assigned me a seat and handed me a programme. And what a wonderful programme that was! Like the menu of some royal dinner, it combined a great variety of artistically selected spiritual dishes. Interchanging in the right proportions of a scientifically prepared meal came a number of items that completely and thickly covered two fair-sized pages. There were individual singing, choir singing, and collective singing; harp-playing, organ-playing, and piano-playing; readings from the Bible by the minister and by his assistant, with the congregation standing and seated; blessings, announcements, offering, and the sermon. It was plainly a case of Christianity *à la carte*!

That I was actually stupefied for some moments by the programme is shown by the fact that for some time I remained unaware of the efforts of my neighbor to release the sleeve of his coat on which I was seated. Then I looked around. The house was full of fashionably dressed women and elderly men. Most of them were discussing the programme in whispers. Two hours later, I thought, they would be discuss-



Courtesy of Strand Magazine

"A CHRISTIAN PRIEST SUDDENLY AROSE AND BECAME THE INSPIRED LEADER OF THE PEOPLE. AT THE HEAD OF A VAST MASS OF HUMANITY, HE APPEARED ONE SUNDAY BEFORE THE CZAR'S PALACE AND ASKED FOR LIBERTY AND JUSTICE. AND HE HAD THE COURAGE TO FACE THE SOLDIERS' BULLETS AND THE COSSACKS' SABERS ON THAT BLOODY SUNDAY, AS IT HAS BEEN CHRISTENED IN HISTORY"

Father Gapon, the priest spoken of, is seen in the picture facing the troops at the head of his followers, holding aloft the sacred emblem

ing in much the same manner, though perhaps more audibly, the art of their cooks at their dining-tables; the following morning they would be discussing the latest fashion patterns in their drawing-rooms; and in the evening acrobats and dancers in some vaudeville theater or cabaret. Such was God worship according to progressive ideas of the twentieth century.

Promptly at eleven the programme started. There were good and bad musical selections played on the harp, organ, and piano. There were hymns sparkling with divine inspiration and hymns that were mere jumbles of rhyming words sung. There were some of the most beautiful and some of the most nonsensical passages of the Bible read. There were empty plates handed out by the Sphinx-like ushers to the congregation and plates filled with silver coins, bills, and checks returned by the congregation to the same ushers. And then the minister delivered his message to the flock of worthy Christians.

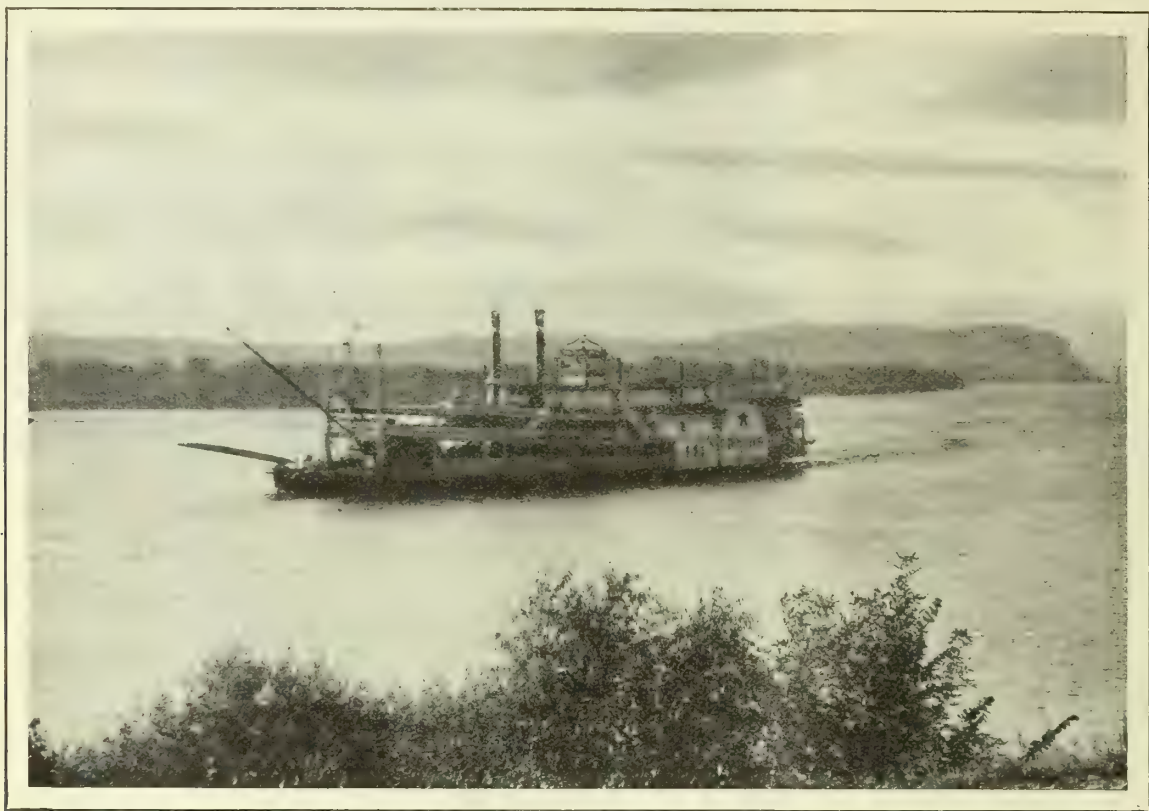
The text for the sermon was from Matthew—the famous parable of the talents. And in more than an hour's talk the eloquent preacher prescribed a very simple solution of the poverty problem to his audience that was composed of those who "had received five talents" and "two talents" from their Lord. He advised those who "had received one talent" not to revolt, to be content and happy, for the Lord gives "to every man according to his several abilities." Each class of human society should be content with the kind of life it was destined to lead on earth, for in the kingdom of heaven all will be equal, all rewarded along democratic lines.

That is how the apostle of Christ interpreted his parable to the congregation of Christians. And what amazed me, the Jew, was not the hypocritical flattering of the wealthy class nor the counseling the poor to make use of the little they possessed and be content with it, but the entire lack of the philosophical, analytical process of thinking—something that, as I have later discovered, is the virtue of the average priest. He starts out with an assumption, without having proved its validity, and on it he builds up the whole fabric of his sermon. He tells us to believe that the Lord gives "every man according to his several ability," in spite of facts to the contrary. He takes it for granted that every one gets what he deserves, in spite of the brilliant child of the slums and the stupid child of the millionaire. He says, "Do so and so," but he is afraid of the "Why?" He propounds theories, but furnishes no proofs.

When the sermon ended and the people, beaming with satisfaction, arose and made for the doors, my imagination carried me away to the church of my native town in White Russia. How different was that one from this! Here there were no images on the walls, no lighted icons in the corners. And how different were these Christians from *those*—different in nearly everything. But, just the same, I felt, as I lingered behind and contemplated the departing mass of humanity, that there was something in common between these and *those*—that there was a fundamental similarity between them. And it was not until I left the church and went out into the open sunshine that it dawned upon me that that similarity was ignorance.

FRIENDS AND FOES OF WESTERN COMMERCE

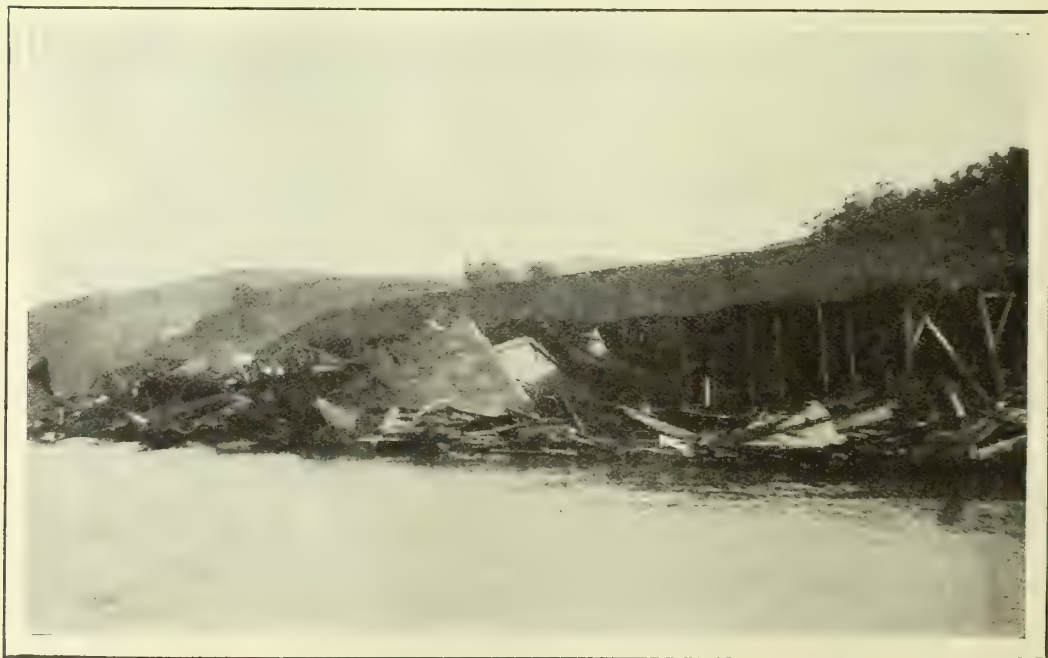
PICTURES FROM OUTLOOK READERS



From T. T. Maxey, Chicago

THE GREAT MID-CONTINENTAL WATER HIGHWAY, WITH A TYPICAL MISSISSIPPI FREIGHT CARRIER

The palmy days of the great Mississippi steamboats before and after the Civil War, as celebrated in Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi," seem coming back to some extent, so far at least as freight is concerned, as the records show the commerce of the river to have been steadily increasing since 1914



From Emanuel Fritz, Berkeley, Cal.

TEREDOS DESTROY GRAIN WAREHOUSES ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY

The shipworm, or teredo, which in the days of exclusively wooden vessels inflicted great damage on the merchant marine, occasionally makes incursions on buildings near the shore, the effects being seen in the picture. The supporting piles of these buildings are said to have been completely riddled by the worm, unseen and unsuspected until the structure collapsed, destroying a large amount of grain. This pest, our informant states, riddles a pile with circular galleries as thick as a finger. It does not enter the wood for food but for shelter, it is stated. The damage done in this case amounted to many thousands of dollars

THE BOOK TABLE

FOUR REVIEWS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

ONE of the essays in this volume¹ indicates two of the qualities which to thoughtful readers have made William James a most fascinating writer. "Philosophers," he says, "are like poets. . . . Both alike have the same function. They are, if I may use a simile, so many spots or blazes—blazes made by the ax of the human intellect on the trees of the otherwise trackless forest of human experience." It is because philosophers have not recognized this affinity of philosophy to poetry, because, infected by the scientific spirit, they have tried to treat human experience as though it were like physical nature, subject to invariable law and capable of exact definition, that philosophy has seemed to the average man unreal, and therefore both untrue and uninteresting. The other principle James thus states: "The ultimate test for us of what a truth means is indeed the conduct it dictates or inspires. . . . Suppose there are two different philosophical definitions, or propositions, or maxims, or what not, which seem to contradict each other, and about which men dispute. If by supposing the truth of the one you can foresee no conceivable practical consequence to anybody at any time or place, which is different from what you would foresee if you supposed the truth of the other, why then the difference between the two propositions is no difference—it is only a specious and verbal difference, unworthy of further contention." His recognition of the first proposition makes Professor James an idealist; he deals with the invisible world; and much of his writing has the qualities of a prose poem. The second proposition makes him a pragmatist; it makes his writing real and makes him a practical guide to life. For readers who are willing to think over what they are reading, this volume of essays and fragments of essays will probably be a more valuable guide to William James's mind than one of his larger books, partly because it is made up of fragments, partly because the essays were originally written for current periodicals and most of them for thoughtful but unscholastic readers.

Professor Royce is an analyst. His interest in the study of a subject is in intellectually taking it to pieces and seeing of what it is composed. This makes many of his essays² difficult reading. Thus in "Tests of Right and Wrong" he requires the reader to "undertake a brief analysis of consciousness in general." His leadership in this process is wonderfully clear; yet when

his pupil gets through the analysis of so simple a proposition as "this paper is white" and finds it composed of three elements, he has done some not easy thinking and is somewhat doubtful whether the result is any better equipment for dealing with questions of right and wrong. On the other hand, Professor Royce's analysis of "George Eliot as a Religious Teacher" reveals in that great novelist an element of greatness which this reader had not before realized, and he is minded to take up "Scenes from Clerical Life" or "Daniel Deronda" for a re-reading with new and deeper interest because of the new light thrown upon them. In the main, however, this book of essays is rather for the trained thinker interested in studying intellectual picture puzzles than for the general reader who is more interested in the results than in the processes of thought.

The spirit of true religion involves a combination of imagination and conscience: imagination to inspire emotion; conscience to harness the emotion and to guide in the path of duty. Because few writers are able to supply both elements interesting and useful religious literature is rare. The emotion without the conscience furnishes æsthetic enjoyment in worship, but does not inspire conduct; conscience without emotion points out the path of duty, but furnishes no power to walk in it. It is because Dr. Fosdick's writings furnish both light and warmth, guidance and power, that his booklets, of which this is the fourth, have rendered so valuable a service to sincere seekers after the life that is worth while. I heartily commend this little volume³ as a worthy companion to the other volumes with analogous titles, "The Meaning of Prayer" and "The Meaning of Faith."

Dr. Hill's thesis is that Abraham Lincoln was a "Man of God." The bibliography appended at the close of his volume⁴ indicates that he is familiar with a large portion of Lincoln literature, and from that literature he has selected a great variety of anecdotes to illustrate and enforce his theme. His book does not indicate that he has been at pains to determine whether all these stories are adequately authenticated nor that he is familiar with the crude religious ideas of the pioneer community in which Abraham Lincoln grew up. Nor does his volume trace the development of Mr. Lincoln's religious experience as Dr. Barton has done in "The

Soul of Abraham Lincoln." But it is interesting and readable, and it brings into prominence a phase of Lincoln's character which will need emphasizing as long as the false impression produced by Lamon and Herndon continues to find any currency.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

BROWN WOLF, AND OTHER JACK LONDON STORIES. Chosen by Franklin K. Mathiews. The Macmillan Company, New York.

These short stories, mainly about animals, are worthy of the author of "White Fang" and "The Call of the Wild." They are decidedly worth collecting. The volume is one every boy and every lover of wild life would rejoice to have.

CORDS OF VANITY (THE). By James Branch Cabell. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York.

A new edition of one of Mr. Cabell's less important novels, which has been improved by a thorough rewriting, but is not yet as well centered and vital as it is original.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

BOY APPRENTICED TO AN ENCHANTER (THE) By Padraic Colum. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York.

These fairy stories in prose by an Irish poet of fine imaginative power are tastefully printed and aptly illustrated by Dugald Stewart Walker.

DOINGS OF JANE (THE). By Sarah Harbine Weaver. The Stratford Company, Boston.

Amusing experiences and pranks of mischievous college girls make up a lively and jolly story.

ISABEL STIRLING. By Evelyn Schuyler Schaeffer. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

A well-written story of a girl's life. School, society, romance, and army life, with a spice of adventure, are all shown as seen by a clever young woman; and the author is endowed with the power of making others see what Isabel experienced. The story is mature enough to interest all and it surely should attract girl readers.

SONS O' CORMAC (THE). By Aldis Dunbar. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

The ancient Irish heroes who figure in these studies had fun in their composition as well as heroism. The tales are told by an Irish gardener to a group of children, just as Uncle Remus told his delightful yarns, only fairies take the place of Br'er Rabbit and Sis Cow. They make capital reading.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY IN AMERICA, 1921. The Pictorial Photographers of America, New York City.

This volume is creditable alike to the photographers and the printers who have made the book. The photographs are almost entirely the work of amateurs, but the composition and finish of their contributions may well serve as a

¹Collected Essays and Reviews. By William James. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

²Fugitive Essays. By Josiah Royce. Introduction by Dr. J. Loewenberg. The Harvard University Press, Cambridge.

³The Meaning of Service. By Harry Emerson Fosdick. The Association Press, New York.

⁴Abraham Lincoln, Man of God. By John Wesley Hill, D.D., LL.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.



Courtesy of Pictorial Photographers of America

THE VANISHING ROAD

By Otto C. Schulte, San Francisco, Cal.

stimulus and an inspiration to professional workers and will be a delight to all picture-lovers. The plate we reproduce on this page furnishes an apt illustration of the truism that the artist with feeling can find his subject without going to the ends of the earth to get it. "Throw down your bucket where you are!"—is advice that the art worker in whatever medium may well take to heart when he sees what can be done in artistic achievement with an ordinary roadside scene.

BIOGRAPHY

DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY. REMINISCENCES OF A VARIED LIFE. By Maitland Armstrong. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The late Maitland Armstrong was an American painter and designer of stained glass, a friend of Saint-Gaudens and La Farge, and a figure of interest in the world of art. He was also a diplomatist, and as Consul-General to Rome saw the birth of modern Italy as a nation. His family had its roots in ante-Revolutionary days and his social connection was wide. He had the narrative gift and a genial view of life. His reminiscences make capital reading.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

OLD VILLAGE LIFE. By P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

A readable description of the village life of England in many centuries and peoples—in Roman times and before, in Saxon and Norman England, in Tudor and Stuart days, and so down to and including the nineteenth century. Research and thorough study are evident. The style is clear and readable, and the

author brings out in an interesting fashion industrial, agricultural, and social customs and conditions.

SNAPSHOTS BY THE WAY. By Gilbert Guest. The Burkley Printing Company, Omaha.

Not photographs, but short stories with an element of naïve humor in them. The style is flowery and the stories would bear condensing.

THROUGH THE LAND OF PROMISE. By Rev. P. A. Mattison, Ph.D., D.D. The Stratford Company, Boston.

This book will be chiefly of interest to the friends of the author. Except for the abundant historical and Scriptural references connecting the places visited with historical incidents, there is nothing which distinguishes this travel letter from letters written by hundreds of travelers to their friends at home. Dr. Mattison took his panoramic journey so rapidly that he had no time for more than superficial impressions, and he has not been able to give to his readers more than he could gather for himself.

WAR BOOKS

NAVAL HISTORY OF THE WAR (THE), 1914-1918. By Henry Newbolt. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

Perhaps the time has not yet come for a definitive history of naval operations during the Great War, but here is an admirable presentation of the facts as far as we now know them, with many interesting reflections on the German and British navies and their encounters. The author's knowledge is comprehensive and highly technical, but he writes in a popular style that will interest nearly all readers. An American is naturally disappointed at the small space

given to America's help in freeing the sea from the German menace.

MISCELLANEOUS

NEW ENGLAND IN THE LIFE OF THE WORLD. By Howard Allen Bridgman. The Pilgrim Press, Boston.

Here is a book to make transplanted New Englanders, wherever they are, proud of themselves and of the land of their origin, and to make the home-stayers realize as never before the wide influence that New England has had on the world's history. The chapters give a comprehensive review of the effect of New England emigration on the various States of the Union, on the Near and Far East, and on Hawaii and other islands through the work of missionaries.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

HEAD OF THE LOWER SCHOOL. By Dorothea Moore. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

LEOPARD PRINCE (THE). By Nathan Galizier. Illustrated. The Page Company, Boston.

MR. DIMOCK: A STORY OF TO-DAY. By Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan. The John Lane Company, New York.

PADDY-THE-NEXT-BEST-THING. By Gertrude Page. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

POOR WHITE. A Novel. By Sherwood Anderson. B. W. Huebsch, New York.

TROOP ONE OF THE LABRADOR. By Dillon Wallace. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

ADELE DORING ON A RANCH. By Grace May North. The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston.

ENCHANTED FOREST (THE). By William Bowen. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York.

GAMES FOR BOYS. By G. S. Ripley. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

IRISH FAIRY TALES. By James Stephens. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York.

SHELDON SIX (THE)—ANNE. By Grace M. Remick. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

BEST PLAYS OF 1919-1920 (THE). And the Year Book of the Drama in America. Edited by Burns Mantle. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

ESSENTIALS IN ART. By Osvald Siren, Ph.D. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York.

GIOVANNI DELLA ROBBIA. By Allan Marquard. Princeton Monographs in Art and Archeology VIII. The Princeton University Press, Princeton.

WHAT MUSIC CAN DO FOR YOU. A Guide for the Uninitiated. By Harriet A. Seymour. Harper & Brothers, New York.

POETRY

BEYOND THE DESERT. By Alfred Noyes. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

BRIDE OF CORINTH (THE), AND OTHER POEMS AND PLAYS. By Anatole France. Translated by Wilfrid Jackson and Emille Jackson. The John Lane Company, New York.

COLLECTED POEMS 1901-1918. By Walter de la Mare. 2 vols. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

THE EDITORS' MAIL BAG

A POETICAL ADDRESS

THE OUTLOOK has recently been publishing matters of interest in connection with the late James G. Blaine, and the following may be pertinent to the subject. Judge Samuel Barnes Gookins, of Strawberry Hill, Terre Haute, Indiana, who is so lovingly remembered by Dr. Lyman Abbott, was one of the best of Chicago lawyers. Judge Gookins was a fine writer and by nature a true poet. He wrote the dedicatory hymn which was set to music and sung at the dedication of the Plymouth Congregational Church of Chicago. "The Minor Key" was considered among his best. Very frequently he was called upon by the public to speak in the interests of his party. Some years ago a Terre Haute paper contained one of his speeches that he was particularly anxious that Mr. Blaine should see. Not knowing the exact address of Mr. Blaine, he put the paper containing the article in a wrapper, and on the outside wrote:

To James G. Blaine,
Who lives in Maine,
This paper I have sent.

I do not know,
At what P. O.
U. S. will find the gent.

But since good fame
Repeats his name
So widely in these days,

I do not doubt
'Twill find him out,
Unhidden by the Hayes.

Mr. Blaine received the paper and acknowledged it, being very much pleased with Judge Gookins's speech, and from that time on they were extremely good friends.
EDWIN W. KEMPER.

THE CHEAP AND THE OBVIOUS

BEING naturally a mush of concession, I have long and painfully cultivated a habit of contradiction, just to keep my spirit exercised. But, regretfully, I can find nothing to contradict in Mr. Pulsifer's article "The World's Worst Failure." My first impulse was to say, "No wholesome fun? What about Dorothy Gish in her vain efforts to dispose of her first chewing-gum, as Little Miss Rebellion? No poetic pathos? Have you seen Charlie Chaplin in 'The Bank'?" But these instances, like others I was prepared to cite, had nothing to do with the case. They were entirely matters of personality.

Why is it that the movies are so engrossed with the cheap and obvious? Against horse-play and buffoonery I have not a word to say. The young barbarian who persists in most of us will never quite lose the relish for robust clowning. But false sentiment and distorted values—what excuse is there for the prevalence of these? Is the fault with the managers, or the scenario writers, or

DEPRIVE a man of his mate, and he finds the world intolerably lonesome. Give him a companion, and the two irritate each other. For, if only by mere accident, they ere long become rivals in some quest; or perhaps they interrupt each other in a conversation and then each, if sufficiently eager, begins to say (out of pure love both for his fellow and for the sound of his own voice): "Do not interrupt me. Listen to me."

—Josiah Royce.

with us? I hope your article will make us think the question out.

New York City.

A. J. BURR.

SEA-SERPENT OR SAURIAN

Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D.:

DEAR SIR—I have been reading your "Snapshots" in The Outlook, and have been much interested in them, but in the course of one of them, I think the one about Barnum, you speak in a tone of rather contemptuous amusement of people who believe in the sea-serpent.

I thought it might interest you to know about the creature which has appeared at uncertain intervals in Nahant Bay. The first time I ever heard of it was in the Life of a well-known Boston philanthropist, Amos Lawrence. His grandson, Arthur Lawrence, was then, and for many years afterwards, the rector of our church in Stockbridge. He had lent my mother this Life of his grandfather, and the next time he came to our house mamma spoke of this story, which is briefly this: "At uncertain intervals there has been seen in Nahant Bay, generally among a body of the small whales, called 'blackfish,' the head and neck of a creature, said head and neck being ten feet high, lifted straight up; the thing then plunges and comes up again." At the time Amos Lawrence wrote about it, which, if I mistake not, was about 1830, the creature had been seen by many people, who went in carriages, and so on, down to the bay, and it was last seen putting out to sea with the blackfish.

The next time the rector dined with us mamma spoke of this story (Mr. Lawrence had been away in his brother's yacht on his vacation), and she asked Mr. Lawrence what he thought of the tale. He calmly replied, "I saw it the other day."

Mr. Frank Lawrence's yacht, sailing about Nahant Bay, had met the creature, chased it around for about three hours;

once Mr. Frank Lawrence fired at it, and, though they heard the ball strike, it produced no apparent effect, and it at last put out to sea with the "blackfish." They got near enough to it, once or twice, to see its eyes and mouth. Mr. Lawrence said he thought it looked more like a saurian than a serpent. His brother Frank wanted the rector to go and make an affidavit on the subject, but the rector declined, for the same reason, I suppose, that no sea captain will ever report queer-looking monsters seen on voyages. Strangely enough, one of my brothers saw the same creature on an Atlantic voyage; the passengers watched it for some time, but of course the captain never reported it.

There has been so much testimony on the subject in the last ten or twenty years that the Massachusetts Historical, or Geographical, Society (I forget which) recorded its belief in the sea-serpent, though it naturally did not declare whether it was a serpent or a saurian, but, at any rate, that this strange monster has been seen at intervals in Nahant Bay and at a certain place in Russia.

I remember reading (now many years ago) that the fishermen of a certain place in Russia had been kept from their ordinary summer industry by this same monster swimming about at the entrance of their bay.

Excuse this long letter, which of course does not ask for any answer. I thought the facts herein related might interest you.

Yours truly,

VIRGINIA BUTLER.

Stockbridge, Massachusetts.

TO THE YOUNG-OLD PHILOSOPHER

My dear Young-Old Philosopher—I fear I cannot feel the sadness over the tragedy of spirit such as you claim takes place if we stay too long in the city of New York, or in any great city. In matters of opinion such as these we are guided, naturally enough, I think, by our personal experiences. And mine have been so different.

You tell us that in the city we must have distinct groups of friends; that we must keep these groups apart to avoid mental friction. Have you never experienced groups or individuals at actual enmity as well as friction in small places? Have you never known two people living in a small community—where there are plenty of open spaces—not speaking because of an erstwhile jealous clash over some charity undertaking?

The hostess in New York does not need to dread the mental friction which would result from the meeting of different groups of friends, as must a newcomer to a small community who has not yet learned who get along together and who like each other before she plans her first dinner party.

I agree with you that in the case of

illness the small places hear of the news quickly. But then again there is a certain privacy in the city. Your appendix and its condition is a secret between it (you're not even admitted to the secret yourself) and the hospital to which you introduce it; but in a smaller place it is the common property of all. I have a feeling that such an innermost matter should not be common property for discussion.

And the thrill of having a friend in the Bronx or in Washington Heights who comes to a far downtown hospital to visit you is worth so much, much more than the one who has nothing to do, no distance to come, and who rather enjoys your illness as a new topic of conversation.

Neighbors? The lack of neighborliness and intimate friends in a city? Perhaps. But I've found more real neighborliness in great, noisy, crowded, abused New York than anywhere else. At one time my work called me to the poorer section of the city at a period when there was a great deal of unemployment. Again and again and again I found two families or more living together—one man who had work helping his neighbor along, letting the neighbor and the family (no small matter in those instances) live with him until better times came. And if I expressed surprise to either the husband or wife when such acts of kindness had been extended in many cases over periods of several months, the answer I always received was:

"Why, no, it ain't much extra work or money. But, anyway, what else would you have us do? They're *neighbors*." And the mere sound of the word sounded the neighborliness that was felt.

As a rule, I am one of your faithful disciples. But in this case I must disagree. "Why do these glittering lights attract us poor moths?"

Because, I feel, we see not only the city's dazzling lights but the light that shines from human hearts; and there are so many of them in a city! And even though we may not always see that light, we can feel the warmth of its glow.

MARY GRAHAM BONNER.

TIMBER WASTE AND FREIGHT RATES

THE recent advance in freight rates, which amounts to about 33½ per cent on lumber commodities, has done more to waste the great timber resources of this country than any other factor. We believe that this freight rate will cause the waste of more timber than all of the forest fires in the country. For example: the logs from hardwood timber will only run about 25 per cent clear or high-grade material. They will run about 50 per cent No. 1 common or second-grade and 25 per cent No. 2 common or third-grade material.

In hardwood operations the logs are usually taken from the woods, loaded on freight cars, and shipped over the pub-

lic carriers to the various manufacturing centers. It has always been a problem to the lumbermen how to dispose of their low-grade material—that is, the product of these third-grade logs; and they have only been running these through their plants and about break even—that is, they are able to sell it for just enough to pay their expenses in the matter. Any profits they make must be made on the first-grade and second-grade logs.

Now, with the advanced freight rate in effect; this affects the lumberman, first, on the rate on the logs into his manufacturing plant and, second, the rate from his manufacturing plant to the consuming markets. This, therefore, puts the price to the consumer so high that he cannot afford to buy low-grade lumber, and, consequently, there is no market for it. Lumbermen are

therefore compelled to leave these logs in the woods. Please note, as I before stated, this will amount to about 25 per cent of all the timber taken from the woods. This, therefore, means a very large economic loss.

These logs would make excellent lumber to be used for crating purposes, for making boxes, siding for car doors, and many other uses where lumber must be used. It is therefore incumbent upon the railway companies, for the benefit of the country as a whole and for the preservation of countless millions of feet of lumber, that freight rates on low-grade lumber be reduced so as to permit of the wide distribution of same. This is a matter of vital concern to the country as a whole and is not confined to the lumber industry in particular.

ROY O. MARTIN.

Memphis, Tennessee.

PRIZE CONTEST NUMBER TWO

What The World War Did To Me

YOU are a different man or woman from the one you were before August, 1914. The war caused deep and lasting changes in every human being during those four years. There was no escape, even though you never saw a marching column. For the best letter telling us what the World War did to you, we will award:

a first prize of Fifty Dollars

a second prize of Thirty Dollars

a third prize of Twenty Dollars

How did the war change you? How did it alter your character? What did it add—what did it take away? Are you better for the war or worse? What spiritual upheavals, what subtle reactions, have you experienced?

Search yourself for answers to these questions. Then write us a letter. In Contest Number One we asked you to write 500 words about The Outlook. Now write about yourself. Take 600 words to do it in—we are more interested in you than in ourselves. We don't like to impose a limit, but our restricted space demands it. By a 600-word limit we merely mean the space that 600 words of average length will occupy. By using shorter words you can get in more. But be genuine; get down to realities.

CONDITIONS OF CONTEST

1. Write your name (add a pen name, if you like, for publication) and address in the upper left-hand corner of your letter.
2. All letters must be typewritten on one side of the paper only.
3. Limit your letter to 600 words of average length.
4. Your letter, to be eligible, must reach us on or before March 31, 1921.
5. We reserve the right to purchase desirable letters not winning prizes, and to publish them in The Outlook.
6. Unavailable letters will not be returned.
7. The staff of The Outlook will be the judges of the contest.

Address all contest letters to

CONTEST EDITOR, THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
381 Fourth Avenue, New York

A Petition For Better Roads —

To Our Road Officials

Whereas the roads in this vicinity have been a source of expense and inconvenience, due to mud, dust and ruts; and

Whereas these roads have been the cause of

- (1) *high taxes* to cover cost of frequent repairs;
- (2) *high cost* of hauling due to added time required and necessity for carrying underweight loads;
- (3) *loss* of business to local merchants;
- (4) *loss* of business to our farmers who cannot compete successfully with farmers in neighboring good-roads communities;
- (5) *depreciation* of property values;
- (6) *inadequate* schooling for children due to lack of good roads.

Therefore We, the undersigned taxpayers, do hereby petition you to consider means of correcting the aforementioned conditions, by construction of *good roads*, and

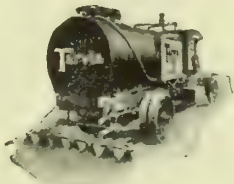
We Recommend Tarvia Roads, because we have had an opportunity to observe the economy and the benefits Tarvia Roads have brought to other communities. We are convinced that Tarvia is the quickest, surest and *most economical* way to all-year-round roads, free from mud, dust and ruts, and proof against water and frost.

(Signed) _____

(Signed) _____

(Signed) _____

(Signed) _____



Tarvia

Preserves Roads—Prevents Dust

Copy this petition—get some of your neighbors to sign it, too—and send it to your Road Officials. They are anxious to serve you, but you must tell them what you need and want. A petition like this will bring results.

Tarvia has given smooth, dustless, mudless, waterproof highways to thousands of communities. Your community can enjoy the same benefits—and *will*—if you start the movement for Tarvia Roads.

Our Special Service Department will send you without charge booklets describing the various grades of Tarvia. Address nearest office.

New York	Chicago	Philadelphia	Boston	St. Louis	Cleveland	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh
Detroit	New Orleans	Birmingham	Kansas City	Minneapolis	Dallas	Nashville	Syracuse
Salt Lake City	Seattle	Peoria	Atlanta	Duluth	Milwaukee	Bangor	Washington
Johnstown	Lebanon	Youngstown	Toledo	Columbus	Richmond	Lafayette	Bethlehem
Elizabeth	Buffalo	Baltimore	Omaha	Jacksonville	Houston	Denver	
THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited:				Halifax, N. S.			

The Barrett Company

Winnipeg

Vancouver

St. John, N. B.

THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Politicians and a Secretary of State

WOULD you like to be called a politician? What was the original meaning of this word? Is the present connotation of this word less or more complimentary than that which it once possessed? If a change in its meaning has occurred, to what do you attribute this change?

Can The Outlook be justified in heading an editorial "Wanted—More Politicians"? Was Mr. Wilson a politician in The Outlook's sense of the word when he made Mr. Bryan his Secretary of State? Was Mr. Roosevelt a politician in the same sense when he exposed and prosecuted Republicans holding places in the Post Office under his Administration? Was Mr. Taft a politician when he failed to take action against those guilty of similar conduct in the Land Office? What was the effect of President Roosevelt's action upon the Republican party? Of President Taft's?

In an editorial entitled "The New Administration's Secretary of State" The Outlook discusses Mr. Harding's announcement that he has chosen Charles Evans Hughes as his Secretary of State. Is this a "political appointment"?

Using your own definition of the word, would you call Mr. Hughes a politician? What effect will the appointment of Hughes have upon the country? Upon the political fortunes of the Republican party?

The Outlook states that Mr. Hughes is offered "the opportunity of becoming one of the greatest American Secretaries of State." Can you name any great American Secretaries of State and the achievements for which they are most renowned? What is the opportunity which awaits Mr. Hughes?

Neighbors; Jews and Christian Churches

In an editorial in this issue the Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook discusses the question "Who is My Neighbor?" In an article on page 344 Isaac Don Levine discusses "A Russian Jew and Christian Churches." What hope does America hold for those who have suffered as Mr. Levine as a young man suffered?

Do race hatred and religious bigotry exist in America? Cite examples. If you have seen such examples, state the underlying causes and define the cure which you would offer.

Is political democracy a panacea for race and religious prejudice? Is our public school system? Does the school dedicated to any particular religious

¹ These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—The Editors.

faith decrease or increase the danger of intolerance?

Do you think that the sermon quoted by Mr. Levine is typical of the attitude of Protestant churches in America? Do you consider this sermon the creation of ignorance?

Is Mr. Levine fair in saying that the ignorance of the American church and that of the Russian church belong in the same class?

Is ignorance the cause of all prejudice?

The St. Lawrence Outlet to the Sea

There are those who fear that the development of the West by making sea-ports of cities on the Great Lakes will be harmful to ports on the Atlantic coast. Is it justifiable to take this thought into consideration in discussing the project described on page 340 of this issue of The Outlook?

Cite instances where the shifting of transportation routes had adversely affected long-established cities. Has the total gain been greater than the total loss?

Is the prosperity of the Atlantic coast cities bound up with the prosperity of the interior of the American continent? Can one section of the country be benefited without benefiting the other?

Does the elimination of economic waste in transportation result in a general raising of standards of living? What has been the effect of the invention of the steam railway, the steamship, the automobile, upon standards of living?

What effect would the completion of the St. Lawrence outlet to the sea have upon the relations between the United States and Canada? What effect would it have upon America's trade in bulk commodities with Europe?

Are there any commodities which can be more advantageously carried by rail than by water where the two methods of transportation are in a position to compete?

America First

Defend or attack The Outlook's statements that "Socialistic Germany is not less possessed by military ambition than was Imperial Germany" and "the danger to civilization was hardly greater in 1914 than it is in 1921." Be as specific as you can in the reasons which you give.

What does The Outlook mean when it says, "Co-operation must be between the peoples; not merely between kings and prime ministers"? How can you personally help America to co-operate with France or Great Britain?

Is the analogy which The Outlook draws between the duties of a father and the duties of a government sound?

Is "Safety First" ever a safe motto for a nation?



DEAF?

This Smile Says "I Hear Clearly"

If you are hard of hearing you have embarrassing moments—so do your friends. Is it not worth while to see if all this embarrassment can be avoided? 400,000 persons are now hearing clearly by aid of the Acousticon.

A New York Physician says: "It is of great value to me. I should have been obliged to give up the practice of medicine long ago if I had not obtained this best of all devices for the aid of hearing."

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READ—JUST PUBLISHED—READ
THE GREATEST DEBATE IN A DECADE!
CAPITALISM vs. SOCIALISM

PROF. E. R. SELIGMAN
HEAD OF THE DEPT. OF ECONOMICS, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
VERSUS
PROF. SCOTT NEARING
RAND SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE

INTRODUCTION BY **OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD**
EDITOR OF "THE NATION"

SUBJECT—
RESOLVED: THAT CAPITALISM HAS MORE TO OFFER TO THE WORKERS OF THE UNITED STATES THAN HAS SOCIALISM.

HELD IN NEW YORK CITY, JAN. 23, 1921, BEFORE AN AUDIENCE OF 3500. (CERTIFIED STENOGRAPHIC REPORT ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE DEBATORS. PAPER COVER 50¢ CLOTH \$1.00 (BY MAIL 10¢ EXTRA))

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scientifically built by Mr. Dodson, who spent a lifetime in studying the birds, their habits and how to attract them to beautiful "Bird Lodge," his home and bird sanctuary on the Kankakee River, should be

Erected Now

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756 Harrison St., Kankakee, Ill.
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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY



DYSART McMULLEN is a newcomer in the short-story field, although he has contributed verse to a number of magazines. He served as captain in the American Red Cross with the A. E. F., after being rejected for aviation service on account of physical disability. He was educated at Rock Hill College and the University of Maryland. Mingled with his Scotch, Irish, and Welsh blood is a seventeenth-century strain of American Indian. He lives in Catonsville, Maryland.

KATHERINE LOUISE SMITH writes from Minneapolis, Minnesota. She has made many voyages of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence on freighters and passenger boats to secure facts presented in her article in this issue.

HOWARD MURRAY JONES writes from Madison, Wisconsin. He tells us in a letter: "Your readers will note a discrepancy. I speak of myself as a dweller in the open country and give my town address. As I am getting older, I like to winter in town, but I stayed out on the farm this year until November." He was awarded first prize in the first of The Outlook's series of prize contests.

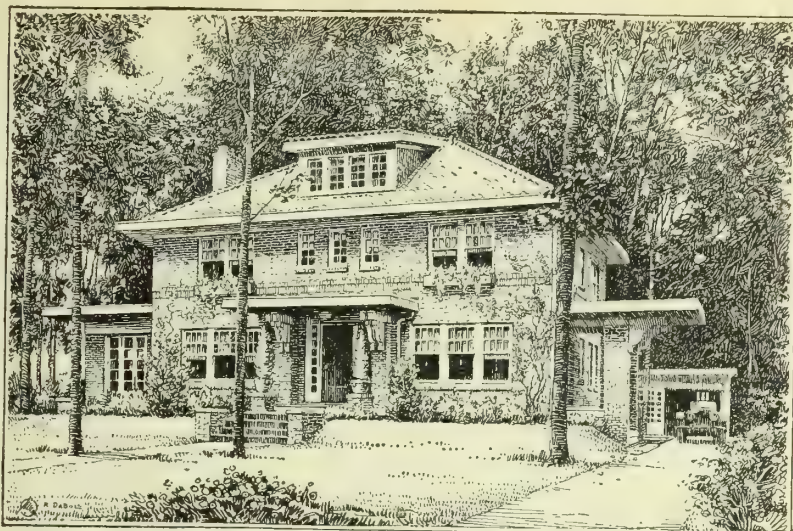
WILLIAM HARRIS GUYER has been President of Findlay College, Findlay, Ohio, since 1914. He was born in Bedford County, Pennsylvania, in 1870, and was educated at Findlay College and Defiance College. He was ordained in the ministry of the Church of God in 1895. He is the author of "Victors of the Faith," "Life of James Arminius," "Our Mothers," "Memories of Our Old Homes," "Messages of Comfort," and other books. During the war he served on the National Speakers' Bureau; he delivers from 100 to 125 addresses annually before graduating classes, farmers' institutes, and ministerial associations. He won second prize in the contest.

ALICE E. CATE lives in Belmont, Massachusetts. She was awarded third prize in the contest.

EDYTHE S. DRAPER lives in Oswego, Kansas. She is the wife of James B. Draper, district manager of the National Life Insurance Company. Mrs. Draper tied with Mrs. Cate for third place.

ISAAC DON LEVINE was born in Russia in 1892 and came to the United States in 1911. He has been a contributor to The Outlook on Russia and has written for numerous magazines. He was formerly on the staff of the New York "Tribune" as editor of the foreign news department. He is the author of "The Russian Revolution," and transcribed "Yashka," the autobiography of Maria Botchkareva, Commander of the Russian Women's Battalion of Death.

He has been a correspondent of the New York "Globe" in Russia, recording especially his observations and impressions of the so-called Government of the Bolsheviks. His article in this issue deals with some of his early experiences.



Drawing after house at Cleveland, Ohio. Harry T. Jeffrey, Architect

An Investment in Happiness

—The Satisfaction of Home Ownership

THE HOME feeling is an asset of the highest value, for it pays richly in a sense of self-respect, of more responsible citizenship, of moral poise as a member of the community, besides giving profound personal satisfaction and enriching the spiritual values that arise out of family ties and affections.

Taking all in all, you can make no other investment that is so rich in returns, both sentimental and practical, as in having your own home. And when you build, we believe we can give you ample reasons why a Face Brick house will give you, from every point of view—structural, artistic, economic, and we might add sentimental—more real satisfaction than any other kind. The matter is fully discussed in "The Story of Brick."

"THE STORY OF BRICK"

An artistic booklet with attractive illustrations and useful information for all who intend to build. The Romance of Brick, Extravagance of Cheapness, Comparative Costs, How to Finance the Building of a Home, are a few of the subjects treated. Your copy is awaiting your request. Send today.

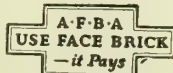
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THE FEDERAL HIGHWAY COUNCIL AND GOOD ROADS

THE question of road maintenance and motor-truck transportation is now being given much attention by State and Federal authorities. An organization of men interested in the proper development of highway transportation facilities is functioning in Washington as the Federal Highway Council. The objects of the Council are:

"To assist in co-ordinating the highways with the other transportation agencies of the country; to encourage the development and improvement of highways that will advance the economic life of the Nation; stimulate their use in such a manner as to facilitate and lessen the transportation of food, raw materials, and finished products, and to co-operate with Government agencies, both National and State, to the end that our highways may be of maximum service in the transportation system of the country."

The Council is making a practical study and analysis of the difficulties which surround an intelligent and economical highway development.

Its work includes: (1) The development of a National policy providing for the establishment of a National highway system to be constructed and maintained by the Federal Government; (2) co-operation with States in their local road problems; (3) the formation of a Transportation Committee to co-operate with the railways, waterways, and other agencies of transportation for the purpose of harmonizing all facilities, and particularly to bring the highway into its proper place for public use; (4) a study of proper road building to meet varying conditions and requirements, also including data on costs of building; (5) information on international highway development for the purpose of encouraging such development in foreign countries.

One of the most important activities of the Council is a study of subsoil in relation to proper road construction. In this connection Mr. S. M. Williams, chairman of the Council, has written us:

"If highway transportation is to become a reality, it must assure its patrons of regularity of service, and in order to do that it must have a dependable road—a road that can be used without handicaps three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, cutting out, of course, Sundays in some cases. Our study in the past has been entirely given to road surfaces, with the result that we know nothing about the soil in its relation to highway construction.

"We are building beautiful roads today, and within a year they go to pieces—possibly not entirely, but to such an extent that the road failures throughout the country, due to the action of subsoil from frost and moisture, are causing a loss of many millions of dollars. They are also causing the public to become dissatisfied with the building of high-type roads. Our Subsoil Committee is not only receiving the co-operation of some of the most eminent engineers throughout the country, but also that of the railroads themselves. They

have come to the conclusion that the time is past when they can continue adding ballast upon ballast, and that they must also study the soil in order that certain conditions may be overcome."

In another letter Mr. Williams again refers to the work of the Council as follows:

"In the past our highway development has largely been based upon the 'hurrah' method. In making this statement we do not mean to criticize former methods; but the truth of the matter is that we were not getting to the 'grass roots,' and the average highway throughout the country is selected to-day largely upon the basis of the skill of the material salesman on the job. With very few exceptions, and they are so few that they are hardly worthy of mention, we know nothing of traffic over the highways. Until the Federal Highway Council took up the subject and began pushing its study vigorously, we knew nothing about the soil in its relation to road construction or road-bearing qualities. All of this has resulted in what you might call an unintelligent improvement of the highways.

"There is one feature in connection with the work of our Transportation Committee to which we wish to call your specific attention, and for which Mr. C. W. Reid, manager of our Transportation Bureau and chairman of our Transportation Committee, is largely responsible. In the first place, our committees represent for the first time in the history of our country the bringing together of all transportation agencies for the purpose of studying and in so far as possible intelligently and definitely assigning to each type of transportation that function for which it is best suited, and then join hands in the development of that policy. In other words, we are seeking the advancement of transportation that will best meet the economic needs of the country. We believe by working together we will secure much greater results than by working single-handed and fighting each other, as has been the custom in former years. In addition to the representatives of the various agencies of transportation, such as the railways (steam and electric), the waterways, express companies, and the highways, we have brought into the work a large number of men who are responsible for the handling of the great traffic of our country. These men are really the buyers of transportation, to whom the various agencies must sell. We have also included the traffic managers of the commercial organizations of all important industrial and agricultural centers in the United States.

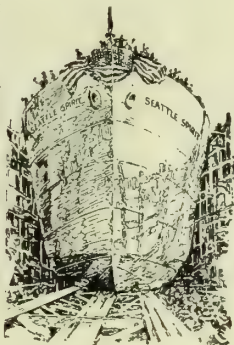
"From this you will see that the work of our committees is based, in so far as possible, upon the needs rather than upon the desires of the seller of traffic.

"Underneath the whole highway transportation problem lies the question of the sub-grade, to which we have already referred. On that committee we have some of the ablest engineers in the United States."

As to diverting short hauls from railways to motor trucks, Mr. Williams says: "The Federal Highway Council is

The Seattle Spirit

-an Invincible Civic Force



Seattle built 20.7% of all the vessels that formed the bridge of ships during the war—due entirely to the Seattle Spirit and the Seattle Climate.

Often the spirits of great events stride on before the events and in today already walks tomorrow.
—SCHILLER.

By C. T. CONOVER

THE SEATTLE SPIRIT is probably the greatest moving force in any community in the world.

In early days Seattle had to fight her way every inch of the way. When disappointed in securing a connection with the first transcontinental railroad the men of Seattle began the construction of a railway with their own hands and the women provided the commissary. It was this spirit that sent a relief fund to the Johnstown flood sufferers when Seattle was in ashes; that gave to Seattle the distinction of being the only American City that escaped a bank failure in 1893; that financed a World Exposition in 24 hours and opened it complete and on time, and that has created a city of over 350,000, the chief railway center and the chief American port on the Pacific, from a crude, straggling settlement of 4,000 within the writer's experience.

What of the future? Already the city's unprecedented combination of advantages and the Seattle Spirit have created one of the great world ports in waterborne commerce. Providence has provided that there also shall be one of the very great industrial centers.

Because—

Seattle is the center of the richest area in the nation in basic resources—timber, coal, agriculture, horticulture, fisheries and minerals.

It is the nearest American Port to the teeming millions and undeveloped wealth of the Orient. It dominates in the American trade in all far Eastern products—rubber, vegetable oil, silk, hemp, tea and hides.

It is the market place for Alaska, our own great undeveloped treasure land, capable of supporting 10,000,000 prosperous people.

Tributary to it is one-sixth of the Nation's water power and practically the only coal in the Pacific States.

Its climate gives an advantage of 20 per cent in manufacturing costs and the health record of the world.

And always there is the Seattle Spirit—indomitable and invincible.

Write freely and frankly of your manufacturing or foreign trade problems. Send for the booklet "Seattle, the Seaport of Success."

The Seattle Chamber of Commerce and Commercial Club

Publicity Bureau, 903 Arctic Bldg., Seattle

Manufacture in Seattle

"the Seaport of Success"

The writer's experience in Seattle is not unique. There are men in Seattle scarcely past middle age who landed on the beach here where a white man's foot had never trodden. Remember Seattle is but just beginning—the big chances are in the future. You'll be welcome.

Before You Come

Plan for time enough for a real survey of the Pacific Northwest—for stopovers at SPOKANE, the thriving metropolis of the vast Inland Empire; WALLA WALLA, one of the wealthiest cities per capita in the country, and either YAKIMA or take time enough to see some of the scenic glories and glimpse the joy of life. See PORTLAND and TACOMA, SEATTLE's charming sister cities, and EVERETT, a thriving industrial and commercial community; MOUNT VERNON, the prosperous center of probably the richest agricultural district in the world; BELLINGHAM, on a beautiful harbor and with a wealth of resources; OLYMPIA, the capital; CHEHALIS, CENTRALIA and the GRAYS HARBOR cities. No visitor to the Pacific Northwest should fail to visit VANCOUVER, the virile and progressive metropolis of Western Canada, and VICTORIA, one of the most charming cities of the world.

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"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, including the address, for each insertion. The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, twenty-five cents is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered. Address: ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, The Outlook, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

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THE FEDERAL HIGHWAY COUNCIL AND GOOD ROADS—(Continued)

working upon the belief that the future development of any type of transportation will largely depend upon the economic service which that type may render the communities served. Articles have been written, columns have been published, and the public has been worked up to a fever heat over the tremendous possibilities of diverting the short haul to the highways. I fear, however, that the important part of the entire subject has been overlooked—that is, the necessity for an improved highway.

"Admitting that the short-haul freight is not a function of the railroads, and recognizing the necessity of relief to the railroads so that their equipment may be employed in the longer and more profitable haul, I do not feel that the Public Utilities Commissions of the various States will be willing to relieve the railroads of that responsibility until the public is assured of a substitute that will give at least as satisfactory and dependable a service. With the exception of a few instances, the highways of our country are not in position to assume the burden of the short haul now handled by the railroads; and therefore is it not time to begin the promotion of this subject from the bottom, rather than from the top?

"I feel that as part of the very important work of our Committee, it will be necessary for them first to analyze what intelligently constitutes the short haul. Secondly, they should ascertain by intensive study and investigation highway conditions in the various communities, with a view to encouraging the development of highways necessary to meet this specific traffic need. The entire work of the Federal Highway Council is based upon a policy that should support this work, and as its chairman I can assure you of the full co-operation of the Council."



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Companions and Domestic Helpers

MATRON or housekeeper in institution or hotel. Five years' experience. Near New York preferred. 9,482, Outlook.

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SITUATIONS WANTED

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Teachers and Governesses

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ENGLISH governess desires position with family going to England. References. 9,485, Outlook.

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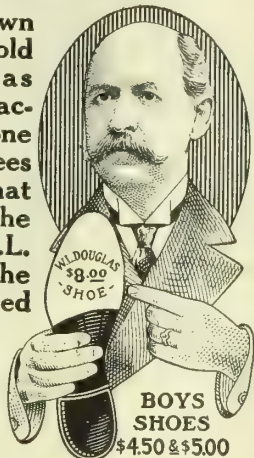
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BY THE WAY

SOME of the most valuable and productive real estate in the world is at the lower end of Manhattan Island, but there are still patches of vacant, unused land at the northern end. There are even, according to the "Rural New Yorker," five farms left on the island though the land devoted to this purpose is rapidly diminishing. Eleven years ago the number of farms was 85, while in 1900 there were 184 farms on the island.

A wee lass of Oregon, says a contributor to the "Journal" of the American Medical Association, on her visit to the farm had been initiated in the gathering of eggs. She was sitting on the porch the evening of her arrival. As she listened she heard a cow softly mooing in the distance. "Well, daddy," she said, "I guess the cow has laid a bottle of milk."

Occasionally the photographer scores a hit, as in the following colloquy reported in the "American Trade News Journal:" "I don't like these photos at all," he said; "I look like an ape." The photographer favored him with a glance of lofty disdain. "You should have thought of that before you had them taken," was his reply as he turned back to work.

London is keeping better hours, according to a writer in the "Sphere." "By midnight, London is asleep," he says. "In clubs, suppers no longer exist, and only the legends concerning them and all-night sittings remain. Such legends as this: An actor-manager at 3 o'clock A.M. protested earnestly against the decision to go home announced by the one other member present. 'Don't leave me,' he begged, pathetically, 'to spend the rest of the evening all by myself!'" If this practice of keeping "early hours" is a legacy of the war, London can perhaps in return for the benefit forgive some of the injuries inflicted on her during the great conflict.

The star Betelgeuse, which has recently been measured by Professor Michelson, obtained its name, we are told by an authority, from those keen-eyed students of the heavens in the Middle Ages, the Arabs, who called it Betelgeuse, or "the house of the bridge," according to one translation. The name is spelled in several ways—the Standard Dictionary preferring the form Betelgeuse. In answer to an inquiry as to the authority for this spelling, we are informed that it was preferred by the late Professor Simon Newcomb. The French forms, Betelgeuse and Betelgeux, were, it is said, the first transliterations of the Arabic, and as such became familiar in English print. Several French encyclopædias, it may be added, prefer the form Beteiguese.

After the above paragraph was written, information came to hand which shows that astronomers as well as doctors disagree. Professor G. F. Cham-

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bers, in his "Handbook of Descriptive and Practical Astronomy," says: "Betelgeuze [note the spelling] is a corruption of *ibt-al-jauza*, signifying 'the shoulder of the Jauza (or 'Central one'). . . . The ancients were in the habit of indicating the locality of a star by its position in the constellation to which it belonged. This custom was also followed by the Arabians, and indeed many of the names applied by them are still retained in a corrupted form."

"One of our students bought a book called 'Feeding the Family,' which we are using in a 'nutrition course,'" writes a member of a college faculty. A bill was sent to her father containing the item:

Jan. 6 Feeding the Family..... \$2.40

The father wrote in reply:

I am returning bill received to-day for correction. I notice the item "Feeding the Family," \$2.40. This is a mistake, as none of my family were fed by any one in your city except my daughter who is one of your regular boarding scholars.

Wages in some lines of work are said to be "coming down," but the following advertisement clipped from a New York City daily paper seems to show that some skilled women workers are still able to make a comfortable living:

MILLINER—Designer and trimmer wanted; permanent position; from \$75 to \$100 per week; Jersey City Heights. Address —, etc.

The beginnings of the German Empire which has recently collapsed are somewhat amusingly sketched in a book called "And the Kaiser Abdicates." There were in 1815 more than three hundred territorial sovereignties in Germany, the author says. Some of the principalities were less than one square mile in extent. "The existence of scores of small states, each with its own tariffs, currency, and posts, hindered economic development. A traveler, believing himself near the end of his day's journey, found his way barred by the customs officials of another tiny principality. Angered at the unexpected delay, he refused to submit to another examination. 'You aren't a country,' he said. 'You're just a spot. I'll go around you.' And this he did, without being seriously delayed in reaching his destination."

A sojourner in China, recently returned, indicates the congestion of population there and the Chinese indifference to death by the following story: One of his Chinese servants failed to "show up" on two successive days. On the third day he noticed a stranger at work in his house. "Who are you?" he said; "and where is Chang?" "Chang he dead," was the matter-of-fact reply; "I your man now. I come do his work. He dead."

Mrs. Goodhart, as reported in the Buffalo "Express"—"What would you say if I gave you a nice drink of lemonade?" Neighbor's Precocious Child—"Here's lookin' at you, ma'am!"

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The Outlook

MARCH 9, 1921

PROPAGANDA ABOUT THE BLACK TROOPS

GERMAN propaganda (never, even during the war, wholly inactive) has now broken out in the United States with new vigor.

Its latest manifestation is a protest, printed and oral, against the alleged "horror on the Rhine." E. D. Morel, once a defender of the rights of the blacks in the Congo, since then, though an Englishman, an apologist for the Germans, is one of the persons engaged in this new German propaganda. Of course G. S. Viereck, whose openly pro-German paper, "The Fatherland," discreetly changed its name but not its character during the war, is another propagandist. The hyphenated Germans are also trying with some success to get partners from among the hyphenated Irish.

An outbreak of this propaganda occurred in New York City in Madison Square Garden last week. Though we are still officially on a war basis in our relations with Germany, these assembled sympathizers with an alien enemy were allowed to make a gross and unwarranted attack upon the honor of our ally, France. These people charged the French with maintaining on the Rhine a horde of black savages.

The whole meeting was an appeal to the most violent and passionate of prejudices, an attempt to arouse hatred of white against black, of German against the English and the French, of the Irish against the French, and all against Americans.

The charges made against the French by these pro-Germans have been denied and disproved. There are no black troops among the French Colonials on the Rhine; and the French troops that are there are there because they are needed, and Colonial troops are used because Frenchmen cannot be spared from the work of restoring the land that Germany despoiled and outraged. In a letter sent months ago to the "Christian Science Monitor," of Boston, the French Consul-General in New York called the accusations which had then been printed "grotesque and malicious."

These pro-German propagandists have done the truth a good service in making themselves objectionable, but they are doing their own doctrines no good. There are a good many Americans who have been becoming inclined to wonder whether Germany was not rather hard pressed and who have listened somewhat

sympathetically to German complaints. This sort of propaganda serves to show that the Germans are just as untrustworthy as ever. Those who have held out their hand to Germany will hesitate about doing it again when they find that it is spat upon. And when pro-German sympathizers get together and hiss the President of the United States, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, and hiss him in the name of a nation

Next week we shall print Special Correspondence on the question of the Black Troops from Stéphane Lauzanne, editor of the Paris "Matin," with a statement from Marshal Foch.

with which we are still officially at war, they will find that the political opponents of Mr. Wilson are as resentful of their proceeding as his political supporters. Americans who have been off their guard about pro-German propaganda are now, as a consequence of this proceeding, more likely to take warning.

WHY BE MECHANICAL AND MEDIAEVAL?

IN restricting immigration Congress has, we are sorry to say, adopted the Dillingham Bill.

Congress had two immigration bills before it—the Johnson Bill, promptly passed by the House of Representatives last December, and the Dillingham Bill, recently passed by the Senate and now agreed to by the House only because of the realization that, unless the Senate plan was adopted, there was no hope for immigration legislation of any kind at the last session of the Sixty-sixth Congress. The Johnson Bill would have practically excluded all immigrants while we are studying the general problem and preparing for more permanent legislation. The Dillingham Bill would admit from April 1 and throughout the coming fiscal year only three per cent of the foreign-born of any particular nationality resident here. It would thus deal with a human problem in a mechanical way.

It is a stupid and vicious bill. The

character of the immigrant is of more moment than is the country of his origin. Certainly the alien influx must be proportioned to our capacity for assimilating it and immigration restricted. But in this task ethnic percentages do not mean as much as is supposed. This particular percentage, completely carried out as to each country, would give us a total for a year of some 355,000 immigrants. Of them there would be about 75,000 potential propagandists from Germany and some 52,000 from Russia—countries with which we have not at present diplomatic dealings; on the other hand, we would get 1,482 persons from Belgium and only 139 from Serbia—to mention two countries especially hard hit by the war and whose immigrants arrive here with particular qualifications and appeal. The Dillingham Bill establishes the *status quo*, and the unassimilated Germans in America are alone enough to show that what we need to do with that status is not to fix it but to change it.

The bill is thus mediæval, not modern. Its percentage idea was first proposed some years ago by Dr. Sidney Gulick, the well-known authority on education and missions, in an effort to placate the Japanese by limiting Japanese immigration without formally discriminating against the Japanese. If we are to have a percentage basis, it should, we think, be based, not on the ethnic resident populations here, but on the readiness of the various immigrant races to become American citizens. Such a policy, while not ideal, would doubtless improve the quality of our immigration.

What we really need is not any such rigid plan, but something like the elastic plan followed by Canada. Instead of the present Bureau of Immigration, we ought to have an Immigration Commission, composed of men of the most eminent ability and paid proportionately, whose orders would be law to every American official abroad, whose requirements for admission here would be lenient when we need labor and hard when we do not, in no case, of course, approving the migration of persons of unsound body or mind. The process of selection is really a matter of diplomatic regulation by our consuls under the *visé* system. Why, therefore, should not our consuls and immigration agents abroad be requested to do something more than merely examine emigrants? Why should not a little proper advertis-

ing of our country be added to their duties? Why, for instance, should they not publicly advertise the fact that the State of Kansas, let us say, needs some thousands of foreign hands and that emigrants who agree to go to that State and work there should apply for consular visés? Why, for example, should it not be advertised that in a certain American area good land may be had at low prices? Why not open, as Canada has done, immigration offices in various foreign cities where fairly complete data can be obtained as to the needs and possibilities of various sections of our country? In other words, why not give to the emigrant, before he leaves his home land, the chance to find just how he may best use his time and money here? Thus, before the emigrant reaches America, we would have done the major part of the work in solving the problems both of selection and of distribution. In particular, we would have done something to lessen our present burden of having more immigrants in our cities than we can assimilate.

Hitherto we have passively received immigrants, though exercising some discrimination. We ought now to act on the principle that America, not the immigrant, should take the initiative, seeking those whom she wants, and preventing those whom she does not want from even starting towards her shores.

SENATOR HIRAM JOHNSON BECOMES A TEMPORARY NEW YORKER

THE sudden and somewhat dramatic appearance in New York of Senator Hiram Johnson as the counsel of Mayor Hylan and his administration in their conflict with the street transportation interests has given the controversy a National aspect.

That controversy, which we have already reported, is the result of the rapid deterioration and in some instances the complete breakdown of the subway, elevated, and street-car lines. Some of them have already become bankrupt, others are threatened with bankruptcy. Equipment is inadequate; the service is poor; transfers have been abolished; some routes have been discontinued.

Everybody agrees that this disorganized condition is largely due to greatly increased costs of operation, the price of coal and equipment and the wages of the men being the chief factors. But there is bitter disagreement as to the remedy.

The owners and managers of the roads insist that nothing can save the situation but an immediate increase of fares, which is naturally very unpopular. Mayor Hylan and his supporters

assert that municipal ownership and municipal operation at the present rate of fare with any deficits paid out of the general tax fund is the only cure. Governor Miller proposes a competent survey of the whole situation, a consolidation of the subways, elevateds, and trolley lines into one co-ordinated system to be owned by the city, but leased to a private corporation for operation on a reasonable fare to be determined after an investigation of costs. Bills have been introduced into the State Legislature to carry out the Governor's plan. Senator Johnson has been brought from California to New York by Mayor Hylan, supposedly with the backing of Mr. Hearst, to oppose Governor Miller and to fight for municipal ownership and operation.

Mayor Hylan's critics have pointed out with some amusement that, while he objects to Governor Miller's taking an active part in this transportation controversy because that is an interference with the principle of home rule, he himself has found it necessary to go three thousand miles across the continent and import Senator Hiram Johnson to represent him before the State Legislature. Other critics have expressed the feeling that Senator Johnson has undertaken this work as a means of preparing the way for his appearance as a candidate of popular rights in the Presidential campaign of 1924. Unfortunately, there is some ground for questioning the complete disinterestedness of both Mayor Hylan and Senator Johnson, but in all fairness it should be said that Senator Johnson has for many years been a persistent and consistent advocate of municipal ownership and operation, and that Mayor Hylan, a former employee and engine-driver of one of the Brooklyn elevated roads, is undoubtedly genuine in his antipathy to private operation.

There is one general principle which stands out clearly in this confused debate. Street transportation is the arterial system of city life. When it breaks down, the entire city breaks down. It ought to be administered on a plan as unified and co-ordinated as the water system. The question of fare is a detail, although a complicated detail. In some instances franchises and contracts have been made on the basis of a five-cent fare, so that there is some doubt whether the courts would permit an increase even if the Legislature wanted to permit it.

The real question at issue is whether the people of New York want the city government to operate the street railways, or private corporations to operate them. In either case, if the fare remains at five cents deficits will have to be paid out of the general income of the city from taxation. The objection to

city operation is that it creates an additional city bureaucracy, and that government business of all kinds is apt to be carried on less efficiently and economically than private business. On the other hand, if private companies operate the transportation system on a lease from the city they probably cannot do it on a five-cent fare with universal transfers unless deficits are guaranteed from the general tax fund. Such a guaranty would not tend to economy and efficiency even on the part of private management.

The inevitable conclusion seems to us to be that Governor Miller has taken the right course in this matter. The whole problem should be surveyed and a plain and understandable report made to the public before the public can intelligently decide as to whether it wants municipal operation with low fares and high taxes or private operation with higher fares and less taxation.

LESSONS FROM THE NEWEST AND OLDEST REPUBLICS

STRANGE as it may seem, this Republic of ours can take lessons from a yearling when it comes to forestry, and the yearling is republican Czechoslovakia. In that new Republic only mature timber can be cut. Without official sanction no soil once used for forest purposes may be used for any other. All lumbered acres must be reforested within five years. The laws also provide for the maintenance of a force of trained foresters and wardens for fire protection." So stated Charles Lathrop Pack, President of the American Forestry Association, the other day. He also drew a lesson from the oldest Republic in the world as follows:

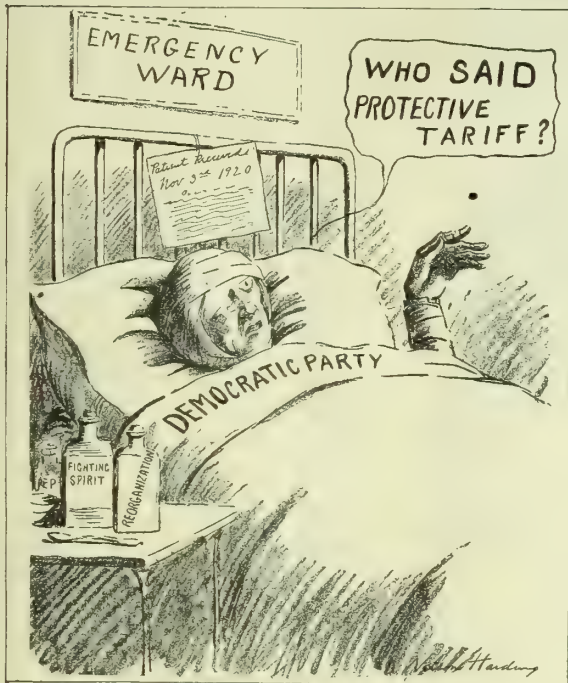
"As has been said, with her municipal forests Switzerland holds her mountains up and her taxes down. Six hundred years ago the city of Zurich put its forest to work. That forest has been working steadily ever since. It never goes on strike. It is always on the job. A municipal wood lot is a handy thing to have around, ready to go to work when coal strikes threaten and railway transportation goes bad.

"The United States can learn a valuable lesson from Swiss methods. Our timber is being consumed far more rapidly than it is being reproduced. Moreover, our forest-fire bill amounts to many million dollars a year. Finally, the center of the timber industry is rapidly moving toward the Pacific coast. That means that freight rates of millions of dollars a year must be paid by somebody to keep the wood industry going. And that somebody is the public. The housing situation and the high cost of living are both tied up with the in-

TROUBLES—DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN

PICTURED IN CARTOONS THAT APPEALED TO OUTLOOK READERS

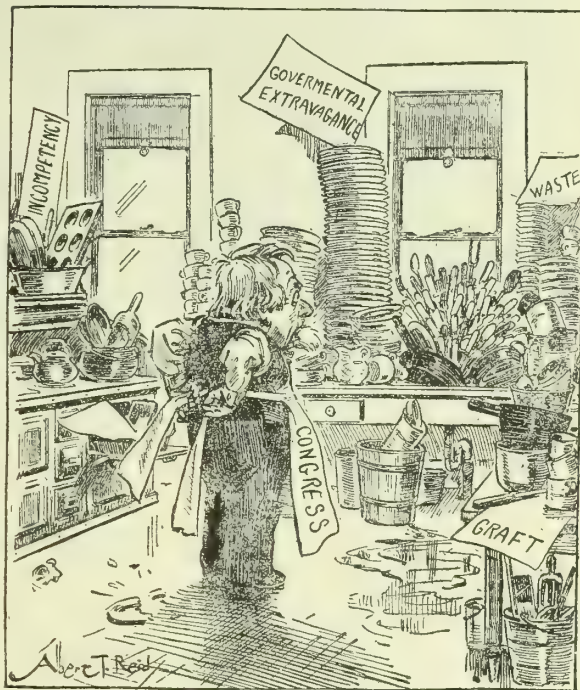
Nelson Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS

From W. F. Kruse, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Reid in the Dayton Journal



YOU KNOW HOW SOME PEOPLE LEAVE THINGS WHEN THEY MOVE OUT

From Mrs. George E. Malone, Dayton, Ohio

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD ISN'T SURE THAT IT'S REALLY GRANDMA

From William H. Coleman, Narberth, Pa.

Thomas in the Detroit News



THE DILEMMA

From H. G. Grupe, Detroit, Mich.



From "The Caroline Islands," by F. W. Christian
Reproduced by courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons

NATIVES OF THE ISLAND OF YAP, WITH THEIR REMARKABLE STONE MONEY

creasing scarcity of a great National resource. About everything that has to do with our economic life depends in one way or another on the cost of wood—if it is not made of wood it is wrapped in wood." The cost of that important division of the wood-using industry, paper and pulp, is now higher than that abroad. But "abroad" knows better how to conserve a natural resource, and for its immediate purposes in particular to keep it at the municipal back door.

It is a satisfaction, therefore, to learn that the State of New York has begun to encourage municipal forests. A publicly owned forest is being established at Malone. At Newburgh children have set out some five thousand trees and at Watertown ten thousand.

THE DISPOSAL OF YAP

YAP is a little Pacific Ocean island, comprising about eighty square miles on which dwell some eight thousand people. It lies half-way between Guam and the Philippines. Small as it is, it is a great cable center; indeed, it is the key to telegraphic communication in the Pacific.

Before the war Yap was a German possession. The Paris Conference and the League of Nations assigned it to Japan along with all the other former German Pacific possessions north of the equator. President Wilson says that in the Paris discussion he stipulated that the question of the disposition of Yap should be reserved for future consideration. He now formally objects to awarding the island to Japan because the mandate would give Japan exclusive control over an international center of communication. Hence he has instructed his Secretary of State to inform the League that

As one of the principal Allied and Associated Powers, the United States

has equal concern and inseparable interest with the other principal Allied and Associated Powers in the overseas possessions of Germany, and concededly an equal voice in their disposition, which, it is respectfully submitted, cannot be undertaken or effected without its assent.

We did not ratify the Treaty of Versailles and we did not join the League of Nations. Strange as it may seem, the Wilson Administration even withdrew from the Supreme Council of Ambassadors. Our legal right, therefore, to claim an "equal concern and inseparable interest" may and probably will be challenged by the Council of the League of Nations, now in session in Paris, and by the Supreme Council, now in session in London.

But there is another than a merely legal issue—a diplomatic issue, an issue of expediency, if you like. This, too, the League and the Supreme Council will doubtless take into consideration. The exigency is critical for their relations with Germany. Will it be good policy

for them to disregard our protest, and consequently risk a cooling off of the good relations between us and our allies at a juncture when the material and moral value of those relations is appreciated nowhere better than in Germany?

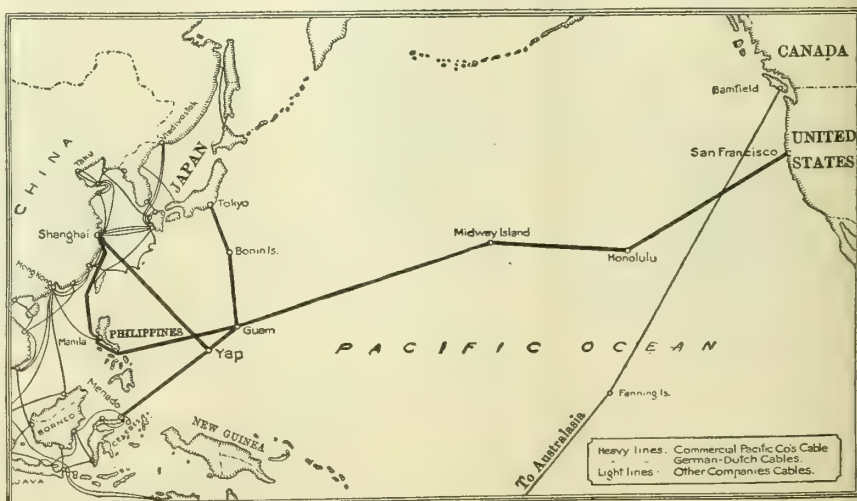
At the same time many Americans, we believe, as well as all foreigners, are amused at the frequent assertions during the recent campaign that "we want nothing from abroad," followed, as they have been, by two very vigorous notes as to something quite definite which we do want.

THE BISHOPS MAY STAY AT HOME

AT this season of the year in the Episcopal Church it is usual to find some of the nineteen missionary bishops of the West going to the rich congregations of the East on what has become known as their "annual begging tour." This year, however, there is no solicitation. For the first time in the history of the Episcopal Church the missionary bishops are not under the compulsion of raising money. They are remaining as shepherds with their flocks, and not away from them on begging tours.

This changed condition is due to the fact that the Church has determined to conduct its business affairs in a businesslike manner, with a fixed budget of expense. A large proportion of the budget provides for the extension of the missions both in the United States and abroad. Definite appropriations were made and the moneys were sent to the missionary bishops.

The result has of course been satisfactory in most respects. For instance, the Bishop of Oklahoma, the Right Rev. Theodore Paine Thurston, reports that during the past year he has had fifty per cent more confirmations in his diocese than he had ever before in any one year. Many new parishes were organ-



Courtesy of "Asia" Magazine

THE ISLAND OF YAP IN ITS RELATION TO THE CABLE SERVICE

ized, new life was put into old parishes and missions, new church buildings were started, and an unparalleled spirit of enthusiasm and devotion to church activity has been aroused in that section of the country.

But in one respect the new order of things reveals a startling fact. Bishop Thurston could not use all of the money allotted to him for missionaries' salaries because he "did not have enough missionaries to receive the full allotment." The fact is that there is a shortage of men. With the assurance that the missionary will be properly compensated, it is reasonable to expect that there will be more and better accessions to the ministry.

To the Episcopal Church credit must be accorded for its wisdom in realizing the need of improved business administration and for its generosity in backing up that wisdom with necessary funds to put its progressive programme into effective operation.

SPANNING THE CONTINENT

THE Postal Air Service has established a new mark in its progress towards putting the air mail upon an efficient and practical basis. It has succeeded in transporting mail from San Francisco to New York in thirty-three hours and twenty-one minutes.

The three hundred pounds of mail which was borne across the continent in this phenomenal time was transported by a relay of planes and pilots. The first plane left San Francisco at twenty-nine minutes past four, on Tuesday, February 22. It arrived at Reno, Nevada, at 6:45. Here the mail was transferred to another plane with another pilot, who carried the mail to Elko, Nevada. With another change of planes, but with the same pilot, the mail was then carried to Salt Lake City. It reached there at half-past eleven. The next relay carried the mail as far as Cheyenne, Wyoming, and the next to North Platte.

From North Platte to Chicago, with one stop at Omaha, the mail was entrusted to a single pilot, who made a daring night flight through snow and fog over a distance of 839 miles. It was this flight, beginning at 7:48 on the evening of the 22d and ending at 8:40 the following morning, which made possible the establishment of the new record.

From Chicago to New York the mail was transported, with a relay at Cleveland, arriving at Mineola Field at 4:50 P.M. on February 23. Of course the start of the journey was made in accordance with Pacific time and the arrival is recorded in Eastern time. This advantage of three hours is offset by the fact

that the prevailing wind is from East to West.

The Postal Mail Service announces that by May it hopes to establish a regular mail delivery between San Francisco and New York of approximately thirty-six hours. What would the Forty-niners say to such a prospect?

THE TRAINED DIPLOMAT

WHEN people begin to dispute over a subject, it is a sign that that subject is alive. We welcome the sign that our diplomatic service is not dead which is to be found in the group of articles printed in this issue.

By means of controversy, too, we are likely the sooner to get to the truth; and there is a sharp controversy in those articles.

It is a controversy in which one extreme is represented by the unhealthy fat and gouty old codger, probably with a title, who spends most of his time on a social round and who conceives that his principal duty is to lie for his country, and the other extreme is represented by Mr. Bryan.

It is the extreme represented by Mr. Bryan that Mr. Nicholas Roosevelt fears; it is the fat old codger that Mr. Ellis fears.

In fact Mr. Ellis, in his article, comes perilously near to accepting the Bryan ideal. Because men who have made diplomacy a profession and have risen

from the ranks have been stupid and have got their countries into a mess, it would seem, forsooth, that it would be better to leave diplomats untrained. One could find similar arguments for abolishing law schools, medical schools, colleges, high schools, and kindergartens. The men of the stone age who had no trained diplomats did not have any diplomatic troubles.

In spite of Mr. Ellis's arguments, we are still of the opinion that democracy is capable of employing experts to advantage and that ignorance is a cure for nothing.

THE WILSON ADMINISTRATION

HISTORY will soften the verdict rendered by the voters last November on the Administration of Woodrow Wilson, but is not likely to reverse it.

Whatever in that judgment was due to personal animosity or party feeling will, after the lapse of years, disappear. The fact will remain, however, that the plans which Mr. Wilson had for making over the Republic and for creating a new world order, plans on which he had set his heart, went awry. In the faith that what he desired so ardently must not only be right but also be equally desired by his fellow-men he sacrificed what seemed to him the lesser good; and, losing thus the benefits he might have secured, he lost the main objects



International

RECEIVING TRANSCONTINENTAL MAIL BY AIRPLANE IN CHICAGO

The mail which is here being unloaded in Chicago consists of letters that left San Francisco by airplane at 4:29 A.M. February 22, arriving in Chicago at 8:40 A.M. on the 23d—27 hours elapsed time.

The same letters leaving San Francisco by train would take about 72 hours to reach Chicago

as well. Acclaimed at first by his party, he has left it disrupted and feeble; supported as no other war President has ever been, he retires to private life repudiated by an unprecedented majority; hailed in Europe by popular and official demonstrations without parallel, he has become now the object of bitter reproach. Broken in health and disillusioned, he is entitled to the sympathy of all Americans.

It is wholly unnecessary to ascribe Mr. Wilson's failures either to wrong motives on his own part or to selfishness, stupidity, or passion on the part of those who opposed him. One of the lessons democracy has not yet fully learned is to judge men's acts without endeavoring to judge their characters. It is possible and reasonable to believe in the honesty and patriotism alike of Mr. Wilson and of those who here and abroad thwarted his purposes.

I

Whatever verdict history will render on the two terms of President Wilson, it will not ignore them. They constitute eight of the most memorable years in the history of the Republic, and five of the most memorable years in the history of the world. They will be remembered because of the magnitude of the events which occurred in them; but in America they will be remembered also because of the personality and the influence of the President. In the line of Presidents he will certainly remain among the more distinguished. Some Presidents have been capable executives but unobtrusive; others have been both unobtrusive and incapable; but, whatever judgment may be rendered upon Mr. Wilson's capability, there is no danger that he will ever become obscure.

Americans want their Presidents not merely to hold office but to play a great part. They are proud when their Chief Executive proves to be a man of great distinction. Such certainly was Mr. Wilson. He had the Presidential gesture. He was quite conscious of his rôle, as he once intimated quite frankly to a group of newspaper correspondents in Washington when he welcomed an occasion of relief from it. He played his part well at home and superlatively well abroad. At the Peace Conference in Paris, where many men of great distinction were assembled, Mr. Wilson's was the grand figure. Physically he looked the part. He bore himself with graciousness. And when he spoke his words gave the effect of noble utterance.

It was this ability to look and speak and act the part of the most powerful executive in the world that gave him his chief hold upon his party at the outset of his first term. Followers of Mr. Bryan, loyal henchmen of the bosses,



(C) Keystone

PRESIDENT WILSON AND HIS CABINET IN THE LAST MONTH OF HIS ADMINISTRATION

From left to right—President Wilson; Mr. Houston, Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Palmer, Attorney-General; Mr. Daniels, Secretary of the Navy; Mr. Meredith, Secretary of Agriculture; Mr. Wilson, Secretary of Labor; Mr. Colby, Secretary of State; Mr. Baker, Secretary of War; Mr. Burleson, Postmaster-General; Mr. Payne, Secretary of the Interior; Mr. Alexander, Secretary of Commerce

successors of the mugwumps, and proud politicians from the South so long politically powerless were, however mutually uncongenial, all enthusiastic over the fact that the Democratic party had placed in the White House a cultivated gentleman, a scholar in politics, a personage.

It is impossible to understand Mr. Wilson's course as President without recognizing the power that he exerted through his personal dignity. And this impression of greatness which he imparted by his personal presence he also imparted by his writings. Even when readers did not altogether understand what he had written, they received the impression that a great and lofty idea had been expressed with great clearness. Praise for his literary style was but a form of the recognition of Mr. Wilson's extraordinary ability not only to be President but also to seem to be.

In this very quality there was danger to his ultimate success. When he said in the late autumn of 1914 that those who advocated preparedness were "nervous and excitable," he gave an impression to the country much the same as if he had actually demonstrated that the country was prepared. When he told Germany that she would be held to a "strict accountability," he made the country really believe that by saying so he had held Germany strictly accountable. When he issued in 1918 his Fourteen Points, he gave the impression not only to his own country but to the world that he had ready to hand a new order of society which, once the fighting stopped, could be put into happy operation. His grand manner and his gracious speech persuaded people to accept what he said as a sound idea be-

cause it sounded well, and made people accept his phrases as if they were deeds.

II

In playing the rôle of President he also chose to play the rôle of a leader of liberals. He was peculiarly fitted for that rôle by his mind and temperament. He was not assuming a part alien to him, but was magnifying a part wholly congenial. He began and continued as a frankly partisan liberal. He was a party Democrat because he believed the Democratic party was, on the whole, a vehicle for liberalism, while the Republican party was a repository for conservatism if not toriyism.

And he had from the start of a public career, even while Governor of New Jersey, the defects as well as the good points of the typical liberal. He was suspicious of all business enterprise and regarded business men, particularly successful business men, as guilty until proved innocent. His book on "The New Freedom" presents the business man as, on the whole, an enemy to social progress. And, like the majority of self-conscious liberals, Mr. Wilson was inclined, if not committed, to pacifism—that is, the doctrine that the chief thing to be desired among nations is not justice but peace. He made this clear by his appointment of Mr. Bryan as Secretary of State, who announced that while he was in office the Nation would under no circumstances go to war. His nomination of Mr. Daniels as Secretary of the Navy was to the same effect, as was also his appointment later, on Lindley Garrison's resignation, of Newton D. Baker as Secretary of War. President Wilson's liberalism, however, took that form of idealism which does not readily

distinguish between noble aspirations and principles. This led him to inconsistency which he himself seemed not to recognize. The thought of democracy appealed to his emotion, and whatever for the time being thrilled him with that thought he advocated. At one time the bloodshed in Mexico gave him the vision of a people fighting for freedom, and he urged that they be allowed to spill all the blood they pleased; almost exactly a year later revolution was presented to him as an extinguisher of democracy, and he urged that the republics of the Western Hemisphere unite in preventing the very thing which thrilled him the year before.

Throughout his Administration he was recognized as a leader first of the liberals of his own country and later as the leader of the liberals of the world.

III

Intent as he was on the fulfillment of his aspirations, he was kept to his course by his temperament. He had what he himself called "a single-track mind." His critics called it willfulness. It was not in his nature to discuss any plan on which he had set his heart. He saw few persons, and consulted with fewer. His habit was to cogitate his plans alone. Many, if not most, of his state papers he wrote on the typewriter in solitude. This was in accordance with his natural disposition, but it was reinforced by the habits of the academic life he had led and by his formulated belief that the Executive should be an initiator of policies and legislation, the active and directing head of his party in Congress as the Prime Minister of England is the leader of the Majority in Parliament.

Naturally, with this temperament, this training, and this belief, he chose as his associates men who he believed would take his orders, or at least whose minds, to use his own phrase, would run along with his. His Cabinet, consequently, was not a strong one. Mr. Garrison, too independent, resigned. Mr. McAdoo, another strong character, became his son-in-law and coadjutor. And Mr. Lane, the most able of the Cabinet, was soon virtually shelved and had little or no access to the President's mind.

Under these circumstances, the President's course was necessarily characterized by secrecy. When he asked his party or his associates for some action, it was enough that he asked for it. To this day, for example, his reasons for asking for the repeal of the Canal Toll Law are unknown. It was not that the President had anything to hide, but that he did not relish taking people into his confidence. He did not like to encounter argument. One result was, therefore, that he did not gain the benefit of the

knowledge that he might have had for the asking. He apparently did not foresee the possibility of the United States becoming involved in the war, though there were thousands who did foresee it and prepared themselves as best they could for it. He did not foresee the collapse of the eastern front through the treachery of the Bolsheviks, for when it came he frankly confessed his disillusionment. He did not foresee the utter failure of his attempt to force the Covenant of the League of Nations upon the country by intertwining it with the Treaty. In these and other instances he took the counsel too much of those who already agreed with him. Conversely, to those who disagreed with him he ascribed ignorance or evil purpose. Business men who did not fall in with his plans he would "hang as high as Haman." The French when they did not fall in with his plans were "militaristic." Opponents of the League he charged with "gross ignorance and impudent audacity." Repeatedly he showed that his absorption in his own plans and purposes prevented him from realizing that there were conflicting plans and purposes in the world not wholly without merit. He was ready to charge others with willfulness without apparently realizing that in some cases that willfulness was a natural reaction of others to his own state of mind.

IV

On coming into the Presidency he found certain circumstances particularly adapted to his purposes. Though he was a minority President, the combined votes for Taft and Roosevelt exceeding those for him, he had behind him an enthusiastic party and a more than acquiescent country.

It was therefore possible for him to get hearty co-operation in his plans for immediate legislation. Of the measures which he secured the greatest was the Federal Reserve Act. This is a lasting monument to the Wilson Administration. Though it originated in plans drawn up by Senator Aldrich and the Commission of which he was the head, it remained a mere proposal as long as the Republicans were in power.

It was a Democratic legislator, Mr. Glass, who superintended the framing of the measure, and it was a Democratic Administration that put it into law. It has saved the people of America from unimaginable hardships and has given to the Nation the financial framework which bore without injury the tremendous shock of the war. People unacquainted with the technique of finance perhaps never realize how much they owe to the Wilson Administration for this one thing.

Under the Wilson Administration

other important measures enacted were the bills providing for an Income Tax, a Tariff Commission and a Federal Trade Commission, the Clayton Anti-Trust Act, and the bills providing for Federal Workmen's Compensation, restricting child labor, and regulating the employment of seamen. These all were in line with the progressive programme. In addition under the Wilson Administration prohibition and woman suffrage were incorporated in the Federal Constitution.

Administratively the Wilson Administration has not as good a record as in legislation. Under it the government of the Philippines has fallen into the hands of landowning Filipinos who have little regard for the welfare of the people of the islands as a whole. In the name of liberalism the liberties of the Filipino peoples have been jeopardized. In Santo Domingo and Haiti American party politics has injured America's reputation as a trustee for dependent peoples. In the diplomatic service there has been an attempt to employ amateurs not always possessed of the amateur spirit. In South and Central America alone no less than twenty-one diplomats were displaced, in spite of long and good service, by "deserving Democrats," who had no knowledge of the language, customs, and habits of the countries to which they were accredited. At home the Administration has tolerated more than its share of incompetence. In particular has the Postal Service suffered in repute. The spirit of disinterested public service which under Roosevelt drew many young men into office, and which suffered discouragement under Taft, has under Wilson had no revival. That spirit is quite incompatible with the extreme partisanship which characterized the entrance of the Democratic party into power to which it had long been a stranger.

V

Whatever may be said of Mr. Wilson's policy in Mexico, it has been productive of no measurable advance in that country towards true liberty or in America towards the position of dignity and self-respect. President Wilson will be remembered as the originator of the phrase "Watchful Waiting," which meant in practice too often waiting without watchfulness. His Administration involved the country twice in war-like expeditions, futile in themselves and solvent of no Mexican problem. On one occasion the expedition was sent to secure a salute from the flag which was never forthcoming, and in the other case to catch a bandit who remained uncaught. Nothing that our Government has done has made American life or property safer across the southern

border. On behalf of President Wilson's Mexican policy it may be said that it at least avoided an entanglement with the problem in Mexico when we needed all our resources for the greater task in Europe.

VI

It is desirable that all the people should follow the President in his foreign policy, but if that is to be the case the President must be able to lead the country. This he has failed to do in his foreign policy. His single-track mind and his habit of solitary action prevented him from working with the people.

There are three respects in which the people during the war really led themselves: Many thousands of them were in the war as individuals on the side of the Allies before the country went in as a whole; when the draft was adopted, they accepted it with substantial unanimity; and when the Government needed money, not only for war but for the aftermath, the people responded directly. Without detracting from the credit that really belongs to the Administration for what it did, it should be recognized that in the war the people themselves very largely took charge. And the facts prove that if the President had led the people from the beginning they would have responded.

It has become customary to say that when the European War broke out America was in no mood or mind to take the part that was rightly hers. The fact is that it was entirely a case of leadership. England was in no mood to go into the war; but she did what was in the line of her duty and of her interest and did it promptly. Germany had miscalculated. She thought English liberalism in the name of peace would permit a German-made and a German-won war. Germany was mistaken about England, but she was right about America. She knew that the pacifists were in control and would, so far as they could exercise their authority, let a German-made war have its way. America was a party to the Hague Treaty and could have notified the belligerents that they would violate that Treaty by violating the neutral territory of Belgium at their peril. In the name of peace, however, the United States Government, instead of acting the part of the just man armed, found excuse for not acting at all.

President Wilson instituted then the policy which he maintained to the end. It was a policy of neutrality, and it was based on the theory that the chief thing to be desired is peace, not justice. Later when he entered the war he did not materially change his policy. His attitude in the war and in the peace

negotiations after was, substantially, that of one aloof from the real purposes, as he conceived them, of the belligerents. Alike before, during, and after America's participation in the war Mr. Wilson's attitude was that of a mediator. While the Germans were committing their atrocities, bombarding undefended towns, pillaging, levying illegal contributions, executing hostages, destroying irreplaceable monuments of art, planting mines in the open sea, and violating every provision of international law which they thought it worth their while to violate, President Wilson acted on the doctrine that it was laudable to be neutral between right and wrong, that we were not concerned with the causes and objects of the war, that Americans should be impartial not only in expression but even in thought. It was his ambition that America should remain apart, fit to be a mediator.

As the belligerent spirit of the American people grew, he did what he could to check it. When the Lusitania was sunk and the Nation was ready to fight, readier in spirit than two years later, he quenched the spirit of the people by his phrase "Too proud to fight." On the very eve of our entrance into war he was urging "peace without victory." The real leaders of public opinion in America, Theodore Roosevelt and Leonard Wood, whose work in establishing voluntary training camps for officers proved of inestimable service later in the war, President Wilson by every means in his power obstructed.

When at last, however, the people forced the Administration into the war, in spite of the President's re-election on the platform "He kept us out of war," the Administration adopted a great policy. General Enoch Crowder had prepared a plan for a new kind of draft upon the citizens of the country for service in war, and President Wilson, captured by the democratic principles in the measure, made its passage possible by Congress. This act is a monument to the Wilson Administration with which only the Federal Reserve Act is comparable. It will never be forgotten that under the Wilson Administration two million men were sent across the seas and fought beside the French and the British. They were not fighting a war to end war, though that was the Administration's version of their purpose. They were fighting to put an end to a particularly hideous and dangerous form of tyranny and injustice. And while they were fighting, President Wilson as a mediator between the belligerents secured the adoption of a set of terms on which the armistice was finally arranged.

Appealing to the country for support,

but promising that he would abide by the verdict "without cavil," the President suffered a reverse by the defeat of his party at the polls. Nevertheless he went abroad declaring that he had a mandate from the people. He told the people abroad just what that mandate was—that there should be a League of Nations. Then, returning to this country, he told the people here that the people of Europe expected from America the League of Nations, and in order to secure it he had intertwined the League with the Treaty of Peace in such a fashion that it could not be disentangled.

The result is known, and has been known for months. America, given the choice between all and none, has chosen none.

VII

When President Wilson issued his Fourteen Points and after the country had had a chance to consider them, Theodore Roosevelt said that they would prove mischievous. The event has shown that Mr. Roosevelt was right.

These Fourteen Points were received all over the world as a new charter of liberty and democracy, each people, even the Germans, declaring them to be their own ideal. Before the end of the war Mr. Wilson negotiated with the Central Powers through an interchange of notes for a peace on the basis of those Fourteen Points, and when the armistice was finally arranged it was, with the exception of Point Two, concerning the freedom of the seas, based on these points. In the meantime Mr. Wilson was held everywhere as the deliverer of the world and a bringer of a golden age. But before the Peace Conference was well under way it soon became evident that each of the peoples interpreted those Fourteen Points in its own way. The Jugoslavs believed that it meant Fiume for Jugoslavia, Italy believed that it meant Fiume for Italy. On all sides there came to be distrust and fear lest the Fourteen Points should be abandoned, each nation believing that the abandonment of its own aspirations meant the abandonment of those principles on which the peace had been arranged. The Germans themselves argued that they were not morally bound by the terms of the treaty because in making the peace the Allied and Associated Powers had repudiated their terms made through Mr. Wilson and acquiesced in by the Governments of the several nations. The Germans assert that they surrendered not to force of arms but to American honor—and that American honor is abandoned. This is the consequence of ending the war by negotiations rather than by an indisputable victory at arms and unconditional surrender. To that extent the

peace is Mr. Wilson's "peace without victory." It has left all the nations each with the feeling that it has been in some way hoodwinked.

Moreover, the liberals of the world who once recognized Mr. Wilson as their leader have now very largely repudiated him because they believed that in order to secure the League of Nations, on which he had set his heart, he sacrificed the Fourteen Points, and with them his ideals. This belief is made the more plausible by the fact that Mr. Wilson took with him to Europe a great party of experts who engaged in drawing

boundaries, adjusting here, compromising there, and in general involving America in the multitudinous details of territorial disputes in which she had no concern. The fact is that it is not necessary to conclude that Mr. Wilson consciously sacrificed any ideal or yielded any of his Fourteen Points. They were sufficiently vague to cover almost any arrangement. The turmoil in which the world still finds itself was in the womb of a peace by negotiation.

Seeking his own way with singleness of purpose, discouraged by criticism, and therefore disinclined to consider other

points of view than his own, responsive to the emotional appeal of every ideal that at the time seemed to him to be high and noble, practical to the point of astuteness in forwarding the interests of his party and of any group with which he agreed, impractical in testing his ideals by facts or by principles, so devoted to the cause of peace as often to neglect the cause of justice, ambitious for his country, jealous of the dignity of great office that he held, Woodrow Wilson will be remembered as the President who sought peace without victory and found a peace of misunderstanding.

PRESIDENT HARDING'S CABINET

MR. HUGHES, President Harding's Secretary of State, is fifty-eight years old. He is a graduate of Brown University. He is a Baptist. He practiced and taught law in New York City. In 1905 he began for the New York State Legislature the insurance investigation which gave him National repute. He served two terms as Governor of New York State and six years as Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court. In 1916 he was Republican candidate for the Presidency. Since then he has practiced law in New York City and has conducted a Government aircraft investigation. While, unfortunately, Mr. Hughes has had no official intimacy with foreign affairs, his great distinction as a jurist, and particularly his constructive criticism of the League of Nations, has made him favorably known abroad.

Regret has been expressed that most of the men in the new Cabinet lack large experience in administrative and legislative office. At the present writing the members already selected for the Cabinet, according to official announcement, are Hughes, Hoover, Denby, Daugherty, and Weeks, but the hints are authoritative that the remaining appointments will be Mellon to the Treasury, Hays to the Postmastership, Fall to the Interior Department, Wallace to Agriculture, and either Davis, Duncan, or O'Connor to the Secretaryship of Labor.

Of these men, Wallace, Hoover, and Hughes are probably most sympathetic to Republican Progressives, but Fall and Hays are not unsympathetic. The other men belong rather to the conservative wing of the party. Mr. Hoover will be next to the youngest member in the Cabinet. Mr. Hays is forty-one years old and Mr. Hoover forty-six. Mr. Hoover was born in Iowa and educated at Stanford University, in California. He quickly obtained wide repute as a mining engineer, but it was not until the outbreak of the war that he obtained world repute. In 1914, in London, he organized the American Committee of Relief. From 1915 to 1918 he was Chairman of the Belgian Relief Committee, and from 1917 to 1919 was United States Food Administrator. Since then he has

been at the head of the American Relief Administration and the European Relief Council. In managing these immense activities Mr. Hoover has clearly seen the dangers both of duplication of work and of assigning to any bureau some task unrelated to its general endeavor. Hence when, a long time ago, Mr. Harding asked him to accept a Cabinet office, Mr. Hoover told him that the Cabinet offices were full of these unrelated and duplicating jobs and that he would insist on a rearrangement of bureaus. As to duplication Mr. Hoover may well inquire, for instance, whether he or the Secretary of State is going to look after the needs of American business abroad. The State Department has its consuls; the Commerce Department its commercial attachés. They should be united in one service.

Aside from this suggested change, the State Department is comparatively free from unrelated bureaus. But when we come to the second Department in the official executive list, that of the Treasury, we are confronted with the fact that its Secretary is the head not only of all purely fiscal offices, but also of such miscellaneous bureaus as that of the Supervising Architect, the Public Health Service, and the Coast Guard, the last named uniting the old Revenue Cutter Service and the Life Saving Service. What is more, the Secretary of the Treasury is the head of the tax levying and collecting forces. As he appoints the Internal Revenue Collector, and the Internal Revenue Collector has heretofore appointed the Federal Prohibition Enforcement officer, Mr. Mellon might be expected to be the chief National authority for enforcing Prohibition. He is on record as saying that though not in favor originally of National prohibition, he would not now have it repealed. It is announced, however, that enforcement of prohibition will be transferred to the Attorney-General's office.

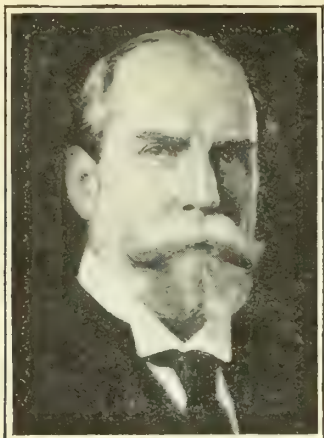
Mr. Mellon, probably chosen as the new Secretary of the Treasury, is known through his building of the first independent pipe line in opposition to the Standard Oil monopoly. He is now

nearly seventy years old, and has long been a great power in the industrial and financial life of western Pennsylvania. He is reputed to be many times a millionaire.

Harry M. Daugherty is Mr. Harding's lifelong friend and boomer, and his selection for Attorney-General has been more adversely criticised than has that of any nominee. Mr. Daugherty has been a hard hitter, and during his life of sixty-one years has met many an antagonist on the political field where he has been more active than in his own profession of law. But Senator Harding, who knows him probably as intimately as any one, says that he is a fine lawyer and will make a great Attorney-General. We shall see. Mr. Daugherty has served in the Ohio Legislature and in 1912 was Chairman of the State Republican Committee. Last year at the Chicago Convention he was Mr. Harding's campaign manager. He has long been a manager in the course of Mr. Harding's political advance. No wonder that Senator Harding feels grateful to him, and also a little anxious lest the country should think that it is going to suffer from what it deems the payment of a private debt.

The appointment of Mr. Hays as Postmaster-General is also a frank recognition of a political debt. But the nomination has properly not met with such adverse criticism as has that of Mr. Daugherty. Mr. Hays first attained his prominence in Indiana politics, where his success drew the attention of those National Republican leaders who were anxious for the conciliation of the two wings of the party and for efficiency in the management of National campaigns. They made Hays Chairman of the National Republican Committee, and in this position he achieved undoubted success. He is an Indian by birth, education, profession, and political suppleness.

For Secretary of the Interior it is expected that President Harding will choose Senator Fall, of New Mexico. Mr. Fall is a native of Kentucky. He is fifty-nine years old. He was educated at country schools. He has worked as



(C) Harris & Ewing

CHARLES E. HUGHES

once Governor of New York and former Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, is Mr. Harding's Secretary of State



Paul Thompson

ANDREW W. MELLON

Pittsburgh banker, prominent in the development of coal, coke, and iron enterprises, may be Secretary of the Treasury



Bain

HARRY M. DAUGHERTY

of Ohio, despite opposition, has been named Attorney-General. Mr. Harding prophesies that Mr. Daugherty will "make good"



(C) Keystone

JOHN W. WEEKS

Formerly United States Senator from Massachusetts and graduate of the United States Naval Academy, is Secretary of War



Bain

EDWIN DENBY

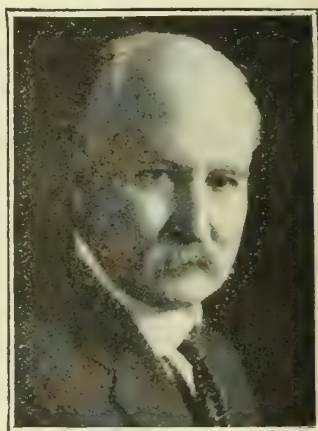
of Michigan, son of a former Minister to China, succeeds to the stormy post of Josephus Daniels as Secretary of the Navy



(C) Paul Thompson

WILL H. HAYS

Indiana lawyer and Chairman of the Republican National Committee, is expected to un-Burlesonize the mails as Postmaster-General



(C) Harris & Ewing

ALBERT B. FALL

United States Senator from New Mexico, former farmer, ranchman, and miner, may be Secretary of the Interior



Bain

HERBERT HOOVER

of California, engineer, former United States Food Administrator, and prominent in European relief measures, is Secretary of Commerce



International

JAMES J. DAVIS

of Pennsylvania, born in Wales, son of a tinplate puddler, President of the Loyal Order of Moose, may be Secretary of Labor



Bain

HENRY C. WALLACE

of Iowa, publisher and editor of "Wallace's Farmer," former Professor of Dairying at Iowa State College, may be Secretary of Agriculture

PRESIDENT HARDING'S CABINET

farmer, rancher, miner, lawyer. He served in the New Mexico Legislature and as Associate Justice of the New Mexico Supreme Court. He is particularly well known by reason of his constant interest in Mexico. It is assumed that he will influence the new Cabinet towards a firmer and more drastic Mexican policy.

Closely associated in function with the Department of the Interior is the Department of Agriculture. As Secretary of that Department Mr. Harding's choice of Henry Cantwell Wallace, of Iowa, meets with well-nigh universal approval. Mr. Wallace is fifty-four years old. He had a collegiate education and is widely known as the editor of "Wallace's Farmer."

The appointment of the Secretary of War goes to ex-Senator Weeks, of Massachusetts, the author of the famous Weeks Law, which provides for the Government's annual acquirement of forested watersheds on navigable streams—one of the wisest measures ever passed by Congress. Mr. Weeks is a native of New Hampshire but a resident of Massachusetts. He is sixty years old. He is a graduate of the United States Naval Academy and he served some years as midshipman. Then he went into banking in Boston and made a success of it. He served for ten years in the Massachusetts Naval Brigade and also during the Spanish War in the Volunteer Navy. He spent six years in the House of Representatives and six in the Senate. In 1916 he was a Presidential candidate and received 105 votes in the Republican Convention.

After Governor Lowden, of Illinois, had declined Senator Harding's offer of the Navy portfolio on the ground that he was not sufficiently conversant with navy affairs, Mr. Harding turned to Edwin Denby, of Michigan. In the Spanish War Mr. Denby served as gunner's mate on the U. S. S. Yosemite, which was manned entirely by the Detroit Naval Reserve under the command of Truman Newberry (Secretary of the Navy in the Roosevelt Administration). The Yosemite took part in the Santiago campaign. At our declaration of war in 1917 Mr. Denby, forty-seven years old, gave up his law practice and, using every influence, was finally allowed to enlist as a plain private in the Marine Corps. He was sent to Paris Island, South Carolina, for training. There he had to scrub floors and polish windows, push hand-carts laden with oyster shells for road building, and stand in a long "chow line" waiting for mess, together with buddies of half his age. He was markedly popular. He was made non-commissioned officer and finally promoted to major. Mr. Denby has served six years in Congress, where he was member of the Naval Committee of the House, and thus became familiar with naval affairs. All who have talked with him must have carried away with them the impression of a big, human, intelligent personality. More than any other Republican conservative, Denby redeemed the reputation of the "Cannon

crowd." The choice of Edwin Denby as Secretary of the Navy fulfills the American Legion's aspirations to have one of its members in the Cabinet. Mr. Denby's father was our well-known Minister to China. There the son gained an intimate knowledge of the Far East—in fact, he began his workaday life by serving ten years in the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs. Then he went to Detroit, began the practice of law, and later the manufacture of automobiles in addition. His first assistant will be Theodore Roosevelt, son of the former President—the third Roosevelt to serve as Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

The most disputed position as to candidates at this writing is that of the Secretary of Labor. Among the names mentioned for this office are (1) James John Davis, of Pittsburgh, a Welshman by birth, a puddler in the Pennsylvania steel mills, a man who was active with the Steel Workers' Union. He is now a banker and the head of the Loyal Order of Moose. (2) James Duncan, of Massachusetts, Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor and a member of the American Mission to Russia in 1917. He successfully led the strike in the granite-cutting industry for an eight-hour day. (3) T. V. O'Connor, of New York, President of the International Longshoremen's Association.

It is impossible to withhold all judgment with regard to a Cabinet until it has been tested by its conduct of affairs. If the men who compose it are known to the public, their past acts form some basis of judgment; and, to the extent that they are unknown, that fact in itself makes some estimate of their ability and their representative character inevitable. The country already knows two of the men as well as any public men are likely ever to be known. Mr. Hughes and Mr. Hoover have already made their impression upon the public mind. Each of these two is counted among the real leaders of America. Both of them have at times been somewhat aloof from the center of political conflict, and both have incurred to some degree the distrust of practical politicians; but both are respected and trusted by the people at large.

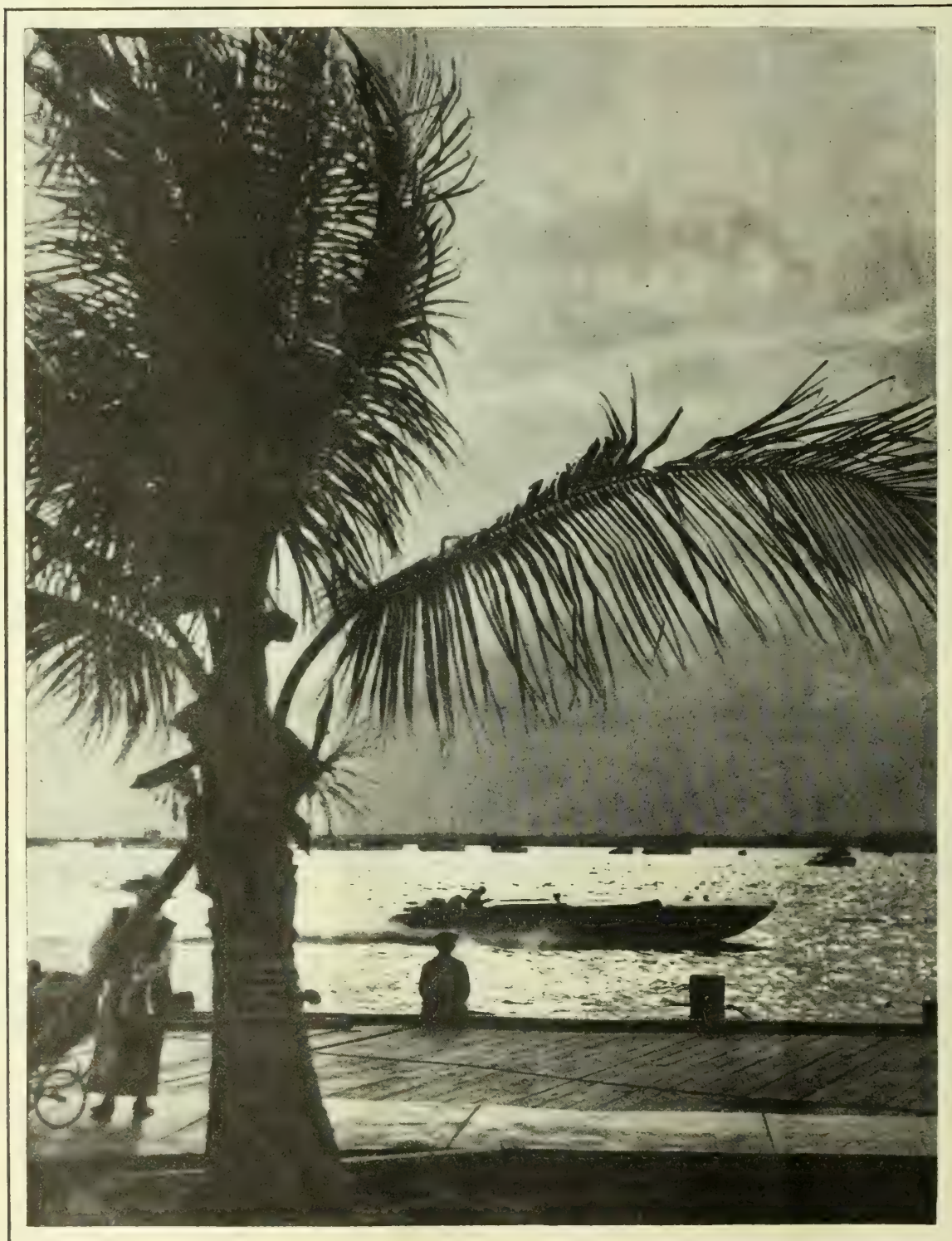
Mr. Hughes will be welcome to the Cabinet because he will bring to the conduct of the Government and particularly of its foreign affairs that knowledge of the law which is needed particularly at a time of reconstruction. Mr. Hoover will be welcome because he will bring to the Government his organizing power when reorganization is needed, will exert a sane and healthful influence on our labor and foreign problems, concerning both of which he has expert knowledge, and will inspire confidence at home and abroad at a time when confidence is perhaps above all things needed to bring order out of chaos. Mr. Harding has to acquire general confidence; Mr. Hoover has it already.

On the whole, however, the Cabinet should not be judged until it has had time to act. A President cannot be

wholly free to choose the men he would personally prefer to be his advisers. He is not altogether free to choose for each place the man of all men in the country fittest to perform its duties. There are many factors that must enter into the selection. Besides his own personal preference the President must consider the public estimate. He is not acting for himself but for the Nation, and he must choose men who not only are capable in themselves but must be able to prove to the public that they are capable. He is acting also for his party. He must recognize that for his success or failure his party will be held responsible, and he must therefore share with his party the choice of the men who will serve with him. To this extent he must allow in his selection of Cabinet members some consideration of party politics. It is universally recognized that a Democratic President would not be justified in selecting a Cabinet of Republicans or a Republican a Democratic Cabinet, even though they might surpass in individual ability any set of men of his own party he could choose. And the President must consider also groups within his own party. A Cabinet wholly conservatively minded cannot fairly represent a party pre-eminently progressive. The President, moreover, in himself represents the whole country, and he must not forget that the whole country should also be represented in his Cabinet. He must take geography into account. He has furthermore to recognize that he is not merely selecting a certain number of individuals but is also constituting a team. He must select, therefore, men who can reasonably be expected to work together. Finally, he is limited in his selection to men who will accept.

In view of these varied considerations, therefore, and in spite of some disappointment, Mr. Harding's Cabinet, as it is supposed to be constituted just before his inauguration, has made on the whole a favorable impression. One name which many will miss with regret we are not wholly sorry to see omitted from the list of Cabinet appointments. General Leonard Wood has all the technical and personal qualifications for the highest place in the Government, but he has particularly been considered as ideally constituted for the post of Secretary of War. To put him in charge of that department, however, would have been to create problems originating in his relations with the Army as an officer. The tradition of putting a civilian in the War Department is sound from that as well as other points of view. There are posts of equal honor, and in some respects of greater importance, for which General Wood can be selected. As the greatest colonial governor of our times and as a man of much diplomatic skill because of his great sympathy and frankness he can, and we hope he will, serve the Nation in high public office. If Mr. Harding's future appointments are to be on the plane of his appointments to the Cabinet, the country has a right to expect an Administration which will be efficient and may even be great.

SUNSHINE AND PALM TREES



Underwood

MOTOR BOAT CONTESTS ON SOUTHERN WATERS

This pleasant semi-tropical scene is at Miami, Florida, where a series of speed boat championship races have been recently held. The boat in the picture is the Orlo II, which made a world's record for boats of its class

WOMEN OF THREE RACES



International

AN INFLUENTIAL INDIAN WOMAN

Mrs. Gertrude Bonnin, pictured above in her tribal raiment, is prominent in Washington as an advocate of the interests of her people, the Sioux tribe of Indians



Underwood

THE FIRST LADY OF MEXICO

Señora Obregon (at the right) is the wife of Mexico's President. Her two youngest children are in the foreground, while one of her friends is at the left

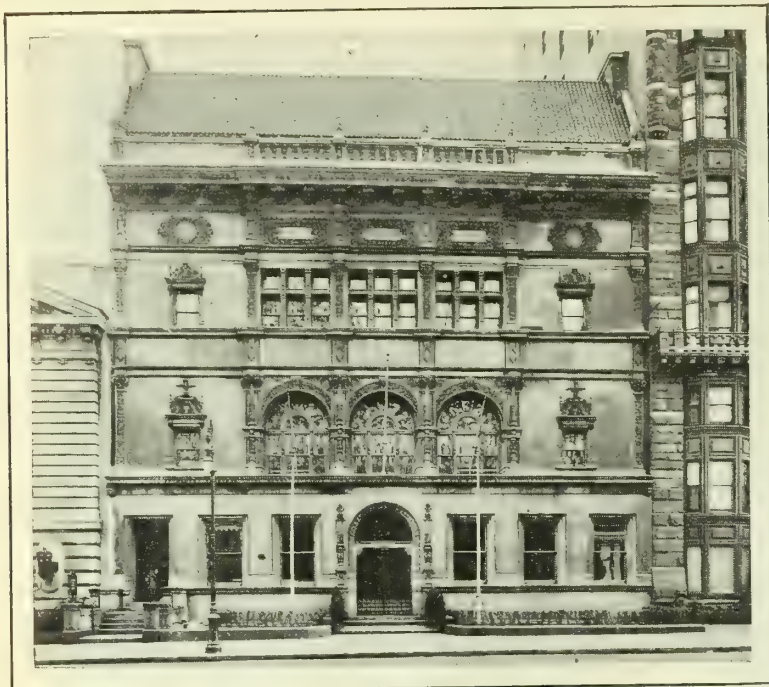


(C) Keystone

SORROWING WOMEN—ONE OF THE TRAGEDIES OF THE STRIFE IN IRELAND

The elderly woman in the photograph is Mrs. Despard, a sister of Lord French. She is trying to console the three Irish girls, whose brother, it is stated, was shot during the night and whose mother died of shock and grief

A FAMOUS PICTURE GALLERY



THE FINE ARTS BUILDING

Home of the National Academy of Design, the Architectural League, and the Art Students' League of New York

THE galleries of the American Fine Arts Society in the Fine Arts Building, on West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, are known to every New Yorker who loves pictures or sculpture and to thousands of visitors from other parts of the country. For years this building has housed the exhibitions of the National Academy of Design and the Architectural League as well as the schools of the Art Students' League. The finest exhibition room of the building is known as the Vanderbilt Gallery.

On January 30, 1920, these galleries were destroyed by fire, a calamity deplored by every artist, amateur, and art student in the city. But, fortunately, they have been now rebuilt on the main lines of the original plan but in a more substantial manner and with better lighting, and they were reopened to the public on March 5, when the National Academy of Design began its ninety-first annual Exhibition.

There are some interesting and amusing incidents connected with the origin of the Fine Arts Building which were related to a representative of *The Outlook* the other day by Mr. Howard Russell Butler, the well-known landscape painter and first President of the American Fine Arts Society. The idea of the building originated in 1889 at a basement eating-place on West Fifty-fourth Street kept by one Madame Harral, and frequented by a small group of artists, all of whom had studied in Europe. Their vigorous technique had not been approved by the more conventional exhibition managers of the time, so they had to give their picture shows wherever they could find a place. A prospectus was drawn up; a committee of

ten was appointed to carry out the plan; Mr. Butler was elected chairman; and then the artists filed out of the room, leaving their astonished and dismayed chairman to put it into effect.

One day Mr. Butler joined Mr. George Vanderbilt on Fifth Avenue. Before the walk was over, Mr. Vanderbilt offered to be one of eight to give five thousand dollars.

Then began an onslaught on the millionaires of New York. Mr. Butler's plan was to write to some Mæcenæ in the morning, asking the privilege of an interview at his residence that evening—the messenger could bring back the reply. Whenever a favorable reply was received, Mr. Carroll Beckwith and Mr. Eastman Johnson, the distinguished painters, would join him, and all three would appear at the appointed time.

The giver of five thousand dollars was to be known as a Founder. From one to five thousand dollars would constitute him a Patron. Mr. Beckwith would make an eloquent appeal, Mr. Butler would explain all the details and state that the money would not be handled by the artists but by the Trustees of the Gift Fund, who were Mr. Henry G. Marquand, chairman; Mr. Edward D. Adams, treasurer; and Messrs. Cyrus J. Lawrence, George W. Vanderbilt, and James A. Garland.

These names generally made a great impression, and when Eastman Johnson said, "It's a grand scheme," that settled it and a gift was generally forthcoming. But few were willing to give as much as five thousand dollars. Many preferred the more modest title of "Patron" to that of "Founder," and when the eight Founders had been secured the Gift

Fund aggregated about seventy thousand dollars.

Mr. Butler had an amusing time with Mr. Andrew Carnegie. He went alone to his house on Fifty-first Street, with a card of introduction. "Come upstairs," said Mr. Carnegie, "and explain your plan to Bob Ingersoll."

In the library Mr. Butler found Mr. Ingersoll studying the plans of the Carnegie Music Hall, then in process of erection. The problem under discussion was what to do with the upper floor, above the ceiling of the auditorium—an immense space divided by great girders.

"Put your Fine Arts Building on top of my Music Hall," said Mr. Carnegie, "and I will give you one hundred thousand dollars."

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Butler; "we want to walk into our galleries on the ground floor."

"Then," said the Ironmaster, "I won't give you a cent."

When the Fifty-seventh Street property was acquired, Mr. Carnegie wrote, congratulating the Fine Arts Society on its excellent purchase, but he did not believe that it could be made to pay. On the strength of this letter Mr. Butler made another appeal for a Founder's subscription, but Mr. Carnegie held that he could not consistently break his word—he had said "not a cent."

Later, when the corner-stone was to be laid, Mr. Carnegie was asked to make a speech.

"I'll not only make one," he replied, "but I'll bring Sir Edwin Arnold, who is staying with me, and we'll get him to make one." Both made excellent addresses.

The next time Mr. Butler appealed to Mr. Carnegie he still held that he could not break his word by giving money. "But here," he said, "are five Coke bonds—they are not money."

A few days elapsed, and again Mr. Butler appeared, and said he had some bonds he wanted to sell.

"What are they?" asked Mr. Carnegie.

"Coke Company," said Mr. Butler.

"They're a good bond, aren't they?" asked Mr. Carnegie.

"I think so," replied Mr. Butler.

"What do you ask for them?"

"Par."

"All right; I'll take them, they're in my line," and Mr. Carnegie drew and handed over a check.

There was a wink and twinkle in Mr. Carnegie's eye and a smile on Mr. Butler's face as he walked out with the check for five thousand dollars.

The land on which the building and its galleries now stand, extending from Fifty-seventh Street to Fifty-eighth Street, was finally bought, but the Fine Arts Society had money enough only to build the main structure on Fifty-seventh Street. Even this much was made possible only by Mr. Vanderbilt's generous consent to buy from the Society the lots on Fifty-eighth Street, the money being put into the main structure.



Photograph taken especially for The Outlook

THE JURY OF ARTISTS SELECTING PICTURES FOR THE 1921 EXHIBITION IN THE VANDERBILT GALLERY

A group of art patrons, headed by Mr. Cyrus J. Lawrence, now took an active interest and offered to get up a loan exhibition for the benefit of the Society. It was proposed to hold a series of exhibitions in the small galleries of the Fine Arts Society, which were nearing completion. Mr. Garland offered his textiles, many offered pictures, and Mr. George Vanderbilt offered his Rembrandt etchings and English mezzotints. But the space was very small, and Mr. Vanderbilt expressed his willingness to allow a temporary gallery to be erected on his Fifty-eighth Street property, against the back of the Society's galleries.

Mr. Butler suggested that a permanent gallery could be built for little more than the cost of a temporary one. Mr. Vanderbilt asked how much.

"I'll find out," said Mr. Butler.

"My recollection," said Mr. Butler, "is that it was a Thursday, and Mr. Vanderbilt was to leave for Japan the following Tuesday; that the plans of the George Vanderbilt Gallery were drawn and the estimates were in by Monday morning. Never did architects and con-

tractors work harder. The plans were unrolled on Mr. Vanderbilt's table Monday noon; but, alas! the estimate—\$72,000—was too large, and Mr. Vanderbilt declined.

"How much would you have been willing to spend?" asked Mr. Butler.

"Not over \$50,000."

"If I can get it done for that, will you consent?" asked Mr. Butler.

To make a long story short, the gallery was built for a trifle less than \$50,000. Mr. Vanderbilt was gone a long time, and on his return he found the Fine Arts Building completed and the loan exhibition, including his own treasures, in progress.

The sequel was most gratifying.

When Mr. Vanderbilt called for the account, the statement showed that land and building (with taxes and interest) had come to \$99,535.80. He drew a check for \$464.20, making an exact \$100,000. He then drew a second check to the order of the Gift Fund Trustees for \$100,000, to be spent in the purchase from him of the Vanderbilt Gallery for the American Fine Arts Society.

The annual dinner of the Architectural League was to be held in the Vanderbilt Gallery that night, and Mr. Vanderbilt was a guest. When the announcement was made that the Vanderbilt Gallery belonged to the Fine Arts Society, the applause was overwhelming.

The American Fine Arts Society is a kind of holding corporation which makes no profits but collects sufficient rents from the schools and exhibitors that use the building to meet the mortgage interest and pay the running expenses of the building. There are no taxes, for the New York Legislature by a special act in 1895 made the property, which is maintained for the public benefit, tax free. But interest and running expenses have been increased by the fire, and the mortgage now amounts to \$250,000. This has increased the rent burden of the exhibiting societies and schools, and thus considerably restricts their work in educating artists and cultivating a public taste in the fine arts. Mr. Butler hopes that some patron or patrons of art will appear to remove this difficulty.

THE ETERNAL COLUMBUS

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

I HAVE been on a voyage of discovery within the four walls of the laboratory of a great industrial chemist. You will not find his name in "Who's Who;" I doubt whether more than a handful of Outlook readers would recognize it if I gave it here. Yet this chemist by his inventive genius and painstaking research has revolutionized the standards of an industry which enters into the economics of almost every business and almost every home. To a small group of fellow-scientists he is known as the greatest authority in the world in his particular field. To

the general public he is less known than many authors of mediocre sonnets.

His laboratory was a large, airy room lighted on three sides and located on the top floor of a factory building in New York City. At one end an electric oven occupied a prominent place. The rear wall of the room was covered with serried ranks of bottles filled with mysterious chemicals and liquids which doubtless spoke to the initiated eye of various experiments in progress towards completion. Along the front wall stood a bench occupied by Bunsen burners, an apparatus for fractional distillation, and

delicate scales securely protected from the dust by glass casings. The center of the room was filled with tables covered with bottles, test-tubes, and assorted paraphernalia. As a source of literary material the room appeared to be about as fertile a field as a well-arranged drug store. Parenthetically, it might be added that Keats began life as a druggist's assistant.

I had sat for perhaps a half an hour watching my friend, the chemist, at work when this genie of ten thousand bottles turned to me and said: "By the way, I have a report in my pocket

which may interest you, though I don't suppose that you will understand much of what it is all about. It is a technical report of an experiment which an assistant of mine recently carried to a successful completion. But I think you may like to see it, for it is an excellent example of scientific research."

He drew the report from his pocket and laid it on the desk at which I sat. I am not quite sure whether he gave it to me in any real hope of arousing my interest or whether he was merely taking a tactful way of securing time for his work uninterrupted by my desultory conversation. In either case, I fell in with his purpose and retired to a convenient corner and began to read.

The report which he gave me covered, if I remember correctly, some twenty pages of typewritten manuscript. At least six or seven of these pages were filled with cabalistic symbols as meaningless to me as Chinese ideographs. Much of the rest of the report was filled with scientific jargon concerning the genealogy of chemical compounds which appeared even less interesting at first sight than the "begat" chapters of the Old Testament. The only literary merit which I have been able to discover in those "begat" chapters is that of terseness—something which many writers, including myself, can well afford to cultivate.

But I glanced hastily through the twenty pages of single spacing, and then settled back for a more thorough reading. You may not believe it, but I did not lift my eyes from the report again until I had finished the last line on page 20. When I had finished, I threw the report on the table and called out to my friend: "It may be written in a foreign tongue, but it is one of the most romantic detective stories I ever read." But I am getting ahead of my story.

The first page of the report showed me that its author was a writer as well as a scientist. He wasted no words, yet he left out nothing which was essential. If I had only had the key to those cabalistic symbols of his, what a vivid understanding I would have had of the process which he was describing! It was my ignorance, and not any fault of his, that left me at times floundering in a Sargasso Sea of scientific phraseology. But here is his story as I found it, stripped of the things I could not understand.

In chemistry there are certain elements useful to the scientist for, shall I say, the moral influence which they have over other elements. By themselves they may be of little value; combine them with other materials, and they have an effect out of all relation to their proportionate weight in the final combination. They are, metaphorically speaking, the straws without which bricks cannot be made. It appeared from the opening paragraph of the report that the great industry in which my friend was employed had depended for fifty years upon a time-honored formula for the preparation of one of

these "straws." For fifty years this formula had been handed down in the trade as an axiom of this particular field of industrial chemistry, and a half century reaches back into ancient history so far as modern industry is concerned. Now a chemist with an inventive turn of mind is less inclined than most people to accept something without question because it has always been so accepted. So it happened that my friend had turned this particular formula over to his assistant to study and improve upon.

Do you remember the impression you received when the first story of Sherlock Holmes came under your eye? Do you remember how Conan Doyle's detective, with Dr. Watson for a foil, outlined and developed the problem confronting him for solution? Conan Doyle knew when he wrote those opening paragraphs what the solution of his problem would be. He could, at will, introduce clues real and false to create suspense in the reader's mind. It is easy enough to prove to an expectant reader that a man is a clerk because the cuff of his right sleeve is worn threadbare, particularly when you know in advance that he is a clerk. There are tricks in all trades, and foreknowledge of what is to happen is one of the most useful tricks of the trade of writing detective stories.

But my friend's assistant had no such recourse open to him. His detective work was real and not an *ex post facto* imitation of astuteness. Clues he had, but they were not of his own manufacture. He knew what had been done in the past, he had hopes of what he might be able to do in the future, and that was the end of the material available for him to work upon.

He started his report with a cold and precise analysis of the situation. Here were such and such elements to be introduced into such and such a product to produce such and such results. But he did not accept the beliefs of the past as proved, by any means. He took apart the old process, which he hoped to be able to discard, as a skilled watchmaker takes apart a ship's chronometer, tracing and proving the effect of temperature, recording the time of the various operations which had been regarded as essential to the end in view, checking and counter-checking his data by the use of substitute materials, picking his way as the pilot of a vessel picks his way through unknown waters. He was, in fact, the perfect skeptic—a man who disbelieves what he does not know, not from a desire to ridicule the truth, but from a desire to find the truth.

When he had finished this process, he discovered that one great industry had "known" a number of things which were not so. The rule-of-thumb method of the past had been followed blindly for years because it had been supposed that the real results of this method were definitely known. Perhaps that is why this particular process had shown no development in half a century.

At the end of his first series of experi-

ments this young chemist possessed a definite foundation upon which to continue his further research. He started his work all over again, using materials which his previous research had indicated as probably of value for that purpose which he had in mind. The labor of weeks and months appeared in the report in the guise of formulæ which covered less than a dozen lines of space. I say the labor of weeks and months, though I do not know how long he worked. To judge by the restraint and compression of his style, he was not a man inclined to waste space in literary non-essentials. Yet his matter-of-fact phrases brought to me a picture of eager hours in the laboratory, nights in which he lay awake striving to reduce to fact illusive theories, days of discouragement, and moments of achievement. There are times when the best way to tell a story fully is not to tell it at all.

It is not easy to convey the impression which that report made upon my mind, or why, when I came to his concluding sentence, "By the process which I now suggest the product can be greatly improved, an element hitherto regarded as essential entirely eliminated, the time of manufacture cut in half, and the cost reduced by thirty-nine per cent," I felt like jumping from my chair and shouting, "Eureka!"

The appeal of the report lay in the obvious fact that this particular chemist was above all things an artist. His work was to him as much of an adventure as the discovery of a tribe of blond Eskimos was to Stefansson. Only, instead of a dog-sledge and rifle, the chemist set out into the unknown with a crucible and microscope. There is a cosmos in every microcosm, and he had found it.

I do not think that those whose talk is of books, plays, and concertos realize how much of the artistic impulse there is in the world which they are too prone to dismiss with a slighting reference to "mere business." Americans have been too often charged with being money-grubbers. As a matter of fact, most men who have been condemned as money-grubbers are really poets with a wrong understanding of what should constitute the true measure of achievement. Their real impulse has been to do rather than to accumulate. In our ill-balanced civilization we have given unequal rewards for certain types of doing—too little to the scientist, too little to the artist, too much to masters of money, and much too much to the purveyor of other men's brains. But, with it all, we may not be so far from the spirit of the time when

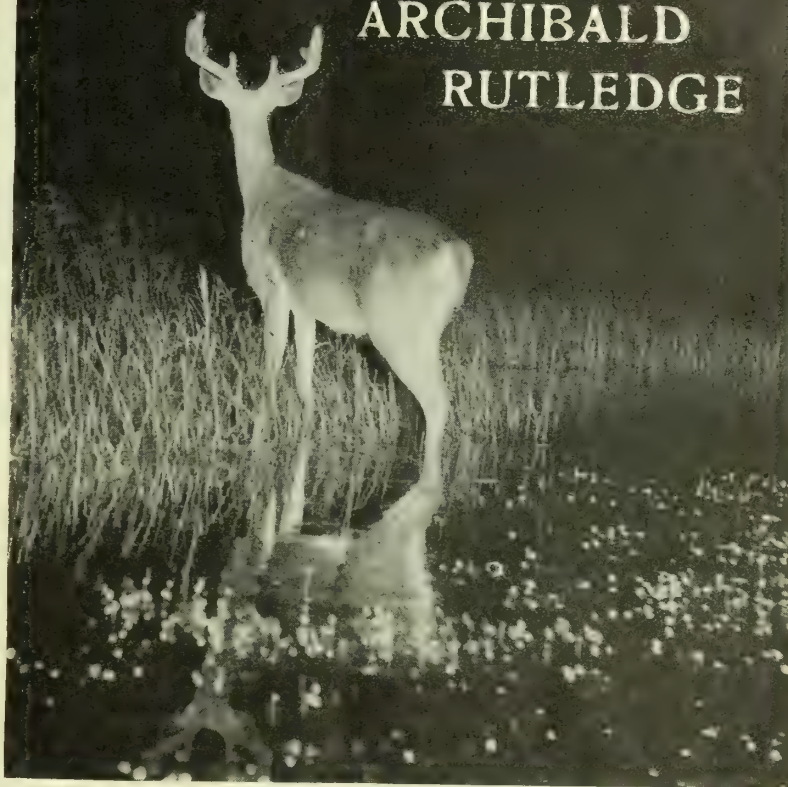
No one shall work for money,
And no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of working,

as we are commonly supposed to be. What we need is a readjustment of our measures of success rather than a change in the motive which urges men to high adventure along the pathways of molecules and stars.

VENDETTAS OF THE MARSH

BY

ARCHIBALD
RUTLEDGE



"THE MARSH HAS BEEN, TIME OUT OF MIND, A SANCTUARY FOR HUNTED DEER. SOMETIMES THEY COME ALL THE WAY FROM WAMBRAW SWAMP, ELEVEN MILES AWAY, TO TAKE REFUGE HERE IN THIS STRANGE SOLITUDE"

STANDING on the mainland shore of Washoe Plantation and looking eastward over the vast expanse of Blake's Marsh, it seemed to me that I had never viewed a scene that appeared so peaceful, so full of the charm of quiet solitude. For three miles, to where the dark outline of Murphy's Island rose, the reedland extended; it was solitary, shimmering, silent. Here and there in its green waste there were small hummocks or clumps of myrtle and red cedar, and through the marsh wound salt creeks of many sizes, but all alike in their mazy wanderings and in the nature of their ministrations. Marsh and creek and hummock and distant barrier island—all lay in dreamy peace in the mellow sunshine of mid-December. But for the inhabitants of the marsh there is no peace; for perhaps in no situation does wild life find itself more constantly hunting or hunted; and I know of no other place that can approach Blake's Marsh for the number and the fury of the vendettas waged there. If anywhere, nature is there "red in tooth and claw."

Nowhere on the Atlantic seaboard is there a stretch of marsh larger or more beautiful than this one; since it is controlled by a hunting club with rigorous laws protecting game, nowhere to my knowledge is wild life more abundant or more interesting in its variety. In other marshlands along that region of the Southern coast much of the wild life has disappeared; but here it is probably as abundant as it was in the days of Columbus. At least Nature exercises the same balancing power now as she did then, and as she always does when the hand of man does not disturb her laws.

But fearful are the lives of Nature's children who live under her code. This I had impressed upon me soon after I had taken the sandy causeway that led into the marsh. I had come perhaps three hundred yards from the mainland shore, and had stopped under a scrub pine to watch a flock of some forty willets on an oyster bank bordering a salt creek. At a near-by bend I saw a pair of mallards, their plumage gleaming in the sunlight, drifting idly upon the placid waters. I thought of their coming to this winter home at the mouth of the Santee. They had flown a thousand miles or more to reach this spot, and doubtless had escaped all the dangers of Bryant's "Waterfowl." But even here, in this most remote and peaceful creek, they were not safe; and they knew it probably better than I did. Yet it was I who first saw their arch-enemy. Low over the marsh, in his leisurely, lordly way, swept a bald eagle. In that region, where there is considerable hunting, the

eagle subsists in the winter chiefly upon crippled ducks and upon dead ones that sportsmen have not found. But to catch an unwounded wild duck is for the bald eagle an easy and pleasant pastime. By a fatally sure instinct, the great bird directed his flight toward the bend in the creek; ducks love a bend, as doubtless he had discovered for himself. I could not but admire the huge harrier's powerful and purposeful flight. The mallards were drowsing happily; and I was close enough to see them blink their gray-lidded eyes sleepily. Then the thunderbolt fell. The green-headed drake was the victim. As the eagle cleared the marsh the wild duck leaped upward; but the talons of the marauder gripped him fairly in the back. The sleek brown hen flew away distractedly. The eagle bore his prey with indolent ease toward one of his haunts along the delta of the Santee. The little tragedy was over.

I suppose that this incident should not be called an illustration of a vendetta; for it was a very one-sided affair, as all encounters between the eagle and the wild duck must be. Yet it is a part of the general warfare waged in the weird marsh of which I write. In wild life there are not, indeed, many inveter-

ate enemies; the question of supremacy has been settled long ago for most rivals. It is usually a case of grim and relentless warfare of the strong upon the weak, with little or no retaliation allowed. Sometimes man aids the weaker, as I was once able to do when I had some decoys set off a point in the river.

The wild ducks were rafted in the river; that is, having left all their haunts on the delta and the coastal islands, they were gathered in a mighty concourse on the waters of the lower Santee. It was just about daybreak. Looking across the river at the vast assembly of wild fowl, certainly not fewer than twenty thousand in number, I was hoping that something might rouse them and send some stragglers flying my way, when my wish was gratified. However, when I saw an eagle coming, I knew very well that, while the mallards and black ducks would be wildly scattered, none was likely to be lured just then by my decoys. When the eagle, which had launched himself from a dead pine on Cedar Island, was a quarter of a mile from the ducks and high in the rosy morning heavens, the hunted wild fowl began to rise. They poured upward in a vast black cloud which roared like

distant thunder. Like a driven thunder-cloud also the ranks of the panic-stricken ducks broke raggedly and streamed wildly in every direction. It was impressive to see one bird put twenty thousand to flight.

The eagle appeared unwilling to pursue any of the wild duck whose gathering he had routed; but even while he was a good distance off I could see that he had designs on my placid wooden ducks, bobbing idly in the lee of the marshy point where I lay hidden. Why this group of mallards should remain there whence all but them had fled, as Mrs. Hemans might say, interested the bald eagle. With indolent ease he set his flight for them; and for half a mile he came like a stroke of lightning. When he was within thirty feet of the decoys, he checked his amazing fall, hovered in a swift maneuver, and then pounced upon one of the wooden ducks. He must have sunk his talons into the soft wood, for when he rose he had the decoy firmly gripped. He lifted it perhaps ten feet, and then let it fall back into the water. Considering the daily damage that he did to the ranks of the wild fowl, I felt justified in scaring him; this I did effectively by rumpling him with a load of duck shot when he was at a distance that I knew was not a dangerous one for him. For an hour after this incident, while the calm day broadened and the mists rose from the lone reaches of the great marsh, wild ducks in groups of twos and threes and scores and hundreds were continually visible. But not again that day did they gather in happy concourse in the river.

On another morning I saw illustrated in striking fashion this ancient preying of the eagle upon the duck. A lone mallard, hotly pursued by a male bald eagle, was flying desperately up the river, and passed within a hundred feet of where I was in the edges of the marsh. The eagle stayed above his prey; and so powerful and masterly was his flight that it seemed to me that he might at any time have caught it. But his actual taking of it was by a maneuver as remarkable as it was graceful. This happened between Blake's Marsh and Grace Island, about three-quarters of a mile from the mouth of the Santee. The eagle, evidently having the fleeing duck at his mercy, was not content to take him in the ordinary manner; but, rushing downward, he turned almost completely over under his fast-flying prey and seized it by the breast. A few powerful beats of his wings righted him, and he flew off across the river toward Cedar Island. I do not think that many observers have seen the bald eagle take prey in the manner described; I have seen it but once. Yet the maneuver was executed with such ease that I have no doubt that it had been practiced before.

Very different, indeed, from the warfare waged by eagles upon wild fowl is the nature of the warfare that the raccoon carries on against the shell-fish of Blake's Marsh, especially the oysters. This wild and wide stretch of reed country is an ideal hunting-ground for rac-

coons; and that they are numerous everywhere there is attested by the fact that in every pathway through the marsh there are innumerable tracks made by them—tracks that resemble the imprints made by a tiny and delicate human hand. No haunt could be more congenial for these intelligent fur-bearers. The marsh yields them abundant food, and in the adjacent woods of the mainland and the barrier island they find big timber for daytime retirement. Wherever the raccoon is hunted, he rarely appears in daylight; but in Blake's Marsh I have seen him pacing along with wily sedateness when the sun was high overhead. And more than once I have come upon raccoons quite unconcernedly sleeping in the low comfortable crotches of red cedar trees standing in the hummocks of the marsh. I have often awakened some of these day-dreamers, and invariably their attitude was the same. They were very much bored that I should disturb them; they shifted their positions with slow and drowsily snarling complaints; they blinked at me with the discomfort of those who are awakened out of sweet slumber. But they never seemed to fear me; they never once regarded me with that bright-eyed wariness that is the commonest trait of most of the folk of the wild. The impression they conveyed was merely that they thought me exceedingly tiresome to wake them.

But when the raccoon is on the ground he is one of the most intelligent animals living. That he can take care of himself the following incident will attest. Early one morning I was ranging the marsh with a setter dog when we came to what is locally known as a slue—a shallow pond in the reeds. My dog encountered a raccoon on the edge of the pond, and he began barking frantically at his discovery. By the time I had broken through the reeds both raccoon and setter were swimming across the small lagoon. When about half-way



ON THE BRINK OF THE MARSH

across, the raccoon came to a halt. He evidently swam against a submerged stump. It was just under the surface; for when he climbed upon it he was almost clear of the water. He turned calmly and faced his pursuer with nonchalant courage. I was close enough to see that the left hind foot of the creature was gone; it had evidently been cut off in a trap; and this injury made the coming fray an apparently unequal one. But a curious surprise was in store for the dog. As he swam up to the raccoon that crafty creature reached far out with his delicate black hands, caught the dog with admirable nicety just behind the ears, and shoved his head gently but firmly beneath the water. The setter's head was quietly held submerged for a moment. Then it was released, and the raccoon stood on negligently alert guard for a further attack. The dog, however, had had enough. He evidently realized that he was dealing with a superior intelligence. He swam back to me; and, though he barked wildly and vociferously and told me all about it, he scrupulously observed the better part of valor. I left the raccoon crouched on the hidden stump, waiting there patiently and wisely and gravely for whatever form of attack the fates might send next. If I judged his expression aright, it was one of ancient understanding of and huge tolerance for the changes and chances of this mortal life.

But on another occasion I was given an opportunity to see that, despite appearances, the wisdom of the raccoon is far from being infallible. I was walking along the muddy bank of Blake's Marsh about a half-mile from Murphy's Island. Here and there the low tide exposed oyster banks, and among these were many curlews and willets. A dark object on an oyster bank attracted my attention. As I came up to it I found, to my surprise, that it was an old male raccoon—dead from drowning. He had been covered and uncovered by one tide, but I think not more. His right fore foot was fatally caught in an oyster! Some time during the preceding night, I supposed, the raccoon had been foraging among the oysters, as he had probably done systematically for years; but at last he met a Tartar of a bivalve. The oyster that held him was not particularly large, but it did appear articulated with unusual strength. Here was a singular tragedy of the wild; for, despite all his struggles, the raccoon had been grimly held fast while the tide crept upward and had submerged him. I am sure, however, that this was one of those accidents of nature that is seldom repeated. I was surprised that the captive had not gnawed off his foot, for that is the customary practice in regions where steel traps are known. I was told recently by a very reliable Negro trapper of the Santee delta that of nine traps that he visited in a single morning each of seven contained the fore foot of a raccoon. And I can say that at least one in three of the raccoons that I see have but three legs. There is much that is pitiful about these cripples;



WARSAW CREEK, A TRIBUTARY OF THE LOWER SANTEE

"Through the marsh wound salt creeks of many sizes, but all alike in their mazy wanderings and in the nature of their ministrations"

but certainly their affliction does not make them beggars, and they manage to get along quite as well as their four-footed brothers.

Of all the birds of the marsh the most interesting to me is the clapper rail, which in Blake's Marsh is remarkably abundant. Indeed, were it not for natural enemies, I think the marsh would be overpopulated with these noisy, secret, elusive, resourceful birds. But their foes are many. Undoubtedly the marsh raccoons and wildcats capture many, especially the young birds. Not infrequently a giant tide will sweep to destruction thousands of nests. The common crow delights in nothing so much as in destroying the eggs of this bird. The very home that it makes for its eggs and young is obliged to be built in a precarious situation, for the whole region is subject to tidal influences. However, the instinct of the bird (I should like to say reasoning power but for fear of controversy) teaches it to build one of the most remarkable of nests. While the tiny marsh sparrow or Worthington's wren builds a bulky nest high up in the marsh, binding it together with blades of the marsh, much as the blackbird does, the clapper rail does better. He sometimes (not always, for occasionally his nest is placed above the reach of ordinary tides) constructs a nest that, either by good chance or by positive design, slides up and down the marsh stems as the tides rise and fall. The nest is constructed largely of the light dry stems of dead marsh, and the softer parts of the lining are withered marsh blades. I have often seen these nests at low tide flat on the mud, and the same nests when the tide was up floating on the quiet water, gently anchored by marsh stems turned about the growing marsh. I am not prepared to say that the birds know exactly what they are doing; but the fact of these sliding nests remains. Undoubtedly mishaps to the eggs often occur; indeed,

I have seen nests with the eggs tipped out and the nests themselves lodged halfway down the stems of the marsh. But the rising and falling of the tide are so steady and so gradual that the nests are usually handled gently and effectively.

I mentioned the marsh wren as a bird building a very large nest, high up in the reeds and woven of marsh blades. Cheerful and innocent as is this tiny dweller in the wasteland, I believe his particular enemy is more ruthless than almost any that the other birds have to meet; at least there is something gruesome about his attack. This is a small marsh mouse which climbs the reed stems on which the nest is suspended, enters the circular hole at the side leading to the interior, catches the inmate if he can and destroys it, devours the eggs, and then appropriates the home for himself and his family! I know of no more complete example of Bolshevism in nature. It is such a thing as this that makes me know that the wide and placid marsh, shimmering in the warm sunlight, misty in the vague rain, or blanched in the pale moonlight, is the scene of many a tragedy where the survival of the fittest and the cleverest and the quickest and the strongest is continually being determined. And though I love wild scenes and the quiet loneliness of a place like this, behind the beauty of its perpetually autumnal landscape I seem to see the face of nature, anciently wise, inexorable, not quite familiar, not quite smiling.

There is a vendetta of the pinelands adjacent to Blake's Marsh that terminates at the borders of the marsh. This is the picturesque feud of deer and hound. The marsh has been, time out of mind, a sanctuary for hunted deer. Sometimes they come all the way from Wambaw Swamp, eleven miles away, to take refuge here in this strange solitude. Ever since boyhood I have known that a deer that succeeded in reaching the marsh ahead of the hounds had made

good his escape. And both the pursuers and the pursued recognize this as a fact. Many a time I have seen deer in flight entering the marsh; and hardly had they reached the fringes of their wide sanctuary before they would break the speed of their race. Many a time also I have known fine packs of hounds to break off their chase abruptly at the mysterious borders of the wasteland. Old hounds especially when they come within sight of the lone expanse of reeds abandon their game, however eager the pursuit had until that time been. It is a case of instinct; for in the marsh a dog has no chance against a deer. To begin with, a deer can go where a dog cannot follow; and again, where the deer has the advantage of footing he will turn to bay, and a buck at bay in a situation favorable to him is no mean antagonist for a pack of hounds. I shall tell of two incidents that I observed in Blake's Marsh that will illustrate the truth of what I mean.

One January day at noon I was walking along the southern end of the marsh, just where the lands of the Santee Club terminate. As I was on neutral ground, I had a hound with me. From a dense hummock of cedar and myrtle we started

two great bucks, giants of their kind; and I may say that it is rather an odd fact that two old male deer are often at this time of the year found associated. They rocked off lithely, and I supposed that they would run the margin of a wide slue—a place so boggy and apparently bottomless that I could not see how even a duck could keep its footing there. To my surprise, the two great animals chose to cross this morass. Perhaps they knew that by so doing they could baffle the dog that was now clamoring on their track. The slue was a hundred yards wide and several hundred long. In long, lithe bounds the deer entered it; and, instead of floundering and sinking, as any other animals might have done, they never lost their stride, never faltered. I could readily see that their effort was a heroic one, for their flanks heaved, their big haunch muscles were vividly expanded and corded, and their antlered heads tossed somewhat wildly; but their flight through that dreadful morass was swift, orderly, and graceful. The hound attempted to follow the deer. He got only about fifteen yards into the slue when his footing failed him. He was trying to run and to swim at the same time. Failing in both, he turned back toward me. By the time he had reached me, mud-drenched and crestfallen, the two bucks had gained the farther side of the bog and were safely entering a sanctuary of reeds as dense as some of the papyrus brakes along the Nile.

Late one afternoon, while on an open causeway leading into Blake's Marsh, I heard two hounds coming in my direction. I moved up against a great pine overlooking the marsh. In a few moments my expectations were realized—a fine buck came bounding out of the mainland woods. He was in full flight, yet

no sooner did he cross the mystic margin of the marsh than he broke his stride. His wild run became an easy bounding, and this in turn a walk. He passed within thirty yards of me without seeing me. The hounds meanwhile were eagerly approaching. From their voices I knew them to be young dogs. Soon they came in sight, and of their speed and earnestness there could be no question. They were not more than three-quarters grown. They passed me wildly, the sand flying under their feet. The buck was now only a little distance ahead and in plain sight. In a moment the big deer turned in an indolent, scornful manner, and a strange encounter ensued.

This deer, unwounded and certainly capable of hours more of flight, turned to bay. Indeed, he went further than that; his attitude was offensive rather than defensive, and his abrupt change of tactics took the dogs completely by surprise. Lowering his crested head, rolling his eyes, and managing to bulge his neck until he looked formidable indeed, he faced his pursuers. They, amazed and baffled, evidently thought that their real prey had escaped them, and that they had encountered an enemy which they were not capable of managing. At any rate, their advance halted immediately; their baying was perfunctory. Soon it grew fitful. And within five minutes they had turned tail and were making good time on the back track through the pinelands. Probably they had never before run a deer into the marsh; and certainly if they do so again they will behave as all knowing hounds of that region do; they will abandon the chase at the brink of the deer's ancient sanctuary.

Between the pine woods and the marsh there is a long, myrtle-grown watercourse; when it becomes dry, its chan-

nel is seen to be black mud, caked by the winter's sunshine into huge slabs, broken into wonderful geometrical designs. One December day, while loitering along this dry bed of the sluggish stream, I saw the trail of an alligator. The bearlike clawed tracks and the wide swath he had mashed through the marshy mud identified him before I found him half a mile farther on. He was a very respectable bull in size—eleven feet, perhaps. But his length surprised me far less than the fact that he should be abroad in midwinter. During all my years in the Santee delta I had never before seen an alligator in winter (except once, in a freshet, when one was washed out of his hibernating quarters). This particular reptile was most sluggish and uninteresting. His only sign of recognition was a prodigiously solemn blink, and I was not at all sure that he meant that for me. My attempts to make him think that a pine pole was an enemy which he ought to seize in his mighty jaws were wholly unavailing. After a quarter of an hour of his company I left him, convinced that hibernation affects the mind, and that the most stolid and phlegmatic creature in the world is one whose mischance it has been to come forth into the light and the air while still the heavy summons of long sleep "lies like lead upon him."

A strange and interesting place it is, this great melancholy marsh. Upon it man has hardly made a trace. Here nature operates freely, graciously, terribly. It has a fascination for me, this lonely region; but when I leave it my feeling is not wholly one of regret. For always I am conscious of the many dread vendettas and cruel wars waged there, and that probably will be waged there as long as wild life exists upon the earth.

AMATEUR ENVOYS OR PROFESSIONAL?

A DISCUSSION AS TO WHAT THE HARDING ADMINISTRATION SHOULD DO WITH AND FOR OUR DIPLOMATS, AND SOME FURTHER REMARKS ABOUT UNCLE SAM'S "TIN HALO"

I—REMOVALS FROM THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE

BY NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT

IF the men who have been appointed Ministers from the ranks of the diplomatic service—men like Hugh Gibson, William Phillips, Joseph Grew, and Peter Jay—are removed by the new Administration, it is the end of the diplomatic service."

These words were spoken by a man prominent in the conduct of the State Department.

I asked him why this was.

"Because it means that the Republicans will go back to the policy of Mr. Bryan," he said. "It means that effi-

cient work in the service will be rewarded by dismissal. It means that the men at present in the service can see no possible future ahead of them. If there is to be no promotion from the ranks of the service to the posts of ministers or ambassadors, or if men so promoted are removable to satisfy political expediency, the service cannot last. Good men will not join it."

I had to admit the soundness of his statement.

Here is the story:

In the old days the positions of secre-

taries in our embassies and legations abroad were a part of the legitimate spoils of the winning party.

Under the able direction of Mr. Elihu Root, the diplomatic service was put on a basis where advancement was determined by merit and experience. The first steps were taken to make it a "career" in the sense that it is in France and Great Britain. In other words, admission was based on examinations and promotion was provided for up to the rank of first secretary with a view to efficiency and ability.

During the Administration of Mr. Taft promotion within the service was further encouraged, and it looked as if there were prospects of making it a sufficiently attractive career to induce men of ability and initiative to enter it.



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WILLIAM PHILLIPS

"If the men who have been appointed Ministers from the ranks of the diplomatic service—men like Hugh Gibson, William Phillips, Joseph Grew, and Peter Jay—are removed by the new Administration, it is the end of the diplomatic service. . . . Mr. Wilson, it is true, appointed Hugh Gibson, Peter Jay, John Garrett, Joseph Grew, and William Phillips to be Ministers—all men who had spent years in foreign service and had risen from the ranks"

Then came Mr. Bryan.

He believed in "deserving Democrats." While he could do only little damage to the diplomatic secretaries, as they were on a Civil Service status, he struck at their morale by his methods of selecting the chiefs of missions.

Even after Mr. Bryan left the Department of State discontent in the service continued. Mr. Wilson, it is true, appointed Hugh Gibson, Peter Jay, John Garrett, Joseph Grew, and William Phillips to be Ministers—all men who had spent years in foreign service and had risen from the ranks. Yet other factors, such as inadequate pay, lack of a definite, consistent foreign policy, etc., continued to trouble many who had joined the service, and there were a number of resignations of members who had shown exceptional promise.

To-day the diplomatic service is inadequately paid; it offers no training that can be of practical value in after life. If on top of that the Republicans, whom many people had thought were sounder on foreign affairs than the Democrats, remove the only men who have risen to Ministers from the ranks, it will be plainly evident that the diplomatic service, along with its other drawbacks, offers no future for the men going into it. Insufficient pay, abortive train-

ing, a career of no promise—are these the necessary characteristics to enable a government service of the utmost importance to attract men of ability?

And yet that is all the promise the diplomatic service will hold out if the Republicans follow in the footsteps of Mr. Bryan.

II—FRANK WORDS ON THE "TRAINED" DIPLOMATS

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

WITH the inauguration of a new President, America is once more being treated to its quadrennial discussion upon the subject of taking diplomatic posts out of politics.

Writers who are long on theory and short on experience are declaring that, like Europe, America should have a permanent diplomatic corps, which should continue to hold office regardless of the political mutations of the Government.

That notion should have perished in the war.

If the world has learned anything at all from civilization's cataclysm, it should have learned that professional diplomacy brought on the war, and failed to prevent the war, and was unable to end the war, and proved unequal to restoring peace after the war.

It was the timorous incompetence of professional diplomats that messed up the earth in 1914.

Professional Allied diplomats ineptly, with incredible inefficiency, let Bulgaria and Turkey be drawn into the war on the side of Germany.

Professional diplomats made the iniquitous secret treaties during the war which have brought confusion to peace plans, and now threaten further strife.

Professional and aristocratic and reactionary diplomats threw Russia into the arms of the Bolsheviks.

Professional diplomats are to-day, with a blindness that is criminal, setting nation against nation, policy against policy, class against class.

By contrast, look at America's record in the war. Who were the shining diplomatic successes of those testing days? Were



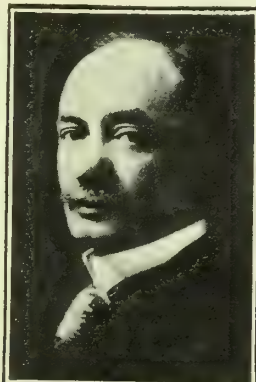
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"Look at America's record in the war. Who were the shining diplomatic successes of those testing days? Were they the vaunted professionals of the European chancelleries; or were they the Brand Whitlocks, the Henry Morgenthaus, the Myron Herricks, the Walter Pages, the James Gerards, straight out of American civil life, with no other training than courageous American manhood and ideals?"

they the vaunted professionals of the European chancelleries; or were they the Brand Whitlocks, the Henry Morgenthau, the Myron Herricks, the Walter Pades, the James Gerards, straight out of American civil life, with no other training than courageous American manhood and ideals?

As a matter of simple observation, the professional diplomat is more interested in his "career" than in taking vigorous action for the maintenance of American rights. He fears to do anything drastic lest it count against him on his record and in the attainment of the promotion upon which he ever has his eye.

Commentators upon this subject are fond of citing Great Britain's professional diplomats, ignoring the fact that the British Government is making radical changes for the democratization of her service; and that in hours of special need she calls civilians into the diplomatic organizations for great and difficult tasks.

The most conspicuously successful Ambassador Great Britain ever had in America was James Bryce, scorned as an "outsider" by the jealous professional diplomats. Sir Auckland Geddes, the present Ambassador at Washington, is a non-professional diplomat, because there

were no "career men," as the phrase runs, big enough for the task.

American ambassadors and ministers directly represent the President. They should therefore be men of his mind.

This is no apology for many unfit appointments that have brought no credit to our country, some of whom, by the way, are now clamoring to be retained in office as "career men."

Coming straight out of the life of the Nation, and expecting to return thither after a few years of service, the American diplomat knows that he must "make good" in a short term, and that by the exercise of courageous and efficient Americanism he is to have his reward only in the sense of service done and in the favor of his country. Considerations of "career" need never swerve him.

The case of secretaries is different; they are the continuing representatives, skilled in the technique of office. A certain proportion of higher posts should be open to them and their salaries should always be large enough to remove the stigma of "rich social climbers" from diplomatic secretaries.

But in the main, for the sake of keeping our foreign outposts in touch with the life of America at home, the ambassadors and ministers should be appointed afresh by each incoming President.

convey to them principles with which they agreed through the barriers that differences of race, language, and attitude toward the state, as well as national jealousies, present. Both Mr. Root and Mr. White, talking to me from their veteran experiences in practice and knowledge of world diplomacy, said in substance: "That is the problem of diplomacy."

If an Elihu Root finds it difficult to meet the conflicting tongues and conceptions, how are men less skilled getting on?

A man's politics ought to have just as little to do with his becoming an ambassador as it does with his appointment to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States.

I use this analogy because the credit and dignity of the Supreme Court stand high; its value is inestimable as the living voice of the Constitution—that is, the will of the people expressed in the fundamental law they have enacted—and the Court, sitting high above the assaults of factions or parties, is the interpreter and enforcer of that law. The primary measure of a judge's competency for the bench is political disinterestedness. An ambassador is asked to concern himself with the expressions of the formulated will of the nation exactly as a judge is. Their functions vary in method rather than character.

The problem of getting new men requires increase of all salaries, and then promotion, as fast as may be compatible for the good of the service, to the highest positions.

We can at least approximate the British system in a very short time, a system which has made the British Foreign Office the best in the world, while still flexible enough to send a Bryce or a Grey to this country. We ought always to be able to conscript our highest ability for exceptional service to send to the Court of St. James's a man like Elihu Root, who enjoys a position in England not unlike that of Viscount Bryce in America; or to France a man like John Finley (who in many respects is a remarkable counterpart of Ambassador Jusserand, the great scholar, litterateur, and diplomat, who so ably represents French interests at Washington).

The French have found it valuable to prepare men for their foreign service in special schools, the *École Libre des Sciences Politiques*, and more recently another rival school has been established. Some of our own diplomatic secretaries and consuls have taken the French course of training to their advantage. I recall Hugh Gibson, Minister to Poland, Arthur Orr, and William Dawson.

From my own experience in the study of politics in the University of Paris at the Sorbonne, I know the high rank of French scholarship and the practical value of training in such special schools of higher political studies. Two of my professors, Lapradelle and Barthélemy, praised highly the early diplomatic activities of our first statesmen and displayed a more intimate acquaintance with our diplomatic system and history

III—THE SUPREME COURT OF AMERICAN DIPLOMACY

BY ANDREW TEN EYCK

THE long-suffering tolerance of public opinion towards incompetence in the foreign service and meager support for it is a feature which has struck European observers. It is the more remarkable because at no time when we have seriously thought of the matter ourselves has there been any division of opinion as to what should be done. The expressions from men of experience in our diplomatic life which were published in *The Outlook* of February 16¹ reveal exactly that.

With about fourteen billion dollars owed us, publicly and privately, and every line of business, relief work, and journalistic enterprise in the four corners of the globe, the problem of decent representation abroad is more immediate.

In view of these facts and with the direct intimation from Mr. Harding that negotiation through diplomatic channels is to be the way back into association with the nations of the world, the foreign service becomes of ever greater concern.

It is not always the case of an incompetent ambassador, as Robert Underwood Johnson, a man of wide experience in private international affairs and an internationally minded citizen of a fine type, shows in *The Outlook* of February 16 in giving his version of what I

termed a "predicament" in characterization of the duties he performed at San Remo. Dr. Johnson gives evidence in the statement of the instructions he received and how he carried them out which shows that Washington reduced his function to that of an amanuensis among plenipotentiaries—a function which caused Lloyd George to remark (on hearing of it the day before Dr. Johnson arrived) to my friend and former associate of the New York "Tribune," Mr. Ralph Courtney: "I have never been informed officially of the expected arrival at San Remo of the American Ambassador to Rome as a *spectator*. What we would like, however, is an American representative who would not only take notes, but give us the American view-point. . . . It is a great pity that America is not here." Episodes such as these concern, perhaps, the inherent weakness of a divided control between the President and Senate in foreign affairs which has deadlocked other Presidents than Mr. Wilson in negotiating a foreign policy.

I remember well an hour I spent with Elihu Root and Henry White at Claridge's in London last July. Mr. Root had just returned from The Hague after drafting the plan for the permanent Court of Justice for the League of Nations. He sat back in his chair and told us what a hard problem it was, not to persuade people of differing nationalities of the soundness of principles, but to

¹Mr. Ten Eyck refers to comments made by high officials on his article, "Uncle Sam's Tin Halo" (in *The Outlook* for December 22, 1920), concerning the housing and maintenance of our Ambassadors.—The Editors.



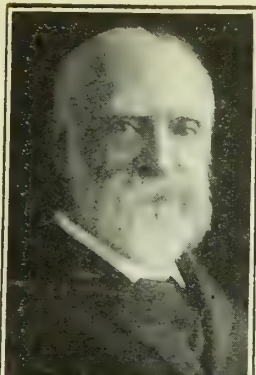
Underwood

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"We can at least approximate the British system, . . . which has made the British Foreign Office the best in the world, while still flexible enough to send a Bryce or a Grey to this country. We ought always to be able to conscript our highest ability for exceptional service to send to the Court of St. James's a man like Elihu Root, who enjoys a position in England not unlike that of Viscount Bryce in America; or to France a man like John Finley (who in many respects is a remarkable counterpart of Ambassador Jusserand, the great scholar, litterateur, and diplomat, who so ably represents French interests at Washington)."

than is in evidence in our own great universities.

Much should be done immediately in correlating all the foreign activities of our Government in the State Department. The total lack of such correlation now is a patent fact. Often as a correspondent in London, through lack of time to consult four different bureaus on a given proposition, I have gone to the British Foreign Office for information about the United States. I am not proud to admit it.

Last year, when the Shipping Board seized the Imperator, which had been allocated to Great Britain, and held the ship for weeks without the slightest right except retaliation and with an entire disregard of the unfriendly connotation involved, it did more to hurt Anglo-American friendship than all the tact, resourcefulness, and diplomacy of Davis could regain in weeks thereafter.

Precisely as the President unifies domestic policies in acting himself where the work of his Secretaries of Labor, Interior, Commerce, Treasury, and Attorney-General may be involved, the ambassador should be the supreme representative abroad in matters of our multi-form relationships with foreign Powers. Diplomatic interests, consular interests, shipping interests, Treasury Department interests, should focus in him. We have failed to learn our lesson from the war if we ignore the consequences of this lack of co-ordinated relationship in dealing with foreign governments. Colonel House paid no attention whatever to the State Department in his work of preparation for the Peace Conference. He collected a set of experts and set them to work. They collected much valuable information, but when Wilson was closeted with the Council of Four he found it impracticable to use the watertight compartments surrounding him, lacking as they did unity of purpose and common association; whereas Lloyd George, lacking as much perhaps as Wilson of a knowledge of details and programmes, always had a body of faithful

British experts who could give him arguments and data in support of a well-thought-out plan formulated by the under-officers of the British Foreign Office.

The Under-Secretary of State might well be a permanent official who would correlate and unify the various departments, boards, and commissions concerned in the supervision and control of foreign affairs. According to the National Civil Service League, some fifteen authorities practically independent in action issue orders and regulations affecting our international relations. Some attempt, I believe, has been made through what is termed a Foreign Trade Council to co-ordinate overlapping activities. But the Appropriation Bill shows contributions to a large number of international bureaus, associations, and commissions. These are under the supervision of various departments of government.

We should buy or build embassies as quickly as possible.

Even Mr. Bryan favors the building of embassies. Before the Foreign Affairs Committee, on December 17, 1913, he said that on his first trip to Europe, ten years prior, he became a firm believer in the principle of purchasing embassies. Mr. Bryan, as Secretary of State, favored the gradual purchasing. He reasoned that it was undemocratic for the United States to close diplomatic careers to poor men or to permit men of wealth to lavish their living and so represent a "spurious" America. This certainly is valuable testimony from a man who waived the merit rule in favor of "deserving Democrats."

Mr. Harding needs an improved diplomatic service, a much improved service if negotiation is to play the master rôle in his Administration. He has some hard diplomatic problems. Mr. Hughes as Secretary of State, with Mr. Root in London acting in much more than an ambassadorial capacity, would be an ideal arrangement. If there is one who sees the world predicament, it is Elihu Root. He may not wish to continue long in the

service, but he can at least suggest the right course for America to follow.

The National Civil Service Reform League published a report in 1919 on the foreign service of the United States which is a real mine of material in support of the betterment of the service through the disclosures of present incompetencies and shortcomings. Mr. Harding ought to be well fortified with the facts of this report when he is besieged with requests for jobs for "deserving" Republicans.

I would of course in such matters carefully guard the prerogative of the President and Senate to guide and control our foreign relations. A concrete illustration of what might happen were the conditions unflexible may be seen in the situation right now. It would be difficult for Mr. Harding to use Mr. Wilson's ambassadors. There are always bound to be periods of diplomatic deadlock and partisan warfare, such as is ending now, when as concerns foreign affairs the influence and power of the Government of the United States is long paralyzed. But American diplomacy in the last analysis is the expression of the will of the people as interpreted by and expressed through the Chief Executive.

As a people, however, we are little interested in world affairs. The President's tenure of office is short. He is generally a novice at the diplomatic game. It is a question whether foreign relations can be maintained excepting by a consistent continuing policy and a permanent body of trained officials as a corrective for the intermittent service of the supreme head of the diplomatic system—the President.

Diplomacy is a supremely human thing, dependent upon human qualities and good international manners. Education and training in the conventions and amenities of international intercourse are essential for the entire foreign service. Integrity and ability to present the ideals and policies of the Nation are essential to great ministers and great diplomats.

ATHLETIC TRAINING IN THE FAR EAST

PICTURES FROM OUTLOOK READERS



From Arthur Lockley, Tientsin, China

"OVER THE TOP" IN CHINA

We see here a group of Chinese drill-masters of the primary schools of Tientsin. They are being trained by the Physical Department of the Y. M. C. A. of Tientsin, which undertook to give them instruction in modern methods of play and physical education. The game they are playing is called "Over the Top." Until a few years ago play or any kind of physical exercise was tabooed for the Chinese scholar, but there is a strong movement now for "play for everybody"



From K. F. Berry, Worcester, Mass.

THE COMING NEW WOMEN OF JAPAN

Dressed in middie blouse and bloomers, fresh from their "gym" exercises in the athletic field, these girls are standing at attention, doing honor to the Emperor's attendant, who for the first time is visiting Kobe College, by Imperial Command. This is a signal recognition, says our informant, by the Japanese Government, of the worth and high standing of Christian education for women. A Smith College graduate is President of Kobe College

THE BOOK TABLE

A NOVELIST WRITES HISTORY

MR. WELLS'S "Outline of History"¹ is a piece of superfine popular journalism; in saying which I do not mean to slur his notable book, but to praise it. For the work of the modern popular journalist is of great importance.

The journalist collects his facts from indubitable sources, arranges and codifies them, interprets and compares them with other relative facts, adds his own personal comment, and serves the whole to the reader, who thus gets—and could get in no other fashion—a panoramic sweep of current history. There are those who object to this journalistic treatment of life as superficial. It is necessarily superficial. Most of our knowledge of the world and its phenomena is surface knowledge. The view from any one of the high points of Yosemite Park is superficial to the ordinary observer. Only the geologist or botanist or naturalist can explain it scientifically. But the artist can feel its beauty and can interpret it.

The journalist is an artist. Mr. Wells is to be judged as an artist—as a journalist-historian, not as a research-historian. Tried by this test, it is my judgment that he has written a brilliant book. To cover a period of 100,000,000 years in two handy and convenient volumes is a very large task. Macaulay, also a journalist-historian—the most delightful kind, I think—takes ten volumes to cover a period of scarcely more than one hundred years in the history of one little country, England, a mere momentary flash in the inconceivably vast record of the universe.

Wells starts with the world as a spinning mass of incandescent gas in space and brings it down to the World War, and yet co-ordinates the parts of this magic and overwhelming sweep of things through time and space so that the reader receives an impression of continuity and harmony. The reader also gets some impression of the vast realm which science is exploring and of which it has only touched the outskirts as yet—geology, botany, biology, astronomy, anthropology, synthetic chemistry, physiology, political economy, philology, comparative literature, comparative religion, psychology—in a word, the study of man in his relations to the universe. A writer who can give the average reader such impressions as these—and Mr. Wells has done it—has accomplished a notable piece of work.

A passage at the very outset of the book presents a good example not only of Wells's engaging style but of his method of translating the abstruse and technical language of scientific research into terms of daily life:

These markings and fossils in the rocks and the rocks themselves are

our first historical documents. The history of life that men have puzzled out and are still puzzling out from them is called the Record of the Rocks. By studying this record men are slowly piecing together a story of life's beginnings, and of the beginnings of our kind, of which our ancestors a century or so ago had no suspicion. But when we call these rocks and the fossils a record and a



(C) Keystone

H. G. WELLS

history, it must not be supposed that there is any sign of an orderly keeping of a record. It is merely that whatever happens leaves some trace. Nor are the rocks of the world in orderly layers one above another, convenient for men to read. They are not like the books and pages of a library. They are torn, disrupted, interrupted, flung about, defaced like a carelessly arranged office after it has experienced in succession a bombardment, a hostile military occupation, looting, an earthquake, riots, and a fire. And so it is that for countless generations this Record of the Rocks lay unsuspected beneath the feet of men.

But, while Wells does not profess to be scientific in his narrative, he has made an effort, which ought to command at least the respect of the workers in original research, to give his "Outline" a scientific basis. For he refers the reader constantly to the books of original scientific authority which have been his sources of information.

His method of procedure in constructing his "Outline" is this. He has gathered together a sort of advisory board of acknowledged scientists and historians and has supplemented his own extraordinarily wide reading by consulting them as to facts, deductions, and theories; and he has submitted to them his own treatment of subjects in their particular fields. Doubtless he has

often modified his views or his narrative in accordance with their criticisms. But manifestly he has sometimes pursued his own way uncurbed and unguided. For he often prints a foot-note in which now this one, now that, of his advisers takes vigorous exception to statements in the text. This running debate between the author and his collaborators is not one of the least interesting features of this history and discloses a breadth of generosity and freedom from narrow-mindedness which those who dislike and dread the author's Socialistic doctrines are not often willing to ascribe to him. Thus in these notes Sir Gilbert Murray expresses the opinion that Mr. Wells is "too dogmatic" about the Trojan Wars; Mr. Ernest Barker "feels strongly" that Mr. Wells is "unjust to Athens;" and Mr. Wells states that at least one of his advisory board takes exception to the slighting valuation which he places upon the contribution made by Roman law and the codification of Justinian to modern civilization. In extenuation of his sin in this respect Mr. Wells adds in the same foot-note that existing law seems to him to be "based upon a confused foundation of conventions, arbitrary assumptions, and working fictions about human relationship, and to be a very impracticable and antiquated system indeed;" this "temperamental lack of appreciation," he admits, may have made him "negligent of Justinian and unjust to Rome as a whole."

Such frankness disarms criticism, and yet it must be said that Mr. Wells's prejudices against imperialistic and aristocratical government—prejudices which are not unnatural and which history very largely substantiates—prevent him from seeing or acknowledging the substantial contributions which aristocrats and imperialists have made to social evolution; and this in face of the fact that he is an avowed social evolutionist himself and believes that both the human individual and human society have developed and are developing in accordance with an evolutionary law which is as universal and as irresistible as the law of gravitation. Thus the art, architecture, law, and literature of the Romans mean little or nothing to him because they were imperialists; Napoleon was a "scoundrel, bright and complete," with no redeeming power of intellect or organization, because he was a militarist; and Gladstone was contemptibly ignorant, a product of Oxford whose system of education is a kind of mummery, because he was an aristocratic nationalist.

In the notes already referred to Mr. Wells and his colleagues carry on a lively but friendly discussion upon the subject of the English university system. This discussion is both entertaining and illuminating.

Mr. Wells. He [Gladstone] was educated at Eton College and at Christ

¹The Outline of History: Being a Plain History of Life and Mankind. By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Church, Oxford, and his mind never recovered from the process. We have already told how, after the Reformation, the English universities ceased to be organs of the general intellectual life, and shrank to be merely the Educational preservers of the aristocracy and the Church.

Mr. Ernest Barker. The great Oxford school of *Literae Humaniores*, which means a serious study of Ancient Philosophy and Ancient History, was already thirty years old in Gladstone's time, and was really a serious training in solid philosophy and solid history. . . . Men with such a training were genuinely and nobly trained for statesmanship.

Mr. Wells. With no knowledge of ethnology, no vision of history as a whole, misconceiving the record of geology, ignorant of the elementary ideas of biological science, of modern political, social, and economic science and modern thought and literature!

Sir Gilbert Murray. The old classical training had great faults, but not quite those which are here imputed to it. . . . It was entirely idealist and non-utilitarian. It aimed not at fitting people for a paid profession, but at culture and inner development. . . . The modern idea that school should teach all that a boy ought to know is educationally disastrous; but it is the natural result of boys coming from uneducated homes. The home, not the school, is the real key to the wider and higher side of education. But this raises large questions.

Mr. Wells. Sir Gilbert Murray, I submit, has not grasped the modern idea in education. . . . It is most significant of the differences and difficulties of our age that the statement which seemed to me a simple statement of an obvious fact, that Mr. Gladstone was a profoundly ignorant man, should have scandalized two of the editors of this work. . . . He lived, as it were, in a luminous and blinding cloud; that cloud, which I call his ignorance, my two editors call his wonderful and abounding culture.

It is clear from this discussion, typical of others in the book, that Mr. Wells is, at the moment at least, more interested in the economic welfare of mankind than in a diffusion of a knowledge of the fine arts—poetry, music, sculpture, painting, architecture. He doubtless would be reluctant to subscribe to Matthew Arnold's statement that the object of culture is "to know the best that has been thought and said in the world." He appears to think that it is more important for the Scotch weaver to know the prevailing rate of wages and the economic law of the distribution of wealth than his Robbie Burns. What he thinks of Thoreau living on the shores of Walden Pond, raising just enough food to keep his body going, and getting his real sustenance from the beauty of nature and thought, he does not say. He says much in condemnation of the military and material splendors of the "adventurer David," but nothing of David the poet, whose songs or psalms are among the real splendors of the human race. In his chapter on the nineteenth century he defines ideal edu-

cation as "the preparation of the individual for an understanding and willing co-operation in the world's affairs;" but he takes no notice of that education which enabled Keats, a sufferer from economic injustice, to write his immortal "Ode on a Grecian Urn" and his ever life-giving lines "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer." He admits that Homer was a genius because the Greeks were democrats. He decries Virgil as an inferior imitator of Homer because the Romans were imperialists. This is carrying political economy into the realm of literary criticism with a vengeance!

We wonder if Mr. Wells has read Hazlitt's essay on criticism. If not, this passage might have helped him:

The dispute between the admirers of Homer and Virgil has never been settled and never will; for there will always be minds to whom the excellences of Virgil will be more congenial, and therefore more objects of admiration and delight, than those of Homer, and *vice versa*. Both are right in preferring what suits them best, the delicacy and selectness of the one, or the fullness and majestic flow of the other. There is the same difference in their taste that there was in the genius of their two favorites. Neither can the disagreement between the French and English school of tragedy ever be reconciled till the French become English and the English French. Both are right in what they admire, both are wrong in condemning others for what they admire. We see the defects of Racine, they see the faults of Shakespeare, probably in an exaggerated point of view. But we may be sure of this, that when we see nothing but grossness and barbarism or insipidity and verbiage in a writer that is the god of a nation's idolatry, it is we and not they who want true taste and feeling.

But because "The Outline" has little to say about beauty in the scheme of human development we do not mean to imply that Mr. Wells is a mere materialist. On the contrary, he is almost Pauline, almost Puritan, in his insistence upon the importance of the spiritual element in man. The most interesting philosophical passages and chapters of "The Outline" are those that deal with the four great religions of human history—Judaism, Buddhism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism. His treatment of these four great manifestations of the divine spirit in man will probably not satisfy the rigidly orthodox of any one of them. Nevertheless we do not know where in so short a compass the general reader can get so sympathetic, so appreciative, and so just a comparison of the four great attempts of man to penetrate the divine mysteries of the universe.

"The Outline of History" is truly a human document in that it is quite as much a self-revelation as it is a survey of historical fact. In writing it there was apparently a struggle going on in the author's mind, perhaps entirely sub-

conscious, between the desire to ascribe all human progress to the operations of blind economic law and the instinctive feeling that there is a divine Will at work in the universe, to seek harmony and co-operation with which is man's primal duty. In this sense, but not at all in the conventional theological or ecclesiastical sense, the book is essentially religious. Indeed, Mr. Wells makes no attempt to conceal his antipathy to ecclesiasticism. "The spirit of Jesus," he says, "is something different from formal Christianity, which I regard as the vehicle, the largely unsympathetic vehicle, by which that spirit was carried about the world." And he sums up his own debate on the relation of economics to religion in this eloquent and suggestive passage:

Men were first subjugated into more than tribal societies by the fear of monarch and deity. It is only within the last three or at most four thousand years that we have any clear evidence that voluntary self-abandonment to some greater end, without fee or reward, was an acceptable idea to men, or that any one had propounded it. Then we find spreading over the surface of human affairs, as patches of sunshine spread and pass over the hillsides upon a windy day in spring, the idea that there is a happiness in self-devotion greater than any personal gratification of triumph, and a life of mankind different and greater and more important than the sum of all the individual lives within it. We have seen the idea become vivid as a beacon, vivid as sunshine caught and reflected dazzlingly by some window in the landscape, in the teaching of Buddha, Lao Tse, and, most clearly of all, of Jesus of Nazareth. Through all its variations and corruptions Christianity has never completely lost the suggestion of a devotion to God's commonweal that makes the personal pomps of monarchs and rulers seem like the insolence of an overdressed servant and the splendors and gratifications of wealth like the waste of robbers. No man living in a community which such a religion as Christianity or Islam has touched can be altogether a slave; there is an ineradicable quality in these religions that compels men to judge their masters and to realize their own responsibility for the world.

Mr. Wells is an avowed advocate of Socialism; but it is a Socialism of the Fabian Society type, not of the Lenin stripe; a Socialism which dreams of the time when all men shall be so animated by the spirit of brotherhood that greed and cheating will die of atrophy and political corruption and oppression will take their place with the extinct monsters of the Silurian Age. If this is a mere dream, it is certainly a pleasant one, far preferable to that nightmare, also described by Mr. Wells in one of his effective novels, in which civilization collapses and man, in the ultimate frenzy of scientific warfare, destroys not only the human race but the very fertility of the earth itself.

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT.

THE EDITORS' MAIL BAG

THE HAZEL TWIG AGAIN

It has once more been demonstrated that any expression of doubt as to the finding of water by means of a hazel twig or willow rod will bring forth a vigorous protest. Your issue of September 6, 1916, page 18, had such an expression, and a protest from a Maryland correspondent was forthcoming in the following December 13 issue, page 835. This time it is a Vermont clergyman who, in your issue of February 9, 1921, page 229, takes exception to an editorial fling at finding water by the same means.

There is absolutely no scientific reason why any action such as that mentioned by your correspondent should take place, and the results, if any were obtained, were due to purely psychological reasons. The myth has been controverted for centuries. The Encyclopædia Britannica devotes a page to the divining rod. The United States Geological Survey in 1917, in reply to the numerous inquiries that were continually being received from all parts of the country, issued "The Divining Rod: A History of Water Witching, with a Bibliography," by Arthur J. Ellis, a monograph of sixty pages. Of these, twenty-eight closely printed pages are given to the bibliography. An extract will be quoted:

"It is difficult to see how for practical purposes the entire matter could be more thoroughly discredited, and it should be obvious to every one that further tests by the United States Geological Survey of this so-called 'witching' for water, oil, or other minerals would be a misuse of public funds."

Each year adds to the astonishing number of articles, pamphlets, and books already written on the subject. Why they should so readily obtain a hearing is a mystery, but the human kind likes the mysterious.

R. FLEMING.

Engineering Department,
American Bridge Company,
New York City.

THE ARCHITECT AND THE SLUMS

I

My attention has been called to a passage from an article by Mr. P. W. Wilson entitled "Buying up Slums" which would indicate that architects as a whole do not care to expend their best endeavors upon small work. I do not believe that this is at all the case. The excellent work done in small houses by the various architects under the Housing Bureau during the war is alone sufficient evidence to the contrary.

While it is perfectly obvious that an architect who really studies his problem cannot afford to design single small houses costing four to six thousand dollars individually with the care and attention that he does larger work, the architect can, and does frequently and

"I TAKES to your company wonderful well, and if you takes to mine, then that's plain-sailing, says I. But if them apes and monkeys over yonder are more to your liking than a shipwrecked sailor, who's to blame ye? Every man to his own, says I; breeches to breeches, and bare to bare. The werry first thing is for me and you to unnerstand one another."

—The Three Mulla-Mulgars,
Chapter IX.

with much pleasure, design groups of houses in which infinite detail can be duplicated at a very much lower rate than the usual commission.

New York City. AYMAR EMBURY II.

II

IN an article in your issue of January 26 by P. W. Wilson, entitled "Buying Up Slums," the following passage occurs:

"She was further impressed when I told her how architects, paid on percentages of cost, naturally concentrate their highest skill on large buildings, monuments, and so on, instead of cottages, where one design might be multiplied a thousandfold, without advantage to the professional man responsible."

A charge to the effect that the medical profession reserved its "highest skill" for the best paying patients and denied its best efforts to those of narrow means, or a similar slur at the legal fraternity, or any other body or class of reputable men, would never, I think, be permitted space on your pages.

As a matter of fact, there is no type of problem that has received, and is receiving, from American architects such careful, conscientious, intelligent, and thorough study as that of the planning and design of the small house, considered not only as a single unit, but in groups, to form the community or the town; and they have made the most energetic and unselfish efforts to assist in every way the many projects that have been discussed or undertaken for better housing.

At the present time a chapter of the American Institute of Architects in the Middle West is devoting much time and trouble to getting together and putting into shape, readily available for use, a large number of plans for small houses which combine high practical excellence with real artistic merit.

These plans are to be offered to the public generally at a nominal cost, for the special purpose of facilitating and encouraging the construction by people of very limited means of homes which shall be well planned and well designed.

In short, the design of the small house

suffers, not because of the indifference or the incompetence of the architect, but because of the general misconception, to the effect that he is to be consulted only on constructions of importance and high cost; and that in respect to small operations he is an expensive and unnecessary luxury.

New York City. HENRY G. EMERY.

STILL STUDYING BARNUM'S HANDWRITING

ON the cover of The Outlook for January 12 appears a facsimile letter from P. T. Barnum to Dr. Lyman Abbott. On page 54 this letter is "translated." In the translation the last clause reads as follows: "I hope you will take occasion to see a really sound and interesting Exhibition." I think that Mr. Barnum, instead of writing "sound," wrote "moral," and I think this makes the letter all the more interesting. Although it is, of course, a minor matter to which I am calling your attention.

New York City. RAYMOND G. FULLER.

[That is probably what Mr. Barnum ought to have written. What he did write, we are now persuaded, is "novel." —THE EDITORS.]

KNIGHTS ON THE RAILS

"Is chivalry dead?"

I have read with a little surprise this question in your issue of February 9.

I have just come from Texas, a few days released from Uncle Sam's Army, to this great city; and have just been patting myself upon the small of my back because chivalry is so much more alive in this great country of ours. Have been trying not to do as the publican did not do, saying, "I thank God he made me one of these!"

Why?

Leaving San Antonio our train was pretty well filled; leaving Denison it was filled, all berths taken, top and bottom. I saw there man after man give up his higher-priced lower and take any upper berth so ladies might be more comfortable.

None of the men were from any one place, or any one State. Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Pennsylvania, and Alabama were represented in the men who did this. None appeared to feel they had done anything particularly fine. The ladies favored were—if a man can guess at a lady's age and not be wanting in chivalry—about fifty-five, about forty, about thirty-five, and two young ladies, twenty-four or twenty-five. They all thanked the men sweetly and womanly; all offered to go further and repay the difference, and without exception it was refused.

Leaving St. Louis, the diner was crowded. I saw a man (I learned later he came from Idaho) get a seat at the table for dinner with another who came

from Nebraska. They were talking and, seemingly, quite interested in each other's conversation. Two ladies entered and the dining-car steward had just said, "I'm sorry, can't give you a seat now; there will be a table in a few moments." Idaho and Nebraska got up as if the command "Rise" had been given, offered their seats, which were accepted with pleasant smiles and courteous thanks. The men came back in the aisle and stood waiting till there was another place. Neither mentioned it, but went on with their conversation.

Now railways, subways, and elevated

lines cannot always furnish cars to seat all passengers. I have lived years in Mexico, where that was the law; when all the cars were filled, we had to stop selling tickets, get another train if possible. But few people wished to wait. They would climb on the first train and pay cash with extra fare.

I admit something more might be done to care for ladies and children on trains, but I hope that we will not have to have "ladies' salons," "chewing-gum," "sundae," and "feminine cigarette" cars for ladies.

Railway men now are pulling hand-

fuls of hair out of their heads to try to find some way to meet fixed charges; buy high-priced cars and oil and higher-priced steel for cars, locomotives, and rail; pay their employees a living wage; and keep their jobs. Many of the best minds of the country have been devoted to this. We want the railways to run. Really, the reason nice smoking-cars are put on for men is something to entice them from the ladies, who formerly objected to smoking. Something extra is needed to do this. Chivalry is behind it.

AN OLD RAILWAY MAN.

New York City.

MORE CONTEST LETTERS

SABLE WINGS



IT is just about a year ago that I began to read *The Outlook*. My husband used to bring it home every week, but I seldom looked at it. I had my own journals, and *The Outlook* had no pages devoted to women—no "hints" on the latest coiffure or the newest gown, and it printed very few short stories of the kind I liked.

The last copy of *The Outlook* that my husband brought home was for January 21, 1920.

A month had passed. It was late in February, and I was trying to adjust myself to a great change—striving with all my might to get my bearings in a new world. The angel with the sable wings had come to our home, and I was left desolate. In a dazed way I was telling myself that I *could not* go on—could not go on alone!

Before me, upon my library table, there was piled a jumble of unopened letters and magazines, and among them lay *his Outlook*. His hands had touched it! I took it up and it lay open in my lap, and through a blur of tears my eyes rested upon the one word "HOW?"

When I had finished reading and re-reading what was under the caption "How?" on page 101, I knew that I *could* go on, and *not alone*. In some way these five or six paragraphs had helped me over a hard place, helped me as nothing else had, and in some way the writer of them had put me, for a little while, in touch with the world of the spirit.

And to-day, as then, *The Outlook* has a way of helping me. Every week I find in it something that my soul seems to need. It carries a message to the inner woman of me as well as to the outer. And, because it has helped me, I would like to see it in the hands and in the homes of more women.

Perhaps I am mistaken—I hope I am—but it seems to me that *The Outlook*

is not a journal that appeals to any great number of women. I am, of course, judging by the way I felt toward *The Outlook* before I became a reader of it and by a few women friends who subscribe only to journals that contain plenty of fiction and fashions.

If I am right in surmising that *The Outlook* is not a journal that appeals to many women, and if I am right in assuming that the editor would like to have more readers, then I think that a page or two devoted to women and their trappings would increase the circulation of *The Outlook* and benefit many women, for, no doubt, a woman in search of something *chic* to put on her head would in *The Outlook* find something to put in her head, and a taste for better reading would in time be acquired.

MARGARET MACKIN.

Roxbury, Massachusetts.

THIS FRIEND OF MINE



FORTUNATE is the person who has an old friend—a friend of discretion as of years, of wisdom as of discrimination. Such a friend calls at our home each week, has been calling there for years. When he comes, he at once

proceeds to play host and spreads a delectable feast. We delight to sit and listen as with rare taste and mature judgment he recounts and interprets the events of current life. He travels far and wide, and as he talks in words and in pictures he carries us with him over

land and sea and through the air to places little known. He discourses down right entertainingly as well as instructively of politics, commerce, and finance; he holds refreshing views on education, religion, and morals. And he does it all with such genial grace and speaks with such clearness and choice language that boredom is impossible while he is about.

I first became intimately acquainted with this friend while at college. Upon graduation, it was with deep regret that I bade farewell to many other associates. But here was a friend from whom it was not necessary to part. During all the intervening years he has come to fill his place in the home. Across half the country he has been a constant companion, and beyond the Pacific he has not deserted us, but has made his way, bringing wholesome cheer, helpful counsel, and sound advice. Out there too he has a large circle of admiring friends, a circle ever widening.

This is one of his outstanding qualities, the ability to make and keep friends. It is remarkable the way he does it, yet for him it is but natural. He is a perfect gentleman, kindly and humorous, and still with well-defined convictions which he never compromises and which he does not hesitate to advocate. Ever ready to listen to the "other fellow," he is quick and sure to search out the right and defend it with vehemence and power. He can preach like a prophet of old. Witness his war record! With what force and eloquent persistence he presented and clung to the few fundamental facts and issues at a time when some issues were far from clear to all, and many minds were muddled!

No, of course I do not always agree with all of his views, but I have found that these same views are never to be ignored or lightly cast aside. A pioneer and a leader, he knows whereof he speaks. It has been my pleasure to introduce him to some of my other friends and to help arrange for his weekly visits to their homes.

Criticise him? I know neither for what nor how. He is keen and alert and keeps himself so fit that habitually he forestalls criticism—this friend of mine, *The Outlook*. B. T. SCHWAB.

Denver, Colorado.

You don't have to be a celebrity to break into print. The winner of *The Outlook* Prize Contest Number One was a Wisconsin farmer. Two of the other prize winners were housewives. Turn to the announcement of Prize Contest Number Two on page 392 of this issue.

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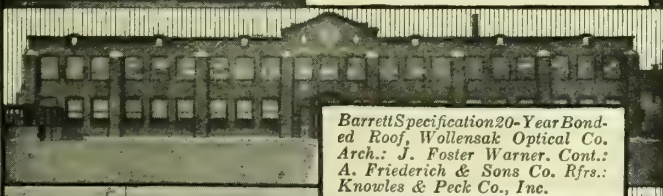
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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY¹

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

A Famous Picture Gallery

HOW many famous art galleries of the world can you name? What cities are they located in?

Is there an art gallery in your city? If so, by whom was it established and how is it supported? If your city has not an art gallery, do you think it would be worth while to make an effort to establish one? State your reasons.

What is the real value of art to society?

Can you tell where the following works of art are: The "Sistine Madonna," "Mona Lisa," "The Man with the Glove," "The Surrender of Breda," "The Night Watch," Whistler's "Mother," "The Last Judgment," "Colleoni," "The Birth of Venus," "Venus de Milo."

Can you name ten American painters?

Can you name five American sculptors? For what is each particularly noted?

In your opinion are our schools and colleges cultivating the taste for beautiful things? Should they? How can they?

Is our architecture improving in character? How would you prove your answer?

Discuss the philosophy of art and life contained in the familiar lines from the "Ode on a Grecian Urn:"

Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Explain the meaning of the following words: *Technique*, *prospectus*, *etchings*.

One of the best single volumes on art is that entitled "Apollo," by S. Reinach (Scribners). This volume is an illustrated manual of art throughout the ages.

The Wilson Administration

What is your explanation of the verdict rendered by the American voters last November on the Administration of Woodrow Wilson?

Do you think, as The Outlook does, that we should train ourselves to judge men's acts without endeavoring to judge their motives and character? How important do you consider this matter?

What do you think The Outlook means by saying that President Wilson "began and continued as a frankly partisan liberal"? Is it unbecoming for a President of the United States to play such a rôle?

What, in your opinion, were President Wilson's essential weaknesses?

What qualities and characteristics had he which you admire in a public official?

Do you pronounce President Wilson's Administration fundamentally a failure?

¹These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—The Editors.

What reasons can you offer in support of your answer?

Is it too early to judge Mr. Wilson's place in history? Explain your answer.

Define with care the following expressions: *Repudiate*, *disillusion*, *rôle*, *henchmen of the bosses*, *mugwumps*, *politicians*, *toryism*, *cogitate*, *coadjutor*, *impartial in expression and thought*.

The following books dealing with Mr. Wilson and his Administration are well worth reading: "Woodrow Wilson, An Interpretation," by A. N. Low (Little, Brown & Co.); "International Ideals," speeches and addresses made during President Wilson's European visit (published by Harper); "What Wilson Did at Paris," by R. S. Baker (Doubleday, Page); "Woodrow Wilson at His Work," by W. E. Dodd (Doubleday, Page).

Senator Johnson a Temporary New Yorker

What is the difference between Mayor Hylan's proposed solution of New York City's transportation problem and that of Governor Miller?

What arguments can you present in favor of or against municipal ownership of street railways?

What arguments can you present in favor of or against municipal operation?

If you were a New Yorker, would you want a part of the city's tax money spent in paying Senator Johnson for his legal services in representing Mayor Hylan before the New York State Legislature?

If it is true that Senator Johnson, as is suggested by some people, has undertaken legal work for Mayor Hylan as a means of preparing the way for his own appearance as a Presidential candidate in the 1924 campaign, do you think he has used good judgment?

Does Senator Johnson's record as Governor of California show that he ruled the city of San Francisco through the State machine? If so, how do you account for his defense of the home rule principle in New York City?

What is meant by municipal home rule? Has a State legislature the right to interfere with the management of cities within the State?

What provisions does your State constitution contain with regard to cities?

Could the New York State Legislature take away from the city of New York the essential control over the traction situation?

Define the following expressions: *Deterioration*, *bankruptcy*, *disinterestedness*, *antipathy*, *franchises*, *deficits*.

In connection with the study of city government the following books are very valuable: "City Manager Plan," by E. C. Mabie; "Commission Plan of City Government," by E. C. Robbins; "Municipal Ownership," by J. E. Johnson. These books are published by the H. W. Wilson Company, New York City.

PRIZE CONTEST TWO

Help Write the Record of the World War

THE SCARS of the war are inscribed upon every home. Even if none of your family fell in battle, the war has made a difference in you. What is that difference? For the best letters on the subject of "What the World War Did to Me" we will award:

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We hope that some of the contestants will write with such candor that they will wish to sign a pen-name for publication. Tell us how you have profited, how you have lost. What illusions were swept away while the world was on fire? Were you perhaps a profiteer? You can't write your autobiography in 600 words, but you can write a confession. We want realities not sentimentalities or fancies.

Conditions of Contest

1. Write your name (add a pen-name, if you like, for publication) and address in the upper left-hand corner of your letter.
2. All letters must be typewritten on one side of the paper only.
3. Limit your letter to 600 words of average length.
4. Your letter, to be eligible, must reach us on or before March 31, 1921.
5. We reserve the right to purchase desirable letters not winning prizes, and to publish them in The Outlook.
6. Unavailable letters will not be returned.
7. The staff of The Outlook will be the judges of the contest.

Address all contest letters to

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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY



ANDREW TEN EYCK is the author of "Uncle Sam's Tin Halo," which caused a wide-spread discussion in diplomatic circles upon its appearance in the December 22 issue of The Outlook. He is a

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NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT was born in 1893, and was graduated from Harvard in 1914. He was secretary to Major-General Leonard Wood during the latter's Presidential campaign. Mr. Roosevelt was an attaché of the American Embassy in Paris from October, 1914, to April, 1916. He entered Fort Ogelthorpe First Officer's Training Camp and was a commissioned captain of infantry in August, 1917, and detailed to the French school for trench warfare, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Later he served in France, being appointed Assistant Chief of Staff, 81st Division. He was later transferred to the American Commission to negotiate peace.

HAROLD T. PULSIFER is a member of the editorial staff of The Outlook.

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE has frequently contributed articles and verse to The Outlook and other publications. He lives in Mercersburg, Pennsylvania. He is a native of South Carolina. Much of his work reflects an unusual and sympathetic understanding of the Negro. Among his books are "Tom and I on the Old Plantation," "Songs from a Valley," and "Plantation Game Trails." Near his home on the west bank of the Santee there is an immense game preserve formerly owned by his father. There is perhaps the finest sea marsh on the South Atlantic coast; his years of roaming and observations on this estate have furnished the material for his article in this issue.

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT is President of The Outlook Company.



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The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

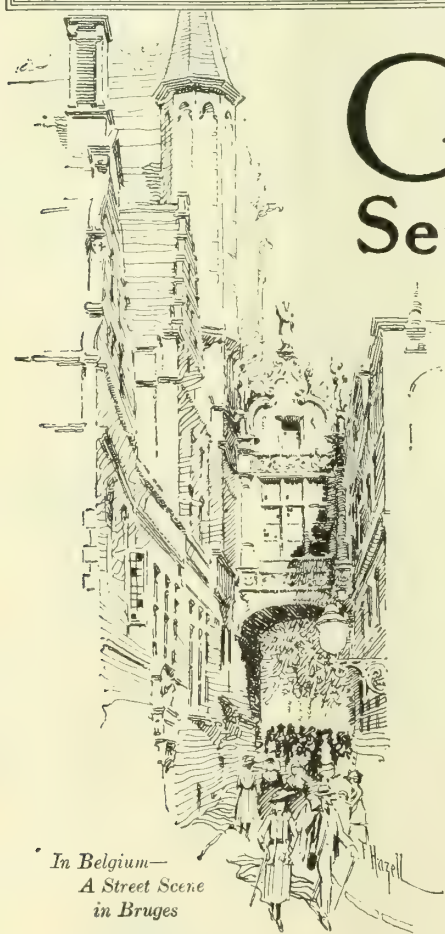
CONFIDENCE

"THE outlook is brighter than it was, I'll admit, but there are still a number of dark spots." This is the way the present business situation was described recently by a man who ought to know.

What is the present situation, anyway? What is the reason for the slump in many lines of business just now? How long will this condition endure?

Every one knows that until early last fall prices had been mounting steadily for a number of years. There was what is known as a "rising market" for goods of all kinds. The demand

was almost unparalleled; people were buying the products of our industries in such volume that production could scarcely keep pace with their wants. One reason for this demand was the rising market itself. Prices had been going steadily upward, and predictions were freely made on all sides that the peak was still to be reached. When a man needs a suit of clothes and all his friends tell him that unless he buys it right away he will have to pay more for it, he does not hesitate. As a matter of fact, he may buy two suits instead of one and figure that he is saving money. The whole thing is largely psycho



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logical—mob psychology, perhaps. When every one thinks prices are going higher, they act on this belief and try to buy before the advance takes place. This increases the demand and prices do go up. Manufacturers see the demand for their goods, note with satisfaction the high prices they are getting for them, and naturally do all they can to increase their output. This increases the demand for men, and wages rise; the price of raw material goes up, and manufacturers, figuring exactly like the man who needs a suit of clothes, buy an extra quantity of goods to get the benefit of the price then obtaining and escape the higher prices to come. Everything is in demand, every one is buying, and, as one economist stated, "any fool can make money at such a time." Any one with anything to sell can sell it. The mob goes on buying and buying, every one of them thinking he is shrewd. The trouble is that prices cannot keep on going up indefinitely. There is a limit to everything, and sooner or later the peak is reached; then many people discover that, instead of having been shrewd and bought at a favorable price, they have in reality bought at the very top.

Prices then begin to fall and along comes a slump. When people see prices falling, they are as chary about buying as they were eager to buy when the opposite condition prevailed. Instead of purchasing a new suit of clothes, the man who needs one holds off, figuring that if he makes the old one do for a few months longer he will be able to purchase at greatly reduced prices. Demand falls off, more goods are being produced than can be sold, and prices start downward. Manufacturers and producers find themselves loaded up with a great quantity of goods which cost them more than they can get for them, and they become the victims of a mild panic. Very probably they have borrowed the money to buy these goods and see the loan soon coming due; they must have cash to meet it, and they dump their goods on the market, realizing whatever they can for them in order to make quick sales. The size and number of their orders fall off, depression takes the place of expansion, they lay off men in order to cut down their output, wages are reduced to curtail expenses, and hard times prevail. Now when prices go down somebody is always squeezed, and the number of business failures always shows an increase over the times when there was a rising market. The adjustment to lower levels is invariably difficult. "Any fool" cannot make money at such a time; it takes courage and ability to meet these changed conditions successfully. On the other hand, there is a limit to the extent prices can go down and eventually the bottom is reached, just as previously the peak was gained.

One great reason, then, for the present slump and the feeling of uncertainty prevailing as a result of the downward trend of prices is psychological. People think lower prices are coming and are content to wait for them. Consequently they are not buying, and business is suffering because of the slack demand for the products of business. Another rea-



Husbands, Wives, and Wills

MANY women who take a keen interest in their husbands' business problems and co-operate in solving them, seem to consider the very important business matter of making a will too solemn a subject to discuss.

Yet here a woman misses a great opportunity to help her husband. This is one of the things about her husband's business that a woman should make *her* business.

A wife should know that, if her husband dies without having made a will, the laws governing in such a case must take their course, and their impersonal operation may not take into consideration the particular circumstances in which she and her children may find themselves; and that the disposition of the property may be entirely different from that which her husband would have intended.

A wife should know that the law permits her husband by making a will to provide for her future comfort, to relieve her of many legal prob-

lems, and to prevent annoyances and disappointments.

She should know, too, that through his will, her husband can create a trust, protecting her against ill-advised investments, freeing her from the responsibilities of management, insuring the preservation of the property, and at the same time securing to her the fullest benefit from the estate.

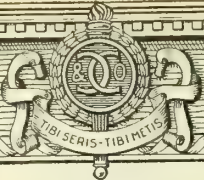
She should know that the modern Trust Company offers a confidential and perpetual service in carrying out the provisions of a will, and that it renders this service under the supervision of strict State laws and in accord with sound business principles.

Having in mind her children and the protection which only a will affords, it is a wife's duty, as much as her husband's, to see that a proper will is made.

A wife should encourage her husband to make his will, to name a Trust Company as the executor and trustee under his will, and—to do these things **NOW**.

This is the third of a series of messages to be published by associated trust companies of the United States concerning the services they render. A new book, *Safeguarding Your Family's Future*, explaining these services, may be obtained upon application to a trust company, or upon request to

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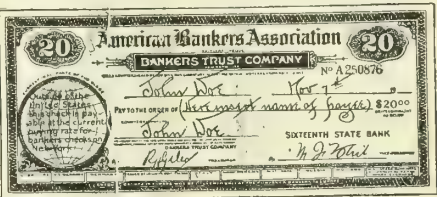
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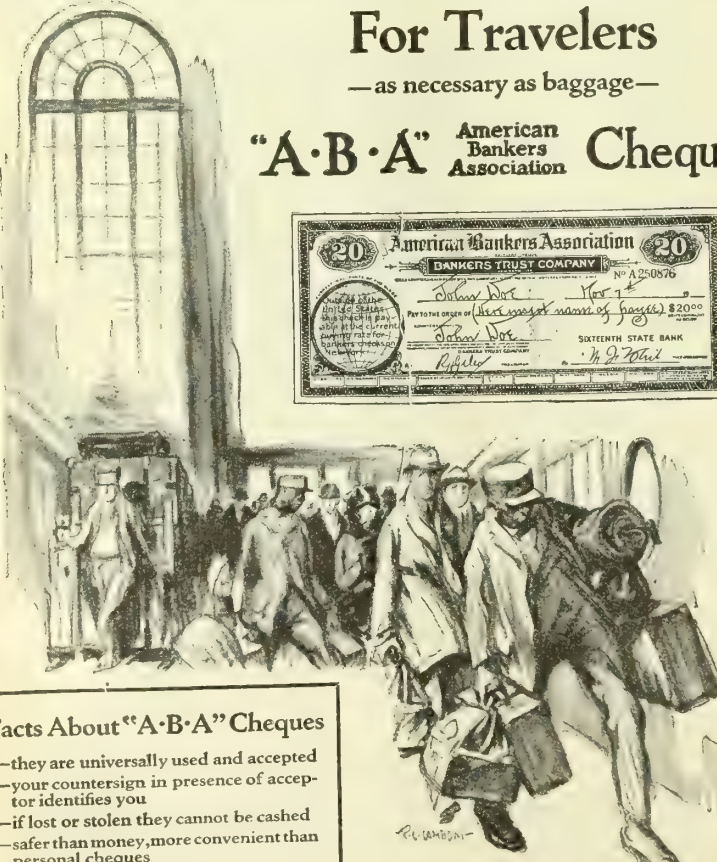
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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

son for the lessened demand is the inability of Europe to buy in our market; Europe has little money and little credit, and, as we seem unwilling to give her much of either, she is more or less estopped from buying our goods. Another great reason for the decline in prices is of course the deflation of our currency which has been going on for a year or more. There is less money than there was, and consequently what money there is goes further than it did; no one needs to be told that this means lower prices. Sooner or later, of course, prices will stabilize themselves, price fluctuations will grow less violent, and a level will be reached which every one will recognize as more or less permanent. Then confidence will return, people will start to buy again, business will improve, and we will start ahead once more on a firm and enduring basis. Just when these things will all come to pass is something no one can predict with any degree of certainty. Suffice it to say that, in spite of the fact that a number of "dark spots" still exist, the outlook is brighter than it was. The feeling of business men is more cheerful than was the case a few months ago.

Now the same things which have affected business generally have had their influence on the security markets. When security prices were going up, the "dear old public" was rushing in to buy before prices went higher. People paid little attention to values; every one was buying, every one said that quotations would soon be higher, and every one bought because every one else was buying. Then came the slump in business, and many concerns, particularly the industrials, were hard hit; their inventories showed enormous shrinkages. Naturally their securities dropped, and many people wished, too late, that they had confined their purchases to the bonds and preferred stocks of high-class, well-managed companies, instead of risking what they had in speculative securities.

In the security markets uncertainty began to prevail just as in the markets for commodities. The public stopped buying and prices fell away. Recently the stock market has been largely a professional affair, with scarcely any participation on the part of the public. It is a common phenomenon that the public buys stocks only when prices start up. The Financial Department of The Outlook, for instance, always prepared for a greatly increased number of inquiries the moment a bull market started in Wall Street. When the market is stagnant, as at present, people show little interest in it. But let there be a few days of rising prices, and letters begin to pour in. People are all excited about securities which they thought unworthy of attention when quoted at considerably lower prices a short while previously. Patently this is not particularly intelligent. If a stock looks good at 75, why did it not look better when it was quoted at 70 ten days before? If a bond is worth buying at 8, was it not still more worth while at 8? People are afraid to go it alone; the

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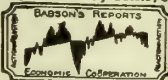
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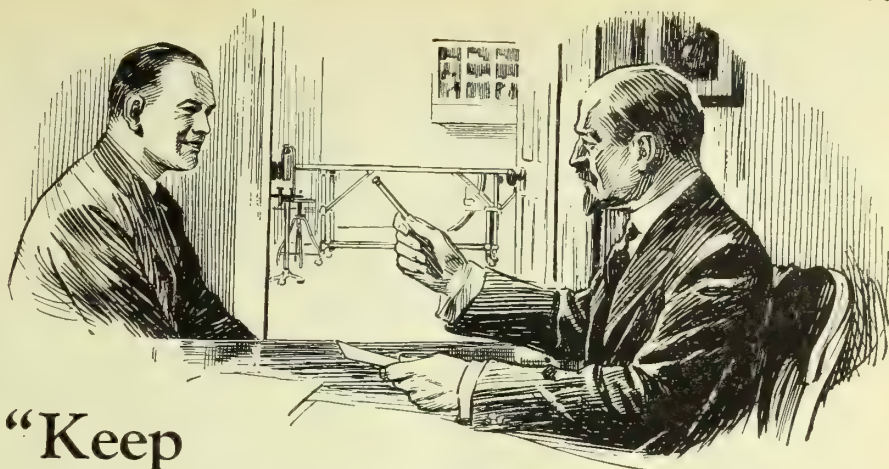
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MEMO For Your Secretary

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Please send me a copy of Special Bulletin C-37 and Booklet, "Should Business Men Buy Stocks?" gratis.



refer to wait until every one else is doing what they want to do, and then the company of a large number of others gives them confidence. Their confidence is shaken now because quotations have dropped, and they think perhaps they will work still lower. After all, isn't the whole situation a question of confidence? Some people say that higher security prices and bull markets will not come until money is easier. Money was tight last year, but we had high security prices and bull markets just the same. Now, people are waiting to see what is going to happen. If prices go still lower, they will continue to wait, no doubt. On the other hand, security prices are going up and maintain an upward movement long enough to convince the public that it is genuine, then no doubt they will all rush in and start to buy again, regardless of value and without more than a cursory investigation. Isn't that a far better plan to buy when you see values are low, even if you believe there is a chance of their going lower still? If you have confidence in the future, it is. What the crowd does may be right, but a crowd seldom makes its decisions coolly. And almost invariably the crowd finds that it is too late for its results. The wise man does not wait until a change has happened before taking advantage of it. Rather he anticipates it as possible. That is, if he is possessed of confidence and not dependent upon the crowd to supply him with the courage necessary to make him act.



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room, private family. Adaptable. Meals pre-
ferred. Best references exchanged. 9,521,
Outlook.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

PARTNER to start summer school or
colony near Portland, Me. Small or no cap-
ital required. Might let or sell. Ideal location
and buildings, furnished, on beautiful lake
and beach. Orchard. Tennis, basket-ball.
Address Head Commercial Dept., L. H. S.,
Laconia, N. H.

MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS will represent
responsible concerns. State proposition
fully. Address Manufacturers' Sales Agency,
Box 323, Lorain, Ohio.

COOKING for PROFIT. Earn handsome
income: home cooked food, catering, tea
room, etc. Correspondence course. Am.
School Home Economics, Chicago.

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CONNECTICUT

Stonington, Conn. For Rent, Season
1921, cottage, 12 rooms,
fully furnished; city water, electric lights,
telephone. GARAGE, four rooms, and gar-
den. GEO. H. ROBINSON, Stonington, Conn.

SUMMER HOME FOR RENT

WOODBURY, Conn. Season \$600. Cot-
tage, fully furnished. 10 rooms, 6 bedrooms, 3
baths, electricity and telephone. Purest drink-
ing water. State road, near trolley. Post office
and church 1 mile. Garage. 4,217, Outlook.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

FOR SALE—A well established
private school for young girls.
Address 4,261, Outlook.

MAINE

Camden, Me. For rent, fully furnished.
Several high-class seashore cottages. Best
selections now. Photos, plans, and full descrip-
tion. J. K. FRESCOTT, Newtonville, Mass.

NEW YORK

\$1,000 Secures 227 A. With

Horse, 10 cows, equipment, good house, 2
barns, all \$5,000, easy terms. Page 15 Spring
Catalog Bargains 30 States. F. B. E. STREET
AGENCY, 150 E. 1st Nassau St., New York City.

NORTH CAROLINA

Southern Pines, N. C. For sale,
12-room house, hot-water heat, 8 fireplaces,
fuel for year. Garage for 3 cars. Ideal win-
ter or all year home. Address owner,
E. E. PATRIDGE, Southern Pines, N. C.

GREETING CARDS

COPLEY CRAFT EASTER CARDS,
hand-colored, sent on approval. The line is
best known for its distinctive verses. Special
rates for agents. Jessie H. McNicol, 18 Hunt-
ington Ave., Boston, Mass.

EASTER card designed by Ernst Jonson;
the old illuminator's art revived in modern
block prints. In five colors, on hand-made
paper. Send 20c. for sample. Ernst Jonson,
551 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

LANTERN SLIDES

LANTERN slides made and colored. High-
est grade work, 25 years' experience. Edward
Van Alstena, 6 East 39th St., New York City.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

WANTED—1,500 Railway Traffic Inspec-
tors; no experience; train for this profession
through spare-time home study; easy terms;
\$10 to \$200 monthly and expenses guaran-
teed, or money back. Outdoors, local or
traveling, under big men who reward ability.
Get Free Booklet CM-27. Stand. Business
Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

DIETITIANS, superintendents, cafeteria
managers, governesses, matrons, house-
keepers, social workers, and secretaries.
Miss Richards, Providence, East Side Box 5.
Boston, Fridays, 11 to 1, 16 Jackson Hall,
Trinity Court. Address Providence.

MOTHER'S helper wanted in minister's
family, at Riverside, Conn., having five chil-
dren, ages 5 to 10. Must be young, fond of
out-of-doors, and with good references. 9,471,
Outlook.

WANTED—Housekeeper for next school
year in girls' school, vicinity of Philadelphia.
Must be energetic and experienced in buying
supplies, planning menus, care of material
fabric of buildings, and management of large
force of servants. 9,477, Outlook.

PLACEMENT BUREAU for employer
and employee; housekeepers, matrons, dieti-
tians, governesses, secretaries, attendants,
mother's helpers. 51 Trowbridge St., Cam-
bridge, Mass.

WANTED—Young gentlewoman of refine-
ment and culture, fond of the country, who
would appreciate quiet home life with lady
requiring companion-nurse. Must have good
health. Full particulars and references de-
sired. 9,516, Outlook.

WANTED, for Dr. Grenfell's Mission Or-
ganization in Newfoundland, trained dietitian;
small yearly salary and traveling expenses
paid. Apply for appointment to Dr. W. R.
MacAusland, Chairman Staff Selection Com-
mittee, 240 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

WANTED—Working housekeeper for
elderly lady during summer. Pleasant coun-
try; college town. Miss Margaret C. Waites,
South Hadley Center, Mass.

GENTLEWOMAN not over 35 wanted as
nursery governess to assist mother in care of
four children, ages one to seven. Will con-
sider French governess. Mrs. H. H. Perry,
Prospect St., Belmont, Mass.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public
and private schools. Calls coming every day.
Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency,
Albany, N. Y.

COUNCILOR also athletic and swimming
director for boys' camp in Maine; preferably
private school teachers or men used to work-
ing with this type of boy. 9,476, Outlook.

TEACHERS WANTED for colleges, public
and private schools—all sections country
(some foreign openings). Walter Agnew, 1254
Amsterdam Ave., New York.

HELP WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED, by banker, young lady of re-
finement to manage home and coach two
boys, ages 14 and 15, with their lessons in eve-
ning. Must be college graduate, thoroughly
understanding Latin, algebra, and geometry.
Box 384, Fort Worth, Texas.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

WOMAN with sixteen years' institution
experience, preceded by several years' teach-
ing, desires position as superintendent of
small Protestant institution, preferably for
girls or young children. 9,481, Outlook.

YOUNG man, thirty-five, desires position
of secretary or superintendent in boys' home,
club, school, or Young Men's Christian Asso-
ciation work. Twelve years' experience. 9,500,
Outlook.

POSITION wanted by experienced woman
as superintendent, manager of apartment
hotel, or buyer. 9,517, Outlook.

LIBRARIAN, trained, experienced tech-
nical libraries, desires position. University
graduate, thorough knowledge French, Ger-
man, Italian, Spanish. 9,520, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

GENTLEWOMAN of refinement and ex-
perience desires charge of motherless home
or companion to lady. Highest references.
9,498, Outlook.

TEACHER who has had little opportunity
for leisure or travel would like to act as com-
panion to lady traveling or spending July
and August at summer resort. Best of refer-
ences given and desired. 9,497, Outlook.

WIDOW, experienced with young people,
desires position as housekeeper or house-
mother in girls' school. 9,502, Outlook.

TRAVELING CALIFORNIA. Train
attendant and kindergarten would take
charge invalid or children. Reference
9,507, Outlook.

GRADUATE nurse, entirely without ac-
tives, refined, quiet disposition, desires po-
sition as companion to couple or gentleman.
Will travel. Finest credentials. 9,510, Outlook.

YOUNG woman desires position as com-
panion, mother's helper, for summer. 9,500,
Outlook.

SUMMER position wanted by agreeable
woman as traveling companion. 9,518, Outlook.

CULTURED, middle-aged woman desir-
ing position as companion. Experienced with
elderly people. Best references. Prefer Out-
look. 9,519, Outlook.

AMERICAN born middle-aged widow
knowing Spanish, French, German, sten-
ographer, desires position as companion or se-
cretary to lady, or doctor's assistant. Trav-
el country. Highest references. Will travel.
9,524, Outlook.

COLLEGE man, recent graduate, desir-
ing opportunity to travel. 9,525, Outlook.

REFINED, well educated young man,
desires place as companion to convalescent
gentleman or to mental case. Capable of
excellent results with students or business
men, melancholia or dementia precox cases.
Highest credentials. At liberty now. 9,
Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

EXPERIENCED teacher, young col-
leagues, desires to care for young child
during vacation. 9,496, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED lady teacher desires
position as tutor or companion for sum-
mer. References exchanged. 9,503, Outlook.

ENGLISH woman desires position in far
to coach pupils in English, Latin, French
mathematics, and music. Has been coach
backward pupils for Oxford in England.
Excellent testimonials. 9,509, Outlook.

YOUNG man, university graduate, who
preference as tutor or companion during a
summer. Three years' experience. Ac-
tomed to outdoor life. 9,508, Outlook.

SUCCESSFUL teacher, English special-
ist, desires summer work June-Sept. Travel
companion, coach for college preparatory
backward child. Luttman, Millbrook, N. Y.

TEACHER, Spanish, refined lady over-
wishes position in private school to
Spanish. Would consider proposition as
summer in investing some money. Re-
f. references and credentials. 9,515, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

MASSAGE, thermal lamp, and other treat-
ments in your home by specialist. Grad-
uated medical missionary. Frank C. Rose, 1
350 West 20th St., New York City.

WANTED to buy any old crockery or
picture of Hartford State House on it.
Beardsley, 71 Girard Ave., Hartford, Conn.

HOMESTEAD FARM to rent—Mol-
Valley—to young woman or responsible
lady. Pleasant companions for elderly
desired instead of high rent. 9,513, Outlook.

BEAUTIFUL country home for little-
mental and physical training. Reference
9,511, Outlook.

LADY with comfortable home would
vote all her time to care of girl from 8
years old for reasonable price. Can fur-
nish references. 9,523, Outlook.

UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for
social, club, or business correspondence
sheets bond note paper and 100 envelopes
printed with your name and address.
Write for samples. Lewis, 25 Hudson
Troy, N. Y.

WANTED—Young women to take
months' course in training for the chron-
ic and convalescent invalids. At
F. E. Parker Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

MISS Gutman, New York shop-
per sends things on approval. No samples.
References. 309 West 39th St.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES

OUR mail during January and February indicated that some of our subscribers were clearly under the impression that the advance in The Outlook's subscription price was unwarranted. In a few cases we have written direct to subscribers, giving the real facts and stating in detail the actual increase in cost of paper and all printing and mechanical costs involved in the production of The Outlook. These letters were confidential but explicit. We have been particularly gratified to find that in every instance where such a letter was sent the subscriber has replied, conceding that we are right and amply justified in charging the present subscription price, and inclosing a check for \$5 for renewal. We reprint two of these letters herewith which are typical of them all; one comes from a subscriber in Portland, Oregon, the other from a subscriber in Buffalo, New York:

"I thank you for your letter of February 8 in reply to my criticism of The Outlook's subscription price. I am sensible of the fact that you did not write in a mere effort to hold a subscriber. Nevertheless I inclose herewith check for \$5 for my renewal. In these days of the 'get-all-you-can' manifestation one comes to suspect about everybody. But you have convinced me The Outlook did not deserve to be so suspected."

"My letter to you of January 10 was not intended to convey the idea that I suspected you of profiteering. I know your reputation too well for that. Your letter of the 12th has given me considerable inside information regarding the cost of raw materials necessary to get out your publication."

"Please accept my thanks for the frank manner in which you have explained the situation to me and, regretting that I have put you to so much trouble, please find inclosed check covering my subscription for 1921."

"Prize Contest Number One you were invited to write about The Outlook. Contest Number Two, an announcement of which appears elsewhere in this issue, we invite you to write about yourself. The subject of this contest is 'What the World War Has Done to Me.' We want autobiographical flashes from all kinds of experiences. If you are one of the people who, as charged at the recent meeting of the New York Council of Deans of Women, have lost their ethical standards as a result of the war, why not enter this contest and tell us all about it? Whether you're a flapper or a philosophical octogenarian, we are interested in your reactions to the war. This contest closes March 31."

THE OUTLOOK is the most reliable friend I have," writes a Michigan physician. "We have had it in our family for many years. My wife finds The Outlook the best reference magazine, and it is the only one we keep. We have all the numbers for twenty years. Any topic of real worth has a fair discussion in The Outlook."

THURSDAY next is a good time to earn Gilbert K. Chesterton's "The Man Who Was Thursday."

W. L. DOUGLAS

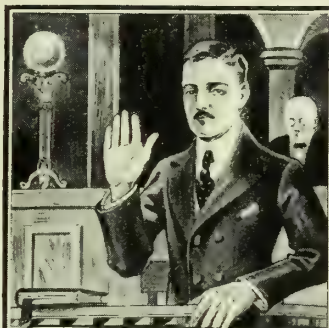
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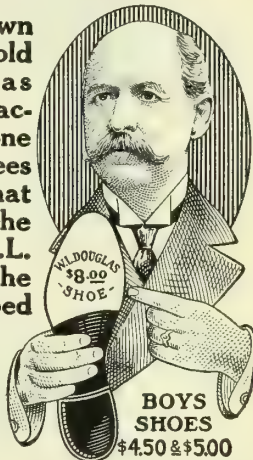
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They are the best known shoes in the world. Sold in 107 W. L. Douglas stores, direct from the factory to you at only one profit, which guarantees to you the best shoes that can be produced, at the lowest possible cost. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom of all shoes before they leave the factory, which is your protection against unreasonable profits.



W. L. Douglas shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. They are made of the best and finest leathers that money can buy. They combine quality, style, workmanship and wearing qualities equal to other makes selling at higher prices. They are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. The prices are the same everywhere; they cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

W. L. Douglas shoes are made by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

CAUTION Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole. Be careful to see that it has not been changed or mutilated

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would soothe
that itching skin

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Resinol Ointment and Soap at all druggists.

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Susanna Cocroft
Dept. 8, 215 N. Michigan Blvd. Chicago



MR. CHESTERTON, in his book about Jerusalem, says that the tradition of Turkish rule in the Holy City is a joke. "All the stories about it," he says, "are jokes, and often very good jokes. My own favorite incident is that which is still commemorated in the English cathedral by an enormous hole in the floor. The Turks dug up the pavement looking for concealed English artillery; because they had been told that the bishop had given his blessing to two canons! The bishop had indeed recently appointed two canons to the service of the church, but he had not secreted them under the floor of the chancel."

Even the most expert movie acrobats miss their footing now and then, it appears from this paragraph in a film magazine: "Douglas Fairbanks's injuries in a fall he suffered while doing a stunt in his latest picture, 'The Nut,' will keep him idle for about five weeks; it is believed that he will now visit Japan to get exteriors for a new picture."

Toledo, Ohio, a writer in "Collier's" says, is the only city he knows where any stranger can find the art institute by asking any child on the street. "Children really built the museum building," he says. "Their pennies, nickels, and dimes made a pile four feet high in a bank window. The newsboys worked like beavers for the cause, on the slightest warrant crying through the streets, 'All 'bout the Art Musm!' On any Saturday you can see in the Museum's basement hundreds of typical healthful, happy American youngsters picnicking at luncheon time in order to be in the Museum all day."

Evidence that the world is getting back to "normalcy" is found in the number of exploring expeditions that are planned for this year—at least sixteen according to one paper's count. There is to be a British Antarctic expedition, which will be equipped with airplanes; an expedition to explore the sources of the Amazon; one to northern Asia, to search for traces of primitive life; one to survey the South Sea Islands; one to study earthquake phenomena in Mexico, which will use an improved seismometer called an "inerviameter," to record both motion and energy; four expeditions to explore Africa; expeditions to the frozen North by the veterans Rasmussen and Amundsen; and one to Siberia to the Kolyma River, which is said to be frozen over 280 days in a year and to be the cause of terrific inundations when it thaws.

The London "Sphere" celebrates its twenty-first birthday with a review of the notable events that have occurred during its life. The war, of course, has been the greatest of these, historically. The most far-reaching, perhaps, has been the development of the airplane and the automobile. In science the palm is given to Mme. Curie with her discovery of radium, while in the field of exploration Peary's discovery of the

North Pole is the outstanding event. Woman suffrage is considered the chief political change. In literature the chief place is given to Joseph Conrad and H. G. Wells. In the field of amusement, the cinema and the phonograph are regarded as the pre-eminent developments of the period.

The cosmos, according to Einstein as recently expounded in the New York "Times," has finite limits, and light traveling at 186,000 miles a second would reach the limits of the universe in a billion light-years. A correspondent of the "Times" humorously suggests, in answering the question, What is beyond the limits of the cosmos? that "there is where the elusive mathematical quantities, such as zero, infinity, and the square root of minus one, live and cavort together on the terraces of nothing, and play hide and seek in the fourth dimension."

A judge's decision was recently quoted in this column, in which the advice was given that lawyers should not interlard their remarks with Latin phrases. Apropos of this advice a subscriber sends the following excerpt from Artemus Ward's account of a Patti concert:

Miss Patti orter sing in the English tung. As she kin do so as well as she kin in Italyun, why under the son don't she do it? What cents is there in singing wurdz nobody don't understan when wurdz we do understan is jest as handy? Why people will versifferously applaud furrin language is a mistery.

The Mexican method of preparing and using chocolate, as described in "The People of Mexico," by Wallace Thompson, is peculiar. Chocolate, he says, is prepared by the Spanish method, which includes a steady "whipping" of the boiling chocolate, sugar, water, and milk with a wooden beater whirled between the two hands. "The result is an extremely rich and very delicious mixture which can be thinned, if desired, with hot milk or cream, although this outrage is usually committed only by foreigners. When taken in the proper Mexican fashion the chocolate is sopped up with the white breads, sweetened or unsweetened, which accompany breakfast."

To the literature of illiterate signs a reader contributes the following "modern instance," seen on a Brooklyn rooming house:

LIGHTHouse
KEEPING
LARGE and Small
Rooms to Rent

In The Outlook of January 26 three photographs appeared, on pages 140, 153 and 154, in articles on Forest Conservation. These photographs were mistakenly marked Copyright by the Keystone View Company, from whom they were obtained. They should have been credited to the New York State Conservation Commission, having been taken for the Commission by W. S. Carpenter, Secretary to the Commission.

51
CABLE CORRESPONDENCE—Personal observations of resources and living conditions of the German people
Special Correspondence from France on the Black Troops, with statement by MARSHAL FOCH

R.R.

The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life

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MAR 15 1921



Photograph by H. H. Moore, of the Outlook staff

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BY FRANK A. WAUGH



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that more women are using this range than any other make of electric range on the market.

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Graves of the First Three Americans Killed



The Car at the right is the one Armistice was Signed in November 11, 1918

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The Mind of Jesus and the Competitive System

will be discussed by

Robert Hunter, Spokesman for submerged humanity, author of "Poverty," "Why We Fail as Christians."

Harry F. Ward, Constructive radical, professor of Christian Ethics, author of "A Better Industrial Order."

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Scott Nearing, Socialist authority, a fearless agitator who believes in religion and the ethics of Jesus.

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Subject Not Yet Announced.

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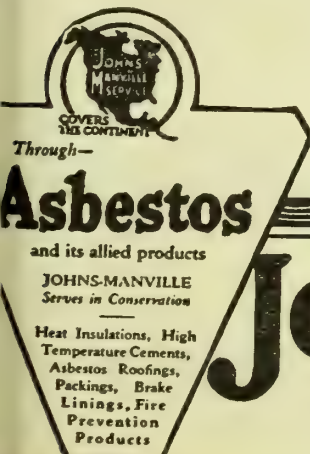
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WORKS ~ PROVIDENCE AND NEW YORK

The Outlook

MARCH 16, 1921

GERMAN EVASION FAILS

As we write, Marshal Foch has set in motion Allied troops with orders to occupy the towns of Düsseldorf, Duisburg, and Ruhrort, on the Rhine. For this purpose French units will compose the main force, but British and Belgian troops will take part. The three towns are important because through them passes a vast amount of German manufactures and of iron and coal. The Ruhr Valley and Essen are near by. Control of the ports will enable the Allies to enforce reparation and penalize Germany's refusal to fulfill her obligations.

The crux of the struggle at London between Germany, on the one side, and France and Great Britain, on the other, was not so much as to methods of payment or the total amount to be paid as it was whether Germany would recognize her obligations under the Treaty, whether she would frankly acknowledge her criminal responsibility for the war, and whether she would accept in substance the Paris terms. In every one of these matters Germany evaded compliance, and the evasion amounted to obstinate refusal. The London conference was not called to decide whether the Allies should abandon their Paris terms and substitute others, but whether those terms could be so applied to Germany's conditions as to make them less onerous financially without abandoning any vital part of them. But Germany acted throughout as if the Paris terms did not exist. Her admission of responsibility was so worded as to make it rather insolent than contrite. Finally, Germany's audacity in ignoring her agreements under the Treaty is illustrated by her insistence in every offer that Upper Silesia should be hers, whether or no, whereas Germany by the Treaty agreed to the plebiscite soon to take place.

There is no dealing with such people. Dr. Simons and his colleagues insisted that they were simply obeying Berlin orders, and Lloyd George was justified, therefore, in saying that Simons represented a German public opinion which was not prepared to pay.

The "invasion" of Germany will not cripple German effort or retard her rapidly growing commercial and manufacturing activity, provided that she will turn her mind toward honest fulfillment of her obligations. The lawless devastation she wrought in France and Belgium was

not war; it was barbarism. She is not asked to pay the costs of the war; she is required to restore and repair through money payments the ruin she criminally brought about. The "invasion" is not a stroke inflicted on a prostrate people; it is a measure to forestall possible action by a nation still capable of renewing, by aircraft and poison gas and by economic measures, its effort to dominate the world.

A high authority in the Peace Conference has told The Outlook that the Germans plan to depend in future warfare on aircraft, high explosives, and poison gas; and that they want Upper Silesia because it is the chief source of poison gas and high explosives. This is confirmed by a statement recently made by Dr. Charles H. Herty, American authority on chemistry and chairman of the committee largely responsible for development of the chemical warfare branch of the United States Army.

The effect of the action of the Supreme Council at London will be to disillusionize Germany. She had begun to feel that all she had to do to thwart the just demands of the Allies was to delay and intrigue. Now she knows that she cannot always play one interest against another to escape the penalty of her wrong-doing.

THE REVOLT AGAINST THE SOVIETS

OUT of the confused and indirect reports in early March from Russia one gathers certain impressions. One is that the revolt against Bolshevik rule is at least more serious than previous outbreaks. Another is that it is not in the interest of any particular leader or political party, but that it is a spontaneous although scattered attempt to throw off intolerable conditions of life and work. Semi-starvation, industrial and financial chaos, are at the bottom of the outbreaks.

At Kronstadt there is a distinct counter-revolution and the rebels are in possession of forts and ships; Petrograd is threatened; discontent and refusal to obey orders are reported from Red troops in Moscow; in many distant regions the peasants are rising in the villages and Red soldiers are refusing to put down these revolts; thousands of workmen are on strike. One of the most encouraging indications is that leaders

of the revolutionary forces are said to declare that they are striving for an honestly elected constituent assembly and true self-government.

Lenine and Trotsky are evidently finding that it is one thing to hold together their army and their national structure (if it can be called a structure) in the face of foreign war, as with Poland, or in the face of what so many Russians believed to be attempts from outside to overthrow the revolution, and quite another thing to lead the soldiers against discontented and oppressed Russians at home, infected by the common outcry against tyranny and impossible living conditions. They have therefore sent for troops from distant borders to cope with the revolt and have put Moscow and Petrograd under martial rule.

It is too early to predict whether or not there may come out of all this disturbance some solid gain toward a New Russia that shall be based on principles and practice of democracy and sanity, so that other nations can recognize it and work with it for the reconstruction of Europe.

JUSTICE BEFORE GENEROSITY

ONE of the unhappy hold-overs of policy that may plague the new Administration is the question of the Senate's ratifying or refusing once more to ratify the treaty making Colombia a present of \$25,000,000 in return for certain rather shadowy concessions on her part, but chiefly to put her in an agreeable frame of mind toward us. Mr. Harding, as Senator, once voted in favor of ratification, and it is inferred by some persons that he will press the treaty. We earnestly hope that the new President and Mr. Hughes as Secretary of State will look closely into the history of this proposal, and particularly that they will read with care Mr. Roosevelt's official statements and the account of the matter in his Autobiography.

As a matter of fact, the United States neither legally nor morally owes Colombia a penny. If it is seriously pretended that we would get something worth these millions, let that be established. But let us not, impliedly or explicitly, apologize for a wrong never committed, nor yield to the fallacy that weakness in yielding to a demand based on dishonor and rapacity will strengthen us with southern republics.

We need not here go over the history

in detail. Mr. Roosevelt put it concisely when he said: "Not one dollar can be paid to Colombia with propriety, and it would be an act of infamy to pay even a dollar to a nation which, in crooked greed, tried by desperate blackmail to smirch the good fame of America."

As to President Roosevelt's course toward the Panama revolution, John Hay, the soul of honor, said: "The action of the President in the Panama matter is not only in the strictest accordance with the principles of justice and equity, and in line with all the best precedents of our public policy, but it was the only course he could have taken in compliance with our treaty rights and obligations."

Finally, we may repeat *The Outlook's* expression of conviction when the Colombian Treaty was before the Senate in 1917: "The people of Panama were unanimous in their desire to be rid of Colombian tyranny, and what we gave them was the opportunity to become free. We did not cheat Colombia; Colombia tried to cheat us and failed. If money is now paid by this country to Colombia, it will be taken the world over as an admission of wrong-doing, and, however the treaty is worded, the general belief will be that we have paid conscience money. We owe Colombia nothing; least of all do we owe her an apology."

WHAT CONGRESS DID

THE Sixty-sixth Congress has passed into history.

Just now it is being remembered for what it did not do rather than for what it did. It did not pass the Budget Bill. It did not pass the Packer Bill or the Bonus Bill or the Cold Storage Bill or the Coal Bill or the Reapportionment Bill.

It did, however, at the short session just closed, pass all the appropriation bills but one, also a Tariff Bill, properly vetoed by President Wilson, and an Immigration Restriction Bill, which he allowed to die without his approval, and thus rendered his country a good service.

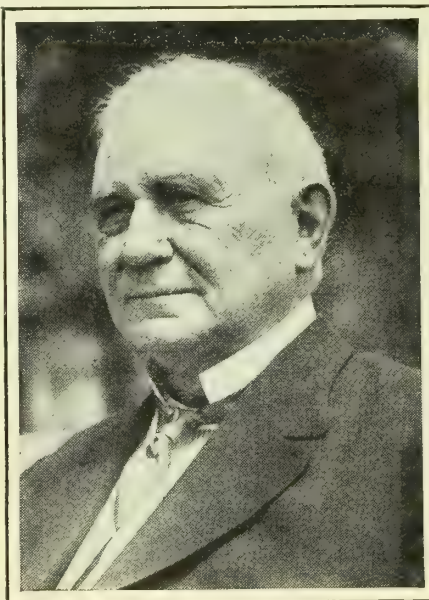
In the passage of the appropriation bills Congress did some remarkable things. First, it provided for fixed residences in certain cities for our diplomatic agents. Second, it did practice certain measures of economy, as in cutting out a ten-million-dollar appropriation for a nitrate plant. Third, it did one or two very silly things, the silliest being the free seed provision—that ancient abuse which comes up for much adverse criticism in the discussion of each agricultural appropriation bill only to be followed by final favorable action on the part of Republicans and Democrats alike because "there are votes in it."

The nearness to us of this short ses-

sion puts into the background the great accomplishments of the Sixty-sixth Congress, such as the Transportation, Merchant Marine, Mineral Leasing, and Water Power Acts, and the Edge Act, authorizing the formation of corporations to finance export trade. These really important measures form a list which will compare well with that of the Sixty-fifth Congress with its enactments relative to the war.

CHAMP CLARK

IT was characteristic of Champ Clark, who died on March 2, at the age of seventy-one, that while he was little more than a boy he insisted on changing



International
CHAMP CLARK

his name from Beauchamp to Champ. He meant even then to be one of the people — everybody's friend. "Beauchamp" sounded high-flown, though it was in fact his mother's family name; so young Champ calmly informed his parents, as the story goes, that he would neither open letters nor cash checks with the name Beauchamp on them. He had his way, and when he pushed into political life in Missouri forty-five years ago his popular acceptance was partly due to things like that or like his speech in New York in which he declared that the West was tired of coming to the East for its ideas, or his wish that all custom-houses might be torn down stone from stone. Such appeals to prejudice were harmless enough, but not so some of his anti-war utterances, such as that he could see little difference between a convict and a conscript—although it must be added that, once we were in the war, Clark was a thorough patriot.

But while there was a demagogic side to Champ Clark, he was not all dema-

gogue. In early life he was something of a scholar and when only twenty-three years old was President of Marshall College, having the honor of being the youngest college president in the country. He worked hard on the tariff question and led his party's forces by dint of mastery of facts as well as vigor in debate. As Speaker of the House from 1910 on until the Democratic reverse came he was a National figure. Speaker Gillett paid him the compliment of saying that, as Speaker, Champ Clark always set aside partisanship, while Mr. Mann, who fought with Clark on the floor as a parliamentary enemy, declared that he not only respected but loved his former adversary.

Mr. Clark's great political disappointment, and one which he felt sorely for years, was the failure of his party to nominate him at the Democratic Convention of 1912. Mr. Bryan's opposition to Clark made Mr. Wilson's nomination possible. It might be a curious political speculation to reason as to what might have happened if Clark, and not Wilson, had been nominated. Would or could Clark have defeated both Theodore Roosevelt and Mr. Taft, and, if so, what kind of President would he have made after war broke out in Europe?

A BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

EIGHT years ago America and the world were supposed to be in a condition of "normalcy," as President Harding would say.

By one unexpected act, immediately after his inauguration, Mr. Harding took Congress back to a far earlier normalcy, namely, to the early days of our Government when its three branches were not so separated as they became later.

In 1806, it is said, a rule was adopted providing for the possible attendance of the President at executive sessions in the Senate. This prerogative was not exercised until March 4, 1921.

Usually, the names of nominees to the Cabinet are submitted to the Senate, in extraordinary session, on the day after inauguration. Mr. Harding, so lately a member of the Senate, doubtless felt himself all the freer to exercise the privilege granted in 1806. When the Senators were assembled, the new President, at the side of the President of the Senate (the Vice-President of the United States), himself read the names of his nominees, asking for immediate action. The list was exactly that printed as provisional list in *The Outlook* last week. Any expected opposition collapsed. The Senate confirmed the names submitted. Oaths were administered in the afternoon. The Cabinet at once began to function.

Never, we believe, has a change been

RISK

CARTOONS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

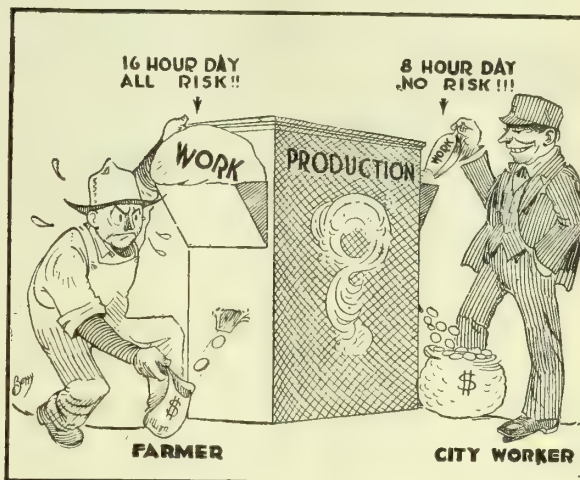
Satterfield in the South Bend News-Times



THE SKIUTER AND HIS FIRST MATE

From William S. Schmidt, Mishawaka, Ind.

From the Nebraska Farmer



THERE IS SOMETHING RADICALLY WRONG WITH THIS SYSTEM

From Evelyn Wolph, Nehawka, Neb.

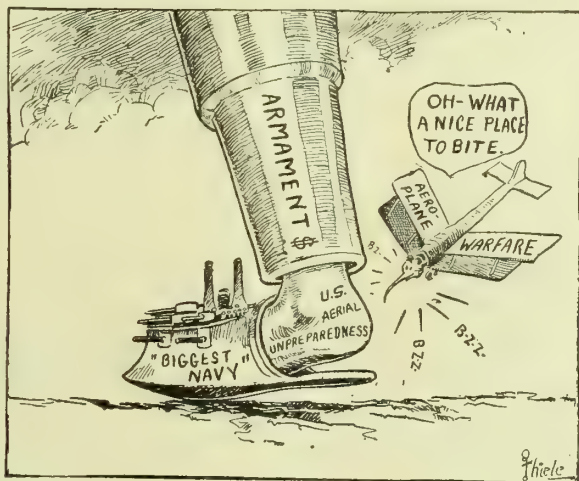
Williams in the Indianapolis News



A GENTLE HINT

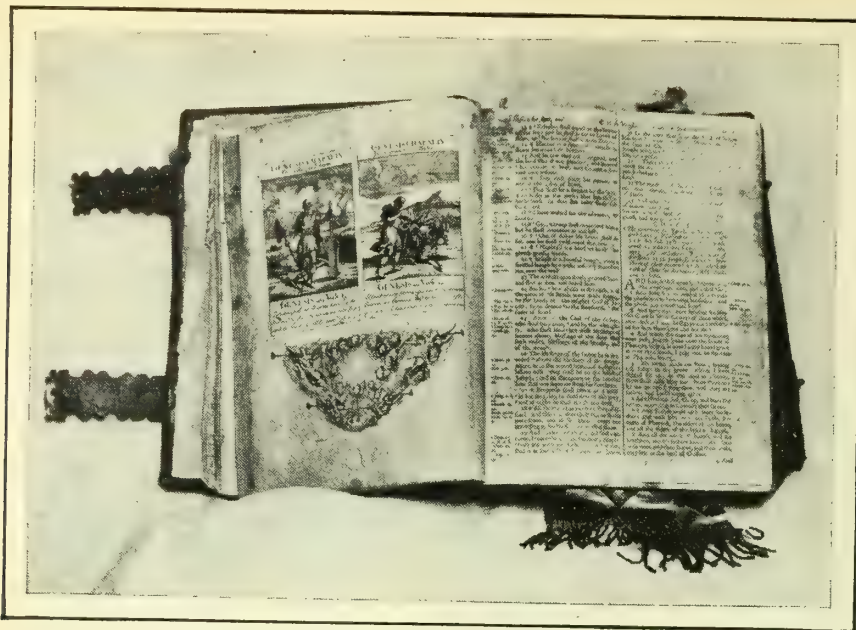
From Mrs. John C. Binford, Greenfield, Ind.

Thiele in the Sioux City Tribune



THE HEEL OF ACHILLES

From Leslie Ross, Akron, Iowa



WASHINGTON'S BIBLE, ON WHICH PRESIDENT HARDING TOOK THE OATH OF OFFICE
It is open at the passage which Washington kissed

made so speedily. We regard it an augury of the readiness of the Harding Administration to act with the least possible delay. It will be a "business Administration."

MR. HUGHES ACTS

PANAMA and Costa Rica are such small countries that they do not get very much popular attention. But twenty-one years ago their boundary quarrel developed into a sufficient international issue to be submitted to President Loubet, of France, for adjudication. When M. Loubet handed down his award, the geographers of the world drew his line on their maps, and, although there was considerable grumbling on both sides, the award has never been nullified. Later, at the request of the countries interested, Chief Justice White, of our Supreme Court, interpreted the Loubet decision. This was in 1914. But the interpretation offended both countries in being too much a reaffirmation of the Loubet decision.

The district bordering the boundary-line on both sides has been a more or less unsettled region, but the advance made by Costa Rica in developing the country has brought about clashes with the inhabitants of Panama. This was hard on Panama, for, while Costa Rica has a little army, Panama has none at all.

But Panama has something else—a treaty with the United States. Its first article reads thus: "The United States guarantees and will maintain the independence of the Republic of Panama." That means that we cannot allow any impairment of her independence. Of course Panama appealed to the United States. And so did Costa Rica. Acting

on this, Secretary of State Hughes, within a few hours after he had taken his oath of office, sent identic notes to the Costa Rican and Panamanian Governments. The Costa Rican Government immediately replied, ordering the return of its troops, as requested by Mr. Hughes. It is expected that Panama will "follow suit."

As Panama and Costa Rica are members of the League of Nations, the League Council is investigating the differences between the countries with a view to League intervention. Under Article XII, members of the League agree that if a possible cause of rupture arises between them they will submit the matter either to arbitration or to inquiry by the Council, and, in any case, will not resort to war until three months after the announcement of the award by the arbitrators or the report by the Council.

While the League was deliberating America acted.

WHAT IS PROFITEERING?

ANY attempt by legislation to stop extortion should be so clear in its meaning that the law would stand investigation by the Supreme Court. A recent decision by the Supreme Court holds certain sections of the Lever Act unconstitutional, and therefore void, as deplorably lacking in definition and clearness. What is profiteering? what is extortion? what are fair prices? Such questions as these would be answered one way by one judge and another way by another judge. If we compare the profiteering law with the income-tax provisions as regards "excess profits" the difference is very plain; we may like or dislike the excess profits provision, but the law tells plainly enough what it

means by the phrase "excess profits." Not so with the law intended to stop profiteering. Chief Justice White, in his opinion handed down in this case, expressed this in legal fashion when he said that the sections under discussion did not "constitute a fixing by Congress of an ascertainable standard of guilt," and therefore "were not adequate to inform persons accused of violations thereof of the nature and cause of the accusations." He illustrated this by imagining a court attempting to punish a person who should commit any act which in the estimation of the court might be detrimental to public interests.

The decision handed down referred only to a test case relating to the sale of a small quantity of sugar by a retail grocer, the lower Court holding that a charge of over twenty cents a pound for sugar was extortionate. The effect of the decision, however, is very wide. It will involve the reversal of convictions obtained against many profiteers, the abandonment of many other cases now under way, and the return of hundreds of thousands of dollars collected as fines.

Despite the failure of this attempt to prevent extortion, it may be held that its short existence has been of value to the public in deterring evil-doers. If the evil continues, Congress should find it possible to pass an act with specific provisions, not one like the discarded law, which, to quote Chief Justice White again, is "as broad as human imagination" and has a definition of criminality "left to ever-changing standards."

The British Government has had no difficulty, we judge, in framing laws against profiteering which have been upheld by the courts and have been reasonably well enforced.

Another recent Supreme Court decision is that declaring the Farm Loan Act valid. This decision was expected, as there never has been much doubt that Congress had authority to establish the land banks and provide for their operation. The result will be a very large issue of Farm Loan bonds which have been held up for final action during this litigation.

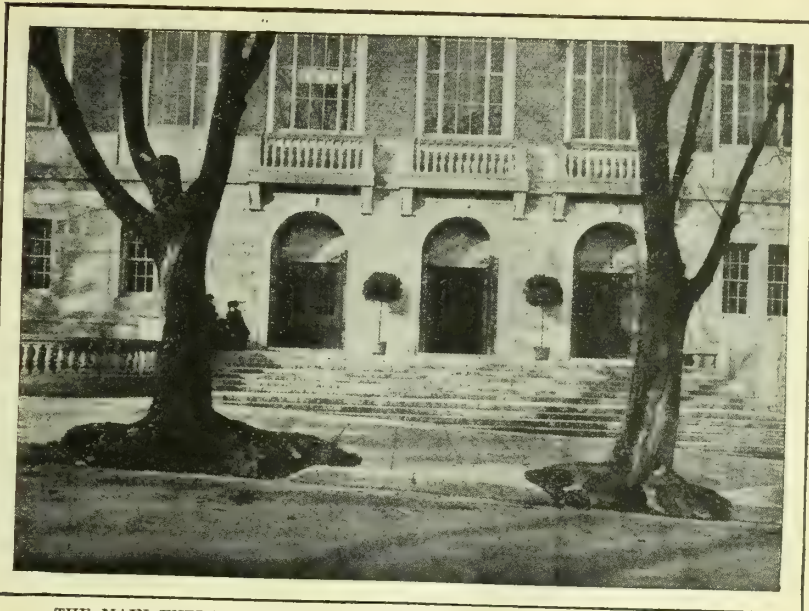
A LIBRARY THAT GOES TO THE PEOPLE

THE conception of a public library as a community center has grown enormously in the past few years. A fine example of this principle in practice is the Public Library of Portland, Oregon. It would be hard to mention any better method of spreading the educating influence of a library by active work than this institution affords. It exemplifies the principle laid down by those who conduct it that "the public library is a big business in which the

taxpayers are shareholders. If we live up to their ideals, they will get proper return on their investment." The Portland Library is not a "morgue of books;" it goes to the people instead of waiting for the people to come to it. Its librarians say, "We are believers in advertising, so we advertise our library wherever we can." One interesting and valuable form of advertising is carried on through foreign newspapers to let foreign-born citizens know of the work; this is followed by giving six "parties" a month for the entertainment of foreigners who are attending the public naturalization classes, and the result is not only to bring them together socially and put them in touch with the social influences that tend to Americanization, but to interest them in the work of the library, and especially the books dealing with American history and government. Similar lists of books especially desirable for foreigners and books in many foreign tongues are also sent out to families.

A novel method of bringing the library to the people is seen in the visits of a branch librarian to factories and shops; by her talks she interests the working girls and men in books, and many of them come to the library as a result. We are told of one factory talk given in a laundry in which the librarian emphasized the value of a few good stories, but talked especially of books on fancy work, etiquette, exercises, health, and beauty. A number of these girls later appeared at the library and asked for the particular books mentioned. As a definite result of teaching workmen about library possibilities machinists come to ask for books on wireless, on plumbing, on construction, and so on. Needless to say, a modern library like this has branches, sends out traveling libraries, has a stereopticon for lectures, and provides study rooms and a free auditorium for the public. It also circulates sheet music and educational records. A box of books goes regularly to the men who tend the drawbridges on the river.

The people of Portland are extremely proud of the remarkable work done by their library. In large measure it was due to the ability and activity of the late Miss Mary Frances Isom, a woman of remarkable personality, with insight into the possibilities of library work. It was Miss Isom who, at the dedication of the Portland Central Library, gave this excellent definition of what a public library should be: "The public library is the people's library; it is maintained by the people for the people, it is the most democratic of our democratic institutions; therefore to be of service to all the people of the community, to meet their needs and to contribute to their pleasure, is its simple duty."



THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF PORTLAND, OREGON

HOW SHOULD WE TREAT GERMANY?

SAYS President King, of Oberlin College: "The worst possible thing that could have happened to the German people themselves was success in so wicked a war. On the other hand, the greatest kindness to them is that they should find that the war has been thoroughly unprofitable." Surely he is right. But the Allies have yet to make the German people realize that the war has been to them unprofitable. No one can read Mr. Chance's article on another page and doubt that America shares with her allies in this responsibility.

Before the war General Bernhardt declared that one purpose of military Germany was so to crush France that she could never interfere with Germany's plans in the future. What she has done to realize this mad ambition Lloyd George made clear in his speech in London on March 3. The New York "Tribune" thus sums up from his speech the items of desolation which Germany has wrought in French territory:

Houses destroyed	319,269
Houses partly destroyed.....	313,675
Factories destroyed (metal-lurgical, electrical, me- chanical)	21,000
Textile factories destroyed....	4,000
Alimentary factories de- stroyed or stripped.....	4,000
Townships destroyed	1,659
Townships, ¾ destroyed.....	707
Townships half destroyed.....	1,656
Railways destroyed, kiloms.	8,000
Bridges destroyed	5,000
Highways destroyed, kiloms.	52,000
Land devastated (about one- half cultivated), acres.....	9,386,000
Mines in northern France, years required to repair	10
Reduced production of these mines annually, tons.....	21,000,000
Let any one compare with this sum-	

mary of conditions in France the statement of conditions in Germany described by Mr. Gregg in this issue of The Outlook, and he cannot doubt that as yet the war has been far more unprofitable to France than to Germany. Justice would reverse these conditions; would take off the burden from France and put it upon Germany. That is impossible. But it is not impossible to compel Germany to do all that she can do to repair the wrong which she has committed. Thus full reparation from Germany to France is demanded alike by justice to France and good will to Germany.

There is no place in Christian philosophy for the spirit of revenge. But there is place in Christian philosophy for stern and exacting justice.

Frederic Harrison truly says of the Germans: "In all the world's history no race has been so drilled, schooled, sermonized, into a sort of inverted religion of hate, envy, jealousy, greed, cruelty, and arrogance. Man and woman, girl and boy, have been taught from childhood this inhuman vainglory and lust of power." Good will toward the German people desires to expel from them this religion of hate and put in its place the spirit of good will; unteach these lessons of inhuman vainglory and lust of power, and teach in their place the lessons of humility and human brotherhood. Good will would desire for Germany that as a nation she should awake to a realization of her national sin and her national shame; and, because she realizes the wrong she has committed, should voluntarily endeavor to repair the evil she has done. If she does not, then good will for Germany demands that she be compelled to repair that evil, whatever it may cost her. In the infliction of that cost may be one evidence of good will, for, if repentance is always

followed by attempted reparation, it is also true that reparation enforced by a superior power often awakens a tardy repentance. It is not desirable for either Germany or the rest of the civilized world that she should be received back into the world's fellowship until she repents of her crime. A revived conscience is for her far more important than a revived trade. It is no spirit of good will for Germany which desires to treat her as a civilized nation before she becomes a civilized nation. It is a spirit of laziness. It desires to avoid the difficult and disagreeable task of compelling an unrepentant sinner to repair the cruel wrong she has done.

I do not consider here what reparation she can make. Of course it cannot be adequate. She cannot give back to France the noble monuments of past centuries so wantonly destroyed. What she *can* do must be left to be decided, not by popular vote, but by experts. But the public opinion of all the civilized nations of the globe should unitedly insist that no cost can be too great for Germany to pay unless it is so great that she cannot pay it.

Some modern writers have lamented the degeneracy of the German people since Goethe's generation. But a recent writer in the "Literary Supplement to the London Times" gives an analysis of Goethe's character which throws some light on modern Germany:

There was in him so strange and perverse a mixture of the noble and the petty, wisdom and platitude, iron will and self-indulgence, generosity, tenderness and heartlessness, that one is sometimes tempted to think that the clue to a full understanding must be sought rather in the field of pathology than in that of normal psychology or ethics.

In 1914 petty wisdom, self-indulgence, and heartlessness won the victory in Germany. But not without some protest against the war by Germans. Prominent among them were Richard Grelling, the author of "J'Accuse," Prince Lichnowsky, and Herr Wilhelm Mühlön, who withdrew from the Krupp Iron Works in order to make this protest effective. The vigor of these protests is indicated by their respective titles: "I Accuse," "The Guilt of Germany for the War," and "The Vandal of Europe." Two of these writers had to escape from Germany before they could protest against its purpose and policy. Loyalty to those who maintained their loyalty to justice and liberty under such difficulties demands that we should prove that the representatives of self-indulgence and heartlessness were wrong and the representatives of justice and liberty were right. The English, French, Italians, and Americans are not all saints; the Germans are not all devils. We owe to

the lovers of liberty in Germany, however few, a stern and uncompromising hostility to the enemies of liberty in Germany, however many or strong or rich they may be.

Sternly demand reparation; cordially welcome every sign of a new and better life; to this both justice to France and the spirit of good will toward Germany summon us. In the spirit to which Abraham Lincoln summoned America to enter in the work of National reconstruction be it ours to enter on the greater work of international reconstruction to which we are now summoned: "With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, and to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among all nations."

LYMAN ABBOTT.

INDEPENDENT ART

FIVE years in succession the Society of Independent Artists has held its exhibition in New York City. Five years is a brief time in the world of art, but in the present instance it seems to have been long enough to afford the basis for certain rather definite conclusions.

The Independent Artists hang such pictures as are submitted to them without the intervention of any jury system. They offer no prizes. J. G. Browns and Picassos are equally welcome to space upon the walls of their galleries. The motive for such an exhibit is sufficiently obvious. Art juries have made mistakes, therefore abolish all juries. Art juries have skied paintings by Winslow Homer, "and the moral of that is," as the Duchess remarks in "Alice in Wonderland," that all artists whose pictures are skied are therefore Winslow Homers. Or, at any rate, every artist, or would-be artist, should have a chance to prove that he is a Winslow Homer by having a free and untrammelled opportunity to place his creations before the world. The most obvious effect of this is that the few good pictures placed in such an exhibition are killed by their hopelessly discouraging companions.

Last year at the Independents' exhibit there were a few pictures, notably one by George Bellows and some Indian paintings, which survived the riot of competition long enough to remain a pleasurable memory in the spectator's mind. This year it was still another group of paintings by Pueblo Indians which possessed the power to lift themselves above the disturbing tumult of commonplace disorder. We have commended the purpose of the Independent Artists in the past, but their exhibits

have made it increasingly evident that the great majority of those who take advantage of the opportunity offered by their society are looking only for a short cut to favor and fame. They are not content to travel the road which all real artists in every field have traversed. They are not content to wait until the merit of their work makes its exclusion from presentation impossible. If a painting is touched with the spirit of genius, it will find its way to recognition, no matter how many obstinate and prejudiced art juries may intervene.

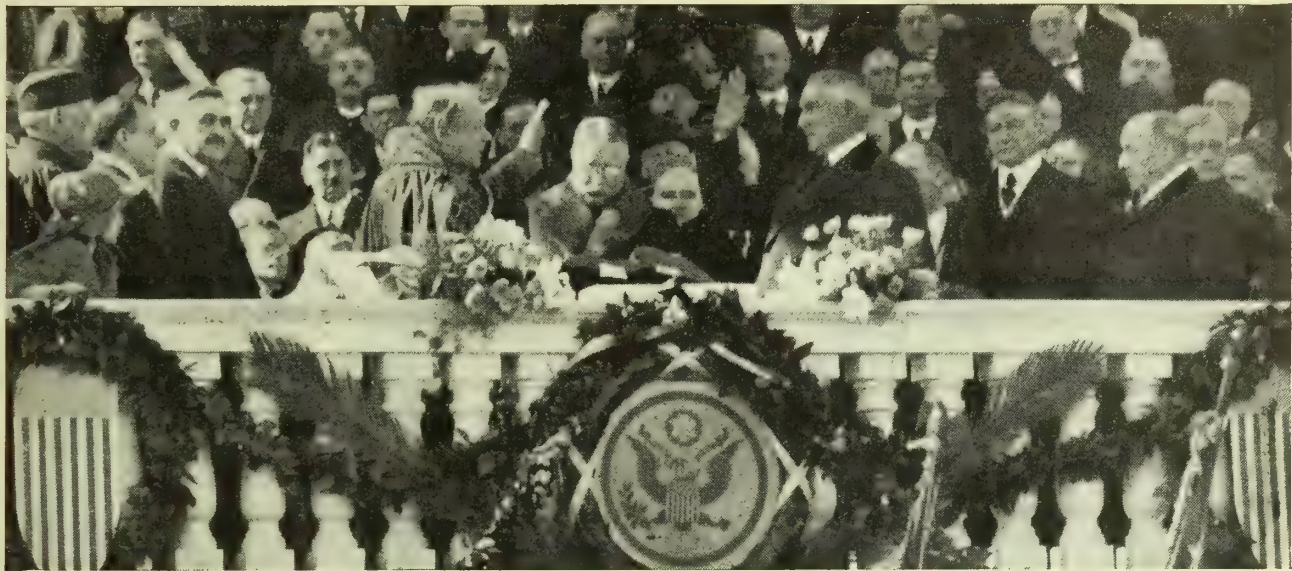
There is a light which will penetrate all forms of human blindness, but it does not glow in every flickering lamp.

MR. HARDING'S INAUGURAL

WHEN Mr. Harding lifted from the vocabulary of mathematics the word "normalcy," and set it moving in current speech, he accomplished two purposes. On the one hand, by dressing an old and familiar idea in a new garment he made it conspicuous; and, on the other hand, he identified himself, his party, and his forthcoming Administration with that idea. With one word he therefore impressed upon the country the importance of turning its attention to a restoration of normal, helpful, and natural relations between nations and between individuals after the abnormal experiences of the war; and he likewise impressed upon the country that this was his and his party's policy.

His inaugural address at Washington on March 4 is in substance an enlargement upon this theme.

Americans or foreign observers who expected this inaugural address to be an outline of a course of action, a programme of legislative and administrative measures for his country to follow, a series of orders issued by the chief steward of the estate to his subordinates, were disappointed. Even when a President does propose a definite course of action, it is not customary for him to do so on the occasion of an inaugural address; but it is not quite in Mr. Harding's character for him on any occasion to lay down to others a course of action upon which he is already determined without consultation. His conviction that the normal conduct of government in such a country as ours should be through consultation and conference, with constant reference to the growth of public opinion and with care to secure between various elements in the Government and between the Government and the people mutual understanding, would have prevented



MR. HARDING TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE, ADMINISTERED BY CHIEF JUSTICE WHITE

him in any case from using his inaugural address as an announcement of marching orders for the country or for the Government. His inaugural is rather an expression of the general purpose and the spirit in which that purpose will be followed. That purpose, then, is restoration of normal conditions, and the spirit is that of co-operation, understanding, and a widely extended sense of responsibility.

In contrast to his predecessor in the spirit in which he exercises the authority delegated to him, Mr. Harding is in contrast to him also in style. Mr. Wilson's style is that of the writer, Mr. Harding's that of the orator. Even in instances where Mr. Wilson's meaning proved to be obscure and ambiguous, his words have the effect of clearness. On the other hand, in instances where Mr. Harding's words are obviously obscure or so general in scope as to be vague and indefinite, they have the effect of importance because of their rolling periods.

The purpose and spirit of Mr. Harding's address can best be conveyed in the following sentences from his inaugural:

The recorded progress of our Republic . . . proves the wisdom of the inherited policy of non-involvement in Old World affairs. . . . We will accept no responsibility except as our own conscience and judgment in each instance may determine. . . . We are ready to associate ourselves with the nations of the world, great and small, for conference, for counsel, to seek the expressed views of world opinion, . . . and would gladly join in that expressed conscience of progress which seeks to clarify and write the laws of international relationship, and establish a world court for the disposition of such justiciable questions as nations are agreed to submit thereto. . . . A world super-govern-

ment . . . can have no sanction by our Republic. This is not selfishness. It is sanctity. It is not aloofness; it is security. . . . There was no American failure to resist the attempted reversion of civilization, there will be no failure to-day or to-morrow.

Mankind needs a world-wide benediction of understanding.

Our supreme task is the resumption of our onward normal way.

If, despite this attitude, war is again forced upon us, I earnestly hope a way may be found which will unify our individual and collective strength. . . . I can vision the ideal republic, where every man and woman is called under the flag for assignment to duty, for whatever service, military or civic, the individual is best fitted . . . and not one penny of war profit shall inure to the benefit of private individual, corporation, or combination. . . . Out of such universal service will come a new unity of spirit and purpose. . . . Then we should have . . . no swollen fortunes to flout the sacrifices of our soldiers, no excuse for sedition, no pitiable slackerism. . . .

Discouraging indebtedness confronts us like all the war-torn nations, and these obligations must be provided for. No civilization can survive repudiation.

Our people must give and take. Prices must reflect the receding fever of war activities. Perhaps we never shall know the old levels of wage again, because war invariably readjusts compensations, and the necessities of life will show their inseparable relationship, but we must strive for normalcy to reach stability.

There is no instant step from disorder to order.

I speak for administrative efficiency, for lightened tax burdens, for sound commercial practices, for adequate credit facilities, for sympathetic concern for all agricultural problems, for the omission of the unnecessary in-

terference of government with business, for an end to government's experiments in business, and for more efficient business in government administration.

With the Nation-wide induction of womanhood into our political life, we may count upon her intuitions, her refinement, her intelligence, and her influence to exalt the social order.

Our fundamental law recognizes no class, no group, no section. There must be none in legislation or administration.

I had rather submit our industrial controversies to the conference table in advance than to a settlement table after conflict and suffering.

It has been proved again and again that we cannot, while throwing our markets open to the world, maintain American standards of living and opportunity and hold our industrial eminence in such unequal competition. . . . We know full well we cannot sell where we do not buy, and we cannot sell successfully where we do not carry.

There never can be equality of rewards or possessions so long as the human plan contains varied talents and differing degrees of industry and thrift, but ours ought to be a country free from great blotches of distressed poverty.

We want an America of homes, illumined with hope and happiness, where mothers, freed from the necessity for long hours of toil beyond their own doors, may preside as befits the hearthstone of American citizenship.

Service is the supreme commitment of life. I would rejoice to acclaim the era of the Golden Rule and crown it with the autocracy of service.

If I felt that there is to be sole responsibility in the Executive for the America of to-morrow, I should shrink from the burden. But, there are a hundred millions with common concern

and shared responsibility, answerable to God and country. The Republic summons them to their duty and I invite co-operation.

There are two conceptions of government. Mr. Harding's inaugural makes it clear, if it had not been made clear before, that of these two he chooses one and rejects the other. According to the one conception, the Executive is the source of authority, 'he promulgator of policies as well as the executor of them, and the legislative branch is useful

principally as a means of disseminating through debate the Governmental policies of the people, and of serving as the more or less effective check upon the Executive's initiative and power. According to the other conception, the real authority of the Government, derived from the people, is exercised through the deliberations and actions of the legislative branch, which promulgates the laws, leaving to the Executive the function of putting these laws into effect and otherwise carrying out the will

of the people as legislatively expressed. The one conception was embodied in the Imperial German Government. The other is perhaps most logically embodied in the Government of Great Britain. Mr. Harding's inaugural indicates that he leans towards a government not by an Executive, acting through clerks of his own appointing, with an acquiescent Duma or Reichstag to give it a semblance of democracy, but to a government by a party through parliamentary discussion and conference.

EXIT WILSON: ENTER HARDING

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE

"WHAT'S the use of wasting this ideal day on a small show?" complained a Washington resident this morning. "We haven't had such brilliant sunshine as this all winter. What a day for a real military parade!"

What a day, indeed! But this Fourth of March falls at a time when individuals and nations need to save every possible penny. Hence Mr. Harding wisely frowned on a repetition of the traditional great parade and inaugural ball.

I am glad of it. For there have been two gains: First, money saved; second, a concentration of popular attention, not on marching men by day and dancing women by night, but on the vital feature of the celebration—the taking of the oath of office, followed by the Inaugural Address.

Of course this sudden simplicity does not please the hotel-keepers (whose reported demand of extortionate prices is said to have confirmed Mr. Harding in his decision). They say that a repetition of the old-time festivities would bring twice as many strangers to Washington as have been here to-day—and fill the hotel men's pockets with twice as much. They are probably right.

Again, to-day's comparative austerity does not please the ordinary observer, who is sure to be a lover of gold lace and color and rhythm and vibrant motion and parading military bands and the general holiday air.

Finally, it does not please those who justly contend that a great pageant, bringing many folks to Washington who would not come otherwise, means the extension to that additional number of the inspiration and the spirit of patriotism sure to be engendered by their intimacy, no matter how short, with the center of our National Government.

THE first act in to-day's celebration was poignant with pathos—Mr. Wilson's determination to do his part in

it. At least he could escort Mr. Harding to the Capitol. White House attendants aided to his car the broken man, whose commanding presence and potential power had made him a towering figure in two continents. Had the band struck up a funeral dirge, it would not have seemed altogether inappropriate. The bells of St. John's, just back of me, might have tolled, too, for an Administration which had but an hour more to live. When the little procession of motors moved from the portico at a snail's pace, the funereal impression was only heightened. It took an incredible time for it to come down the drive to where the ruddy-faced battalion of the Washington High School Boys in uniform was drawn up and where many of us were waiting. The motors came slowly, silently along, Mr. Wilson sitting limply in his corner but looking better than

one would suppose. Not until the motors passed the gate and emerged into the street was there any cheering; even then hardly a hat was lifted, I was amazed to see, in response to Mr. Wilson's attempts to lift his or Mr. Harding's robust gesture.

Yet there was a real feeling of sympathy for the retiring President on the part of the crowd. A man close to me sighed: "There he goes out of the White House gate for the last time. It's all over, poor man!"

Another rejoined: "Well, we're through with one-man rule, and, what's more, a government by introspection." Headed: "Look at those gates. They had to be closed during the war, but, under Wilson, the one-man ruler and the man of introspection, they stayed closed. Under Harding they will be open."

And they were. This afternoon the



International
PRESIDENT WILSON AND PRESIDENT-ELECT HARDING ON THEIR WAY TO THE CAPITOL

people were swarming over the White House grounds as of yore.

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE leads to the Capitol, and the avenue was lively enough—full of folk, white and black, high and low, rich and poor. But one missed the temporary stands familiar on former occasions, erected at good vantage-points for a view of the parade. Then, too, the marching clubs and the militiamen from afar and the troops were lacking. Four companies of cavalry from Fort Myer escorted the Presidential party.

The next feature which the great body of the people were permitted to see was the taking of the oath of office. We heard:

I, Warren Gamaliel Harding, do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States, so help me God

Then the doorkeepers raised the standards. The trumpeters blew a fanfare and the Marine Band crashed forth the National anthem.

There he stood, our new President. Yesterday he was only one among ninety-six Senators, his name not mentioned nearly as often as those of some of his colleagues; to-day, the appointer of tens of thousands of officials whose salaries aggregate over a hundred million dollars; the director of our foreign and domestic policy; the possessor of more power than has any other ruler. A year ago his face was unknown to most men. Now you may see it in photographs and prints all over Washington, you may see

it on boxes and mugs and trays, and it greets you from the front pages of all the newspapers.

The event of the day was the Inaugural Address, not only notable in itself, but notable beyond any preceding address because a new invention, the amplifier, made its every word distinctly heard by any one in the many thousands massed in the great space bounded by the Capitol, the Congressional Library opposite, and the Senate and House buildings on either side. The vast throng, marvelously quiet, was fascinated by the machine's complete success. During the thirty-seven minutes' duration of the address men, women, and even urchins perched in the trees, gave it their entire attention. Just before the close, however, a man near me remarked: "An amplifier is all very well; what Harding needs is a condenser."

But to most it did not seem to contain too much repetition. There were frequent nods of approval and now and then a burst of instant applause or an emphatic "That's good!" as the new President said: "We need a rigid and yet sane economy," or, "I speak for administrative efficiency, for lightened tax burdens, . . . for an end to Government's experiment in business and for more efficient business in government," or, "I earnestly hope a way may be found which will . . . consecrate all America, materially and spiritually, body and soul, to National defense."

Occasionally there was an explanatory comment, as, for instance, when a man said, "That means reciprocity," as Mr. Harding declared, "Ties of trade bind nations in closest intimacy and none

may receive except as he gives. We have not strengthened ours in accordance with our resources or our genius."

During the delivery of the phrases concerning foreign policy, however, expressive glances warned me that I should hear some adverse criticism. Later it came to me as follows from an "irreconcilable": "You see that Harding with one hand apparently throws over the League of Nations when he speaks about 'the wisdom of the inherited policy of non-involvement in Old World affairs;' but with the other hand he accepts some sort of union with the League when he says, 'We are ready to associate ourselves with the nations of the world, great and small, for conference.'"

A DISTINGUISHED diplomat objected thus: "Wilson swung to the extreme of sentimental internationalism. Is Harding going to swing to the opposite extreme of crude nationalism? The representatives of foreign countries who sat around him to-day might have thought that, in certain paragraphs, they were listening to a campaign speech. They admire America. They appreciate what America has done for them. But at this exigency, brought about by German defiance of her pledged faith, they did expect from the new President some specific word of sympathy, if not of co-operation, with the Entente Allies. In that they were disappointed."

There was a little knot of fifty wounded soldiers from the Walter Reed Hospital who had been wheeled to a wooden platform near Harding. Pointing to them, he interpolated at an appropriate place in his address: "This Republic will never be ungrateful for the services you have rendered." That brought the loudest applause of all.

Not until the end did the people realize that they were listening to a sermon, for not until the end did the preacher announce his text. It was from the book of the prophet Micah, chapter vi., verse 8: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Mr. Harding had kissed the Bible at that passage, the favorite passage of Theodore Roosevelt and of many another. The attention of the crowd became sensibly reverent as the speaker recited the verse.

Harding made in general a favorable impression. His manner was not autocratic. His speech was, as a rule, clear and cogent. I heard a woman say: "We have had Wilson eight years, and I have not understood him. I understand Harding already."

ELBERT F. BALDWIN.

Washington, D.C., March 4, 1921.



International

MRS. WILSON AND MRS. HARDING STARTING FROM THE WHITE HOUSE TO THE CAPITOL

TIME AND TIDE

in the
The
om.



Courtesy Brown-Robertson Gallery, New York

THE CLOCK TOWER, BORDEAUX, BY PAUL ROCHE

IN SOUTHERN FRANCE



Courtesy Brown-Robertson Gallery, New York
Copyrighted by the Artist

RETURN OF FISHERMAN, BY LOUIS ORR

These etchings were selected from the 1921 exhibition of the Brooklyn Society of Etchers, an organization which includes many of the best-known American etchers of to-day. A collection of their prints is being sent to all the prominent art centers of the country. "An etching," says the announcement of the Society, "is a print from an incised plate of metal. The plate is coated with wax, drawn upon by a stylus or needle, which lays bare the surface, and immersed in a bath of acid, which bites into the exposed lines. . . . After completion the plate is covered with ink and the surface then wiped clean, leaving the lines full. A damp sheet of paper is laid on it, and it is passed under a roller, which presses the ink onto the paper. This produces the print." This method of expression has appealed to some of the greatest artists of modern times, including Rembrandt, Dürer, and Whistler

DAVID BELASCO

BY JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER

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"DAVID BELASCO presents Mrs. Leslie Carter!" I read no more. The faded playbill on my desk set whirring the subtle mechanism of memory, and presently I was launched on a little excursion into the past. Psychologists tell us that we live forward, think backward; a formula that neatly divides the past from the future; two aspects of one and the same thing. So the old-time announcement that headed this theater programme served the purpose of liberating from my frozen subconsciousness a cloud of recollections which swarmed like moths about a summer lamp. David Belasco was the lamp, and my memories of him the incessant moths; a mere piece of paper that became as potent as some antique and muttered conjuration whose magic evokes the wraiths of vanished years. I saw, crystal-clear, a young man with raven-black hair, eyes so large and luminous that their iris had no defined color, the thick lashes and eyebrows a color-note for the face; the delicate aquiline nose that seemed less Syrian than Assyrian, and a profile that had something archaic and Eastern. You may see such sharp silhouettes on Babylonian or Egyptian tablets and tombs in the British Museum. Exotic, yes; but the vitality that burned in the eyes of the man and his few, significant gestures revealed an intense, concentrated nature, one that could be stopped by nothing short of extinction. And the personality of David Belasco to-day is not a whit altered—if anything it is intensified; not mellowed, because he was born without angles. He is as much a riddle as he was three decades ago. Personality is an eternal enigma.

This young man was given to wandering about the streets at night. Hard working in the daytime, after he saw the curtain fall he loved to walk, not alone for the fresh air, but to commune with his thoughts. He was always a mighty wrestler with his ideas. The logic of life implanted in his brain, and filtered through the sieve of heredity, was importunate. Why? it asked, and he had to furnish an answer or feel defeated. Nor were the questions that assailed his maturing brain only those of the theater. He had asked, Why? from the time he began to run away from his mother's apron-strings on those "wandering feet," as she satirically yet tenderly described his propensity to disappear daily from the hearth. All of us pretend to some philosophy of life, and the little David began early to construct one. When I first met him, he had definite ideas of art and life, though the crystallizing process was at its commencement. Notwithstanding the simplicity of his speech and bearing, David Belasco is a complex personality.

The paradoxes are many. He was, luckily for him, born a "Sunday-child,"

as the old German saying hath it; and there is in him a generous admixture of feminine sensitivity and intuition, a temperament that feels before it reasons; in a word, he "resembles his



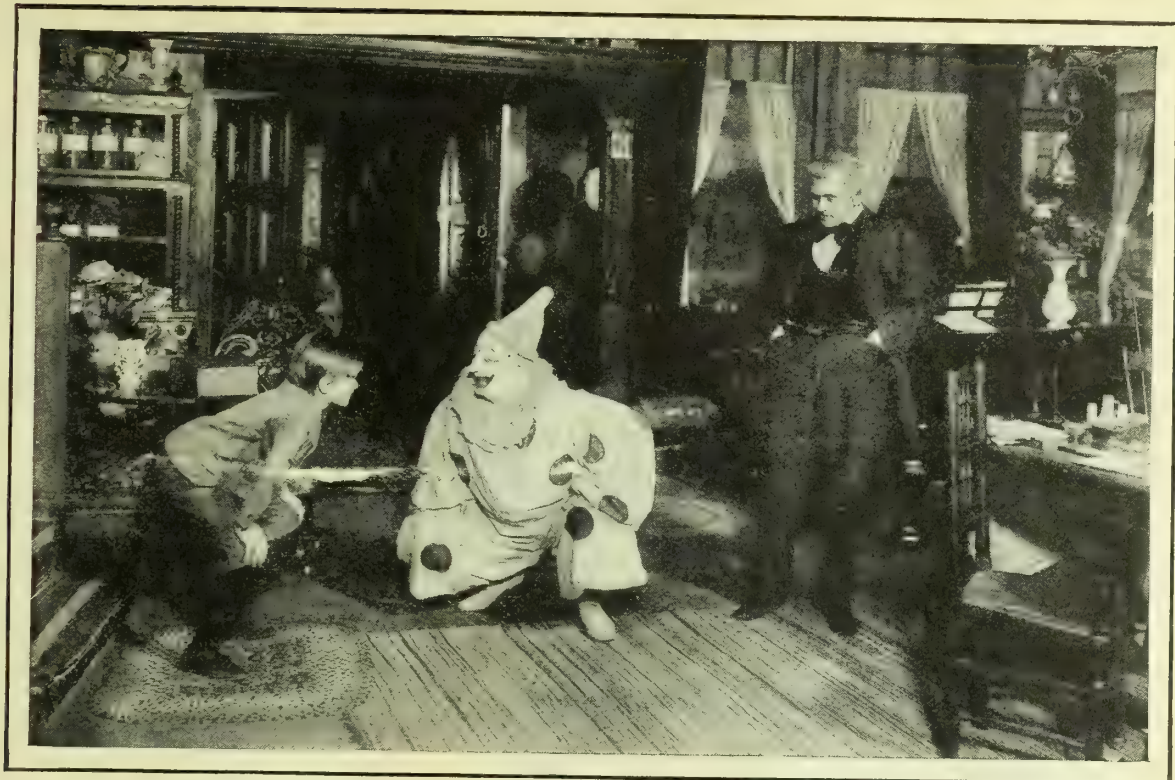
James Gibbons Huneker, in this posthumously published essay, gives an estimate of David Belasco's career and of his contributions to American drama. Mr. Huneker died on February 9. A review of his autobiography, "Steeplejack," appeared in *The Outlook* for November 10, 1920, and a tribute to his work as a critic of "the seven arts" was published in *The Outlook* for February 23, 1921.

mother," the Irish phrase it. Now this responsive and sensitive nature of his—one that has caused him much sorrow as well as joy—presents a masculine surface of so resistant a fiber that it has been as a coat of mail his life long. Many are the battles in which it has protected him. He is an idealist, but his idealism would have proved his undoing if it had not been served by a volition that could never be swerved. It seems strange to relate that such a dreamer possessed pugnacious prowess. This man with a sense of the beautiful could hold his own when necessary. There was once a famous English pugilist among the Belascos. In searching for the salient traits in the personality of David Belasco this little fact must not be forgotten. It is a paradox, all the same.

As there is a reason for everything, a peep at his forebears may aid us in the search for the characteristics. There is Jewish blood in his veins, more than

enough to furnish the "precious quintessence" of which George Du Maurier wrote. This, allied to the Portuguese strain, has, no doubt, lent to his fancy its rich coloring. But it is unsafe to generalize in these matters. There is Arthur Pinero, for example, who is of the same origin—both Portuguese and Jewish. He is all logic and realism; imagination seldom rules in his work. His beaver-like brow betokens the builder, not the dreamer. He is, while eminently the master of contemporary British drama, its least imaginative creator. Of course I mean what is commonly accepted as poetic, fanciful, whimsical, such as the productions of Barrie, Shaw, and the wonderful John Synge. Dramatic characterization and invention Pinero has in abundance. No one but a play-boy of the Western world could have conceived two such masterpieces as "Iris" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Nevertheless his Pegasus does not often climb starwards.

The foreign strains in David Belasco have made him true to type. Originally Portuguese, his parents hailed from England. Well known in the theatrical world, a restless race of beings, their gypsy strain has peeped out more than once in their son. He had an actor father, versatile to the point of destructiveness—for versatility is a good servant and bad master; and a mother, the home-maker about whom rallied these diverging units, a central point that gave the inquisitive lad some sense of stability. But always the quest after new fortunes; the far West, the Northwest, large cities and little, the bare hills beneath the few stars, the noisy mining towns and their crudeness. Like his Semitic ancestors, David was a wanderer on the face of the earth before he was out of short clothes. However, there were modifying influences. He came early under the mild and beneficent influence of the Roman Catholic priesthood. California was still semi-Spanish. With his inherited love of all that is mystic, exotic, of rich and ordered ceremonial, of the luxury appertaining to the Lord in the ritual that recalls the Hebrew, even more ancient faiths, it is not surprising that the lad should fall in love with a strange religion. He loves it to-day. I have heard him speak with reverence and enthusiasm of the mysteries of Catholicism. They soothed and made captive his too centrifugal temperament at the hour when he was most given to flying off at a tangent. He is ever grateful to the sympathetic priest who saw so clearly into his youthful soul. But David Belasco has an older racial pull in him, and it has been the prime factor in his remarkable performances; for a virtuoso in several arts he is, a much greater actor than some he fathered artistically.



DAVID WARFIELD (TO THE RIGHT) IN DAVID BELASCO'S PRODUCTION OF "PETER GRIMM"

"When he encounters a great natural mimetic gift like David Warfield's, he is happy. . . . Nothing ever smacked of certain American scenes more than 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' 'The Heart of Maryland,' 'Peter Grimm,' or 'The Music Master'"

Yet I suppose if you asked him what he is, he would promptly reply: "I am an American." It is true. Race manifests itself principally in his æsthetic predilections. For religious dogma he has never cared beyond putting into practice the Golden Rule. But he is a patriot, and from the moment he began to feel his vocation he has never ceased considering the problem of our native drama. And always optimistically. Not a propagandist with drums and trumpets, it will be found after the roll-call has been sounded that David Belasco's contribution to the American theater, both as producer and dramatist, has been of historical importance. He began with a Crummles and pump realism, as was the fashion of his day, but he is far from all that now. David Belasco had to submit to the law of growing organisms, he had to develop, and in his particular case it was either progress or a perishing of soul and body. He was cast out early on his own resources. A roving spirit, he was curious of life at all hazards, and this curiosity sometimes led him into dubious places. He knew the seamy side of San Francisco. There were moments when his mother despaired of him. But he was never dissipated. He frequented barrooms and did not fear other aspects of the underworld. In his juvenile way he tried to see life steadily and as a whole, but what he saw sometimes confused his reason.

He loved mankind because he had the semi-divine gift of pity. This transposition of his mobile personality was no adroit sentimental play-acting. David,

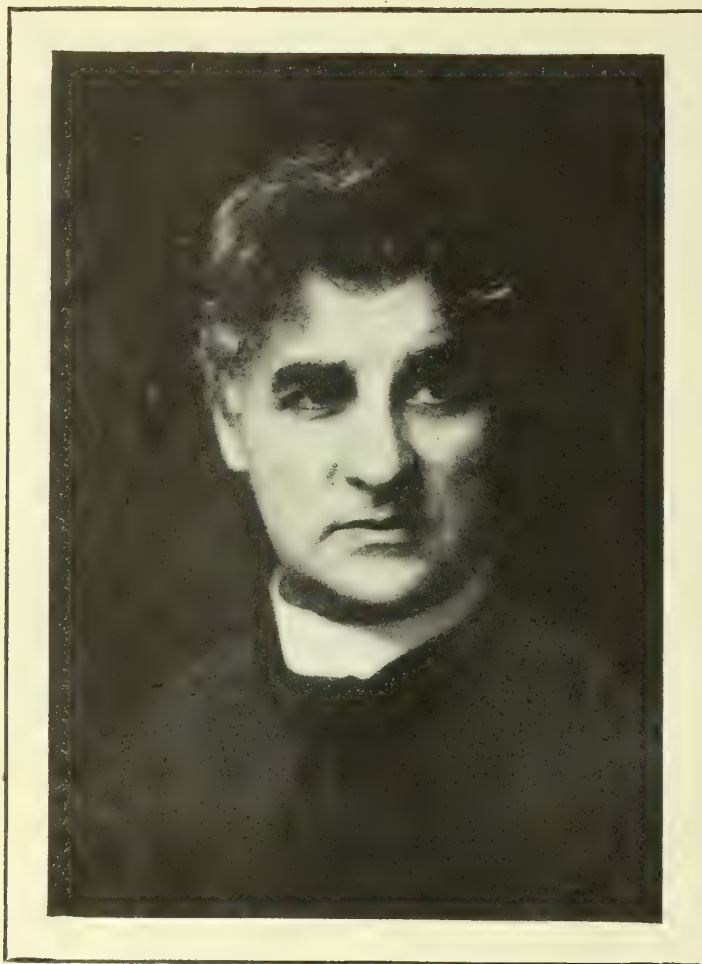
the would-be slayer of the Goliath of sin and sluggishness, has never lost his profound sympathy for his fellow-man. At times it amounts to sheer divination. It is his feminine side in operation. Sometimes it slips into mere sentimentality, and his art suffers thereby. And it is also the keystone to his success in training his artists; a sixth sense, that serves him infallibly as an agent of clairvoyance. In his art Belasco is clairvoyant. He has been called a wizard, but his wizardry deals with externals; his genuine distinction lies in his ability to comprehend character.

Consider the inevitable current of his career. "I, too, am an actor," he could have said, without parodying Correggio, after he saw Charles Kean. Though the road was obscure, he boldly ventured forth on its tortuous thoroughfares, and whether as clown, bareback rider, peddler, newspaperman, call-boy, "super," actor in small parts, or prompter, he assumed his devious tasks with a vim that singled him out as one of the fore-ordained. No doubt it was a will-o'-the-wisp, this mad pursuit of an impossible ideal, but striving after the highest is the best intellectual gymnastic for a future artist. Nowadays, thanks to the debased ideal of the theater, the very mention of discipline revolts the soul of the beginner. Where, indeed, are the glorious examples of yesteryear? The only prize to be run for and wrested from an indifferent public is pecuniary success. Let art go hang!

In the days of Belasco's youth the American stage shone like a constellation. There were not only stock com-

panies everywhere, but there were such men and women as Edwin Booth, Charlotte Cushman, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Mr. and Mrs. John Drew, Barrett, McCullough, Modjeska, Lotta, John T. Raymond, the elder Sothorn (most incomparable of comedians), James A. Herne, Clara Morris, Genevieve Ward, Jeffreys Lewis, E. J. Buckley, Maud Granger, Harry Montague, Frederick Warde, Charles Coghlan, Rose Coghlan, Charles Thorne, F. F. Mackay, the two Western sisters, the lovely Adelaide Neilson—the list might be prolonged for many pages. Young Belasco saw these people at close range. He studied them. He worked with that prodigal of talents, Dion Boucicault. He became acquainted with the classics of the drama. He heard Shakespeare where Shakespeare is best heard—on the stage. He was a student at first hand, and, not having the time, he did not trouble himself about the æsthetics of play-writing, but kept that task for his leisure later years, after he had learned more in the fire of the footlights than the professors of the drama can ever tell him. He has always been catholic in his tastes, always receptive to new influences, never rejecting novelty because it wore a repellent mask, instinctively knowing that practice comes before theory, that creation is the parent of criticism.

Let it be said, and it cannot be said too often: The theater is the theater; and if this is a platitude, then engrave it on your memory, for it is a golden platitude. In derision as well as sorrow, some Frenchman said that over the portal of every playhouse should be in-



DAVID BELASCO

"There is in him a generous admixture of feminine sensitivity and intuition, a temperament that feels before it reasons; in a word, 'he resembles his mother,' the Irish phrase it. Now this responsive and sensitive nature of his presents a masculine surface"

scribed this legend: All Reality abandon ye who enter here! Precisely. Though it was meant in a subversive sense, this warning embodies the first law and last of the theater. It must not be real, for reality is a slayer of illusion. It may be divorced from life, divorced from literature, yet remain invincibly itself. The frame is quite rigid. There it is, that bald, cold, empty space which during the traffic of two hours you must fill with what seems like life, else fall by the wayside with those who cannot unravel the secret of the Sphinx. It is all so inviting, so hospitable to every form of literary talent; but the laws of the Medes and Persians were not more immutable than are the drastic limitations of the theater. Zola went further when he declared: The theater of the future will be naturalistic or it will be nothing. It is not yet and never will be naturalistic. You may reel off at the tip of your tongue the Three Unities and the Thirty-six Situations, but the knowledge of these and a thousand axioms besides cannot make of a sow's ear a silken purse. "How to Write a Play" lectures have never taught any one the art of play-making.

During our nocturnal promenades Mr Belasco opened his heart to me concerning his artistic aspirations. He had not been in New York long, though already

recognized as a man of promise. Necessity pinched, for he had a family to support, and in him the domestic virtues had early blossomed. He was then at the Madison Square Theater; it was during the Mallory régime. He worked unremittingly. And not always in congenial surroundings. Theaterland is hardly territory where altruism is indigenous. The struggle for life therein takes on the ugliest semblance; at times buccaneering, with its concomitants, cutting throats, walking the plank, and plundering, seems more merciful. To be sure, there were some noteworthy managers—Lester Wallack, A. M. Palmer, Augustin Daly, Daniel Frohman, J. M. Hill, and a few others—who upheld standards, but then, as now, the rank and file were the same. Charles Frohman, a gentleman by the grace of God, was a close friend of David Belasco even during the time when divided by business interests, and the living manager speaks of his dead associate with unmisgiving affection.

As a stage director he always achieved success. There was no disputing his mastery of his material. Years of adapting, rewriting, translating, had endowed him, coupled with his enormous experience, with swiftness in attacking any problem that presented itself and an inevitable tact in the handling of his

forces. The principal reason why he has been successful in his fashioning of raw material is that, apart from his technical training, he is an untiring student of human nature. The procrustean theory of training he discards. That way lies the arbitrary, the machine-made. He, if I may be allowed a slight exaggeration, fits his play to his actors. This simply means that he studies the instrument from the keys of which he extorts music. No two humans are alike. Belasco spies on souls. He makes his inferences; sometimes he goes on a wrong tack; not, however, often. He finds what he wants. A touch or two and the organism plays its own tune. He literally educes from his woman or man what is already in both of them. When he encounters a great natural mimetic gift like David Warfield's, he is happy. A hint to such an intelligence suffices. With lesser people he seldom fails, for he varies his procedure with each person.

My personal belief is that he hypnotizes his players—let us call it that for want of a better word—else how account for the many instances of actors and actresses who won success, artistic and otherwise, and have faded into mediocrity when they passed from under his personal domination? I know this has a Svengali flavor, but I am willing to let the statement stand for what it is worth—that under the intellectual supervision of this keen critic artists give out what is best in them. This much may be said without fear of contradiction: There is no precise Belasco method, no particular school; no actor or actress has ever lost his or her individuality; rather has that individuality been accentuated and defined. Mrs. Carter's case is a signal instance, as well as that of Blanche Bates. I have sat through rehearsals at the Belasco Theater when a full-dress rehearsal was as long and torturous as an initial rehearsal. I have seen this impresario of accents, gestures, and attitudes go through an entire night, till morning found his guests pallid, nervous, irritable, while he was as fresh as his company; his enthusiasm kept every one vital, every one save the curious students in the stalls. David Belasco is the last of that old line of stage-managers who teaches by personal precept. And I don't mind telling you that I suspect there is concealed in him somewhere an autocrat.

I once wrote of him that if Richard Wagner had collaborated with him in stage management it would have been to the lasting benefit of Bayreuth. The first garish school of stage decoration was an ugly dissonance in Wagner's attempt at a synthesis of the seven arts. Primarily David Belasco is a painter. He wields a big brush and paints broadly, but he can produce miniature effects; effects that charm, atmospheric effects. Nothing so exotically beautiful has ever been shown as the *décor* of "The Darling of the Gods." Never mind the verisimilitude of the story. The scenic surroundings were more Japanese than the play itself—an attenuated echo

of Pierre Loti's exquisite "Madame Chrysanthème." But the stage was a marvel of evocation. "The River of Souls" brought into the theater a vision almost as mystical and melancholy as a page from Dante's "Inferno." Truly a moving picture. A proof before all letters! One that since has been paraded abroad as a triumphant discovery of the New Art. In all the theaters I visited at London and on the Continent I saw nothing that had not been forestalled by the genius of Belasco; not the startling lighting effects of Gordon Craig, nor the atmospheric innovations of Reinhardt, nor the resonant decorations of Bakst, were novel to me, for I had watched the experiments at the several Belasco theaters, had heard the discoverer himself discourse his theme.

His fastidious taste in music he demonstrated by abolishing music during the *entr'actes*. The double-stage, an invention of the fertile Steele Mackaye, anticipated the Munich revolving stage by years, and was utilized by Belasco when at the Madison Square Theater. But credit for his innumerable devices, artistic and mechanical, has yet to be given him in many quarters; though the tendency to over-emphasize his abilities as a manager at the expense of his dramatic triumphs is deplorable. Mr. Belasco is not a theatrical upholsterer. He is more interested in the play than its setting. That he provides an adequate frame for his picture testifies to his disinterested love of perfection. If a period is to be illustrated, he illustrates it. The exact *milieu* is his motto. The sumptuous Du Barry epoch, the gorgeous exoticism of the Japanese, the American interiors in "The Easiest Way," the austere simplicity of "Marie

Odile"—four walls, a table, a few chairs, an image of the Madonna, a painting, two or three pigeons, and a small cast—to mention a few of his productions, testify to his sense of the eternal fitness of atmosphere. Nothing ever smacked of certain American scenes more than "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "The Heart of Maryland," "Peter Grimm," or "The Music Master."

His art has grown in *finesse*. He has become more impressionistic. He suggests, rather than states. The contemporary stage, thanks to the rather bleak decorative scheme of Ibsen and his followers, has become simpler in accessories. Despite the color extravagances of the Russian Ballet, the furnishings of the drama are more sober than, say, a decade ago. The picture itself has become simplified; formerly one couldn't see the forest because of the trees therein or follow the piece because of its *mise-en-scène*. I have watched plays in fear and trembling because of the cart-loads of things on the stage, among which the actors painfully threaded their way. And that, too, was a passing fashion. Everything changes in the theater except the theater itself. George Moore in a recent preface tells a story about Granville Barker. That ingenious manager, actor, and playwright was explaining to a friend the "mentality of his characters" in a projected play of his, when he was thus interrupted: "Get on with the story; it's the story that counts." In this anecdote is compressed the wisdom of ages as seen through the spectacles of practical Mr. Everyman. For David Belasco the story's the thing.

He has written and collaborated in the writing of many plays. He has had

his failures. I recall his "Younger Son," an adaptation from the German, put on, if I remember right, at the Empire Theater. Something went wrong, though it had several fine episodes. The adapter was implacable; he it was who insisted that the piece be taken off. He was always his sternest critic. For nowadays this play would be a masterpiece. I remember, too, "La Belle Russe." It was merely sensational in the violent style of its day, and Gallic to the core. However, this is not a record of Mr. Belasco's achievements as a dramatist. He fought hard for recognition and won his way slowly and not ungrudgingly. In his naïve and candid autobiography you may read the unique record of his climb to fortune. He is not without a touch of mysticism; was there ever any one connected with the theater who was altogether free from its harmless superstitions? He believes in his star. Why not? It has hung there on the firmament of his consciousness since he can remember. He won't admit the fact that he hung it himself. But there it is. And, call it his ideal or what you will, he has followed this glowing symbol from the wilderness into the promised land. Nor has it ceased to shine for him. He is as full of artistic projects as he was forty years ago. Happy man to grow younger in his heart though his head is gray! To-day the vivid-appearing young man of the late eighties looks like a French abbé in some courtly scene by a pastelist of the eighteenth century. His smile has the benevolent irony of a nature that will never become cynical.

During our walks and talks in those far-away nights I often quizzed him about the Moderns. At that time, in-



A CHARACTERISTIC BELASCO STAGE PICTURE—THE WEDDING SCENE IN "THE SON-DAUGHTER"

"I must end these halting impressions summoned from the past by the sight of an old playbill: David Belasco presents Lenore Ulric in "The Son-Daughter"."

stead of writing books about Ibsen and Hauptmann, Maeterlinck and Becque, I was working in the critical trenches, throwing bombs at the uncritical old guard, which would die rather than surrender the privilege of calling Ibsen and the new dramatists "immoral, stupid, cynical, inexpert." Well, David Belasco knew all these revolutionists; he still reads them, as his library shelves show. He knows more about the practical side of Ibsen (for he admires the great Norwegian's supreme mastery of dramatic technique) than do his own faultfinders among the so-called amateur pocket playhouses. We discussed the entire movement—now a matter of history—till sometimes we were hoarse. The truth in the matter is this: David Belasco was literally born and bred in the great dramatic traditions of the golden age. Shakespeare is his god. Then the romantic French theater. And little wonder. Sentiments more than ideas are the pabulum of his plays. He is unafraid of old conventions. He is an abnormally normal man. The New Movement is less a dramatic revolution than a filtration of modern motives into the theater. The Ibsen technique dates back

to the inexhaustible Scribe; while the Norwegian leans heavily in the matter of the thesis play on Dumas fils. Characterization is his trump card.

Now, problems of a certain sort do not intrigue the fancy of Mr. Belasco. He dislikes the pulpit in the theater. While he willingly admits that in the domain of drama there are many mansions, he is principally interested in what the psychologists call the primary emotions; the setting is of secondary interest. A piece full of black class hatred and lust, like the extraordinary "Miss Julia" of Strindberg, does not appeal to his sensibilities. Why? Question of temperament. Its "modernity" has nothing to do with the matter. It is, with all its shuddering power, too frank, too brutal, for him. He demands the consoling veils of illusion to cover the nakedness of the human soul. If a man loves the classic English school of portraiture and landscape, the suave mellow tones of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the fragile grace and delicious melting hues of Gainsborough, the humid glory of the clouds in a Constable country scene, shall we quarrel with him for not preferring Manet or Degas? Mr. Belasco

admires Ibsen, and he appreciates the skill and sincerity of Degas and Manet. But he sticks to his Reynolds and Constable and Gainsborough. Other days, other ways.

He has said: "The true realism is not to reproduce material things; . . . it is to reproduce the realities of inner life." The theater, despite its obvious exteriority, has its inner life. I don't think that Mr. Belasco has cared to explore certain crannies of that "inner life," because the dwellers on the threshold are rather disquieting to behold. Ibsen still speaks in an unknown tongue to the majority. This is not an apology, but an explanation. For me the popular play of the day is no better, no worse, than it was years ago. It is for public consumption, and in the theater we Americans like to sip sweets, not to think. In the meantime let us rejoice in the possession of Belasco's rare artistic personality, for he has done so much for our native theater. And on this note I must end these halting impressions summoned from the past by the sight of an old play bill: "David Belasco presents Lenore Ulric in 'The Son-Daughter.'"

GERMANY, UNSCATHED AND UNREPENTANT

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE GERMAN PEOPLE, THE
PERSISTENT GERMAN PROPAGANDA AGAINST THE FRENCH,
AND THE CAUSE OF GERMANY'S PRESENT LACK OF A SENSE
OF DEFEAT, DESCRIBED IN SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

I—INTERVIEWING GERMANY

CABLE CORRESPONDENCE BY W. C. GREGG

I HAVE visited the Rhine, the Ruhr, the Hamburg, and the Berlin districts, riding twelve hundred miles by daylight, and interviewing twenty-five people—manufacturers, merchants, and workers. We took long rides through the parts of Hamburg, Cologne, and Berlin where we could see the condition of the working people and their children. We got our information about prices from stores, and pay of labor from workmen and employers. I had visited Europe, including Germany, three times before 1914.

Germany bears no outward sign of having been at war excepting the stagnant harbor of Hamburg. The winter grain is green and the spring plowing is being finished with a sufficient supply of horses and tools, all in good condition. The farms are stocked with cattle, sheep, hogs, and chickens. Living is cheap in Germany. The pay of labor is low. The product of her factories can be sold much below the product of France, England, or of the United States.

People travel on the railways for one-third of what we pay. Trains were always well filled, sometimes crowded

Last Sunday morning hundreds of people at the Frankfurt station took trains for outings. We noticed several companies of Boy Scouts.

Germany is as well dressed in wool and furs as the United States. The people are as healthy and fat as they ever were, not excepting the children. We visited two American feeding stations in Berlin, where we saw many anæmic children, who needed the attention of a diet expert; but I doubt if there are as many per thousand inhabitants in Berlin as in New York. A Berlin woman said that for two years during the war she was hungry, but added that for some reason she had gained in weight. On a train a very fat man with two double chins complained that he had lost fifty pounds from lack of food. I think there may be some loss of high living, but it has not reduced the weight of the average person perceptibly. We kept exclaiming at the number of fat people everywhere.

Measured by the dollar standard, an ordinary workman gets about nine cents, a skilled man fourteen cents an hour; a stenographer, eighteen dollars a month.

Food is cheap—potatoes, one cent; bread, two cents; margarine, seventeen cents; pork, twenty-five cents; chickens, seventeen cents a pound; eggs, thirty-six cents a dozen; rent, two rooms for a workman, one dollar a month; street-car fares, less than two cents.

I had long talks with two manufacturers. I asked them if the laboring man was able to buy as many necessities now as before the war. They said, No. I asked why they did not increase wages. They threw up their hands, saying that is impossible.

I notice that that word impossible was a frequent answer of Germans to my many questions. The expenditures of the Government are many times its income; why doesn't it retrench? Impossible! Why doesn't the Government Bank stop printing so much paper money? Impossible!

I understand why they do not want to increase the wages of labor, because that would partly interfere with their plan to get back their export trade in manufactured goods. They are now quoting prices which figure about one-half what American manufacturers can sell at.

Americans could make cheap goods also if the prices of American farm products and American labor were as low as they are in Germany; but who wants that condition in the United States? It is not hard to keep German goods out of America by a tariff sufficiently high, but that is most objectionable; and we cannot protect our exports of manufactured goods by passing tariff laws.

I asked one German what his country most needed.

"America," he replied, "should ship us food and raw material on fifteen years' credit; then we can get back our old trade."

There is a surprising amount of hatred of England. Two men said England would get us into a war with Japan, and when we were weakened she would jump in and finish us. I offended both men by laughing in their faces.

Their attitude toward the United States is quite different. They want to use us; so they commence by running down our allies. One man exclaimed at the cruelty of the French. I asked, "How?" He replied, "By their treatment of German prisoners, and their lying propaganda." I laughed again, for I had seen the way the French treated German prisoners during the war.

Germany would be glad to have the

Americans do everything possible, from feeding their children (this helps their argument against paying indemnity) to furnishing them raw material on credit to be sold to America's customers in foreign lands for cash.

Germany had a splendid trade in South America before the war. It has largely passed to the United States. Her greatest hope lies in recovering it. If we help Germany do it, it will be a joke for the gods.

We were dining in a large, fashionable café in Hamburg. A shabby little girl selling flowers stopped at each table, dropping a courtesy to the ladies and gentlemen. She was ignored or repulsed by seven or eight tables. Seeing we were foreigners, she moved around us; but we stopped her and bought. I did not see her make another sale—again a case of "Let America do it."

I may be interested in German children, but not until the American children, the French children, the Italian children, and hordes of other children are taken care of. The display of wealth in Germany is too great and too widely distributed to justify her accepting alms.

We visited the devastated area of France and some of the bombed factories in Belgium before entering Germany.

Perhaps we should not have done that. Perhaps we should not have noticed French people sadly wheeling away the crumbled brick walls so that their house might be built again on its old foundations. Perhaps we should not have seen Belgian cows sometimes hitched to plows and people to canal boats because their animals had been taken away from them by thousands and returned only by hundreds. But we did, and when we saw Germany untouched by shot or shell and with horses enough for all needs we could not suppress some indignation.

Germany is entitled to justice; we need not give her more. It is she who will have to work out her own salvation, mental, moral, and financial. I hope she can, for the world will not be at peace until she rids herself of the greed and vanity which filled her in 1914 and which has not been eliminated from her system in March, 1921.

I consider the condition of the workers the most important matter we observed in Germany. Neither labor unions nor political activity have obtained for them a fair deal. This seems to show that the old hard German aggression is still in control, whether in intrigue abroad or oppression at home.

Paris, France, March 2, 1921.

II—THE BLACK TROOPS

SPECIAL

CORRESPONDENCE BY
STÉPHANE LAUZANNE

OF THE PARIS "MATIN"

WITH A STATEMENT BY
FERDINAND FOCH
MARSHAL OF FRANCE

THERE is a question of black troops. Or, at least, the Germans are anxious that there should be a question of black troops. For six months they have been saying repeatedly all over the United States: "France employs black troops in the occupied districts of the Rhine. These troops are behaving most scandalously; they outrage women and murder children. Our unhappy populations are submitted to a perfect reign of terror and atrocities." Strangely enough, these accusations did not take very long to cross the Atlantic and to reach America; but the echo of them took longer to recross the Atlantic and to spread in France. And France only came to know a few weeks ago that in America there exists a German campaign relative to the black troops. Let us see what the German allegations are really worth.

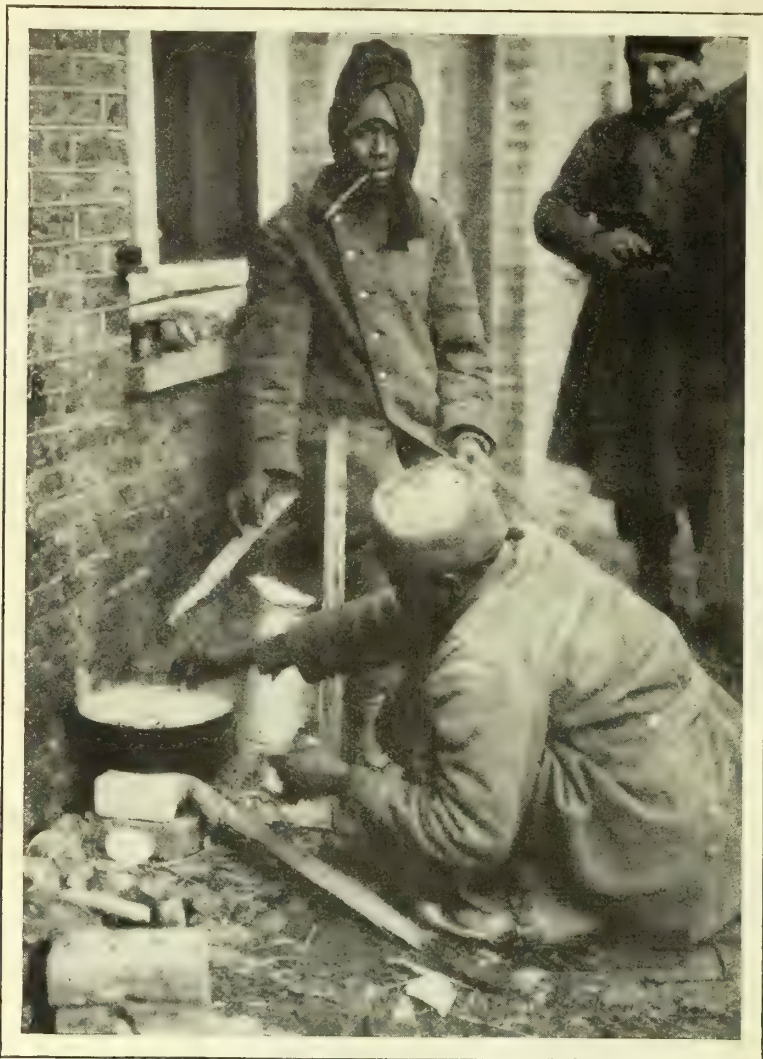
First of all, I felt it my duty to sub-



(C) Keystone

FERDINAND FOCH, MARSHAL OF FRANCE, GENERALISSIMO OF THE ALLIES IN
THE WORLD WAR

Marshal Foch's statement prepared for publication in Stéphane Lauzanne's correspondence is printed on the following page



Wide World

SENEGALESE TROOPS, BLACKS

"For several months there has not been a single black soldier on the left bank of the Rhine."—Marshal Foch

mit the case to Marshal Foch. He replied by making the appended statement.

This declaration is clear, and ought to suffice. But there is even better still than the voice of a Marshal of France;

there is the impartial witness of high foreign and neutral personalities and there are the admissions made by the Germans themselves.

One of the most celebrated Scandina-

vian authoresses, Madame Karen Bramson, made a trip of several weeks along the Rhine, and, having heard of the famous outrages supposed to have been committed by the black troops, wanted to investigate the matter herself on the spot. She visited the principal towns, interrogated the inhabitants, questioned the authorities, examining the matter most carefully. Then, on her return to Sweden, she published the results of her patient investigation. I give them here below and quote her conclusion textually:

"Germany," writes Madame Bramson, "knows the truth: The German men hate the colored soldiers because the women take too great an interest in them. The men cry out: 'Rape!' in order to be revenged and to excuse the women in the eyes of the foreigner. The fact is that the colored troops are an irresistible attraction to many German women. In the evening, in front of the barracks, there is an intense movement of women awaiting the coming out of the soldiers, then incidents occur, disputes arise, cries and laughter are to be heard, and those are the rapes!"

Madame Karen Bramson has done even more than to report her impressions to her Swedish compatriots; she has brought them clippings from German newspapers from the Rhine. Those are certainly witnesses which none can repudiate. They are edifying. Listen to their talk:

The "Christlicher Pilger," a religious paper of Spire, on the Rhine, under the title of "French Politics Towards Germany," wrote on December 9 last:

"The 'Augsburger Zeitung' has recently reproduced an article from an English paper, the 'Daily Herald,' blaming in strong terms the attitude of the black troops in the occupied territories. In the interest of the truth, the 'Christlicher Pilger' declares that at Spire and in its suburbs the black troops enjoy a greater regard than the white garrison did that preceded them here. The black troops of occupation are generally most well behaved. If complaints have been heard, they ought to be made against that category of shameless young German girls who have no fear of being seduced, but who, on the contrary, seek to seduce others."

Another paper, the "Volklinger Nachrichten," under the title of "Undignified Women," rises up against the misconduct of the young German girls who throw themselves on the necks of the black troops of occupation, and says that "these shameless women ought to be flogged."

Even more characteristic perhaps is the following note inserted by the "Koelnische Zeitung:"

"The use of black troops in the occupied countries has been most severely criticised in the German as well as in the foreign press. Even if we have to maintain that it goes against the German sentiments to see black troops of occupation in the old Christian Rhine lands, we must, however, acknowledge

MARSHAL FOCH'S STATEMENT

MADE TO STÉPHANE LAUZANNE TO ACCOMPANY THIS ARTICLE

"*FOR several months there has not been a single black soldier on the left bank of the Rhine. The few natives who are still there are the Algerian and Moroccan Rifles, who are Arabs, and not blacks. Furthermore, never at any time whatsoever were the natives, be they Algerians, Moroccans, or Senegaliens, billeted with the inhabitants; they have always been quartered in barracks or camps. This*

shows that their intercourse with the civilian population was exceedingly limited. To conclude, no proof whatsoever has ever been brought forward to the military interallied authorities relative to the alleged outrages. Each time that a complaint reached us an investigation was made, but always without any result. In each case we always found ourselves confronted by a lie or a non-existent fact."

that we are unable to prove the truth of these accusations which have formed the basis of the articles concerning this question.

"We regret," etc.

But the most typical fact is the following, which has been communicated to me by the staff of Marshal Foch:

It had been rumored that at Sarrebruck the bodies of four young girls had been found in a dung-hole near the barracks where the black soldiers were stationed. The local press was said to have published the news. The French military authorities were impressed, and requested the German burgomaster to make an official inquest. Here below is the letter of that same burgomaster:

"The municipality of the town has absolutely nothing to do with the article concerning the discovery of the four bodies of young girls in a dung-hole of the Joffre barracks at Sarrebruck. The fact of this lying communication was only made known by a letter dated December 24. The municipality regrets exceedingly that, without having examined the truth of this untruthful communication, many papers have published this article, which is liable to compromise the friendly relationship existing between the population and the French administration. НОВОМ."

An old French saying runs: "Calumniate, calumniate, something always remains of it!" When one has read the documents herein above named, it seems that nothing remains at all. They will have to look for and find something better.

Paris, France.



Wide World

MOROCCAN TROOPER, ARABIAN

"The few natives who are still there [on the left bank of the Rhine] are the Algerian and Moroccan Rifles, who are Arabs and not blacks."—Marshal Foch

III—THE PREMATURE PEACE WITH GERMANY

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY WADE CHANCE

WITH two years and more elapsed since the armistice was made, Germany has neither completely disarmed, nor has the amount of her reparation bill towards the partial cost of the destruction she wrought yet been settled.

Can any one doubt that from one to two years would have been gained in the readjustment of Europe had the Allies obtained unconditional surrender of the German forces and their leaders, and occupied Berlin—the true intent of every Allied soldier?

When Mr. Wilson was negotiating the armistice, an Allied diplomat in Washington said:

"Mr. President, why do you make peace with Germany?"

"Because Germany is defeated," answered the President.

"But Germany doesn't know it, and that is all that matters," said the diplomat.

Yet the diplomat understated the case. Germany not only did not know that she was defeated, she knew she was not defeated, for did she not remain the only Continental country taking part in the war that was not invaded?

It was a question of definition, and Germany's was more accurate than Mr. Wilson's. To her the test of defeat was simple but definite: she must at all costs avoid destruction or capture of her armies and invasion of her soil.

These two aims had been the avowed purposes of the Allied world, the irreducible minimum. Suddenly, in the hour of final disaster, Germany found unhoped-for aid, and Mr. Wilson, unaware of Germany's well-defined purpose, made a definition of his own, and the world failed to recognize its fateful inaccuracy and limitation. Some few there were who warned, even before the armistice was signed, but they were unheard amid the jubilant clamor of a counterfeited victory. The uneasy conscience of any Allied leader responsible for the error must have sensed those discordant overtones which rang out to ears more truly attuned—the escape of Germany and the knell of the only kind of peace which counted, a final and decisive one. It was Allied hands which rung the joybells, but German hearts which felt truest rejoicing.

Foch was compelled to release his strangle-hold on the German tiger and

allowed only to clip his claws—a conqueror turned manicure. All that Foch was permitted to do he did, but we have his recent declaration in Paris that he had expected the Allied Powers to complete the task after he had done his part.

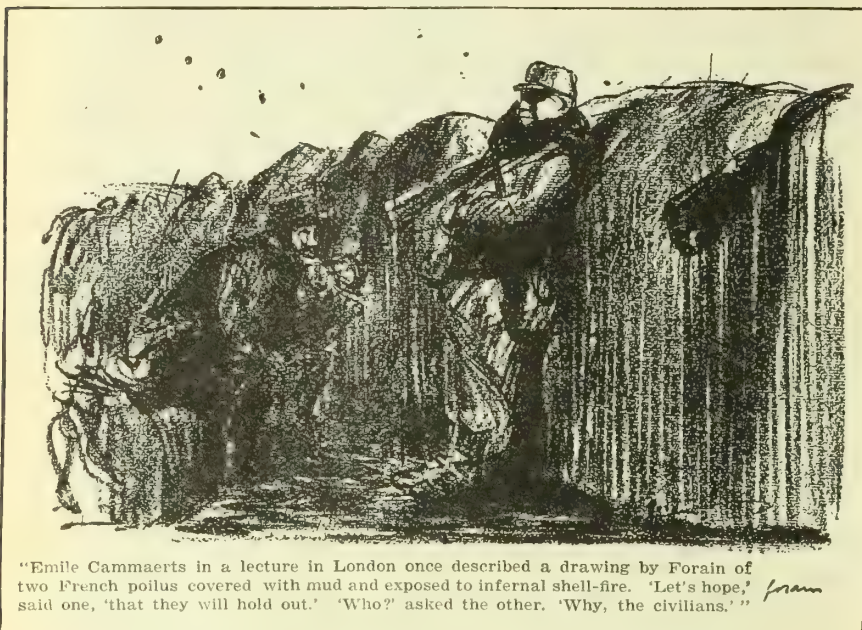
But it was necessary, in order to obtain glory for the Peace-Maker, that we should have a Peace Without Victory!

There was evident intention to save Germany's face and effect a compromise peace which would avoid the appearance, if not indeed the reality, of unconditional surrender. It was the very course best calculated to keep alive German militarism and faith in Germany's invincibility. Our leaders had not the vision to see that it was more necessary to destroy the legend than the substance itself. They spared the substance, and thereby gave new life to the legend by quitting too soon!

Emile Cammaerts in a lecture in London once described a drawing by Forain of two French *poilus*, covered with mud and exposed to infernal shell-fire. "Let's hope," said one, "that they will hold out." "Who?" asked the other. "Why, the civilians."

There is no evidence that the com-

This cartoon was obtained by Ernest Hamlin Abbott, of *The Outlook*, when he was editorial correspondent in France at the Peace Conference



"Emile Cammaerts in a lecture in London once described a drawing by Forain of two French poilus covered with mud and exposed to infernal shell-fire. 'Let's hope,' said one, 'that they will hold out.' 'Who?' asked the other. 'Why, the civilians.'"

posite mind of the German General Staff, prepared for every emergency, ceased to function with the signing of the armistice. Then began a silent war of coercive propaganda and obstruction, to snatch victory from defeat. Their old weapon, Bolshevism, which had worked such wonders in Russia, was everywhere employed with alarming results. Allied delay in enforcing German disarmament was due to fear of Bolshevism, with the feeble hope that Germany's forces would suppress it and stay its westward march. Instead of treating Prussianism and Bolshevism as two arms of the same monster, the second of only less malignant growth than the first, the Allies chose the weaker course of relying on Germany to subdue the one through the other, thereby ignoring their Siamese-twin relationship. They failed to lop off the one limb of military menace, in the futile expectancy that it would do the very work the Allies shirked, and inflict fratricidal destruction on its blood-brother—Bolshevism.

But Prussianism merely held in check a mock Bolshevism in Germany, and aided its spread in Hungary and elsewhere. Neither France, Italy, nor England has anything to fear from Bolshevism *as such*, but much to fear from Prussianism working through Bolshevism. Bolshevism unquestionably had German encouragement and aid in its attempt on Poland, and may again, for destruction of Poland as a barrier against Russian aggression (Germany's only road to Russia is through Polish territory once claimed as her own) is Germany's true policy in eastern Europe.

Von Hindenburg sounded the keynote to this policy in a speech he made in Silesia, as read later in the Polish Parliament, when Germany's obstructive tactics had prevented the landing of the Polish army from France to relieve Poland:

"Not many of us understand what a great victory we won when the Polish army from France was not allowed to land at Dantsic.

"We Germans are not beaten; we are only temporarily overthrown. It is madness to think of conquering us. Our enemies' blood will flow. The time is near when all who dared to raise a sacrilegious hand against us will become powerless. We shall finish the Polish people with God's help. Otherwise, we should be brought to ruin by the Slavs, among whom the Poles might show themselves clever leaders and rulers."

Did the Treaty, made in fear of repudiation by an unchastened and as yet un-disarmed Germany, bring that conviction of defeat which was neither imposed through force of arms, nor made manifest during the map-making business at the Quai d'Orsay, conducted with ingenuous confidence that merely the Allied scissors and a plentiful supply of League-of-Nations mucilage would coerce the predatory Hun?

The balance is yet to be struck.

Why, then, was peace made too soon, granting the correctness of my premise?

In October, 1919, in his office in New York, when I saw Colonel Roosevelt prior to my departure for the Peace Conference, he said to me:

"Tell Mr. — [naming a British statesman] from me that they are not to be frightened by Mr. Wilson. Tell him that a month ago Mr. Wilson was ready to make a separate peace with Germany, and leave the Allies in the lurch."

A month later Mr. Wilson *did* make a separate peace with Germany by granting the armistice and by giving terms through his Fourteen Points when terms need not have been given, released Germany from Foch's grip, saved her army from capture and surrender and her soil from invasion. And the Allies were not consulted until this action was irrevocable.

Here is the evidence.

In Paris, at the Peace Conference, I was told the complete story of what happened at the War Council at Versailles, when the armistice was settled upon, by the famous "Pertinax," the distinguished political editor of "L'Echo de Paris," as related to him by participants in that War Council, then France's delegates. Later, as I will relate, I received confirmation of this hitherto unpublished chapter from M. Clemenceau himself, and final evidence as to premature peace.

Following is the story as given me by "Pertinax," whose testimony cannot be questioned:

"Mr. Wilson started negotiations for peace with Germany without giving any notification to or consulting with the British, French, or Italian Governments. These Governments had then to face what had become an accomplished fact of the greatest import, especially since it meant that the armistice to be imposed on Germany was to be connected with the acceptance of Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points and his subsequent pronouncements.

"The Allies had then to make their choice between accepting an armistice which was contrary to what should be the true character of an armistice, since it entailed upon the victors limitations and obligations as well as rights; or, on the other hand, we must face the danger of eliminating the good will of all-powerful America.

"The full danger of the situation showed itself clearly at the sitting of the Supreme War Council in October, when the terms of the proposed armistice were being discussed. Its terms had been practically agreed to, when some one raised the point as to whether its imposition on Germany was to be connected with the acceptance by the Allies of the Fourteen Points, as laid down by Mr. Wilson ten months before, when the Allies might gladly have made peace on such terms, but the necessity for which had long since passed.

"To a direct query made to him, Colonel House answered:

"I understand that the opinion of President Wilson is to that effect."

"M. Clemenceau then said:

"Let us then read the Fourteen Points."

"They were read aloud, the first of them dealing with open diplomacy. Clemenceau said:

"Does that mean that all our exchange of views must be made before the public?" Mr. Balfour said that, as he understood Mr. Wilson's aims, all that was required was that the Allies were first to arrive at the aims the Allies had in common before public announcement. Clemenceau said, "There will be no difficulty about that."

"Then Mr. Lloyd George explained the attitude of his Government regarding the freedom of the seas, and that Germany had used Mr. Wilson's statement on that subject in such a way that they had to be very careful on that point.

"Suddenly M. Clemenceau said:

"Colonel House, suppose we do not

accept the Fourteen Points, what will happen?"

"Colonel House replied:

"Then, I think, the President will consider that the conversation between himself and the Allies is at an end."

"Clemenceau then characteristically asked:

"And would your conversations with Germany also come to an end?"

"On that point I cannot give you any assurance," answered Colonel House.

"That we took as a distinct threat expressed on behalf of America to leave the Allies to their fate if they did not then make peace and conform themselves to the Fourteen Points and to the rest of Mr. Wilson's policies.

"After four years of a very cruel war, the Allies were thus put in the position of having either to alienate the American people, or accept Mr. Wilson's settlement and thereby endanger their rightful fruits of victory and those elements of security for which we had fought so long. Foch and his staff even went so far as to examine the question as to whether the Allied armies, if deprived of American support, could bring about the complete defeat of Germany—and the conclusion was that he could, knowing well the desperate straits the German armies were in.

"But of course the French and British Governments could not support even the idea of parting company with America, even if at that price they were to insure the full advantages of complete victory.

"Moreover, for nearly six weeks previously public opinion in both England and France had certainly been enervated by the exchange of messages between Mr. Wilson and Berlin. The very praise it had been deemed wise to shower on Mr. Wilson in both countries was reacting against the two Governments and placing more power in his hands.

"As one French statesman put it, 'Our arm had been caught in the Wilson wheel and the whole body had to follow.'

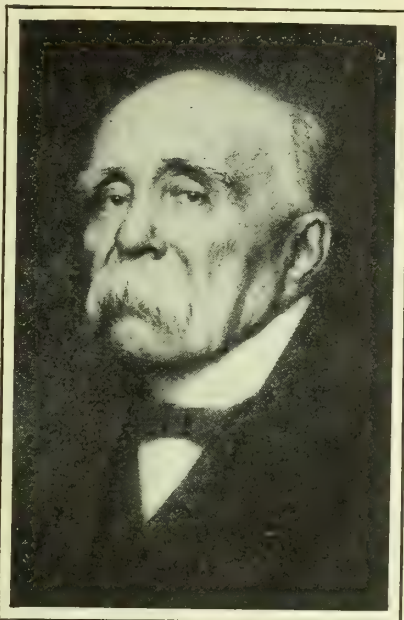
"At that time it was the firm purpose of the Allies to impose a military victory on Germany, since there is in such a victory a moral consequence which could never be obtained by an armistice. We should have achieved it, and we see now the many consequences of this premature action, and we remember especially how the German troops were welcomed back to Berlin as victors.

"Not only were we thus prevented from obtaining a complete military victory, but we had imposed on us through

the armistice obligations which did not, and do not, leave us free to negotiate a true peace with Germany.

"Mr. Wilson thus not only bound us up by imposing his Fourteen Points as part of the armistice terms, but he is holding us fast to his own interpretations thereof.

"As a result of the destruction wrought in Europe by the deliberate designs of



(C) Underwood

GEORGES CLEMENCEAU, PREMIER OF FRANCE DURING THE PERIOD OF VICTORY AND OF PEACE-MAKING

"M. Clemenceau, was the armistice made too soon?" He answered with great vigor: 'Yes, a month too soon; but it was not our fault!'

Germany, either France or Germany must proceed for a generation shackled or crippled, and we now propose to President Wilson that it shall not be America's ally, France, but her enemy who is made to suffer such a penalty.

"Although Foch needed two or three weeks longer to complete his battle, the French Government yielded to pressure and to the considerations given above, perhaps to our terrible cost and future undoing."

There remains only the needed confirmation from the one living authority best qualified to give true and unprejudiced evidence—M. Clemenceau. The following notes were made by me dated March 21, 1919, in Paris:

"M. Clemenceau received me this morning at the Ministry of War after he had postponed my appointment five

times in eight days, each time sending word with punctilious politeness, without reminder from me.

"As I entered his big room, hung with maps, M. Clemenceau said: 'I regret having had to put you off so often, for I wanted to see you, but these are critical days, and my time is constantly taken up, as you know. We are in the midst of many difficulties, and this is not the moment to talk, but I am very hopeful of a good outcome.'

"He then spoke briefly of various matters of vital interest, saying he placed first in importance France's future security. Before leaving I wished to ask one important question, so I said:

"M. Clemenceau, was the armistice made too soon?" He answered with great vigor:

"Yes, a month too soon; but it was not our [France's] fault."

"I said, 'I know well who was responsible; I have heard that whole story of how Mr. Wilson made peace before consulting the Allies, and coerced them into accepting his Fourteen Points.'

"He smiled, and nodded an affirmative.

"Clemenceau looked wonderfully keen and alert, although just recovered from the assassin's bullet. He is not unlike Roosevelt in manner and in his short, stocky build. His face has a Mongolian cast, with high cheek-bones, and he wears a walrus mustache. He wore, as always, the inevitable gray gloves.

"As I took my leave and passed M. Bourgeois coming into the room with an immense dossier of papers, I had a vision of a tired but vigorous old man, summoning all his energies to cope with labors and responsibilities from which he could not escape, fighting with his back to the wall—the one great outstanding figure of the Peace Conference of unquestioned single-minded purpose, courage, and patriotism.

"Clemenceau, like the Russian soldier, was forced to fight with empty hands and build the corner-stone of peace, of which France could supply only the granite, badly battered, it is true, from many assaults, and needing the mortar of money and supplies from hands still overflowing, but doling out with small bargaining and coercive usury. He was France!

France, the bride of earthly goal,
France, the master of her soul,
France weaves an immortal shroud
For heroes bloody but unbowed!
France, the Milky Way of Glory!
France, forever fabled story!

ENOUGH FOR ME

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

I AM the rose that blossoms at your window;
I am the patch of sunlight on your floor,
The bird whose song you hear at dusk and dawning—
No more to you, no more.

Your eyes may seek the rose when they are weary;
Warm on your feet the sunbeam's touch may be;
And you might miss the bird if it were silent.
That is enough for me.

WINDS FROM HEAVEN

BY HARRY LEE

I THINK I know
The reason why
The tall trees bow
When winds go by.

They bow to see
Upon the sod
The mystic feet
Of Father God.

And that is why
They bow them low
At even
When the cool winds blow.

THE MARKET PRICE ON LANDSCAPE

BY FRANK A. WAUGH

THIS story is addressed strictly to tight-wads. It is for the sordid, hard-headed, callous bohunks who have no standard of value except the dollar. If you are one of those miserly and practical "business men" who recognize no power in society except the power of money, then read on. This is for you.

If, on the other hand, you have a soul, if your heart ever warms to music or the majesty of the ocean or the solitude of the forests or the sublimity of the mountains, if you can recognize spiritual values, this story has nothing that will interest you very much. For the present we are going to consider nothing but money—cold cash—market values expressed in dollars, each dollar 25.8 grains of gold, nine-tenths fine.

There are a lot of frivolous highbrows who want to make National parks for

the preservation of scenery and who have nothing but the flimsiest of sentimental reasons for it. They want to save the big trees merely to worship them, without any consideration for the price of lumber. They want to save Niagara Falls and Yellowstone Lake, and Multnomah Falls and the Grand Canyon, only to see the water lie rotting in the lake or fall uselessly over the precipice. They talk about patriotism and love of country and the elevating influence of beauty, and all that nonsense. But we are going to pass up all that dribble and get down to something important—that is, to money and markets.

Now the National Parks, the National Forests, and the National Monuments, in which much of our finest American scenery is preserved, are visited annually by hundreds of thousands of our citizens. For the present

we may confine our attention strictly to the National Parks, since it is here that the highbrows propose to cut away from all practical considerations and save the landscape for its beauty alone. We are going to stick strictly to facts, and fact the first is this: The attendance on the National Parks in 1919 was over three-quarters of a million, and in 1920 was near the million mark. This would be good business even for a moving-picture show.

It is a fair presumption that the entertainment supplied to these park visitors was fully equal to that given at the movies. Now the movies constitute a legitimate and established business. Some persons think that they are a purely business proposition. At any rate, the movie managers have something to sell and the public buys their wares in large quantities.

What they sell is recreation. So also do the theaters, the operas, the circuses, and hundreds of other good legitimate business organizations sell recreation. There are, in fact, hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of recreation sold over the counter every day of the year, including Sunday, in spite of all blue laws. This fact should entitle recreation to a place along with pig iron, army stores, and fertilizers as a commodity of commerce. The moving-picture industry is said to be worth millions of dollars. It is not necessary to inquire too nicely what this means, but the statement is widely accepted, and among the indurated worshipers of business for the cash it is never questioned.

Considering recreation as a commercial commodity, we may fairly inquire what it is worth. By this we mean only what will it bring in the market. The highbrows may suggest that some of the forms of recreation most profitable commercially are utterly worthless in any view of ultimate human values; but we care nothing about such piffling considerations. At present market prices, recreation in the movies sells for about 20 cents a package, or, roughly stated, at 20 cents an hour. If one goes to a "regular" theater, one pays from 50 cents to \$1.50 an hour for entertainment. A concert or the grand opera costs \$1 to \$5 an hour.

Any one who will run over the commoner forms of commercialized recreation, such as those on which he spends



International

VISITORS TOURING YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK IN WINTER

"It is a fair presumption that the entertainment supplied to these park visitors was fully equal to that given at the movies"



Photograph by H. H. Moore, of the Outlook staff

A SCENE IN GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

"Is it fair to balance a three days' visit to the Grand Canyon or Glacier Park against one evening at the opera?"

his own good money, will quickly conclude that current prices range from 20 cents to \$5 an hour, with the average somewhere around 50 cents.

Well, then, to come back to the parks and the scenery and the sentimental stuff, let us observe that the average visitor spends approximately thirty hours in any National Park which he visits, working time, sleeping hours, not counted. If we reckon his ration of recreation at the lowest possible figure, viz., 20 cents an hour, he has bought and used at least \$6 worth before he gets away.

Right here let us check figures before we go any further. One may pay \$6, of course, for a seat at the opera or for three admissions to less pretentious concerts. Is it fair to balance a three days' visit to the Grand Canyon or Glacier Park against one evening at the opera? It doesn't seem to be claiming too much for the Canyon, does it?

Yet if we figure these park visits at \$6 each, the total product of the National Park system in 1919 was worth four and a half millions to the citizens of the United States. Now it takes a pretty good oil field to produce four and a half millions in a year. Moreover, the oil field soon runs out, while the National Parks grow in value and produce more and more commercially valuable recreation every year.

These figures are not only eminently conservative—they are obviously and altogether too low. We are proceeding

here on the principle that recreation, like coal or pork, is worth whatever people will pay for it. In the field of business this principle is unassailable; and even if driven into the field of ethics, sociology, and religion, it will stand a hard examination. On this basis, it is easy to figure that those amiable citizens and lady voters who took their vacations in the parks paid considerably more than \$6 per voter, and presumably got more than \$6 worth of vacation.

Last summer I took my bright young wife and went on a bridal tour through the Yellowstone National Park. As this was about our twenty-fifth annual wedding trip, and as we were pressed for time, we took the shortest practicable route and paid the lowest market price. This trip, covering four and one-half days, cost us, exclusive of railway fares (except the spur trip from Livingston in and out), a trifle over \$60 each. This figure is almost a minimum, and certainly well below the average. We may be perfectly sure, therefore, that the 80,000 persons who visited the Yellowstone during 1920 paid more than five million dollars for the recreation which they bought over that counter.

Yet there are some persons who are anxious to jeopardize a five-million-dollar business for a five-thousand-dollar prospect—to shut their eyes to the value of scenery already yielding over five millions annually, and certain to double in output very soon, in order to develop

five hundred dollars' worth of water power or to grow five thousand dollars' worth of wheat. The scenery is irreplaceable, but the wheat can be grown more cheaply in Kansas or North Dakota.

I do not want to exaggerate at any point, nor do I want to abuse this obvious and practical method of estimating the income value of scenery, but we approach our logical conclusion only when we press our arithmetic one step further. We can be very sure that the annual attendance of visitors in the Yellowstone will soon exceed 100,000; and the annual attendance on all National Parks will soon go above the one-million mark. I think, moreover, that no one who has ever joined the crowd of "dudes" (local for tourists) in the Yellowstone, the Grand Canyon, or elsewhere will think that they spend less than an average of \$100 each on their park vacations. Which means that we have at least one hundred million dollars' worth of business already in sight, and a business which is certain to increase rapidly from year to year, a business which does not require insurance, replacement, or amortization, and in which the capital cannot be impaired except by the grossest mismanagement.

Mr. Business Man and Citizen of the U. S. A., you are a voting stockholder in this superb enterprise. Are you going to vote to continue that business or to give the stock away to outsiders at two cents on the dollar?

SKIS AND SKIES

AS SEEN THROUGH THE CAMERA BY OUTLOOK READERS



From R. F. Maxcy, Portland, Me.

A LONG LEAP ON THE SKIS IN MONTREAL, CANADA

Winning from a field of thirty competitors, we here see Mr. F. McKinnon, of the Montreal Ski Club, jumping 95 feet in the open championship jumping contest of the Canadian Amateur Ski Association, held February 19, 1921. Another competitor, E. Sundberg, fell just short of this distance, his jump being 92 feet



From Ernest A. Rayner, Manila, P. I.

SUNSET IN THE PHILIPPINES

The Philippine Islands, says our informant, are noted for their fine sunsets. The coconut palms and the native houses are silhouetted against the tropical sky of molten gold

THE BOOK TABLE

AMONG THE NOVELS

IT is a favorite fiction device of Mr. W. J. Locke to introduce his reader to a man whose eccentricity or quaint perversity seems quite outside ordinary experience and reasonableness, and yet to make him so lovable and fine-hearted that the reader aforesaid does not care a jot whether Septimus, say, or Paragot, is "real" under normal tests or not. In "The Mountebank"¹ the clown and acrobat who becomes a brigadier-general in the Great War and a clown again when demobilized is not amusing or clever, but he is something better—gentleman in heart and thought, simple, steadfast, and sincere. One does not quite admit that a man with ability to rise from the ranks to a command could fail to do something better in civil life than return to clown's work; but what is more important is that Andrew Lackaday, general and clown, is as solid a piece of character building as Mr. Locke has ever done, that he gets our respect and admiration, and that we rejoice to find him in the end winning Lady Auriol, the Princesse Lointaine of his day dreams. There is nothing conventional about this "happy ending," and whether it is "good art" or not, it is satisfying. "The Mountebank" is not so gay a tale as some of its predecessors, but it achieves a triumph in making Andrew's manliness wipe out the grotesqueness of his trade. Doubtless, also, Mr. Locke wanted to point out by an exaggerated example the real pathos or tragedy in the after-the-war misfits of many gallant soldiers and officers.

The mystery story is a new field for Mr. Eden Phillpotts. But in "The Gray Room"² he employs the same finished

art, careful diction, and sound knowledge of the workings of temperament and character in individuals that we have always had from his pen. He is successful, too, in keeping his reader long in doubt whether the sudden deaths of five persons in this "haunted room," at different times and with no visible cause, is due to natural or super-normal activities; in fact, for a time one fears that he may leave the mystery unsolved altogether. The explanation, when it does come, is novel and original, whatever else may be said about it. There is one strong, impressive character in the tale, a fine old clergyman whose son is one of the victims; he is firmly convinced that the gray room holds an evil spirit that can be conquered only by prayer and exorcising, and persists in his attempt to battle with the Satanic enemy, only to fall a victim.

A contrast to Mr. Phillpotts's semi-ghost story is "The Magician,"³ by W. Somerset Maugham, whose "The Moon and Sixpence" was a powerful but unpleasant book. His new novel deals with modern Satanism and occult power, and is nightmarish and horrible. Only those with a perverted taste for cruelty and monstrosity can enjoy such misguided imagination.

But "The Monster,"⁴ by Horace Bleackley, is the reverse of abnormality. This species of "monster" is industrial, not diabolical. By it the author means England's factory system. Beginning with a little workhouse boy, one of the countless slaves under the cruel "apprentice" plan of the early years of the last century, Mr. Bleackley in successive generations of the same families carries

us through the Corn Law and Reform agitations, the passage of the Factory Acts, and so down to the present industrial situation. This description does not sound dramatic, but the novel has both characters and incidents out of the ordinary, and is quite as vigorous considered as fiction as it is from the economic and humanitarian standpoints.

Another unusual subject in fiction is finely handled by Elsie Singmaster in her "Ellen Levis."⁵ Out of the fanatical life of a dying Seventh-Day Baptist community—one of the strange sects which grew up in Pennsylvania from early German mystics of the type of the Russian Doukhobors—come two of the people we meet in this story. Ellen, self-reliant, skeptical in the midst of superstition and mysticism, simply forces herself out into the world of knowledge, culture, and human love. On the other hand, a visionary schoolmaster on whom the hope of the community rests gains an unwholesome view of the outer world by secret reading of pernicious or ultra-realistic novels, but finds refuge at last in hard work, and joins the Salvation Army. There are other well-considered characters, and the novel is knit together and ably written. It is an advance on "Basil Everman," which has received deserved praise from the critics. Both novels are decidedly worth-while additions to recent American fiction. So also is Arnold Mulder's "The Sand Doctor,"⁶ with its picturesque background in the sand dunes of the Great Lakes and its highly humanized study of a doctor who will not court the favor of hypochondriacs and overfed and under-exercised old ladies nor work hard to build up a "good practice" when scientific investigation lures him to things

¹The Mountebank. By W. J. Locke. The John Lane Company, New York.

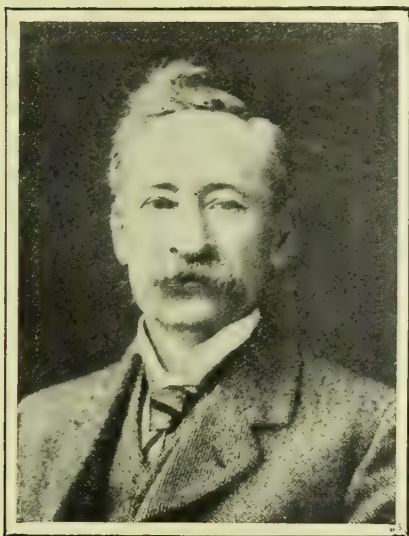
²The Gray Room. By Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Company, New York.

³The Magician. By W. Somerset Maugham. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

⁴The Monster. By Horace Bleackley. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

⁵Ellen Levis. By Elsie Singmaster. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

⁶The Sand Doctor. By Ernest Mulder. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.



EDEN PHILLPOTTS



ELSIE SINGMASTER



WILLIAM J. LOCKE

really worth while. "The Sand Doctor" is even better than Mr. Mulder's "The Outward Bound Road."

Mr. Oppenheim's "Jacob's Ladder"⁷ ranges freely among exciting but also amusing plots to separate a newly made millionaire from his money. There is a certain predatory Scotch marquis who is a perfect joy. And his son, who saves Jacob's millions, in the only case where Jacob loses his own tight hold of them, is a genial Johnnie who might have walked right out of one of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's books. In short, "Jacob's Ladder" is good fun; the author has written many subtle crime mysteries, but he never before was so joyously entertaining. Also entertaining is Gibbs's "The Vagrant Duke,"⁸ in which a Russian Grand Duke comes to America as a waiter, and becomes an armed guard and the lover of a housekeeper's niece; while Mr. Dutton's "The Underwood Mystery"⁹ is a murder and detective story of the old type, not very well written, but ingeniously planned to lead the reader on false trails, while the true one is completely concealed. Still another plot-and-action novel is "Lister's Great Adventure,"¹⁰ as good a book as Harold Bindloss ever wrote, the story of a forceful and resourceful young engineer who wins his bride by sheer grit and courage.

⁷Jacob's Ladder. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

⁸The Vagrant Duke. By George Gibbs. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

⁹The Underwood Mystery. By C. J. Dutton. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

¹⁰Lister's Great Adventure. By Harold Bindloss. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

THE NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

DIARY OF A JOURNALIST (THE). By Sir Henry Lucy. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

The former "Toby, M. P." of "Punch" has a keen sense of humor and a wide acquaintance with political, literary, and social personages—brilliant, forceful, or eccentric. This volume of reminiscences is amusing and really an epitome of Sir Henry's time.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY ENGLISH WAYFARING LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES (XIVth CENTURY). By J. J. Jusserand. Translated by Lucy Toulmin Smith. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"One must select, early in life, a vast intellectual task, that will be like a literary companion, a long-lived one, which you can never lose, because it will be sure to outlive you." So Ambassador Jusserand was told in early youth. He chose for his task the description of the English people during the fourteenth century. This book, as originally published in 1889, was a first essay in that task. We now have a new and revised edition. The work is replete with learning made entertaining by Gallic vivacity and literary skill.

ENGLAND AFTER THE WAR. By Frank Dilnot. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City.

Mr. Dilnot is known to our readers as a writer of correspondence and special

articles on British affairs. He is a journalist of careful methods, thoroughly well informed, and fair-minded in discussion. This volume is illuminating as to the condition of England in its after-the-war transition period. Business, finance, social changes, political leadership, or failure to lead, are all treated. Americans will find in its chapters much to clarify their ideas and increase their knowledge about the situation as it now stands.

IRISH REBELLION OF 1641 (THE). By Lord Ernest Hamilton. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

An elaborate study of a chapter in Irish history which English and Irish may well regret. The horrors and atrocities of the rebellion of 1641 and the outbreaks which continued for ten years thereafter left a legacy of hatred that continues to our time. Lord Ernest does not disguise the facts, but contends that "the massacres are no greater slur on the Irish nation than the Reign of Terror on the French nation or Bolshevism on Russia as a whole." He has unearthed new material and evidence. Oppression and insurrection are cause and effect, but the details of the massacre of British and Scotch settlers are almost incredibly cruel and brutal.

MEN AND STEEL. By Mary Heaton Vorse. Boni & Liveright, New York.

Mrs. Vorse asserts that about three-quarters of the steel workers cannot earn enough for an American standard of living. She protests against the autocracy of the United States Steel Corporation, which will not, she says, meet the representatives of labor, while the United States will and does. Her volume abounds in pictures of misery and suffering growing out of strike conditions. It is frankly not a judicial but an advocate's view of the economic questions involved. But it is alive with sincere sympathy and graphic accounts of things seen and people talked with. One of the ablest public men in the country writes to The Outlook of "Men and Steel:" "Mary Vorse's heart is the kindly, courageous, instinctive organ of modern womanhood that is to have a chance to lead the blind. Always humanity has been sightless, and never so much so as when it vainly thinks it sees and knows."

THE NEAR SIDE OF THE MEXICAN QUESTION. By Jay S. Stowell, M.A. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

Shall Mexico be Americanized or left to its own devices? To decide, we should know the basic facts. Mr. Stowell's book fulfills its announced purpose to offer "a brief yet complete study of the characteristics of the Mexican people—a text-book for the understanding of our neighbors to the south."

SIX-HOUR SHIFT AND INDUSTRIAL EFFICIENCY (THE). By Lord Leverhulme. Introduction by Henry R. Seager. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Lord Leverhulme believes that the hope of the future lies, industrially, in shortening hours of work, increasing wages, and cheapening products, rather than in Socialism. At his model town, Port Sunlight, he has tried the six-hour

day, not as philanthropy but as enlightened self-interest. With it have been fair dealing with unions and a system of profit-sharing. The result, he declares, has been both good and profitable. This book tells the story, explains principles and practice, and urges general experiment in this direction.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

THIS WORLD OF OURS. By J. H. Curle. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

This is an unusual book of travels. The author began his journeys at the age of fourteen and, consumed by an irrepressible *Wanderlust*, traveled literally throughout the world—nearly a million miles, he estimates. The comments of a mystical, wondering spirit pervade the multitude of descriptive details and make the book a fascinating one for "shut-ins" and "stay-at-homes."

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

INNER MEANING OF THE FOUR GOSPELS (THE). By Gilbert T. Sadler. C. W. Daniel, Ltd., London.

The author of this volume argues that Jesus is not a historical person and that the "Jesus-cult" is simply a mythical product of an Oriental religious faith. This notion was much more ably presented by Professor W. B. Smith, of New Orleans, in "Ecce Deus" (1912). It aroused a temporary curiosity, but it is not taken seriously by Biblical scholars of any school. That such a Personality as that of Jesus should have been created by an unknown author is highly improbable; that it should have been created by four independent biographers is still more incredible; that it should have appeared spontaneously upon the historical canvas without any author is a theory that deserves preservation only in a museum as a curiosity of theological literature.

OLD TESTAMENT HEROES OF THE FAITH.

By Rev. Frank T. Lee, D.D. The Stratford Company, Boston.

This book tells the stories of Old Testament heroes with comments intended to remove, or at least to lessen, difficulties which the modern reader feels in some of them, as, for example, in the mis-called sacrifice of Isaac and in the story of Jonah. These comments are very carefully guarded; they are hardly adequate for modern Bible students, but may serve to introduce readers who have been accustomed to regard the Bible as infallible to a fuller and more intellectually satisfying point of view and one in better accord with the more moderate claims of the Bible writers themselves.

SCIENCE

BOY WITH THE U. S. INVENTORS (THE).

By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Illustrated. (U. S. Service Series.) The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston.

Boys who have a real taste for mechanics will delight in this book, which gives in story form a description of several great American inventions. Other readers also will find in it lucid explanations of machines which have perhaps puzzled them, though they may be indifferent to the fictional envelope of the descriptions.

THE EDITORS' MAIL BAG

LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS OPPONENTS BUT FRIENDS

MAY I be permitted to add a little to the interesting reminiscence of the Lincoln-Douglas debate at Toulon, Illinois, by Garrett Newkirk? I was present both days.

Girls representing the States made a large wreath of beautiful flowers. This they intended to throw over Lincoln's head as he came to the fair ground from the north. When the advance agent made this known to him, he vetoed it, on the ground that "the contrast would be too striking." At first, this was a little wounding to the ladies' pride, but after obtaining a good view of him they concurred in his judgment.

He, however, accepted the wreath with thanks and tenderly placed it under the seat of his vehicle.

Spoon River history has failed to record his final disposition of that wreath.

Douglas spoke the day following, and came in the evening of Lincoln's speech. From some cause Lincoln did not leave until the next morning. During the evening they walked about town, arm in arm. This terribly exasperated some of both sides; they could not understand how two could be such bitter enemies politically and yet be personal friends.

The next morning, before leaving, Lincoln walked up to the hotel clerk and asked the amount of his bill. He was told that it had been settled.

When speaking, Douglas impressed me as being a man of polish and a fine orator.

Lincoln impressed me as being an earnest, sincere man, firmly believing every word he uttered, and, had I so wished, I could not have forgotten what he said. (Mrs.) E. S. MINER.

Oberlin, Kansas.

THE MEAT BILL AND THE LITTLE BUTCHER

YOUR article by Sherman Rogers "The Nation's Meat Bill" does not tell us why, when live pork was five cents per pound, the "little butcher" sold us his best bacon for twenty cents per pound, and the "little butcher" did not save everything but the "squeal."

The "little butcher" made the pork into bacon for fifteen cents per pound, and to-day the packers charge three times as much for making eight-cent pork into bacon.

Any little butcher will tell you that he made as much money in those days as he does to-day, and some of them made more than they do to-day.

Mr. Rogers fails to call our attention to the great evil of the packers in the past, when they obtained control of the distribution. He fails to review their methods to obtain the control. Have the packers turned to "saints"? Are they so big that they cannot publicly acknowledge that they were unfair in their past?

Not one of the packers is sufficiently

THE MAN
WHO SUSPECTS
HIS OWN
TEDIOUSNESS
IS
YET
TO BE
BORN.

PONKAPOG PAPERS.

developed so that he can hold the control of distribution and not abuse it. It is the control of the distribution that is the evil.

When the packers undersold the "little butcher" long enough to make the little butcher quit, were the methods that they employed economically sound? Is any human being developed so that he can be trusted with control of any food or material for the human family? I confess I am not. I might become a despot. Take the control of the supply from the packers, and you have taken what every one wants. Give the control to the people.

A good many of us are like the farmer's "five-dollar hog;" we are full of two-dollar corn. I will agree with what Mr. Rogers says if he will add that the packers abused, and are abusing, the control which they enjoy. We want the five-cent pork made into twenty-cent bacon by our "little butcher" or the control changed. Food is God-given. Let's distribute it more economically without the evil of control.

H. CLAY EVENSON.

La Crosse, Wisconsin.

A LETTER FROM A STRANDED WHALE

Dear Sir:

How does it happen that a paper as well known as The Outlook can be so careless with its illustrations? You have in the number of February 2 what is described as a ship under studding-sails and skysails. (Page 177.) The vessel in question has neither a studding-sail nor yet a skysail, and not even a spar to hang them on. She is described as the clipper "Breeze from the West"—and yet, a clipper ship, she can only make a passage of 172 days from New York to 'Frisco. Why not write a sea story that is fit for some one beside the lubbers? A passage of 172 days from New York to 'Frisco would be poor for a Norway wooden bark—let alone a clipper ship.

Lest I seem to speak of what I know not, I may perhaps state that before I attained my growth I was six times around the Horn under square sail; and

that I made the run from Antwerp to Portland, Oregon, in 117 days. We were 53 days to the Horn, 22 more to the line coming up. And then, after crossing the Columbia bar, we were halted by a fool of a boy who killed a sea bird. And the wind was in our teeth from half an hour after that, or we would have made port in less than a hundred days. This sounds like a lie, a fable, a wind from the sea. But it is the truth. And the ship was the four-mast bark (Clyde built) Silberhorn, out of Liverpool, now for some twelve years lost—missing at sea between Newcastle, New South Wales, and Iquique.

And yet after twenty years ashore (God help poor sailors!) I do at times wake to harken to the voice of old Reuben Sweeny, who is standing "fore-hand" at the maintopsail halyards and rousing a chantey as we set the upper topsails, with the Diegos upon the beam and a breeze coming fair at last, after three weeks off old Stiff.

Away up No'th an old woman did dwell,

To me way hay yo ya

Away up No'th an old woman did dwell

Oh—a long time ago.

She'd one pretty daughter whose name it was Nell.

To me way hay yo ya

She'd one pretty daughter whose name it was Nell.

Oh, a long time ago.

But as the mate yells "Belay!" and the ship reels like a girl in a dance upon the fiddle-driven floors of Barbary—alas! I awaken full; and the moon is shining upon the snows of the Sierras above me and the good deep seas are very far away.

What do you know of the feelings of an old stranded whale? Nothing at all, or you would not be putting a lot of flab-dab stuff about stuns'ls and skys'ls and things as isn't there at all for his blinking eyes to stare at. Would you now?

Faithfully yours,

B. M. ADAMS.

(But, after all, I collared the old woman's pretty daughter, so it's not so bad as it might be.)

[Captain Adams's letter brought a breath of salt air into the Outlook office which quite made us forgive him for going at us with a belaying-pin. We are the more ready to forgive him because our consciences are clear even if our caption under our illustration was not.

We intended our picture to represent the view which met the eyes of the skipper of the Breeze from the West when he entered San Francisco Bay. The illustration was taken from an old painting of that very locality.

The passage of the Breeze from the West from New York to San Francisco was by no means a fast one, but there were many ships which did not make the journey around the Horn in much better time. Between June 26 and July

25, 1850, thirty-three vessels arrived in San Francisco from New York and Boston whose passages averaged one hundred and fifty-nine days. The best records ever made from New York to San Francisco by sailing vessels were made by the Flying Cloud and the Andrew Jackson. They took eighty-nine days from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate. These figures are taken from Arthur H. Clark's "The Clipper Ship Era," a volume to which Mr. Minnigerode gratefully acknowledges his debt for much of the historical background of his story.

We confess, however, that there was an anachronism in the picture which Captain Adams, sea-dog though he may be, quite overlooked. The ship in the center of our picture carried double topsails, and double topsails did not come into use until a few years after the period of Mr. Minnigerode's tale.—THE EDITORS.]

LENITY FOR DEBS

I TRUST I am a reasonably law-abiding and patriotic citizen, but I cannot qualify under your editorial this week

(page 245), for I hope that Harding will show his magnanimity by releasing Debs. I rather think he will.

Not, as you know very well, because I agree with Debs. I was with you in the American rights defense league that helped prod us into the war, in which we started too late and quit too soon.

Not because it was not a good thing to have shut him up. I had a long talk with the man who prodded the Government into taking action in the Debs case. He had a hard job and did good work.

But—

Because democratic government depends for its success on free speech—that is, on the permission both verbally and by passive resistance to oppose (as the abolitionists did the fugitive slave laws) what one believes to be a good government, even in improper fashion, provided one does not advocate other than orderly processes of change, except in national emergencies, such as war.

Because Lincoln gained strength by his calm, great-minded, not vindictive treatment of Vollandigham (I spent part of Lincoln's Birthday reading some of Lincoln's letters), who was, as near

as I can judge, a worse and more dangerous man than Debs. Harding, coming from Vollandigham's country, will, I think, learn the lesson from Lincoln.

Because I remember that Debs, in a famous debate with that employer of murderers "Big Bill Haywood," was against sabotage, and, so far as I know, has not favored Bolshevism-proletariat dictatorship.

Because in his Anti-Selective Service Bill action he did not go beyond a lot of radical ministers, who have not been touched.

Because many of the conscientious objectors who followed his teaching have been released with back pay!

Because, therefore, his continued imprisonment will look like political persecution.

Because amnesties for political prisoners, made so under the stress of war, are common and wise near its close.

Because I do not think enough of his principles or party to want them to gain the credit that will come from his "martyrdom." "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church!"

ALFRED C. LANE.

MORE CONTEST LETTERS

A FABLE FROM A STUDIO



As you have invited me to express my opinion of The Outlook, and not wishing to enter the contest for a prize, I submit this fable:

An artist, though he had gained great renown for skill in depicting things he saw about him, was

not content, and asked the public to give further proof of their approval.

He fastened by a string a piece of chalk to one of his finest canvases with a placard requesting the passer-by to make a mark on any part of the picture he found faulty.

The next day showed the entire picture obliterated by chalk.

Sponging off the chalk, he changed the placard to read, "Place a mark on any part of this canvas you may find good."

The next morning the picture was, as before, entirely obliterated by chalk.

And I, dear Outlook, since I am your judge, do cover your page with chalk.

Your constant reader,

GEORGE INNESS, JR.

Tarpon Springs, Florida.

NEEDED—SQUIRREL PAGES

FIRST off, we wish to hand you a bouquet, for, although we have been hearing mags. pat themselves on the back for twenty-five years, this is the first time a mag. has come forward and

offered to give away good money to some one who could deal it a Solar Plex. But we are inclined to think also that a mag. that will pass out fifty bucks for a knock must be subconsciously aware that something is wrong. You remind me of the woman who went to church in her apron—she knew something was wrong the way people looked at her.

Now, Outlook, we ain't got no call to criticise you at all. You are honest; you are sane; you are careful; you are well edited and every number is a masterpiece. BUT—that is just the trouble! You are too darn careful; too well edited; too sane! My wife, who has been a consistent reader of your pages for seventy-eight years, is beginning to lose her good opinion of you; and the other evening, when I tried to defend you, she cried out:

"That's just the trouble with them! They're always right!"

There you are. You are ceasing to be human, and must come down off the pedestal somewhere and MIX! Look at Wilson—eight years and not a single break! Never once did he slip and sit down in a puddle! Not once did an egg spatter when he broke it! He never even sat down in a chair that had just been removed! OdeerOdeer. 'Twas awful!

You may win fifty dollars if you enter The Outlook's Prize Contest Number Two. Turn now to the announcement on page 440 of this issue.

Now, Mr. Dry-as-dust, what we want you to do is call the Staff around the Official Table, and say,

"Gentlemen: We have made an egregious error in supposing that people wish to be informed, to be fed little lumps of undiluted truth. They don't—not altogether. The Human Mind is so constituted that it craves a contrast—so we come to the inevitable conclusion that somewhere in our pages we have got to throw discretion to the winds and go crazy. Pursuant with that discovery, we will hereinafter set aside page Number 23 to be known as the Squirrel Page, Nutty stuff only. The nuttier the better. See, therefore, that you look out for such material in the future. I thank you."

It ought to be dead easy, for I am sure you are daily returning MSS. that would be of the highest value on such a page. Also instruct your Editors to contribute, as I can imagine no more facetious animal than an Editor with the strings cut. Free verse would go great—if not too well done—and a canvass of your waste-basket would probably produce much valuable copy.

Now, Outlook, rush this through, as I wish to get the Cotton taste out of my mouth, and give my brain a Holiday. Wax facetious! Let yourself go! Loosen up! And oblige,

Yours almost seriously,

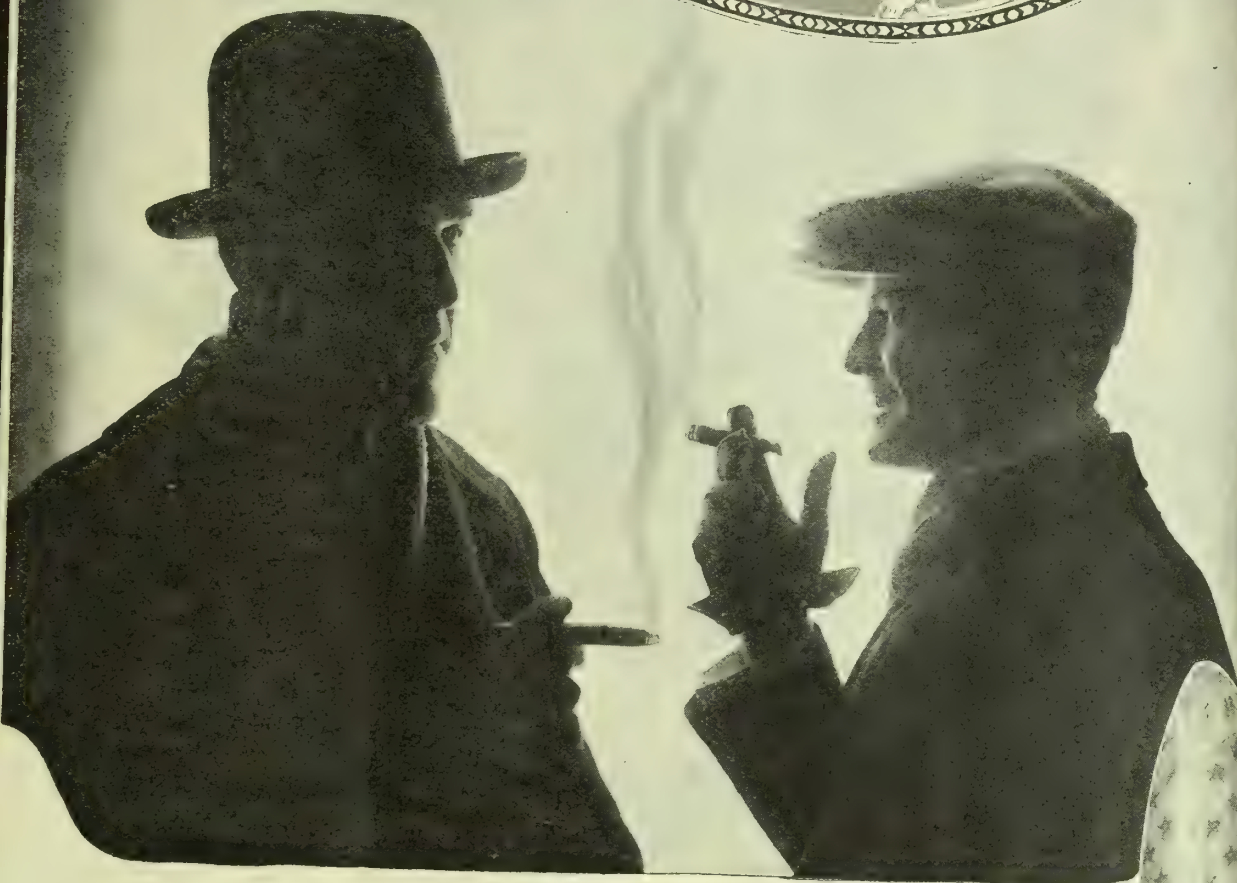
KETCH. (M. B. KETCHAM).

Indianapolis, Indiana.

P. S. Do not return this MS. if not accepted, as I know no other mag. it would fit.

K.
Enclosed find self-addressed envelope for the fifty bucks. KETCH.

HAVE YOU TRIED ONE LATELY?



The most individual Cigar—

ROBT. BURNS' reputation as an *individual* cigar is national—reaching into every nook and corner of the country. What other full Havana-filled cigar, selling at Robt. Burns prices, is smoked to the same extent as Robt. Burns?

Like the Robt. Burns cigar, Robt. Burns smokers, too, are *individual*. Robt. Burns conforms to their ideas of what a fine cigar should be. They like Robt. Burns'

full Havana filler. They appreciate the May-mildness which special curing and the mild Sumatra wrapper give to this Havana.

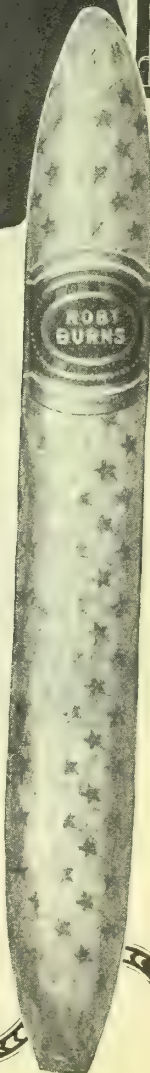
Robt. Burns smokers always ask for Robt. Burns *by name*. It is next to impossible, cigar dealers declare, to sell Robt. Burns smokers anything but Robt. Burns cigars.

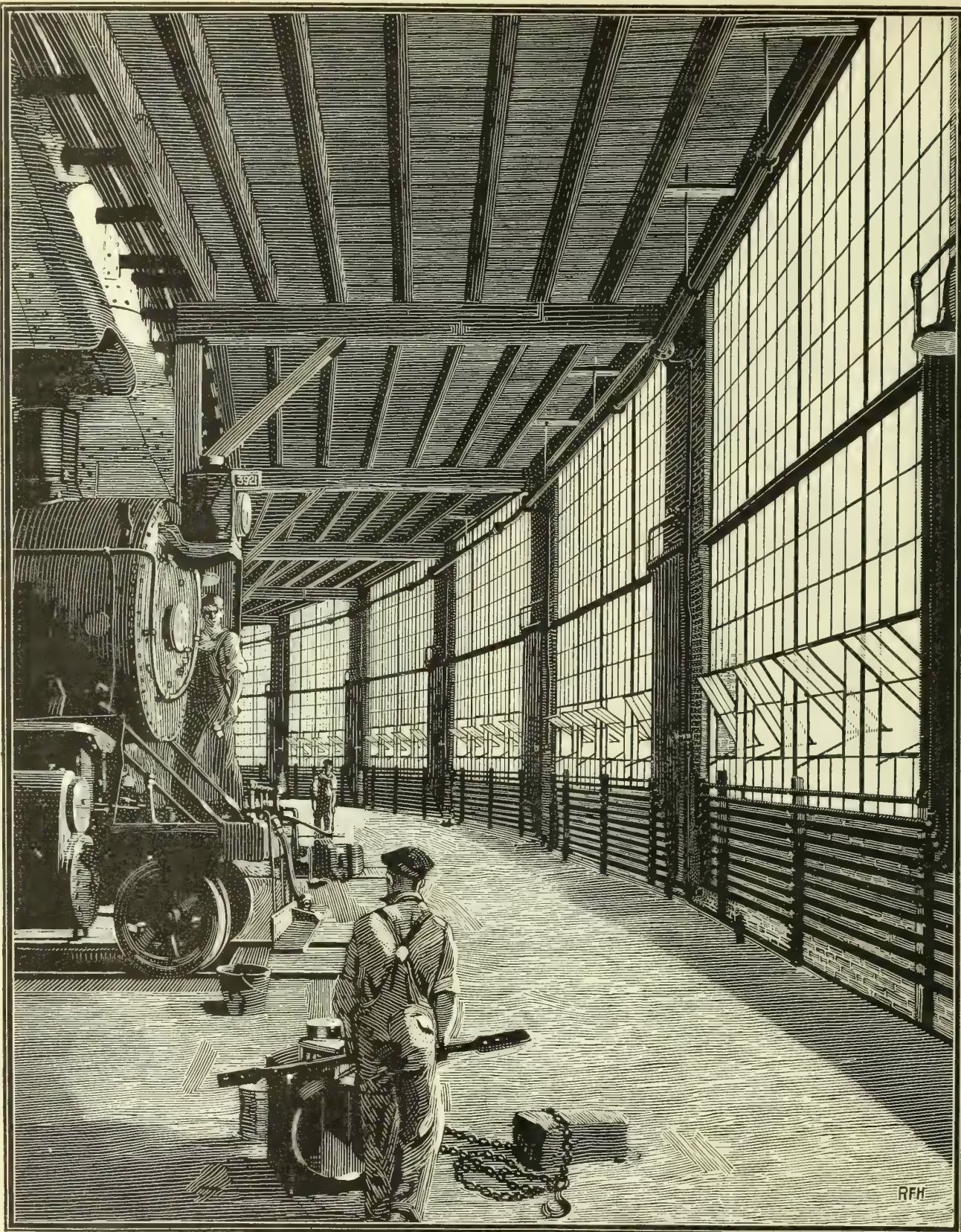
General Cigar Co., Inc.
NATIONAL BRANDS
NEW YORK CITY

LONGFELLOW
ACTUAL SIZE
(foil wrapped)
17c, 3 for 50c
Box of 50—\$8.00

Robt. Burns Cigar

Priced from 2 FOR 25c to 25c STRAIGHT





*Pere Marquette Roundhouse,
Plymouth, Michigan*

*Designed by Pere Marquette Engineers
The Arnold Company, Chicago, Contractors*

Fenestra

Steel Window Walls

Why WindoWalls Serve More Railways

Railway executives, as a class, have standardized for economy and efficiency in buildings, as well as in rolling stock and equipment.

They have generally adopted Fenestra Windo-Wall design for roundhouses and blacksmith shops because such buildings must be quickly cleared of smoke and gas.

They have also learned that fire resistant WindoWalls in car shops and freight sheds actually save artificial light and increase output at economical cost.

WindoWalls are also extensively used in railway signal towers, record storage buildings, depots, coal breakers, machine shops, piers, power houses and transformer stations.

The Fenestra policy of standardization, backed by consulting engineers, distributing stations and erection crews in convenient centers, explains why WindoWalls serve the majority of nationally known railways as well as all other industries.

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Baltimore & Ohio R. R.
Big Four
Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg
Central New York Southern
Chicago & Northwestern
Chicago, Burlington, & Quincy
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul
Chicago, North Shore & Milwaukee
Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha
Cincinnati, Indianapolis & Western
Delaware, Lackawanna & Western
Duluth, Missabe & Northern
Elgin, Joliet & Eastern
Erie
Galveston, Harrisburg & San Antonio
Grand Trunk
Illinois Central
Kansas City, Clay County & St. Joseph
Lake Erie & Western
Lehigh Valley



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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY¹

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Germany Unscathed and Unrepentant: How Should We Treat Germany? German Evasion

IN this issue of The Outlook there are five different articles on Germany. All of these should be read with great care and thought.

From reading these articles, and possibly other material dealing with the German issue, how do you characterize the attitude and spirit of Germany? Do you notice any fundamental change in her attitude toward other nations? Is she still the same Germany as of 1914?

Is the real question Germany's ability to pay what has been demanded of her, or is it Germany's unwillingness to pay? What proof have you for your answer?

M. Briand, Premier of France, believes that it would be unjust to sanction the prosperity of Germany while France is still in financial and economic depths. He also believes that from a business point of view it is the worst possible moment to estimate Germany's ability to pay, because she is now at her lowest. He says that to make a definite settlement with Germany now would be a fool's bargain. What, with reasons, is your opinion of these beliefs?

The Question of the Black Troops

What are the chief difficulties confronting those responsible for the administration of occupied and hostile territory? Do you believe that the French have attempted to treat the citizens of the regions which they occupy fairly? How does the French occupation of the Rhine provinces compare with the German occupation of Belgium? Or of French territory during the war?

Mr. Lauzanne states that a German campaign exists in the United States to misrepresent conditions on the Rhine. What evidence of this campaign have you seen? Did the danger of German propaganda in the United States cease with the signing of the Peace Treaty at Versailles? If you were a German propagandist, what steps would you take to sow dissension between the United States and the Allies? Are the arguments which would necessarily be put forth by such a propagandist receiving any attention or credence in the American press? Can you cite any definite instances of such arguments?

Do you think the Allies have acted wisely and justly in advancing troops farther into German territory because of Germany's refusal to accept the terms of indemnity?

What is your personal opinion as to

how we should treat Germany? Is it identical with that of Dr. Abbott, expressed elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook?

Was peace with Germany made too soon? What are your reasons?

Define the following words: *Anaemic, intrigue, counterfeit, victory, reparation, platitude.*

Exit Wilson—Enter Harding Mr. Harding's Inaugural

In his Inaugural Address, speaking of our international relations, President Harding said that the people of the United States would "accept no responsibility except as our own conscience and judgment in each instance may determine." How do you interpret this statement? Do you agree with it?

In his inaugural the President also said: "Ours is a constitutional freedom where the popular will is the law supreme and minorities are sacredly protected." What do you remember in our National experience which tends to prove this statement?

Mr. Harding believes that we cannot freely throw our markets open to the world, and yet he believes that "we cannot sell where we do not buy." Is there any inconsistency in these two ideas? If not, reconcile the two statements.

Do you find anything in President Harding's message which is not reassuring to the peace of the world? In answering this question be specific.

According to the Constitution, what judicial, legislative, and executive powers does our new President possess?

How far can you go in proving Mr. Baldwin's statement, found on another page, that the President of the United States is "the possessor of more power than has any other ruler"?

Three excellent books to read in connection with this article are "The Federal Executive," by J. P. Hill (Houghton Mifflin); "American Political Ideas," by C. E. Merriam (Macmillan); "Great American Issues," by Hammond and Jenks (Scribners).

Justice Before Generosity

What were the provisions of the Hay-Herran Treaty? Was this Treaty fair and just to Colombia? Why did the Colombian Senate reject it?

In The Outlook for October 7, 1911, Theodore Roosevelt gave an authoritative account of how the United States acquired the right to dig the Panama Canal. Every Senator of the United States should read this article before any action is taken by the Senate on the Colombian Treaty. After looking this article up in your library, answer this question: If you were a member of the American Senate, would you vote that the United States pay Colombia \$25,000,000?

¹ These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—The Editors.



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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY



STÉPHANE LAUZANNE is the editor of the Paris "Matin," a leading daily morning newspaper of France. Its circulation probably exceeds that of any published in America. Stéphane Lauzanne is one of the most influential men of his generation. During the war he spent

several months in America as a member of the French Mission. There are few men in France who understand America as well as he. His book entitled "Great Men and Great Days," containing studies of some of the more important figures of the Peace Conference, has recently been published.

WADE CHANCE's articles in the "Wall Street Journal" in 1918 were notable for his forecast of certain peace terms which had not been included in the Fourteen Points, but which were adopted at the Paris Conference, and for declaring for the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary as the way to victory and the corner-stone of future peace—and at a time when Mr. Wilson announced that "there was no intention of interfering with the integrity of the Austro-Hungarian Empire."

Mr. Chance went to the Peace Conference on the staff of the New York "Tribune," and later his articles appeared in the Paris "Herald." He was present in London at the Guildhall and Lord Mayor's reception of Mr. Wilson. Mr. Chance has lived much abroad, especially in England.

ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN, whose correspondence pictures not only the outward appearance of the National Capital at the time of the inauguration, but also its frame of mind, is a member of The Outlook's editorial staff.

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR is a graduate of Hunter College. She lives at the Hotel Savoy, New York City, and is a good deal of a globe-trotter. Much of her verse has appeared in The Outlook during the past six years.

FRANK ALBERT WAUGH is a horticulturist. He was born in Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin, and was educated at Kansas Agricultural College, Cornell University, and in Germany. He has pursued newspaper work in Topeka, Helena, and Denver. He has been Professor of Horticulture in the Massachusetts Agricultural College and at Amherst. He is the author of numerous books on landscape gardening, fruit growing, and rural improvement. During the war he was a captain in the Infantry Corps. His home is in Amherst.

WILLIAM C. GREGG is a manufacturer of cars and railway equipment and president of the Gregg Company, Ltd., Hackensack, New Jersey, and New York. In France during the war he entered in Y. M. C. A. work. He is a traveler and an occasional lecturer and writer.



Age-Old Mistakes Are still made in teeth cleaning

Countless people who brush teeth daily find they still discolor and decay. The reason is, they leave the film—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

That film causes most tooth troubles. To clean the teeth without removing it is one age-old mistake.

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Few people escape the trouble caused by film. Those troubles have been constantly increasing. So dental science has spent years in seeking a combatant.

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Modern science has found ways to combat that film. Able authorities have proved them by many clinical tests. Now leading dentists everywhere advise their daily application.

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Conditions of Contest

1. Write your name (add a pen-name, if you like, for publication) and address in the upper left-hand corner of your letter.
2. All letters must be typewritten on one side of the paper only.
3. Limit your letter to 600 words of average length.
4. Your letter, to be eligible, must reach us on or before March 31, 1921.
5. We reserve the right to purchase desirable letters not winning prizes, and to publish them in The Outlook.
6. Unavailable letters will not be returned.
7. The staff of The Outlook will be the judges of the contest.

Address all contest letters to

Contest Editor, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York

PUBLIC OPINION AND THE UTILITIES PROBLEM

Extracts from a speech by the Hon. James F. Wilkerson before the American Electric Railway Association.

The American people will have to choose between private ownership under State regulation or public ownership of public utilities. In making this choice, intelligent citizens ought to know the facts on both sides, and we print the following in order to help in giving them the facts.—The Editors.

THE problem of the public utilities, like every other business and economic problem of to-day, springs from the war. It has many difficult elements resulting from the nature of the business and the close relation which the service furnished bears to the daily life of the people. Without gas, electricity, telephones, and street cars our entire social, business, and industrial structure would be changed.

The frequency with which the people come in contact with these public utilities and the circumstances under which they come in contact with them give rise to perplexing factors in the problem. We come in contact with the street car when we are in a hurry to get to work in the morning and are tired out in the evening. We use the telephone most when we are busy and most likely to transcend the limits of conservative and polite speech. . . .

An administrative board charged with the enforcement of laws does not possess arbitrary power. It should not act from whim or caprice or consider political expediency. Its orders should not be issued for campaign purposes, and its decisions should not reflect what it conceives to be a verdict at the polls. It is subject to constitutional limitations and to the statute which created it. What ever opinions its members may have individually, the board as such has no concern with the wisdom of the law under which it operates. Its duty is to enforce the law as it finds it, and for the result it is answerable to the courts only.

My experience has led me to the firm conclusion that the permanent and final solution of this problem involves something more than statutes, court decisions, orders of commissions, or ordinances of city councils.

Constitutions and laws and decisions have no permanency unless back of them is the sentiment of the people. In the days of the great fight over slavery Wendell Phillips used to say: "You Capitol, Daniel Webster, may be granite, God will give us time, and the pulse of men will beat it into dust." No question whose solution involves the enactment, interpretation, and enforcement of laws can ever be finally settled until it is settled in the minds of the people and until the law reflects the true thought of the people.

I am satisfied that your fate is in your own hands, and that you must work out your own salvation by bringing your case home to the people. You must go back of you not merely laws, which may be amended or repealed, or orders, which may be modified or set aside, or courts

decisions, which give you nothing but bare legal rights, but also a public support and confidence which will restore your credit and insure a permanent and stable settlement of your difficulties.

If you fail in the task just ahead of you of crystallizing a solid and permanent popular support for private ownership under State regulation, there can be no doubt that the next step will be the experiment of public ownership—an ownership which was recently averted in the case of the steam railways by one of the most thorough campaigns of education ever carried on in this country. . . .

Notwithstanding the development of other means of transportation, the use of the electric railways has been continually increasing. In New York City the average annual number of rides per capita is now 370. In Illinois every inhabitant rides on the electric railways on an average of 114 times a year. This shows how intimate is the contact of this service with the daily life of the people.

The early period of electric railway history was like that of the steam railways. There were over-capitalizations, corporate mismanagement, failure to provide for depreciation, payment of unearned dividends, overbuilding into unprofitable territory, and stock manipulation for purposes of promotion and speculation.

In the case of lines built in cities, the right to occupy streets was under franchises, sometimes for an indefinite period, but more frequently for a term of years. These franchises contained provisions as to compensation to be paid for the use of the streets, as to sprinkling, paving, and other requirements. Most of the franchises provided for a uniform five-cent fare. It seemed to be taken for granted that nothing would ever happen in this country which would make the five-cent fare insufficient to take care of operation, provide a fair return, and maintain the enterprise on a stable and prosperous basis.

Even before the war period it was apparent that with the electric railways, there must be a process of reorganization and readjustment. In fact, some of the electric railways had already gone through that process. . . .

Then came the war. Its effect upon the electric railways was aptly summed up by General Guy Tripp in his evidence before the Federal Electric Railways Commission. "We were all living," he said, "in a fool's paradise in the street railway business, when we suddenly woke up—when the war woke us up—to find that no business which cannot increase its revenues under any conditions can live or is sound."

The War Labor Board ordered increases in wages, and materials and supplies had to be purchased at prices fixed by the Government. The Government had taken control of the steam railways and had advanced rates to cover increased operating costs. In dealing with the electric railways, the war power was exercised so as to increase their operating costs, but the railways were left to the local authorities for an adjust-

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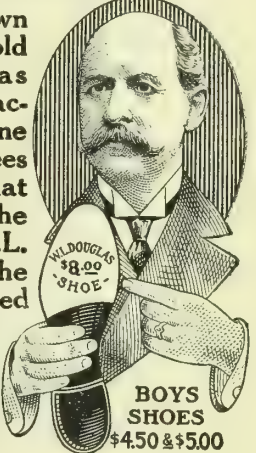


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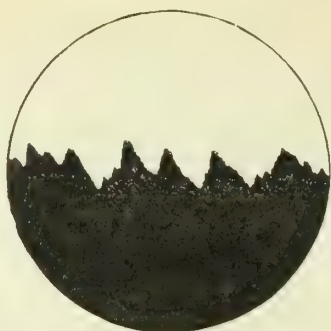
ment of fares to meet their increased necessities. . . .

I do not need to remind you how you staggered and how some of you are still staggering under this great burden. The processes through which relief could be obtained from the local authorities were slow and uncertain. In States having no commission, or in which the jurisdiction of the commission was so limited that it could not grant relief, there was confusion confounded. In Ohio the cases of Columbus and Toledo are striking examples. In New York the Court of Appeals held that the Legislature had not given to the Public Service Commission power to fix rates in cases where there was a contract between the city and the company for a rate. I do not need to tell you what the situation has been and now is in New York City. . . .

In States having commissions with authority to act the appeals for relief were made to those bodies. These appeals for relief were in many cases bitterly con-

tested by the municipal authorities. It was urged that, notwithstanding the action of the Federal authorities as to wages and the great increase in operating expenses due to the general advance in prices of commodities, the applications of the street railways for relief should be denied because of the provisions in the franchises fixing fares.

This attitude of many communities with reference to advances in street-car fares is one of the strangest and most incomprehensible things which happened during the war. The five-cent fare had become impossible. Wages and the prices of commodities had increased a hundred per cent. Freight rates and passenger fares had been almost doubled by Federal authorities. The purchasing power of the dollar had been cut in two. Yet it was contended that the street-car companies must continue to operate on a five-cent fare, when that rate of fare would not produce enough to pay actual operating expenses—to say nothing



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PUBLIC OPINION AND THE UTILITIES PROBLEM—Continued
whatever of any return upon the capital invested in the property. . . .

On December 31, 1920, in the United States there were 91 companies with 5,330 miles of track, representing about eleven per cent of the total mileage of the country, in the hands of receivers. This is in addition to the companies foreclosed, reorganized, or wholly abandoned. There was actually 287 miles less of trackage in the United States at the end of 1920 than at the end of 1919, instead of continued development in the industry.

The average advances which have been allowed by local authorities to the electric railways have not been as great as those which the steam railways have received through the more efficient agency of the Federal Government.

Let us take an inventory of the situation. From a strictly legal standpoint, it is satisfactory in most of the States. The commissions are acting under laws which entitle the utilities to just and reasonable rates. . . . The principles which are required to be followed in making valuations are becoming settled. While there is still some uncertainty, doubts

are gradually being removed. Courts almost without exception are laying down the rule that commissions in making their valuations must give substantial consideration to present-day prices. This insures valuations which will make possible the financing required for needed improvements and extensions.

As to the rate of return, the State and Federal courts are recognizing that it requires a higher rate to stand the test against confiscation than it did before the war.

But all these things, while they are good as far as they go, are not enough. It is not sufficient merely to save the properties from confiscation. It is not sufficient even to get a permanent valuation based upon sound principles and a rate of return required by present economic and financial conditions. If these utilities are to continue to function, they must provide service, and to furnish service they must have improvements and extensions. This requires money, and money requires credit. Credit cannot be obtained if it is necessary to be continually running to the Federal Court to save the property from being confiscated. Credit cannot be obtained if Public Utility Commissions are ap-

pointed to deliver decisions which have been promised in a political campaign. In fact, the credit of these utilities will never be established until this subject is taken out of politics, until commissions are permitted to function like courts, and until it will be regarded as shameful for a decision of a commission to be promised in a political campaign as it is for a decision of a court to be bartered away in advance. And this will not be accomplished until there is an enlightened public opinion based upon an appreciation of the facts which will compel agitators and politicians to let this subject alone.

I know that in some sections of the country and in some communities there is a realization on the part of the people of the importance of this subject and of the principles which should be applied in dealing with it. But, in general, the situation is a great deal like the free-silver agitation prior to 1896 or the steam railway problem before the campaign of education by which the people were made to realize the necessities of the railways.

What is the reason for this agitation? Some of it doubtless is the result of an honest discontent with the character of the service rendered by the utility and a misunderstanding of the true situation. . . .

The chief causes of this unfair agitation are dishonest politics and the dishonest press. In politics we will always have those who are willing to capitalize every issue or any element. We have those in this country who have catered to disloyalty and treason. And to make capital out of the utility question is for some politicians a very trifling affair and one which in no way shocks the conscience.

The dishonest press is another thing. No one in this country questions the basic right of the freedom of speech and of the press. A newspaper has a perfect right to advocate any cause which it may think is right. It may advocate public ownership. It may support Socialism. But it is false to the principles of true journalism and betrays the confidence of the public when it publishes what it knows is not the truth. . . .

A favorite falsehood is that exorbitant returns are being permitted on watered stock. The truth is that in fixing the temporary rates which were allowed during the war period the very lowest valuation which would be placed upon the property was taken as the rate base. The truth is that the advances which were allowed to the street-car companies have been much less proportionally than the advances which were allowed in railway rates by the Federal Government.

It is all right to carry on a campaign for municipal ownership, but to work up a popular clamor by a false appeal under disturbed conditions following the war is intolerable.

This can be met only by a campaign of education. And you must realize that you are all interested in the general problem. Even if your own communities are all right, your credit depends upon the general credit of this class of utilities. It is a case of all for one and one

for all. You must make the financial world understand that this is a matter of as much importance to the financial stability of the country as was the sound money issue or the railway question. . . .

If the utilities of this country do not unite to make this kind of a campaign, if the solid business interests do not get back of you in this kind of a campaign, one for all and all for one, you will fail to establish your credit, and if you fail to establish your credit it will mean financial panic, general pandemonium, and ultimately public ownership. . . .

And in dealing with this great utility problem you will find that the people will be sound and honest when they know the facts. There will be no destruction of property rights. There will be no confiscation. The courts will do their duty and the commissions will do theirs.

I have faith in human nature, and I do not believe that in the United States there will be found a commission whose members, having taken the oath of office to support the Constitution of the State and of the Nation, will deliberately and willfully set about to destroy rights protected by the Constitution.

The great industrial and economic structure of America of which you are a part is sound. The rain may descend and the floods may come and beat upon it, but it will stand, for it is founded on a rock.

CAREER OF THE BUSHEL BASKET

BY JOHN T. BARTLETT

ONE of the interesting agricultural developments of 1920 was the spectacular growth in the use of the basket as a fruit and vegetable container. Before 1920 many consumers had never seen apples packed in the bushel basket. The barrel and the box were the staple packages; comparatively few shipping districts used any other. On a cost basis, however, the bushel basket was so attractive in 1920 that commercial orchardists everywhere adopted it. They liked it so well, the wholesale and retail trade spoke of it so favorably, that it will probably remain in extensive use.

A container becomes established, in the first place, through inherent suitability; it stays established with the aid of custom and habit. It had been partially realized for some years that the apple barrel had become inadequate to the trade situation, only retaining a portion of its former adaptedness. The West broke away from the barrel with the bushel box. The barrel hung on in the East, its strength little impaired until the season of 1920. It is true that some Eastern districts had begun to use the bushel box, but the boxed output was negligible.

The cost of the barrel in 1920 reached \$1.75, even more. Baskets, three of them equaling the capacity of one barrel, cost around thirty cents. Here was a radical possible economy in container, almost compelled by the unfavorable

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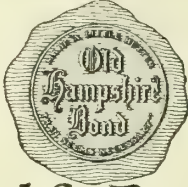
relation of consumption conditions to a huge crop.

Now that New England, New York, Ohio, and other apple States have used the bushel basket on a large scale, experts say that the bushel basket will keep the ground it has gained, and extend it on pure merit. The bushel basket furnishes many economies. Shipped to the farmer nested, carried thus to the farm and even to the orchard, the basket furnishes a saving in transportation cost without the subsequent necessity of putting together the packages. In the orchard fruit is picked into it, placed on a wagon, and carried to the packing shed, with minimum handling and labor. The weight, shape, and balance of the basket are such that it is handled rapidly yet carefully by one man. There are half a dozen very efficient ways of loading the package in cars.

The advantages of the bushel basket do not stop here, however. An investigator of consuming conditions has declared that apples are more attractive,

make a greater appeal to the consumer, when displayed in the basket than when displayed in any other manner. Is it because the basket is more than an old-fashioned, really an ancient, container, stirring the primitive in man? Is it because the proportion of exposed fruit to quantity held is so large? Is it because the rounded display is more alluring, more suggestive of heaped apples beneath trees, than the arbitrary, artificial rectangle of the box?

These are interesting questions. At any rate, the basket is with us in force. Used extensively as a farm measure before dry measure gave way to measure by weight, the basket had a period when some parts of the East believed it was submerged in an evolving farm civilization. As a package, prior to 1920 conquests in the apple industry, its progress had been rapid among truck farmers. A trade investigator has found that upwards of thirty farm products now go to market in the bushel basket package.




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Please send me, without obligation or cost to me, "VICTORY," the booklet that tells how to win a college education.

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School Attending

To Summer Resort Proprietors

The Outlook will devote five spring and early summer issues to special advertising of summer resorts, tours and travel. These will be the issues of

May 11 and 25

June 8 and 22 :: :: July 6

The issue of May 25 will be the special annual travel and resort number containing articles on vacation subjects and illustrations especially selected. The corresponding issue of 1920 carried 198 advertisements of hotels and resorts.

Write us early and we will be glad to give you copy suggestions.

Department of Classified Advertising
THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
381 Fourth Avenue New York City

BY THE WAY

A MILLION dollars in gold weighs a ton and a half, according to a financial magazine, and a billion dollars in gold would weigh more than 1,500 tons. Five thousand dollars in gold carried in a belt around his waist by Youssuf, the "Terrible Turk," caused his death by drowning, it will be remembered, when La Bourgogne went down, though Youssuf was one of the strongest men in the world.

Sir Robert Hadfield, one of the leading steel manufacturers of Great Britain, is quoted in the "New Success Magazine" as saying: "The most extraordinary statement I have heard for a long time was made by Herbert Fisher, Minister of Education for Great Britain. The tremendous thing that Fisher said was, 'Real education is to teach men how to enjoy leisure.'" Sir Robert's practical reaction to this sentiment is a scheme to give each of the thousands of workmen in his vast establishment an annual vacation *with pay*—something which as yet is quite unusual in great factories.

Repeal of the ten per cent tax on admission tickets to theaters is being urged in the general revision of the revenue laws to be undertaken by the new Congress. A New York moving-picture theater manager, apropos of this hoped-for change, offers a reward to anybody who can figure out "even money" for his price of admission. He wants to charge one dollar, but has been getting only 99 cents. This is 90 cents for admission plus 10 per cent tax = 9 cents; total, 99 cents. He wants some mathematician to show him how he can collect an even dollar.

The finest gardens in America, so a legal contest indicates, are to be found at Greystone, in Yonkers, New York. In an architect's suit for his commission the statement was made that about \$1,000,000 had been spent on these gardens, this sum including more than \$20,000 spent for imported rhododendrons alone.

The grim old walls of the Bastille once echoed to laughter, according to an old book about that famous prison. Marmontel, a well-known litterateur, was sentenced to the Bastille. With him went his valet. They were, he says, put into a vast chamber, which was well enough lighted through a grated window. At night two turnkeys brought in a dinner, consisting of a good soup, a satisfying dish of beans, a still better dish of salt codfish, and a bottle of passable wine. Marmontel sat down and partook of this somewhat frugal fare. As there was enough for two, his valet then prepared to eat the remains of the humble feast.

Then came the laugh. The turnkeys re-entered with fine linen, china, and silver—"pyramids of new dishes"—this being the dinner for the master, the previous meal having been intended for the servant. The valet said, "Since you

have eaten my dinner, sir, perhaps you will allow me to eat yours?" "That is only fair," was Marmontel's reply, and with much merriment he proceeded to act as waiter. The new dinner consisted of an excellent soup, a fine slice of beef, roast capon, artichokes, spinach, a fine pear, grapes, a bottle of old Burgundy, and a cup of the best Mocha. Nearly all of the Bastille prisoners at this time, it is said, fared equally well, so that they did not miss much on account of their imprisonment except their liberty!

"According to the following newspaper clipping," a teacher of English writes, "Michigan babies may soon have to be sterilized before being sold for feed—all because the preposition *with* is used instead of *for*."

I wonder if your readers know that our State Legislature passed a law eight years ago compelling all milk, skim milk and buttermilk sold for hog and calf feed to be pasteurized? Our State Legislature will soon take the same precautions with our babies.

Several amused readers comment on a subscriber's list of "famous phrases" in this column, February 23, which attributed to Lincoln the phrase "A house divided against itself cannot stand." The words of course are from the New Testament. Mr. Lincoln's thorough knowledge of the Bible is seen in his ever-recurring use of telling Scriptural passages, of which this is an instance. It may be of interest to quote Mr. Lincoln's actual language: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure half slave and half free. I do not expect the house to fall, but I expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other."

As to other phrases made famous by Mr. Lincoln, probably the one that is most representative is: "Government of the people, by the people, for the people." Of his more homely remarks, perhaps the ones best remembered are: "It is not best to swap horses while crossing the river," and "You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time."

A recently published book on "Lincoln and Liquor" quotes this anecdote from one of Lincoln's speeches. Pleasures to be enjoyed or pains to be endured after we shall be dead and gone, Mr. Lincoln contended, are but little regarded. "Better lay down that spade you're stealing, Paddy—if you don't, you'll pay for it at the day of judgment." "Be the powers, if ye'll credit me so long, I'll take another, jist."

Father Duffy is credited by the New York "World" with this after-dinner story:

"An old sexton asked me, 'Father, weren't the Apostles Jews?' I said they were. Puzzled, he demanded: 'Then now the deuce did the Jews let go of a good thing like the Catholic Church and let the Eytalians grab it?'"



(C) Martin Johnson

The Queen of the Tiare Hotel

Lovaina of the marvelous hands, ensconced on a great couch in the Tiare Hotel in Papeete, conducts the strangest salon of any capital in the world. Sea captains, traders, girls, tourists, beachcombers with momentary riches—all pay court! Through this salon flows all the scandal of the South Seas. Tales of shipwreck, flirtations, lucky deals in pearls! Once in Papeete you have but a fleeting interest in anything north of the equator. When you go to the South Seas (not if you go, mind you) you may live in Lovaina's hotel, just as the author of this tale did.

FREDERICK O'BRIEN

Author of "White Shadows in the South Seas"

has turned more ships southwest to the Islands of the Pacific than any trade winds. O'Brien has the magic touch. As you read this tale of life in Papeete you are one with the free-and-easy company that spends its days on the verandas of the Tiare Hotel. Don't fail to read the

SOUTH SEA NUMBER

ASIA

The American MAGAZINE of the Orient

More than 60 Illustrations Art Insert of 8 pages

ASIA is the most widely read and distinguished magazine devoted to the romance, customs and spirit of the Orient. Here are vivid interpretations of those Eastern countries to which you may go to-morrow, next year—or to which your heart may travel on ahead to-day.

Contents of the April ASIA

"RED"

By W. Somerset Maugham
(Author of "The Moon and Sixpence")

Red was a sailor who deserted from a man-of-war in Apia. The South Seas had got into his bones. And she—her skin was like a field of ripe corn on a summer day, all golden glow!

THE WHITE JUDGE IN TATUILA

By Alexander Stronach

How would you like to be an American judge, as was Mr. Stronach, in American Samoa? How would you like to go grandly into the Council Chamber followed by your associate native judge with bare feet and huge epanlets, the procession winding up with the Island delinquents?

CLOSE-UPS OF A CANNIBAL CHIEF

By Martin Johnson

Cannibals! Yes, we have a few cannibals left. Martin Johnson, motion-picture explorer, proves cannibalism by remarkable pictures and relates his stirring adventures and capture by a cannibal chief in Malekula.

MICRONESIA UNDER THE MOON

By Andrew Farrell

An article by a traveler among the Gilbert Islands. Under the Southern Cross, upon a moon-swept beach, the simple primitive history of these people is enacted by swaying bodies and soft voices.

AN ART INSERT OF PAINTINGS

By Paul Gauguin

Gauguin, the French artist, has done more than almost anyone else to capture the flaming colors of the South Seas. Poems by Elizabeth J. Coatsworth accompany these reproductions.

WILLARD STRAIGHT AND THE REVOLUTION IN PEKING

By Louis Graves

Willard Straight's last days in China.

CHARTING THE SOUTH SEAS

An absorbing and comprehensive little history of the brilliant Islands of Polynesia and Melanesia.

And many other features

Fill a Bowl with Rice! SPECIAL OFFER

Five Months for One Dollar

OPEN TO NEW READERS ONLY

ASIA is on sale at all news-stands at 35c per copy. This offer brings you the next five issues—at a saving of 75c.

HEAVE HO! for the SOUTH SEAS! Fill out the coupon NOW

CHINA FAMINE FUND, Care of ASIA
627 Lexington Avenue, New York City

The money is forwarded to the American Committee for China Famine Fund, Thomas W. Lamont, Chairman.

Send the next five issues of ASIA, the American Magazine on the Orient, beginning with the current number, 1921.
I enclose \$1.00.
Name _____ Address _____
Business or Profession _____
Canadian, \$1.20
Foreign, \$1.40
7-16-21

Special Announcements of Town and Country Property For Sale and to Rent

The issue of April Twenty will also contain a Special Real Estate Section particularly adapted for announcements for the Sale or Rental of Property

CALIFORNIA

Almond Orchard 40 acres full bearing. Two bungalows, barn, mules, complete farm equipment. Excellent water right. \$45,000. J. G. Repplier, Banning, Calif.

SO. PASADENA, CAL. FOR SALE
Attractive home, desirable location, near electric line. 7 rooms, bath, conveniences, hardwood floors. Fireplace. Lot 50 x 150. Garage. Orange trees. Climbing rose bush. See or address L. G. MACDONALD, 1321 Marengo Ave.

CONNECTICUT

MODERN BERKSHIRE HOME, \$12,500
Hollow tile, 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, electricity, shade, views, 20 acres, near village, lakes, golf. OWNER, Room 1701, 141 Broadway, N. Y. C.

For Rent, Cornwall, Conn.
A house with 4 master's bedrooms, 3 servants' rooms, sleeping-porch, 3 bath-rooms, large living-room, broad veranda. Fully furnished. Rental \$200 a month from June 15 to September 15. Beautiful situation. L. R. SANFORD.

For Sale, "Maple Dale Farm," Housatonic River, Derby, Ct. 63 acres, 12-room house, large barns, tools, machinery, stock, crops, 300 chickens; fishing, hunting, boating. Farm or country home. Chas. N. Downs, Executor, Derby, Ct.

A \$50,000 PLACE FOR SALE AT HALF PRICE
Address Box 238, Guilford, Conn.

Furnished camp, 2 rooms, sleeping and living porches. Beautiful island near Mystic, Conn. Rent \$50 per mo. Boat necessary. E. L. GILL, 336 State St., Hackensack, N. J.

Fine Country Property For Sale
14 Acres. Attractively located, commanding beautiful views. Two dwelling-houses, barn and outbuildings. Main dwelling-house, 12 rooms, modern in every respect. Address CLARENCE E. JONES, New Hartford, Conn.

Western Connecticut Farms and Country Homes

Fruit, chicken, stock and tobacco farms in fertile Housatonic Valley section. Prices reasonable—Delightful Old Homes—remarkable opportunities offered. Investigate if you think you are entitled to the best your money can buy. For list address ROLAND F. MYGATT, New Milford, Conn.

NEW CANAAN, CONN.
For sale or to lease, farm 35 acres, modern improvements; two miles from station, Sound View. Address Owner, 4381, Outlook.

FOR RENT
OLD LYME, CONN.
15-room house; 4 baths, 2 extra lavatories, 2 large piazzas, 4 fireplaces, furnace, electricity; Colonial furniture. 4 acres lawns and gardens, some fruit. Garage for two cars, chauffeur's quarters. 1/4 mile from station. Golf and tennis. Address G. G. MACCURDY, 157 Wall Street, New Haven, Conn.

For Rent, for the season, Sharon, Conn.
Litchfield Hills, attractive furnished cottages, villas, and estates. All modern impts. Prices \$400 to \$6,000. For sale, cottages, villas, estates, farms, lots, etc. All modern impts. Prices \$4,000 to \$80,000. Fine train service to N. Y. Address Willard Baker, Sharon, Conn.

SUMMER HOME FOR RENT
SOMERS, CONN.
Season \$600
11 miles from Springfield, Mass. Newly furnished, painted inside and out, 8 rooms and bath, 5 bedrooms; garage space, vegetable garden planted, ice stored, fine spring water, telephone. Beautiful quiet country at the foot of Bald Mountain. State road, trolley, post office, church one mile. Unfurnished 7-room chauffeur's cottage available, \$100 for season. Write for photos. H. W. G., 140 West 57th St., New York City. Telephone Circle 1118.

STAMFORD, CONN.
A comfortable modern six-room house for sale, ideally located at Springdale, a suburb of Stamford. Within one hour of New York City, two minutes from station. All improvements, including open fireplace, sleeping-porch, screens, garage, chicken house, fruit trees and shrubbery. Close to desirable country club. Price \$8,500. Address P. O. BOX 669, STAMFORD, CONN.

SUMMER HOME FOR RENT
WOODBURY, CONN. Season \$600. Cottage, fully furnished, 10 rooms, 6 bedrooms, 3 baths, electricity and telephone. Purest drinking water. State road, near trolley. Post office and church 1 mile. Garage. 4,217, Outlook.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

FOR SALE—A well established private school for young girls.
Address 4,261, Outlook.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

FOR SALE Gentleman's Country Home in District of Columbia. 50 1/2 acres, 30 woodland, 20 cultivated; stream water through place, splendid spring, magnificent oaks on lawn; 12-room house, outbuildings, etc.; 5-room tenant house with well and stable. Adjoining Fort Dupont, Gov't Park, near Massachusetts Ave. extended. Suitable for home or subdivision. Sell whole or part. Price \$75,000. 4,341, Outlook.

FLORIDA

For Sale—10-Acre Lot in Sunny Florida
All high pine land. Address Owner, N. L. WETMORE, 63 Princeton St., Medford, Mass.

FOR SALE Delightful furnished cottage overlooking Indian River at Melbourne. Cheap. Must leave. Address Owner, Box 101, Melbourne, Fla.

IDAHO

Caldwell, Idaho. Corner lot 150 x 128. Best residential section of clean modern city, near car line and business center. Wonderfully healthful climate. Cash or terms. CLAUDE FERGUSON, Owner, Swansea, Arizona.

MAINE

SUMMER CAMP SITE Sell or Let—Crooked Island, in Belgrade, Great Pond; 2 acres; 3-room cabin, ichehouse, tents, motor and row boats; boating, bathing and fishing unexcelled; admirable location for private or public camp or school. CASPAR ISHAM, Newton Highlands, Mass. Tel. Newton South 1258-W.

FORTUNES ROCKS, Biddeford, Me. 2 shore cottages for rent, furnished most attractively for modern housekeeping. 8 rooms, bath, 2 toilets, electricity, water. Also small furnished camp for three persons. Miss ESTHER W. SMITH, Andover, Mass.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR, ME.
Shore lots and furnished cottages on Southport for sale or rent. Season \$150-\$200. 200 acres on Linekin's Neck. Ocean and river front. All wooded. Photos. JOHN H. BLAIR, Boothbay Harbor, Me.

For Rent or for Sale **Furnished Cottage**, unusually fine situation, all modern improvements, twelve rooms and four sleeping-porches. Beautiful view, on the Boothbay Harbor, Me. Convenient to all points. For particulars write Mrs. J. M. ROBINSON, 307 Prospect Ave., Hackensack, N. J.

Brunswick and Harswell, Me. Summer Cottages For Sale or Rent. Big list of farms, describe what you want, no catalogs. HALL'S Real Estate Agency, Brunswick, Me.

CAMDEN ON THE COAST OF MAINE—For Rent
Fully furnished, attractive cottage, on Dillingham Point, on the shore. Apply to E. L. DILLINGHAM, 599 5th Avenue, N. Y.

Camden, Me. For rent, fully furnished. Several high-class seashore cottages. Best selections now. Photos, plans, and full description. J. K. PRESCOTT, Newtonville, Mass.

FOR SALE IN

Casco Bay, Maine
ISLAND about THREE ACRES, HOUSE, COTTAGE, BUNGALOW, all furnished. Splendid location, beautiful sunsets. P. O. Box 54, Lexington, Mass.

FOR RENT JULY and AUGUST
Large country house, beautifully furnished in old mahogany. Six acres, five in woods, stable, view of Kennebec River, navigable for large yachts; daily steamer to seashore. Stream 25 miles long for motor boats and canoes. State road to Portland. Trains for Boston and New York. Large, sunny living and dining rooms, fireplaces, 6 owner's chambers, 2 bathrooms, 2 maids' chambers and bath, downstairs lavatory, laundry. Modern plumbing, electricity, hot and cold running water. \$1,000. P. O. Box 473, Gardiner, Me.

Hancock Point, Me.
FOR SALE
Furnished cottage, with garage, seven rooms and bath, set tubs, hot and cold water, glassed-in sun porch, fireplace, rooms for maids and chauffeur. One-half acre land, near shore. Inquire of C. E. WOODWARD, Bangor, Me.

Islesford, Me. **FOR SALE**
House, twelve rooms, hardwood floors, open fires, fine water supply, modern conveniences, two acres of land, trees, garden, sandy beach, bathhouse, wood and ice house. Fine view of mountains. Twenty minutes from North East and Seal Harbor. Moderate. Apply Guarantee Trust and Safe Deposit Company, 316 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Murray Hill, Me. For sale, seven-room cottage, \$2,300 if sold prior to renting season. Full particulars, C. S. McFarland, 91 Commercial St., Boston, Mass.

MAINE

MacMahan Island, Me. Seacoast between Bath and Boothbay Harbor; 2 acres wooded, 500 feet shore front; dwelling overlooks ocean; 12 rooms, 2 baths, hot, cold and salt water; stone fireplaces; large covered piazza. \$10,000 furnished. W. R. Howe, Orange, N. J.

Moosehead Lake, Maine
CAMP CARIBOU
Summer cottage on lake shore, facing mountains; large, fully furnished, seven chambers, hot and cold water, spring water, bathing. Through Pullmans to lake. Trout, salmon, and togue. Daily mail. Hunting in October and November. Rental, \$600, includes ice, fuel and complete equipment; or for sale at \$5,000, partial payments accepted. Could not be replaced for \$15,000. Great bargain. For references, photographs, and particulars address F. S. SNYDER, 55 Blackstone St., Boston.

OLD ORCHARD, ME.
For sale, estate, 12,240 feet. House 8 rooms, bath, 3-room summer suite; garden, fruit, lawn, shrubs, garage. Also two vacant lots. Also lot at West Hampton Beach, L. I. WM. FRANKLIN, Old Orchard, Me.

For Sale—Cash Terms. About 1 1/2 Acres
Possibly For Rent Season of 1921

OGUNQUIT, MAINE
NEW HOUSE 1917
On ocean. Three minutes from cable telegraph, hotels, churches, post office, and trolley. Twelve rooms, electric lighting, laundry, light cemented cellar with Boynton furnace; three bathrooms, three fireplaces. Fine golf links near. Apply by letter. M. M. STEVENSON, Lock Box 243, Ogunquit, Me.

Ogunquit—Remodeled Historical House
Ideal location. Perkins Cove. Living-room, dining-room, kitchen, 4 bedrooms, 2 fireplaces. Modern conveniences, hot water, bath, electric lights, cellar. Rent for season (June 15 to Sept. 15) \$700. 4,277, Outlook.

PEMAQUID, MAINE
Near PORTLAND—For Sale or To Let
The finest estate on the coast of Maine. 300 acres. If desired, the large furnished home will be let separate from the farm. Boating, bathing, and fishing. Fine drives. Address W. G. TIBBETTS, Pemaquid Harbor, Me.

Pemaquid Harbor, Maine **Cottage**. To let, 6-room furnished cottage. \$150 season. Also larger and smaller cottages. Garden if desired. Eva E. Whitehouse, Augusta, Me.

Pemaquid Harbor, Me. For rent, furnished cottage of 8 rooms and bath. About 300 feet from shore. Good sand beach. Situated on elevated land with fine view of ocean. Photos. Wesley Mahan.

Pemaquid Harbor, Maine **Cottage**. To rent for season. Furnished cottage, seven rooms, running water, fireplace, sea view. \$150. A. E. Barbour, Augusta, Maine.

For Sale, on Penobscot Bay
Opposite Castine. Fine old estate, about 250 acres, 1,000 cords wood, some timber, shore frontage. J. H. JONES, Arlington, Mass.

Rangeley Lake—Sale or Rent
Completely furnished housekeeping cottage. 6 master rooms, 2 maids', dining and living-rooms, 2 baths. Barbecue in immediate. Particulars, E. HARRISON, 60 West 53d St., N. Y. City.

SOUTH WEST HARBOR, ME.
Cottages to Rent, \$200 to \$1,000
ALICE C. YOUNG, Box 213.

Squirrel Island, Me. For Rent. Very desirable, attractively furnished cottage, 9 rooms and bath. Apply to Mrs. George S. Paine, Winslow, Me.

FOR SALE
A Beauty Spot of the Maine Coast
A mile of ocean frontage. Safe bathing and boating. Two harbors for large and small boats. No undesirable neighbors. Attractive walks and rambles. Plenty of cleared land and woods. Fine water and no healthier place in Maine. Good fishing and gunning. An ancient 30-room house in good repair. Two daily mails in summer, one in winter. Passengers and baggage carried. 14 miles from city and steam railroad. Good road. All can be had for a few thousand dollars. Address 4,285, Outlook.

MASSACHUSETTS
FARMS of every name and nature in where 1205 acres, good buildings, \$9.50 per acre. D. B. CORNELL Co., Proctor Bldg., Troy, N. Y.

MASSACHUSETTS

ON POINT IN BUZZARDS BAY
14-room cottage, completely equipped, twin-bed, 1 single master's chambers. Room for 4 servants. Open fireplaces. Water glassed and open verandas. Water slides. Season, rent \$1,500. 4,237, Outlook.

CAPE COD, EASTHAM, MA.
Modern furnished dwelling by mo or season. 7 rooms, bath, running water, screened porch. 3 acres on ocean inlet. Row boat, shellfish, bathing, garage. \$500 season. Photographs. F. B. Lincoln, Wakefield, R.

CAPE Ballston Beach Bungalow
COD
by the ocean surf. Choice location. Moderate rents season. S. W. BALL, 56 Pine St., N. Y. C.

SUMMER RENTALS Bungalows, cottages, estates and mansions. Lenox, Stockbridge, Gt. Barrington. Send for illustrated booklet. \$300 to \$6,000 per season. D. B. CORNELL COMPANY, Gt. Barrington, Mass.

FOR RENT, SEASON 1921
Heath, Massachusetts
In Beautiful Hill Town. Elevation 1,700 Feet
A modernized farmhouse, fully furnished, facing splendid view. Has twelve rooms, baths, lavatory, fireplaces, wood furnace piazzas, sleeping-porches; garden; garage; servants' cottage adjoining. For further particulars address Box 17, Greenfield, Mass.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS. House for rent in furnished suites of 4 rooms. On Crocker Park, near harbor and hotels. Rent low. Address 4,421, Outlook.

FOR SALE
Beautifully Situated House
Seven rooms, barn, henry, thirty-five fruit trees, soft well water, on acre lot, Warwick Village, Mass. Price one thousand dollars. Rev. N. R. Nichols, Congress Park, Ill.

West Stockbridge, Mass. For Sale, in Berkshire, farm of 45 acres, bordering on lake. Extensive views. Photos. F. Randall, 27 Hancock St., Springfield, Mass.

WILLIAMSTOWN, Mass.
IN THE BERKSHIRES
Gentlemen's estates and farms for sale. Furnished houses for rent. JOS. V. TAVELLI, Williamstown, Mass.

MICHIGAN

FOR SALE
I have 4,000 acres of wild lands in LAKE COUNTY, also 2,700 acres in MASON COUNTY, MICHIGAN, that I wish to close out and will sell at a bargain price. Most of the land is suitable for sheep and cattle raising and general farming. To anyone interested will send map. Address G. W. O., 512 Matthews Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

MINNESOTA

DULUTH
GREAT LAKES TO TIDE WATER
means Duluth an Ocean Port. Five lots. Water, rail, and street frontages. For price and terms write Owner, 300 Lonsdale Bldg.

MONTANA

I Have Three Desirable Homes for Sale
80 acres and improvements in Ravalli Co., Montana. 11 acres and unusually substantial and artistic house in Great Barrington, Mass. A desirable residence in Washington, D. C. M. E. Scully, 2612 Conn. Av., Washington, D. C.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

NEW HAMPSHIRE
House, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, for rent to refined people for summer season. Delightfully located on New England farm near Portsmouth and Concord. Every convenience. Fully furnished. Open fires. Wood supply free. Rent \$500. Apply for particulars JOHN F. SCOTT 47 W. 34th St., New York, N. Y.

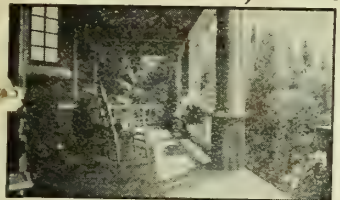


NEW HAMPSHIRE
House, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, for rent to refined people for summer season. Delightfully located on New England farm near Portsmouth and Concord. Every convenience. Fully furnished. Open fires. Wood supply free. Rent \$500. Apply for particulars JOHN F. SCOTT 47 W. 34th St., New York, N. Y.

Real Estate

NEW HAMPSHIRE

INTERVALE, N. H.



To Let for July and August
A most attractive cottage, commanding a beautiful view of the mountains. Electric lights, telephone, broad piazzas, garage and modern conveniences. Rent \$350. Apply to Mrs. M. B. MEANS, 576 Washington St., Dorchester, Mass. Tel. 1360 Dorchester.

Bungalow, Modern, For Rent, Furnished
8 rooms, bath, hot-water heat. Convenient and beautiful location, overlooking Mt. Washington. N. H. A. A. Varney, Box 232, Bethlehem, N. H.

FOR RENT CHOCORUA, N. H.

Summer home of the late William James; furnished cottage with large dining-room and two living-rooms; sleeping porch 18x10 and bedrooms for family of 7 with 3 servants; 3 toilets; accommodation for horses or motor; tennis court, ice, firewood and vegetable garden; 5 minutes' walk from Chocorua Lake; canoe and bathhouse. Apply to C. Room 339, 40 Water St., Boston.

CHOCORUA Comfortably furnished 10-room house, with bath, 4 fireplaces, broad piazza overlooking Chocorua Lake, garage, boat and bath house at Lake; ice and wood. W. M. S., The Hamilton, Washington, D. C.

CORNISH, N. H. FOR RENT.
9 rooms, 2 bathrooms, sleeping porch, fireplaces, garage, icehouse, 12 acres, high ground, superb view, near golf links. Address Percy MacKAY, Harvard Club, New York City.

For Sale or Rent 108-Acre Farm.
House of 18 rooms bath, furnace, piazzas, shade. Very attractive location, 1 mile from R. R. station and N. H. State College. Price \$10,000. Easy terms. Particulars, address, P. O. Box 183, Durham, N. H.

WHITE MOUNTAINS JACKSON, N. H.

Three furnished cottages on the side of Thorn Mountain, overlooking village and Presidential Range. 8, 9, and 10 rooms, running water and bath. \$150 to \$300 for season. COMMERCIAL CORPORATION 171 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.

LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H.
Charming Summer Homes and Cottages, furnished, for rent and for sale. Write for booklets. SARGENT & Co., New London, N. H. Headquarters Lake Sunapee Real Estate.

For Sale, Lake Winnepesaukee.
Bungalow among spruces, grand views, modern impts., large lake frontage. Might rent to desirable party. Box 1,344, Boston.



WHITE MOUNTAINS LISBON, N. H. "FELIXSTOWE"
15-room house, beautifully built and finished. 4 open fireplaces, good plumbing, bath and running water. Concrete cellar, furnace. Porches on 3 sides. Magnificent views, wonderfully situated. Ideal for sanitarium. About 50 acres of fine land, variety of splendid trees. Large barn. All in perfect repair. Also smaller house suitable for chauffeur or secretary. **FOR SALE AT \$15,000 - VALUE \$35,000.** Rent furnished \$900 in advance. Apply H. P. R. Holt, Pelham Court, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR SALE As a whole or in part, 20 acres in Winnepesaukee with 800 ft. frontage on main road to White Mts. Three cottages, one suitable for all year occupancy, orchards, vegetable garden, pine grove, etc. Address Hillcroft, Meredith, N. H.

Sugar Hill—For Rent, Furnished
Spacious Cottage near Sunset Hill House. Meals at moderate rates at hotel. For full particulars address 4,461, Outlook.

WATERVILLE, N. H.
In the heart of the White Mts. For rent \$300, furnished Cottage. 6 bedrooms, bath, living-room. Meals may be had at hotel if desired. Mrs. MERRILL HUNT, So. Lincoln, Mass.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Rent—Sale—WOLFEBORO, N. H.
Lake Winnepesaukee. Furnished cottage, bath, two toilets; garage; sandy beach; boats. Season \$650. Rev. Dr. HIGGONS, Cynwyd, Pa.

NEW JERSEY

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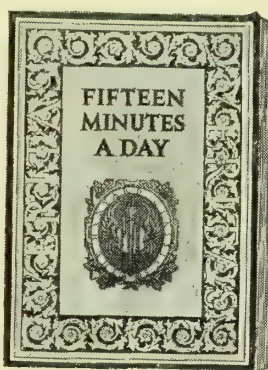
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The Outlook

MARCH 23, 1921

OUR NAVAL POLICY

EDWIN DENBY was only seven hours old as Secretary of the Navy when he said in a speech at a dinner in Washington: "I want a fighting navy, a navy prepared for any contingency, a navy as large as that of any other country in the world."

Another Secretary of the same age—officially—followed Mr. Denby as a speaker. This was John W. Weeks, Secretary of War, a graduate of the United States Naval Academy and later a member of its Board of Visitors. In the Spanish War he had commanded a division of our naval auxiliary force. In tactful but clear and cogent language he disagreed with his colleague, and declared that our Navy should be only as large as that of any nation with which this country may possibly be involved in war.

Evidently Mr. Harding's plan to have a Government by discussion and consultation and to give the heads of the executive departments great freedom and place on them large responsibility

was well under way from the first day of its life. Such public expression of divergent opinions is a wholesome sign. It shows a welcome recoil from government by a dominant personality, and it promotes public discussion of vital public questions.

That the maintenance of an adequate navy as the first line of defense is vital seems to be obvious. In discussing that subject the public ought to distinguish between elements of the question that are technical, and therefore properly subject to decision by experts, and elements that concern National policies, and therefore subject to decision by public opinion.

Whether the proportion of capital ships in our Navy be enlarged or reduced, whether our naval vessels should be oil burning or coal burning, what is the relative value of speed and armament, are chiefly, if not wholly, technical questions, and inexpert opinion upon them is without value. Whether, on the other hand, we shall have an adequate navy, or a feeble and useless navy, or

no navy at all, is a question of policy. On such a question all citizens should have an opinion.

A fundamental question of policy is, for instance, whether preparedness in itself is good or evil. Some regard all naval and military preparedness as provocative of war; while others cite history to show that unpreparedness has never prevented war. It is not easy, however, always to distinguish between policy and technique in any given plan. Just what size the navy should be for any particular purpose is a matter for expert judgment; but for what purpose we should have a navy is a matter to be decided by public opinion. We believe the sober common sense of the American people will not countenance a policy of building a navy to rival Great Britain's. At present the American Navy is the second navy in the world.

The sensible order has recently gone forth to concentrate our Navy, and no longer leave it divided by the width of the continent. That it is to be concentrated in the Pacific rather than in the



(C) Underwood

GOVERNMENT BY CONSULTATION IS, WE HAVE BEEN TOLD, TO CHARACTERIZE THE NEW ADMINISTRATION. SO IT SEEMS, TO JUDGE FROM THIS PICTURE OF PRESIDENT HARDING'S CABINET TAKEN ON THE LAWN OF THE WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS. THE VICE-PRESIDENT IS, AS PROMISED, INCLUDED

Left to right: Front row—Mr. Weeks, Secretary of War; Mr. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Hughes, Secretary of State; President Harding; Vice-President Coolidge; Mr. Denby, Secretary of the Navy. Standing—Mr. Fall, Secretary of the Interior; Mr. Hays, Postmaster-General; Mr. Daugherty, Attorney-General; Mr. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture; Mr. Hoover, Secretary of Commerce; Mr. Davis, Secretary of Labor

Atlantic is of significance only as an indication that the Administration is not unaware of the fact that the Pacific Ocean is the scene of America's principal international problems of the immediate future.

ENGINEERS IN THE GOVERNMENT: WHERE AND WHY?

GENERALLY the public looks with suspicion upon petitions to the President from organizations urging the appointment of members of these organizations to public office. There is always a feeling that such petitioners are more interested in the candidates than in the offices to be filled.

Such suspicion of motive in no way attached to the request of the Engineering Council of the Federated American Engineering Societies that President Harding appoint an engineer as Assistant Secretary of War and also as a member of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. The Engineering Council pointed out that both of these positions are concerned with problems which lie directly within the scope of knowledge of highly trained engineers.

This fact can be recognized, but, at the same time, it can be pointed out that it has been American practice to put at the head of technical departments of the Government executives whose function was to determine policy rather than to control technical detail. When men of broad vision and real executive ability have been selected for such work, this practice has been justified by its results.

The Engineering Council is to be heartily commended for its endeavor to inject something of the engineering point of view into our Federal Government even though it has not seemed wise to the President to follow out its specific recommendations.

The courage, the adaptability to circumstance, and the practicality of constructive engineers is an asset of which any Administration might well avail itself. These qualities are most needed, however, in positions which deal with problems not directly concerned with the technical knowledge of engineers.

With the President of the American Engineering Council, Mr. Hoover, in his Cabinet, Mr. Harding will not have far to go to secure advice as to the best men in the engineering profession available for public service.

MAKING PROHIBITION HARD TO ENFORCE

ATORNEY-GENERAL PALMER issued a ruling concerning the Volstead Act which was not made public until the week after the inauguration of President

Harding. This ruling will permit the sale of all alcoholic liquors for medical and other non-beverage purposes. It will permit, unless the Volstead Act is amended or the ruling reversed, the prescription of whisky, wine, and beer, with little or no restriction except the conscience of the prescribing physician.

Attorney-General Palmer's ruling is certainly in violation of the spirit of the law which it attempts to interpret. We do not know whether it can be legalistically justified or not. We do know, however, that this decision is unwelcome to reputable physicians, and its promulgation within a few hours of the accession to office of a new Attorney-General was an act uncalled for by the needs of the situation.

The next Administration will have difficulties enough in the enforcement of the Volstead Act without the legacy of Mr. Palmer's decision. One of these difficulties will arise from the failure of the previous Congress to place the selection of enforcement agents under Civil Service regulations. A bill is now before Congress which makes such a provision.

Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler, General Counsel of the Anti-Saloon League, is seeking to have eliminated the section of this bill which requires that an inspector must have had at least one year's experience in the detection of crime, and he is also seeking to have a provision inserted permitting the Prohibition Commissioner to sit with the Civil Service Commission in the preparation of examination questions and in passing upon the qualifications of applicants in their oral examinations.

It seems to us that the Civil Service Commission should be trusted to outline the qualifications which it is desirable for applicants to possess, and that it is also contrary to accepted practice to permit an executive officer to take part in the examination of applicants for employment. One of the chief purposes of the Civil Service is to relieve executives from the pressure, personal and political, of office-seekers.

COMMON SENSE IN STATE GOVERNMENT

THE most uninteresting thing that a voter in the State of New York has to do is to decide whether he or she shall vote yes or no on the constitutional amendment questions which come up periodically. They are usually pretty technical, and the attitude of the average voter is indicated by the fact that only a small percentage of those casting ballots at an election pay any attention to the constitutional amendment ballots. New York State is now, however, considering four constitutional amendments

which must be first approved by the Legislature before they are submitted to the voters. They were prepared during the incumbency of ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith, a Democrat, but they have been indorsed by Governor Miller, the present Republican incumbent of the office. They are entirely non-partisan. They cannot be described better than they were by ex-Governor Smith at a recent hearing at Albany in the following picturesque language:

I am a good truckman now, and I am going to stick to the trucking business. I am here as a citizen in a non-partisan capacity to urge these bills. It was because they are non-partisan that last year Nathan L. Miller accepted membership on the Citizens' Committee, which supported the amendments. I urge you to pass these measures and give all the people of all parties the chance to say whether they want 21 departments instead of 150 or more, a four-year term for the Governor, so he will be here long enough to learn his job, and an executive budget system which will reduce your direct tax.

We hope these amendments will be approved by the Legislature for submission to the voters and then—at least the two reducing the number of departments and establishing an executive budget—approved by the voters. Massachusetts has already done something of the kind. If New York State takes this forward step in practical government, perhaps other States will follow her example. The most eminent student and critic of American democratic government, James Bryce, now Viscount Bryce, has pointed out in his standard work on the subject, "The American Commonwealth," that, while the Federal constitution and system of government is comparatively simple, our State constitutions and government machinery are so complicated and cumbersome that they are, on the one hand, fearfully expensive and, on the other hand, woefully inefficient. The proposed constitutional amendments will go far towards correcting this defect.

THE CUT IN RAILWAY WAGES

As a measure looking towards the return of normal business conditions the leading railways of the country have announced their intention of making a proportionate cut in wages and salaries. The Pennsylvania Railroad explains its action in a statement, part of which reads as follows:

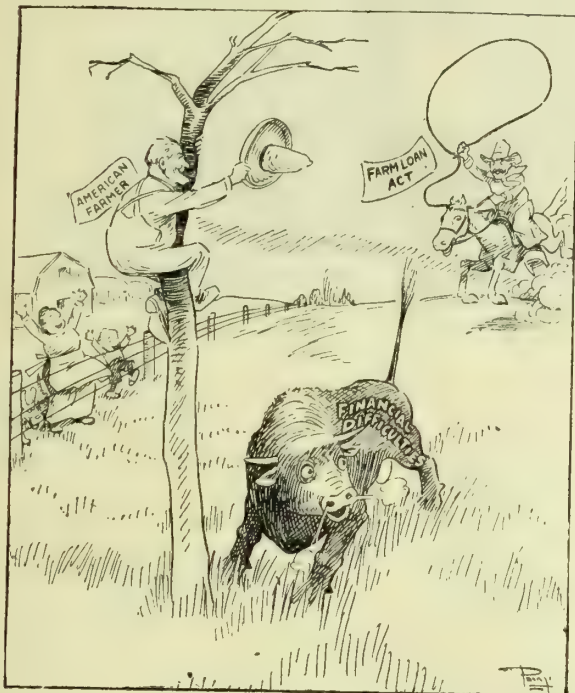
The management of the Pennsylvania Railroad has already made a reduction of over 70,000 men in its personnel, seriously curtailing maintenance of roadway and equipment, consolidated divisional organizations, and has stopped all expenditures on new work.

Even with such economies as have already been enforced, it takes almost the whole of current earnings merely

DEBT

CARTOONS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

From the Portland Oregonian



ASSISTANCE AT LAST!

From Kenneth Roberts, Portland, Oregon

McCarthy in the New Orleans Times-Picayune



CHORUS: "HOW DID YOU DO IT?"

From Mrs. C. W. Army, New Orleans, La.

Burt in the Knoxville Journal



TO PAY OR NOT TO PAY

From Mrs. L. P. Miller, Russellville, Tenn.

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger



"I WONDER ISS IT LOADED?"

From Frederick Eissler, Philadelphia, Pa.



Photograph from Near East Relief

ARMENIAN REFUGEES COOKING FLOUR ON THE STREETS OF ERIVAN. THEY ARE ENTIRELY WITHOUT SHELTER

to pay current operating expenses. It is evident that the requirements of the Transportation Act that railroads shall be administered in an efficient and economical manner cannot be satisfied without still further reductions in expenses.

The Pennsylvania and the other railways affected by the general adoption of this policy announced that all reductions would be submitted to their employees in accordance with the Transportation Act. If the employees had accepted these reductions, there would have been no need to secure the assent of the United States Railway Labor Board. The employees apparently have no intention of accepting the reduction without an appeal. Upon their instance, the Labor Board has summoned the leading railway executives and financiers to show cause why present working rules and conditions should not continue in full.

Mr. Frank P. Walsh, attorney for the railway unions, is quoted as saying that the proposed reduction is part of a conspiracy to break the power of organized labor. So far as public sympathy is concerned in the impending controversy, organized railway labor will suffer because of the general hostility aroused at the time of the passage of the Adamson Act and because of the widespread desire for the reduction of transportation charges.

GENERAL WOOD AND THE PHILIPPINES

PRESIDENT HARDING is perfectly right in thinking that his predecessor's recommendation for the immediate independence of the Philippines should not be acted upon without a thorough examination of conditions in the islands to-day. He is equally right in selecting

General Leonard Wood as the man best qualified to make such an inquiry.

General Wood is one of the world's great administrators. His experience in Cuba as Military Governor and in the Philippines as Governor of the Moro Province and in military command of the Philippines Division was unique because the conditions he encountered were unlike those existing before and after. A report from him on the Philippine question is sure to be calm and unbiased.

Whether or not General Wood ultimately accepts the Governorship of the Philippines, the service upon which he now enters as a part of his Army work will be of the utmost value.

THE NEAR AND FAR EAST

GENERAL LEONARD WOOD makes the timely suggestion that Holy Week be signalized by a special contribution to save the starving Armenians.

Of the remnant of the Armenian nation, most are in desperate need. The Near East Relief is feeding daily over half a million refugees. It is not only feeding but is also clothing and educating the children, of whom more than a quarter of a million are orphans, most of them having been eye-witnesses of their parents' tragic fate. The children were left homeless and hopeless. They were exiled, and the Near East Relief found them weak, diseased, naked, dying. The Relief has already fed and clothed about a hundred thousand of these children; it is educating many of them and teaching them useful trades. Five dollars a month will save one life; \$10 will feed and clothe a child; \$15 will feed, clothe, and educate. In sympathy with General Wood's suggestion, The Outlook urges its readers to celebrate Holy Week by

an outward evidence of inward grace. The address of the Treasurer of the Near East Relief is 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Coincidentally comes President Harding's no less timely appeal to all Americans to save the starving Chinese—and many more are starving there than in Armenia.

It is now seen that unless immediate help is given the spring plantings will be prevented. For the Chinese are not only without food to sustain their lives, they are also without seed to put in the fields. The horrible famine, resulting from two years of crop failures, is ghastly enough; there must not be a third year of such failure. The Outlook also urges as to this pressing need that checks be sent as promptly as possible to the Treasurer of the China Famine Fund, Bible House, New York City.

PADEREWSKI THE PATRIOT

"To try to honor Mr. Paderewski is in itself an honor," declared Ambassador Jusserand the other night at the Paderewski Testimonial Dinner in New York City.

For many years most people have interpreted Ignace Jan Paderewski in terms of music. But those who know him well know that he is not only a pre-eminent composer and pianist, but that he is also a keen student of the Bible, of ethnography and ethnology, and of Oriental art; more than this, he is a practical, resourceful authority in matters of statecraft, especially as affecting his native Poland. He is among the most versatile of men. Like Leonardo, he shines in many domains.

When, some years ago, he abandoned music to serve his country and when he became Prime Minister, many persons

were surprised. For instance, Premier Clemenceau, of France, meeting Mr. Paderewski, inquired: "Is it true, monsieur, that you, the greatest musician in the world, have accepted the Premiership of Poland?" "*Mais oui, monsieur,*" replied Paderewski. Clemenceau sighed and said, "*Quelle dégringolade!*"

What a downfall it seemed to others too! Yet Paderewski assured the seven hundred people at the Hotel Astor the other night that, much as he loved music, he loved Poland more.

His work for Poland is now historic. As Mr. Louis Marshall said:

Great as Paderewski has been in the domain of music, he has been equally great as an artist in the field of diplomacy. His name will appear in the forefront of those whom history will recognize as the emancipators of Poland. His tact, his marvelous enthusiasm, his fiery oratory, opened the way for the consummation of that act of justice of which her people have dreamed for more than a century.

To this Mr. Herbert Hoover added:

During the days of almost anarchy in the early stages of Polish reorganization, Mr. Paderewski developed full protection for the helpless elements of the population, particularly the Jews, and laid foundations for relationships among the people that must be tolerant and enduring.

And Mr. Henry Morgenthau paid this tribute:

My greatest admiration for Mr. Paderewski comes from the part he played with that splendid band of men in Paris . . . who strove so hard that a new note of peace and harmony should prevail in the world. . . . I firmly believe that, when history is written . . . the great outstanding list of great figures of this century will never be complete without the name of our guest of this evening.

In his eloquent acknowledgment Mr. Paderewski said, in part:

We are a nation once more. We are free at last. . . . We are all united in imperishable gratitude to God and to all the men whom he has chosen for the fulfillment of his divine purpose. . . . Long before this mighty Republic had decided to join the Allied forces, fighting for light and right, I found here friends, many good friends, who most generously enabled me to collect funds for the relief of our war victims. . . . We had had some promises and some encouraging words had been spoken to us by other countries. Our best friend, that chivalrous, heroic, glorious France—France whom we have loved for a thousand years—France was desperately struggling for her very existence. . . . What could we expect? . . . The promises given were of a rather vague kind. Our prospects were positively gloomy until the tremendous weight of your influence was thrown on the balance and decided it at once in our favor.

That tremendous weight was something very well known to me. It was your American idealism. Some people think . . . that this huge country of

yours is merely the country of the largest factories, of the longest railways, of the tallest buildings in the world; . . . that you are a great commercial and industrial people, of great engineers, peerless inventors, fearless speculators in business and banking, superior to any and every one. . . . It is true, but the truest fact of all is the fact that you are idealists to the core. . . . It is your idealism . . . that drives your wealthy men to endow great causes with much munificence. . . . that makes the enlightened masses contribute millions to the relief of suffering throughout the world. Such achievements will remain forever the glory and the pride of America.

Inestimable as have been Mr. Paderewski's services to Poland and necessary as they have been to maintain that outpost of Western civilization in eastern Europe, we hope that he can before long return to his composition and interpretation of music. For in his art he belongs not to Poland only but to the whole world.

THE ASSASSINATION OF PREMIER DATO

A NEW chapter was added to the history of political turbulence in Spain by the assassination on March 8 of the Spanish Premier, Eduardo Dato. He was killed by Anarchists who fired into his automobile as he was leaving the Cortes, the Spanish Parliament.

Premier Dato occupied the Premiership several times during the period of the war. In the conflicting currents of Spanish sympathy for the belligerents, he seemed consistently in favor of the Entente. The Spanish army and the clerical authorities aligned themselves in general upon the side of Germany and her allies. The opposition of these important elements, together with the

economic upheavals which took place in Spain during the war, made the last years of Dato's career unusually feverish even for a Spanish statesman.

Premier Dato, however, retained a position of eminence which even his opponents were forced unwillingly to recognize. Despite, for instance, his setback in the last popular elections, it was generally acknowledged that he was one of the few men to whom the King could turn for the formation of even a semi-stable Government.

CARDINAL DOUGHERTY

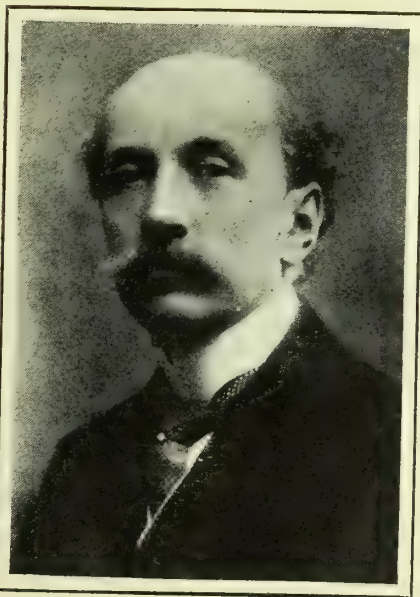
A SCHOLARLY Pennsylvanian prelate of the Roman Catholic Church was last week raised to the Cardinalate.

Dennis Dougherty is a Pennsylvanian by birth and education. After completing his studies at St. Charles's Seminary, at Overbrook, and carrying off the highest honors of his class, he returned there to serve as Professor of Philosophy and later as Professor of Dogmatic Theology. In 1903 he was chosen to be the first American bishop of the Roman Catholic Church in the Philippine Islands. There he was confronted with many problems, ecclesiastical, educational, economic, social, political. After twelve years' arduous labor in the islands he returned to the United States and was made Bishop of Buffalo, being transferred three years later to the Archdiocese of Philadelphia. These successive steps are now appropriately followed by a fourth.

Cardinal Dougherty becomes the third living American cardinal, the others being Cardinals Gibbons and O'Connell. There have been but five American cardinals, all told. Not only is this number disproportionate to the size and importance of the Roman Catholic Church in America, as contrasted with other countries, but that size and importance would seem also to demand a larger number of cardinals in actual charge here. Italy has twenty-two cardinals, France has seven, and Spain six. But Spain has only about twenty million Roman Catholics, whereas this country and its dependencies include some twenty-four million.

MUST THE REDEEMED GREEKS BE UNREDEEMED?

IN 1918 the editors of The Outlook had the privilege of entertaining two distinguished Greek gentlemen, Mr. Nicholas Kyriakides and Mr. Christo Vassilakaki. Mr. Kyriakides, a graduate of Robert College in Constantinople, was familiar not only with Greek and Oriental culture, but also with the spirit of Americanism. Mr. Vassilakaki was a member of the Greek Parliament. Both



Bain

EDUARDO DATO, LATE PREMIER OF SPAIN



Underwood

DELEGATES TO THE REPARATION CONFERENCE IN LONDON

At the left is General Gouraud; next to him is Premier Lloyd George, of England, with cane; Premier Briand, of France, is in the center, also with cane

were by birth appropriate representatives of the "Unredeemed Greeks," for Mr. Kyriakides was born on an island in the Sea of Marmora and Mr. Vassilakaki was born at Smyrna, in Asia Minor. Most of the "Unredeemed Greeks" lived in Thrace and Asia Minor under Turkish sovereignty. But the Treaty of Sèvres, concluded after the World War, unites Thrace and the Smyrna district of Asia Minor to Greece.

An Allied Conference, composed of Ambassadors and Foreign Ministers, also known as the Supreme Council, has been meeting in London. Recent events both in Greece and Turkey have led it to a reinvestigation of actual conditions and an inclination towards stripping Greece of some of her recently acquired territory. Hence Mr. Kyriakides has sent the following cablegram from Athens to The Outlook:

The Central Committee of Unredeemed Greeks in its last meeting passed the following resolution:

"It considers most unjust the decision of the Allied Conference to send a commission for investigation to Thrace, Smyrna, and the districts now under Greek rule.

"The Committee further considers as a national misfortune and an international calamity any attempt of the Allied Powers to alter the conditions of the Treaty of Sèvres which will lead to the extermination of the Christians of Thrace and Smyrna districts, long under Turkish tyranny and misrule.

"The Unredeemed Greeks solemnly declare to the American people and press their resolute and irrevocable determination to oppose any attempt to revise the Treaty of Sèvres.

"The Unredeemed Greeks appeal to the American people and press for their kind intervention for the main-

tenance and integrity of the Treaty of Sèvres.

"The restoration of the misrule of the Turks in Thrace and Asia Minor means the submission of the Christians, oppression, persecution, and massacre."

Neither The Outlook, whom Mr. Kyriakides addresses, nor even the American Government and people, can, by waving some magic wand, dispel all the troubles in the Near East.

Nor can the Allies, at the request of the "Unredeemed Greeks," undo the injury which the Greeks' own Government has done. Nor can the Greeks themselves undo the effect of their King's attitude during the war and the suspicion in which not only he but they were regarded, a suspicion confirmed by his restoration.

Nevertheless, no matter what the Greek Government has or has not done, there is an unmistakable difference between Turkish non-civilization and Greek civilization. As opposed to an almost entire absence of Turkish endeavor in education, there are in Thrace nearly seven hundred Greek schools with about fifty thousand students, and in Asia Minor nearly three thousand Greek schools with well over two hundred thousand students, and all these institutions are being maintained by the voluntary contributions of the Greek people.

When one considers the historical, ethnological, and very present practical claims of Greece to the territories in question, it is impossible not to feel strong sympathy with the cablegram from Mr. Kyriakides, in its cry against the injustice which would now deprive the Greeks of lands assured to them by

the Treaty of Sèvres, and put many thousands of Greeks back under the rule of the incompetent Turk.

THE NEW REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA

LENINE in an interview published in the New York "Herald" airily minimizes the revolt against the Soviets as a petty incident in Kronstadt caused by discontent among foolish sailors. But he straightway contradicts himself by saying that it has been utilized by "Czarist officers, reactionaries, Mensheviks, Social Revolutionaries, and foreign Powers." If all these people are openly hostile to Bolshevik misgovernment, the movement can hardly be called a petty incident. Other reports, one from Kronstadt itself, assert that the main force behind the revolt is the Social Revolutionist party.

It is too early to predict the outcome. There is some force in Trotsky's view that the mere possession of Petrograd would not mean the downfall of the Soviets. The main question is whether the Bolshevik army is seriously disaffected. The latest reports at this writing assert that there has been widespread desertion of Soviet troops (in one case, it is said, 7,000 in one body) and that there have been strikes among the workmen in Petrograd and clashes between them and Soviet soldiers. Rebellion has been reported as far east as Omsk and it is even said that insurgents have captured Omsk.

An anti-Soviet leader in London, Mr. Baikaloff, declares: "The revolution is being carried on by workers, sailors, soldiers, and peasants. The Socialist parties are not even indirectly responsible. The movement is concentrated in Petrograd, but already is spreading through the country."

Whether now or later, Russia must overthrow the Bolshevik proletariat class autocracy or convert it into some form of representative government.

GERMANY UNREPENTANT

THE Reichstag's approval of Dr. Simons's conduct of the German case at the London Conference is an indorsement of a policy of obstinate, if passive, resistance to Germany's treaty agreements. The opposition to this vote of confidence (268 to 49) was not because Dr. Simons had not yielded enough, but partly political and partly because he (in his opponents' opinion) had been willing to yield too much. Herr Stinnes, for instance, declared positively that even Dr. Simons's first offer at London, so flatly refused by the Allies, was going far beyond Germany's ability to pay. Thus Germany plants herself definitely on a

platform of refusing to do anything reasonable in providing for reparation payment and of maintaining a densely recalcitrant attitude.

The occupation of the three towns on the Rhine by the Allies took place without any untoward or hostile incident.

The Allies are now considering the best methods and rates of applying coercive measures of collecting revenue from German commerce to apply to reparation already overdue. As to this, Mr. Lloyd George stated in Parliament that "the Germans would lose sixty per cent of their export trade if they tried to evade payment under the export levy, while if they did not evade these payments the British collections alone would, under the scheme, be about 400,000,000 German marks a year."



International
VIEW OF DÜSSELDORF, ONE OF THE RHINE CITIES JUST OCCUPIED BY THE ALLIES

BUDDHISM COPIES CHRISTIANITY

By this time Outlook readers should be fairly familiar with the Daily Vacation Bible Schools. They were started twenty years ago on the East Side of New York to bring together idle children, idle churches, and idle students during the summer vacation. Manual work, organized play, and Bible study have gone on together. From the start the schools have been successful. From one school they have grown to over fourteen hundred. Canada has copied them and now has seven hundred and fifty. During the past two years Japan and China have in turn copied them. Japan has seventeen schools now and China no less than a hundred and forty. The Chinese schools are the result of the efforts of eight hundred native Christian students.

Some students who were not Christians also responded. These were Buddhists. They too established daily vacation schools. They followed the call to service in their own fashion. They adopted the general programme of the Daily Vacation Bible Schools, but substituted Buddhist ethics for the Gospels.

The rest of the programme was too good not to be taken up—the songs, the kindergarten work, the talks on health and patriotism, the vocal and breathing and calisthenic exercises, the stereopticon story, the manual work such as basketry, hammock-making, and other weaving and sewing, the Red Cross hospital and home work, the first aid and hygiene, and, finally, the afternoon hours devoted to open-air games and excursions.

If service is the test of religious faith, the Bible Vacation Schools in spreading the spirit of human service to those who bear another name have met that test successfully.

THE COLOMBIAN TREATY

NO treaty with Colombia carrying the payment of \$25,000,000 should be passed unless it contains a positive disclaimer of intention to pay reparation for wrong done. It is not enough to omit, as the Colombian Treaty in its present form does omit, the apology and admission of wrong-doing by the United States.

That the payment of this large sum of money without a corresponding and material *quid pro quo* would be taken as a tacit admission of guilt is proved by the fact that it is already so regarded. Thus Mr. Colby, late Secretary of State, is quoted as saying that delay to conclude the Treaty has "caused us to be represented to the Latin-American mind as indifferent to justice, insensible to ruthlessness, and callous to the recognition of payment of our debt." The New York "World" boldly asserts that it is "conceded in principle that the United States owed the South American Republic substantial compensation for the taking of Panama in defiance of solemn treaty obligations." A recent letter-writer in the New York "Sun" declares: "From the standpoint of our honor, this act of simple justice brooks no further delay." And other instances might be multiplied of the way the ratification of the Treaty will be regarded.

But, as the New York "Tribune" well says, our record in this matter was "one of honor, not of dishonor." Let us not allow it to be smirched; if we pay for good and sufficient reasons not based on alleged wrong-doing, let us state those reasons so plainly that history cannot misread them. To pay without saying why we pay or to pay \$25,000,000 for concessions every one knows are not worth \$5,000,000 would be weak and would court misconstruction.

The present sentiment in favor of ratifying the Treaty follows a different line from that of reparation. Its argument runs something like this: "Some people think we did wrong. We know we didn't, but they honestly think we did. Anyway, Colombia lost a great opportunity, even if she did throw it away by greed and attempts at extortion. Marroquin and his fellow-plotters are long gone. The present Colombia is guiltless. Not only Colombia but all South America will recognize in the payment generosity and friendliness. The act will promote good feeling and it will also aid in establishing the cordial business relations we all want to see encouraged."

It need not be denied that there is point and persuasiveness in this argument. How much so, is indicated by the fact that ratification, it is understood, is not opposed by Senator Lodge, although he once joined in a minority report of the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee which said: "We cannot afford to purchase cordial relations. We cannot afford to answer a blackmail demand. Once respond to such a demand, and we shall be held for every fancied wrong by other countries."

Whatever the force of the argument of good will and liberal treatment of a small republic by its big neighbor—and we do not disparage or minimize the argument—is it not elemental common sense that we should in this case say what we mean and mean what we say? Gentlemen at Washington, please do not leave too much to imagination; do not let future writers say, either that we committed a wrong and were ashamed to say so, or that we paid millions without knowing why.

One other adjuration to the Senate: Don't ratify this Treaty on anybody's false assumption as to history or international law. Read President Roose-

vett's Messages to Congress in December, 1903, and January, 1904. Read his article in *The Outlook* of October 7, 1911, on "How we Acquired the Right to Dig the Panama Canal." Remember that we were no more bound to defend Colombia from revolution than Ecuador; that what we were bound to do was to keep transit across the Isthmus free and uninterrupted; that when, before 1903, we prevented insurrection on the Isthmus it was to that end, and that when in 1903 we refrained from preventing revolution it was to the same end. For the United States, after the crooked dealing of Marroquin and his tools, to insist on imposing Colombian rule on Panama would not have been justice; it was not required by treaty or law; it would have been infinite folly; it would have killed the Panama Canal.

THE VERNAL CHORUS

FEBRUARY and March are the months when the great spring tide of poetry begins to rise over editorial desks. Then it is that flowers of every shape and hue blossom in most unexpected places—or so we are informed by poets whose minds are attuned to the coming of spring. Under their instruction, we learn that March hillsides are breaking into a ruddy glow of dog-roses and cyclamen. We learn that the pink and mignonette are not unknown to April meadows, and if we followed some of the metrical advice which we have recently received we would go a-Maying in an Indian Ocean of fringed gentian.

Though the poems in which these strange things occur return to their senders with what must seem like a surprising and grievous suddenness, we are not wholly unsympathetic with their authors. We know the workings of their minds as clearly as though we had watched their poems a-borning. Spring is indeed a season of restless aspiration. It brings with it crowding hopes and eager dreams. For most of us these hopes and dreams are, and must remain, things of the mind. Confined within a routine of life from which we may not break, we cannot translate these intangible longings into action.

These hopes and dreams, however, know no allegiance to the law of labor which governs the world. They seethe beneath the surface as lava seethes within the heart of a volcano.

The thoughts which spring from these hopes and dreams seem incandescent with the glow of the emotion which sent them forth. They come into the conscious mind "trailing clouds of glory." But the magic radiance which they possess is a radiance visible only to the mind which gives them birth. The word,

the phrase, the revelation, which burns in the hopeful mind of the spring poet with the flaming glory of a newly created world appears to those who do not know its genesis as cold and lifeless as the ashes of a dead volcano. Sometimes it is even hard for the stranger to realize that such ashes were ever touched with fire.

Poets who are worth their salt learn to recognize the effect of the glamour of creation. They know that if there is any light in their poetry, other than this reflected radiance, time will render it visible. They are not afraid to put their work to the test.

It is only those poets whose absolute and uncritical faith in their work endures beyond the moment of creation who need utterly despair. Yet even if only to the rare poet is given the consummation of creating one enduring line or one memorable image, it is not for editors to laugh at those that fail. For to those who fail in the greater adventure remains the vital reward which comes from the effort to call forth beauty from her hiding-place among the stars.

THE MESSAGE OF HOLY WEEK TO THOSE IN TROUBLE

JERUSALEM was crowded with pilgrims who had come from near and far to celebrate the night when the death angel passed over the homes of Israel but took from every Egyptian home one captive. The Master and his twelve disciples sat down in an upper chamber to the supper of which every family partook on that memorable anniversary. Coming events cast their shadows before. Christ had forewarned his friends of the approaching tragedy. But they could not believe the unwelcome news. The time had come to be explicit. He told them that one of them would betray him, that Peter would deny him, that all would forsake him. If ever man needed strength from his companions for the crisis before him, comfort from human sympathy for the sorrow he was so soon to meet, truly Jesus needed both strength and comfort then.

Comfort and strength he got by giving them to others.

You can, he said in effect, no longer have faith in one another. Nevertheless let not your heart be troubled. Do not lose hope. Have faith in God; have faith in me. I am about to leave you. Whither I am going you cannot come. But I will come back to be with you, your intimate though invisible companion. Your mission is not ended by my death. As the Father hath sent me, so I send you. Love me; love Him; love one another. You will share the sorrow

of your Master, as you share my labors; in the world you will have tribulation. But be of good cheer. I have overcome the world. And greater works than you have seen me do you will do.

Then they went out to his familiar resort, a garden or orchard in the vicinity of the city. To guard against surprise he asked three of his disciples to keep watch while he withdrew to take up once more the problem of his life. What did his Father wish him to do? Should he escape to Galilee or the region beyond the Jordan? That would be to abandon his mission. Should he remain in Jerusalem? That would be to insure his arrest and probably his death. Could his mission survive that catastrophe? Could these timid, half-educated fishermen carry on his work? His anguish was not dread of the tragedy of the morrow. Many a soldier in the late war has faced unhesitatingly greater physical pain and one longer continued. His was the greater dread of a greater tragedy—dread lest he fail to understand his father's will or fail in courage to achieve that will. His prayer was that this tragedy he might escape. "Thy will, not mine, be done," he cried. What Christian has not at times experienced the dread lest he fail to understand his Father's purpose and so prove a hindrance, not a help, to his Father's work?

When Jesus heard the tramp of the police in the valley of the Kidron and, going out, found his watchers asleep, he found the answer to his prayer. To escape now was to leave them to meet the wrath of enemies whom his escape would have foiled. That to him was unthinkable. He went forth to meet the guard, put himself between them and his followers, gave them the hint to flee, and when they had fled surrendered himself up to a mock trial and a certain death. When Peter offered a foolish resistance, Jesus bade him put up his sword, saying: "The cup which my Father gives me, shall I not drink it?" Judas, Caiaphas, and Pilate prepared the cup and brought it to him; but he accepted it as the cup which his Father gave him.

The next day when women weeping followed the funeral procession which accompanied Jesus to the crucifixion, he turned to them, saying, "Weep not for me; weep for yourselves and your children." His personal sorrow he forgot in preparing them to meet their sorrows not far distant. Upon the cross, looking down upon the groups clustered at its foot, he saw not the soldiers gambling for his garment, he heard not the ironic triumph of the priests, "He trusted in God that he would deliver him." He saw the broken-hearted mother and the beloved disciple, and heard his mother's sobs; and almost his last words were

those of a thoughtful care for her: "Woman, behold thy son; son, behold thy mother!"

Seldom in the history of America has there been in the world a time of more widespread trouble and sorrow than the present. Statesmen confront new and perplexing problems with no precedent and no clearly perceived or clearly defined principles to guide them in the doubtful maze. Many merchants see the fabric reared by patient and painstaking toil for their children and their children's children swept away by no fault of theirs. Many workers know not which way to look for to-morrow's job, or perhaps even for to-morrow's meal. Many fathers and mothers sent their sons abroad to fight a foreign

foe in a foreign field for unknown friends and never again will see the faces of their loved ones. And the entire Nation is oppressed by the cries for bread borne across the sea from the hungry women and children of famished Europe.

For us in this time of widespread perplexity, trouble, and sorrow Holy Week seems to me to have two messages, to be here only suggested for the reader's quiet reflection.

I. The way to lighten our own burdens is to take on some one else's burden. The way to get comfort in our sorrow is to give comfort to others in their sorrow. Self-pity is always perilous. There is a selfishness in sorrow; let us beware of it. A time of fear is a time which calls for a ministry of courage;

a time of doubt, for a ministry of faith; a time of widespread trouble is an opportunity for widespread and varied service. In solving others' problems we solve our own; in caring for the troubles of others we forget our own.

II. Sorrow is a part of God's scheme of life. Our real problem is not, Why are there sin and suffering in the world? but, What can we do to cure the sin and alleviate the sorrow? Greed, ambition, and cowardice may mix the cup and bring it to us, and yet it may be the cup which our Father gives to us. To know the will of God is the greatest knowledge; to suffer the will of God is the greatest heroism; to do the will of God is the greatest achievement. In work with God and for God our defeat is His victory.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

UPPER SILESIA AND POISON GAS

AS this issue of *The Outlook* is being mailed to our readers an election or plebiscite is going on in Central Europe which illustrates in a very interesting and significant way how modern conditions have modified the principle, advocated by Washington, of non-entanglement in European affairs. Few Americans know very much about it or have any conception of how their own interests and welfare are involved in it. And yet perhaps no political event in Europe during the last hundred years, with the exception of the declaration of war by Germany in the summer of 1914, has been fraught with consequences so potentially momentous to the United States as this election which is now being held to determine whether Upper Silesia shall belong to Germany or Poland.

If the reader will turn to his atlas, he will see that the province of Prussian Silesia runs down in a southeasterly direction from Breslau towards Cracow like a peninsula or the toe of a great boot. It is bounded on one side by Poland and on the other by Bohemia, formerly a part of Austria, but now one of the states of the new Republic of Czechoslovakia.

Some centuries ago an important part of the province of Prussian Silesia belonged to the Kingdom of Poland, but on the collapse of the Holy Roman Empire it became the football of conquest, kicked about from one king to another until it finally fell permanently into the hands of Germany, where it remained until the armistice of 1918. Its great economic value consists of its very rich bituminous coal deposits. This coal, together with minerals such as iron, lead, and zinc, has made it one of the great and rich manufacturing districts of the German Empire. Owing to the character of its coal, it is one of the centers of the German dye industry.

When the German armies surrendered in November, 1918, and the new Repub-

lic of Poland was erected, it was first proposed at the Paris Peace Conference to cede Upper Silesia outright to the Polish Republic, under the principle of making political and geographical boundaries correspond with racial lines, for the population of Upper Silesia is more than sixty per cent Polish. Germany, however, made a great outcry. Her protests were partly supported by American idealists at Paris who had been captivated by Mr. Wilson's doctrine of self-determination, and who therefore thought that the people of Upper Silesia ought to have something to say about it at the ballot-box. There was also a small but powerful party in Great Britain who objected to giving Upper Silesia outright to Poland, partly because they thought British commerce with Germany would be interfered with if the province were transferred to Poland, and partly because of a certain curiously narrow-minded British sentiment against Roman Catholic countries, and Poland is a Roman Catholic country. So the Peace Conference compromised and left the matter to be determined by a plebiscite or election. The supervision of this election was left in the hands of a Commission. It is not very clear what authority laid down the conditions of the election, but by some decision totally foreign to American ideas of self-determination—that is, self-government through the ballot-box—all Germans who claim that they were born in Upper Silesia, no matter what may be their present residence, are allowed to vote.

The result is that Germans are pouring into Upper Silesia by thousands, like the "carpetbaggers" in our own days of Reconstruction after the Civil War. Germans have even gone from the United States to participate in the vote and to save Upper Silesia, if possible, "for the Fatherland."

One of the greatest living authorities on Polish affairs has informed us that the Polish Government would have no

doubt about the result if the election were carried out honestly under the prescribed terms. But what Poland fears is that the Prussians, with the lack of scruple which led them to regard solemn agreements in the Great War as mere "scraps of paper," will try to carry the election by stuffing ballot-boxes in the best Tweed style or by voting in "blocks of five," after the manner of the political managers of the Grand Old Republican party of twenty-five or thirty years ago. The trouble is that the political machinery, the police, and the magistrates of Upper Silesia are in the control of the Prussians, who constitute only a small minority of the population. On the other hand, the Polish inhabitants are very largely wage-workers and farmers without means of organization and self-protection. The wealth, the intelligence, and the experience are on the side of the Prussians; numbers and unorganized desire are on the side of the Poles. What very often happens under these circumstances is now happening in Upper Silesia. The powerful Prussians are intimidating the Poles.

By this time the reader is doubtless asking himself how all this concerns the United States except as a matter of abstract justice. Let us, therefore, get at the practical aspects of the question.

As we have already said, Upper Silesia, owing to the character of its coal deposits, is one of the great centers of the German coal-tar industry. This industry has for its ostensible object the making of dyes, in which Germany has led the world. But the very chemical processes which produce coal-tar dyes also produce high explosives and poison gas, Germany was the originator of the use of poison gas in warfare. She employed it with terrible and disastrous effect in the great European war. So good an authority as Dr. Charles H. Herty, former President of the American Chemical Society and now editor of the "Journal of Industrial and Engineering

Chemistry," in a recent address in Washington, D.C., delivered on the invitation of the National Research Council, declared that surplus German dye plants will breed future wars. "Germany has to-day," he says, "the greatest and most active dyestuff industry in the world, as evidenced by a production last month [January] of twelve thousand tons of dyes, seven hundred and fifty tons more than the average pre-war monthly output. From these dye plants came all of the poison gases used by Germany throughout the World War. Bolshevik Russia has to-day the largest standing army of the world—one million five hundred thousand men. If these two agencies of destruction are ever fully combined, the world will face a new struggle incomparably more tragic than that through which it has just passed. Already that union has begun, for it is known that in their successes against the forces of General Wrangel the Bolshevik armies were largely aided by poison gas. And Russia has now no chemical industry!"

The logical inference is that Germany, far from repentance, is already nursing the idea of a victorious war based upon aviation and poison gas. This is also the view of the eminent Polish authority to whom we have referred earlier in this article.

Dr. Herty further points out that provision against a future world war conducted by Germany is not merely the emanation of alarmist minds but is

calmly and definitely set forth by the Peace Treaty of Paris. For in that momentous document Articles 168, 169, and 172 provide for the closing down in Germany of all factories and other establishments for the manufacture, preparation, storage, or design of arms, munitions, or any war material whatever; and for the destruction or rendering useless of any special plant intended for the manufacture of military material except such as may be recognized as necessary for equipping the authorized strength of the German army; and the German Government is directed to disclose to the Allied and Associated Powers the nature and mode of manufacture of all explosives, toxic substances, and other like chemical preparations used by them, the Germans, in the war. Dr. Herty relates that when he was in Paris in 1919, as a member of the Conference on Reparation Dyes, he asked why the foregoing provisions of the Peace Treaty had not been carried out with respect to the coal-tar industry, which produces high explosives and poison gas. The reply was: "Europe wished to do so, but American influence was against it, and prevailed." Dr. Herty's explanation is that the Americans in authority at the Paris Peace Conference regarded the German dye industry as a peace industry and were either ignorant or refused to recognize that it was the basis of the manufacture of the most powerful explosives and the most deadly poison gas.

Here we come to the point at which

the election in Upper Silesia may affect the life and existence of the United States. If that province goes to Poland, its dye factories will be used in the economic upbuilding of a new Republic the very basis of whose life is to prevent Germany from exploiting the vast natural resources of Russia in any new schemes for the domination of the world by force. If Upper Silesia goes to Prussia, the Prussian militarists of the Tirpitz and Hindenburg type, who have by no means given up their dreams of military power, will have at their command resources for preparing weapons of war of such terrible and mysterious power that the submarine in comparison will seem like an archaic weapon of the Middle Ages.

It will not do to say that this is inconceivable. In 1914 it would have seemed inconceivable to most decent Americans that Tirpitz could have sunk the Lusitania and its human cargo of women and children without warning.

The nations that sincerely desire the peace of the world have destroyed Germany's navy; they have abolished her standing army; they ought at least to control her poison-gas factories. One effective way to do the last would have been to give to Poland the administration of Upper Silesia. The great Polish patriot and statesman, Paderewski, urged this course upon the Peace Conference at Paris. Let us hope that in rejecting his plea the Conference did not make an irretrievable mistake.

MEET THE LADY BANKERS, GENTLEMEN!

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

WAY down in Tennessee, a woman has changed the current of society into a sea of financial success, for Mrs. F. D. Runyon, a society leader of Clarksville, conceived the idea of establishing a bank for women, conducted entirely by women. The idea, ably assisted by other prominent women neighbors, evolved into the First Woman's Bank of Tennessee, and, as far as is known, the institution is the first of its kind in the United States.

Mrs. F. J. Runyon, president of the bank, is the wife of a prominent Clarksville physician, and the mother of two grown sons, one a lawyer, the other practicing medicine.

Mrs. Runyon has been closely identified with all moves for the betterment of Clarksville, and, desiring to continue active in civic matters, acted on advice given her by a banker, to establish a bank for women. Studying the matter closely, she decided that there was a reasonable chance for success, so went on with the venture, after enlisting other prominent women in the idea. A charter was applied for, and granted; then the bank became an assured fact, chartered under the State laws of Tennessee.

The bank has three officers, and nine



MRS. F. J. RUNYON, PRESIDENT OF THE FIRST WOMAN'S BANK OF TENNESSEE

directors—president and vice-president—the president and vice-president being also members of the directorate. An executive committee, whose duty consists of inspecting paper, passing upon loans, and giving general supervision, is constituted of three of the directors. City and county are both represented on the board.

The directors and officers are women prominent in church, civic, and social affairs, and they are all closely concerned in matters pertaining to definite progressive movements of the community. But, with all their executive ability, this organization of women is delightfully feminine. They one and all preside graciously over delightful homes, are exemplary wives and model mothers.

The capital stock of the bank is \$15,000, divided into shares of one hundred dollars each. Only one share was sold to each person. The whole amount was subscribed in a single day. Now, with the bank but a few months old, its deposits amount to over \$60,000. This is a record for a small, conservative Southern town. On the bank's opening day its deposits exceeded the capital amount by several thousand dollars. The gross earnings run to a twenty-five per cent basis, and clearings penetrate into figures carrying five ciphers.

Checking, savings, and Christmas savings are the three classes of accounts carried, and, judging by the way deposits have piled up, the purpose of the women founders of the bank is being realized; for the idea was to instill into the minds of the people thrift and saving—to help them help themselves by

saving toward a rainy day, to enjoy the assurance that goes with a bank account, and to endeavor to help their townspeople in their financial difficulties as far as is consistent with dependable banking. The bank is doing a general, legitimate banking business, strictly in

accord with the Tennessee State laws. The men of the community cordially cooperate in the venture, and are proud of its success.

The First Woman's Bank of Tennessee is not a whimsical fancy, but a concrete fact, and, though petticoated from presi-

dent to janitress, this institution has put Clarksville on the financial map and advertised to the world that women of the South are not mere butterflies of society, but leaders endowed with remarkable executive ability.

AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES.

AFTER THE WAR IN ENGLAND

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

I—GOLD, GAS, WOMEN, AND WIGS

LARGE American cities give one an impression of rush and hurry; hardly less do we feel it in London. It is the street feature of world capitals.

There are no outward signs of distress or disaster in England. Business is being conducted as usual in the same small, cold offices.

The financial and political conditions underlying the country have been war-changed out of all former recognition, but habits remain much the same.

LITTLE GOLD, BIG DEBTS, WHY WORRY?

Although almost hopelessly in debt, and with continued national deficits pushing them on, God only knows where, the British speak confidently of London as the financial center to which the far-flung world enterprises must look. London was such a center before the war, by right of enterprise and integrity. If she can regain the place and redeem all financial promises, it will be a great thing for the world. America can gladly concede the honors, because it will mean a greater market for our cotton, corn, and copper. It will help to stabilize our commercial and social conditions. But when I remember that the British gold reserve is supposed to be kept in the Bank of England, and that that reserve fell recently to eight per cent of the bank's deposits, I feel uneasy. I have asked questions, but I find business men dodging. "Of course," they say, "the reserve is low, but there is plenty more gold in the country; and, besides, business is being done on quite a different basis than formerly." I wonder if inflation is a success. If the Bank of England, which before the war never allowed her gold reserve to drop below forty per cent of her deposits, can really get along on eight per cent, then why need it have any gold?

I have been asked about the British War Bonds which the United States holds—some four billions. When an Englishman contemplates the presentation of them for payment, he is "done up." I have said that the subject is hardly discussed in America, that we are receiving no interest and expecting none at present. "Why do you worry?" I asked. One man replied, "If in some way all these war debts could be gotten

out of the way, business would go on splendidly." I could not ask him if he had personal profits in mind or whether he was thinking of restoring order in a turbulent world, so I merely said I could not forecast our attitude toward the payment of the principal, but we had no thought of collecting interest under present world conditions.

I am a great admirer of the British, but I think, financially, they are in a little over their heads. They should get their feet on the ground and wade a bit toward the shore. If we canceled their debt to us, and the result was business expansion and advanced prices, to be followed by another collapse and depression, what would be the use?

CHEAP CLOTHING, DEAR GAS

The cost of living is less here than in America. While food cost is about the same, the hotel and boarding-house charges are thirty per cent less, and clothing is forty per cent less. Neither hotels nor theaters are filled.

Taxi fares are about the same as in the States, but here they pay 65 cents for gasoline and \$2 a gallon for engine oil. I haven't learned whether these prices are the result of import duties or profiteering, or both, but the cost of gasoline is a subject of Government inquiry. A recent report suggests "combined action by consuming nations," "aid from the economic section of the League of Nations," "the production of substitutes, and the development of other kinds of power." Necessity is still the mother of invention, and 65-cent "gas" has caused the production of a very good looking auto truck, coal burning, steam propelled. We see many of them on the streets running at about eight miles an hour.

The greatest burden on the automobile owner is a Government tax of £1 per horse power per annum. One man whom I interviewed paid about \$200 last year for operating one machine. No wonder there are few private autos on the streets and very few traffic police are required. Life for pedestrians is correspondingly safer.

I gain the impression that England, instead of taking the oil leadership of the world away from the United States, finds herself at a great disadvantage.

THE DILEMMA

Women and girls are working everywhere. Business offices are full of them. They are also selling papers, acting as messengers, and occasionally we see a policewoman pacing her beat dressed in a dark-blue suit and an overawing helmet.

At the annual meeting of Barclay's Bank last week a shareholder protested against the bank employing women, saying that they should be laid off and unemployed ex-service men taken on. The chairman replied that the war record of the bank proved its loyalty to the men in uniform, but these women had been faithful during the war, and the bank would not desert them now. This puzzling situation reminds me of a dilemma in our works in New Jersey just before I left home. Two men, among others, had been temporarily employed and, the work being about completed, one was to be laid off. Which one—a single ex-soldier or a married man with two children? We really couldn't decide, and kept them both. But dull business cannot always "keep both." The lot of a conscientious business manager is not always a happy one.

The British Government is paying an unemployment allowance of about four dollars a week to each of a million idle people at the present time, yet it seems difficult to get maids for domestic service.

One man protests in the papers that a maid asked £55 (about \$250) a year. They seem to hire out by the year, but, if they are like their profession in the States, they quit daily.

"THREE IN THE FAMILY"

The status of women in England is worthy of a much deeper study than I am able to give it. With her vote and war-work experience she is a new social, political, and industrial element. I do not find any clash between the sexes, but the workingwoman has moved definitely away from domestic service. The wants of the English lady, however, are the same as before. She needs from three to seven servants to look after "three in the family, no children." I cut the following "want" ads out of the London "Times" this morning. There

were about two columns of such cries for help.

GOOD singlehanded Housemaid wanted on February 15th; three in family; three maids kept; no children; an intelligent and conscientious servant desired, but exaggerated wages cannot be given.—Apply after 6.30, or by letter, to Mrs. Rose, 18 Cranley-place, Onslow-square, S.W.7.

GOOD Housemaid wanted; three in family; four maids kept, including betweenmaid; good wages; separate bed room; central heating; comfortable situation.—Mrs. Bilbrough, Adderbury Grange, Banbury.

GOOD Housemaid required at once; family four; four maids, including between-maid, kept; needlewoman; wages £36; personal reference essential.—Call, after 6 p.m., or write 53, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde Park.

LADY Housemaid wanted immediately for Ox-shott, 35 minutes from Waterloo; three in family; lady cook and parlourmaid kept; boy for boots, knives, coals; salary £36.—Apply Mrs. C. Burgoyne, Broadlands, Ascot.

MRS. C. Du Cane requires good Housemaid; family three; butler and three servants, with betweenmaid; good wages; personal reference essential; near London.—Write Tolpits House, Rickmansworth.

UNDER-Housemaid required immediately for country, 1 hour from London; family 4; 5 servants; good references essential.—Write Box 8,178, 380 Oxford-street, W.1.

UPPER and Under-Housemaids required; two in family; six servants and odd man kept; good wages; needlewoman; good references essential.—Apply to-day, 10-3 p.m. or after 6 p.m., 14, Cavendish-place, W.

WANTED, Housemaid, third of five, also schoolroom Housemaid (one child); country; five in family; 12 servants; wages £30-£35.—Apply Housekeeper, Surrenden Dering, Pluckley, Kent.

The pay seems to run from \$150 to \$250 a year. Such notices would look strange in American papers; we have social contrasts, but few of us are so dependent on "help." The tendency to stick to the old until the advantage of the new has been demonstrated is an asset to the English. Americans might well follow them. But we in turn have more facility in readjustments. It is not so hard for an American "lady" to cook breakfast, when necessary; the same situation probably looms up before the English matron as the greatest calamity of the great war.

WIGS? YES, BUT NO CRIME WAVE

A court lawyer is called a barrister, the others solicitors. It is beneath the dignity of a barrister to meet ordinary clients direct. The solicitor prepares a brief and submits it to his superior; before the case goes to trial he may consent to see you. The barrister has quite a definite social position. He wears a gown and wig in court. Don't smile, fellow-American; you and I had better look under these adornments. If we do, our superior smile will become sickly.

What is the product of the British courts of justice? Strange to say, it is *justice*, prompt and unavoidable. As a result, there has been *no crime wave in England*. The transition from war to peace, from business booms to present depression, has brought no such general lawlessness as has marked the history of the United States during the last few months. Why? Well, in America we arrest only a few of our criminals, convicting perhaps ten per cent of those arrested, then we pardon most of those convicted. We let them off on generous terms.

To-day in America thousands of thugs and murderers are figuring on the risks of robbery; facts are all around them, they point to the *small average risk*. All honor to the barristers with their social positions and white wigs, all honor to the similarly bedecked justices of England. By their fruits ye shall know them. England, Scotland, and Wales have fewer murders per annum than either New York City or Chicago. It is not more police that we need, but more *justice*.

WILLIAM C. GREGG.

London, England.

II—THE POWER OF THE ENGLISH PRESS

HIS Majesty's Postmaster-General decided that more revenue was needed from public telephones, and so he announced an increase in the rates. Nothing simpler could be imaginable in England, where the Government controls and operates the telephone and telegraph lines as well as the Post Office Department.

The day following the announcement practically every newspaper in the United Kingdom contained an article violently protesting against the increase. And in the next issue the batteries of the editorial writers were turned on the P. M. G. Big and little chambers of commerce adopted resolutions of protest and business men threatened to organize a general telephone boycott. The Newspaper Proprietors' Association, perhaps the strongest combination in England, sent a delegation to see the P. M. G., but he gave them no satisfaction. In his new country home the "P. M.," otherwise Mr. David Lloyd George, who is reputed to have one ear always close to the ground, heard a furious clanging over the telephone, and within a week of the Postmaster-General's announcement H. M. Cabinet was meeting in Downing Street to reconsider the question of telephone charges.

Perhaps there is some other country in this wide world where the power of the press is greater than it is in England, but it is not within my knowledge. No nation's press is so highly organized as Britain's; no nation has forty-odd million inhabitants crowded into an area as small as that of the British Isles.

LLOYD GEORGIAN (NOT KING GEORGIAN)

The war had a marked influence on the British press. Slow to take up the

business of propaganda as a war measure, the British perfected it to a higher degree than even Germany or the United States.

Mr. Lloyd George used the press even more skillfully than Colonel Roosevelt, and even to-day he can shape opinion or send out a *ballon d'essai* in every part of the land by simply giving a brief order to one of his secretaries. Until the famous break between the Prime Minister and Viscount Northcliffe Mr. Lloyd George had the greatest press organization ever at the command of a statesman. Not only the British press, but the newspapers of America, France, Italy, and all the important neutral countries were more or less at the service of the "P. M."

To make an accurate political analysis of the English press it would be necessary to divide the newspapers into at least six groups, but roughly there are three classes: Georgian, anti-Georgian, and neutral.

Some British newspapers, Conservative and Liberal, support Mr. Lloyd George whatever the political issue under consideration. This is explained by the fact that, though the Prime Minister is a Liberal, the majority of his Cabinet associates are Conservatives and he heads a Coalition Government. The anti-Georgian newspapers are consistently in opposition on domestic issues; they are the mouthpieces of the Asquith political group, the so-called Independent Liberals. In this same class are the Labor organs. The third group is much the most interesting, containing as it does some of the best-written and most influential newspapers in the United Kingdom, Liberal and Conservative alike.

POLITICS STRICTLY HOME BREW

A local political issue is an entirely different thing from an international question in the eyes of the British press. The closest parallel is the third party who tries to intervene in a disagreement between husband and wife.

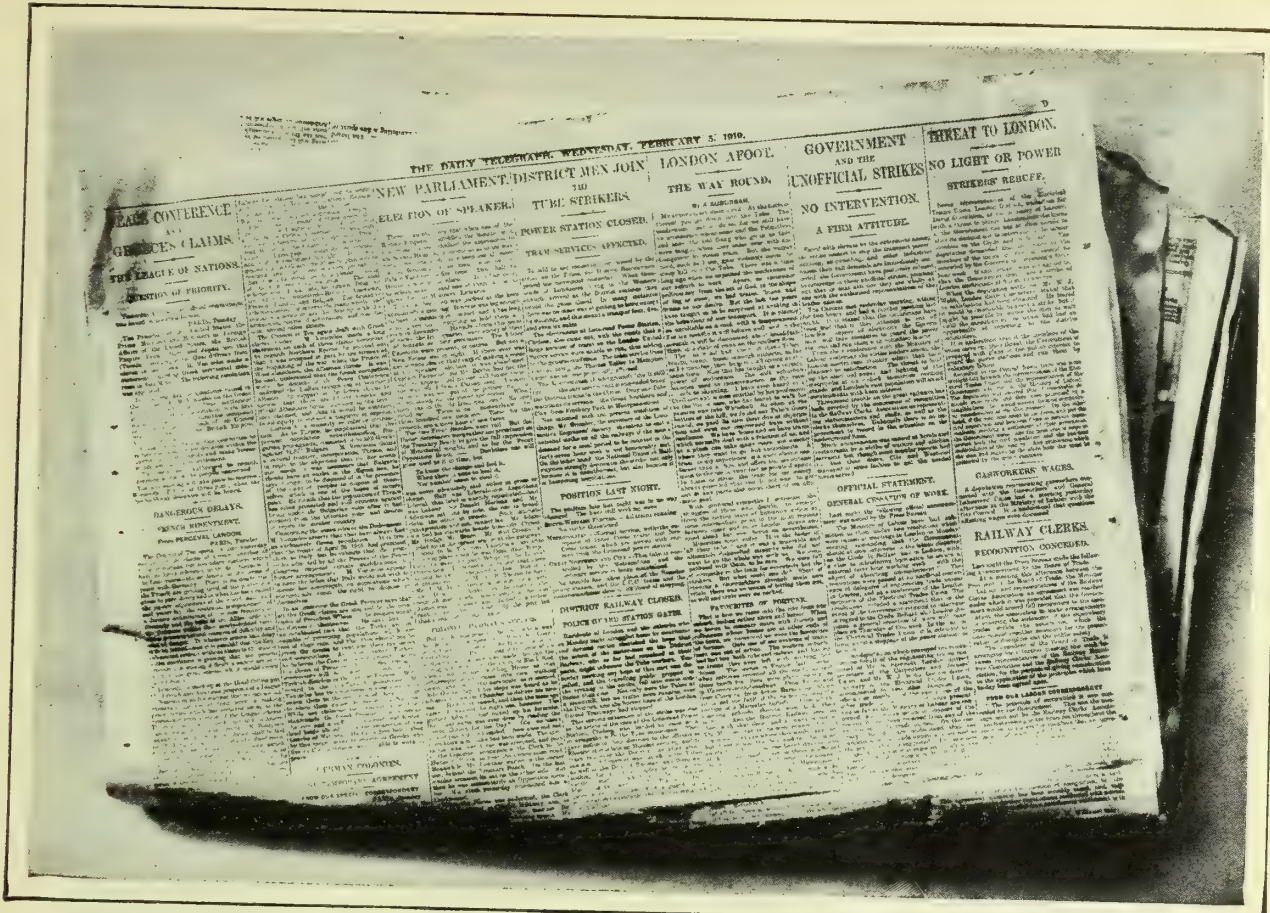
If Mr. Lloyd George, or any other British Premier, is attacked by the Government of a foreign country, the British press rushes to his support instantly. The Lloyd George Irish policy may be criticised severely in one section of the British press, but the moment that a dozen United States Senators join in the cry of condemnation they can rest assured they will find little journalistic support in England.

There is a group of British newspapers which reflects the extreme French view in the interpretation of the Treaty of Versailles, but Frenchmen have learned by experience that it is unwise to depend on this group if in that interpretation Lloyd George is adversely affected.

On foreign questions the British press is unlike that of the United States, where the newspapers frequently fail to support their Chief Executive, recent history being offered in evidence. In fact, neither French nor German statesmen enjoy such a full measure of press support on international questions as do the British leaders.

SOLID BUT FREE

"You can't believe the newspapers" is not such a common expression in England as in the United States, but possibly that is because Upton Sinclair has yet to write the English companion to "The Brass Check." A fairly full knowledge of the newspapers of both sides of



THE CHIEF NEWS PAGE OF THE LONDON "DAILY TELEGRAPH"—FEBRUARY 5, 1919—DURING THE PEACE CONFERENCE AND THE TUBE STRIKE. NOTE THE LACONIC AND NON-COMMITTAL HEADINGS

"The British public may have a higher degree of faith in their newspapers because they make them a larger part of their life; if they did not, how could they read the long broad columns of the 'Times,' the 'Morning Post,' and the 'Daily Telegraph'?"

the Atlantic fails to reveal any striking difference in moral attitude. There are yellow newspapers, journalistic papers, political propagandists, on both sides of the water, and perhaps in the same equally small proportion to the number of fair, accurate, intelligently honest journals and writers. The British public may have a higher degree of faith in their newspapers because they make them a larger part of their life; if they did not, how could they read the long broad columns of the "Times," the "Morning Post," and the "Daily Telegraph"?

Comparisons of English and American newspapers are difficult for many reasons, chief of which is that the English press is read almost exclusively by people of the same race. There is no such thing as a hyphenated Briton, the near-approach being the Sinn Féiner. To some Englishmen every one else is a foreigner, not excepting the Scotsman and the Welsh Premier. One London newspaper boasts of a daily circulation of almost 1,250,000. It requires no vivid imagination to appreciate the influence that paper has on the opinion of a country in which most of the population is Anglo-Saxon.

The English press boasts of its freedom in expressing its opinion—a perfectly justifiable boast from the standard of

most other countries. Recently the owner, editor, and assistant of a Dublin newspaper fell afoul the military régime in Ireland and were sentenced, after trial by court martial, to long terms of imprisonment and heavy fines. English newspapers, many of them the supporters of the very policy these militarists were instructed to carry out, decided almost unanimously to exert their influence on Downing Street for the release of their fellow-journalists. Their campaign was short and successful.

THE VOICE OF BRITISH OPINION

Theoretically the British form of Government is keenly sensitive to public opinion. An adverse vote in the House of Commons on any important Government measure means the downfall of the Premier and his Cabinet. When a general election was held immediately after the armistice in 1918, Mr. Lloyd George, whose political acumen is uncanny, decided that the wisest course was to form a combination of Liberals and Conservatives to battle against the powerful Labor group and those Liberals who still remained loyal to Mr. Asquith. The Welsh political strategist won an overwhelming victory, and he has controlled a House of Commons where he has been assured of a Liberal majority on every question. Naturally, this big group of

strange political bedfellows have had differences of opinion, but compromise is the foundation of British politics.

Outside the House there is not the same spirit, and eleven by-elections have gone against the Government, five being won by Labor representatives. In all there have been 38 by-elections, in which the aggregate vote has been: Coalition 374,388; anti-Coalition, 513,916. These figures would indicate that, though Mr. Lloyd George's parliamentary majority is commanding, he does not enjoy the support of the majority of the electorate. On the other hand, this may be a totally wrong deduction, as many of the by-elections were determined on local or purely temporary issues, in which the power of the press was turned against the Premier.

The whole tendency in England is to write the war off as an unpleasant bit of history and to reorganize economically. Here is where the British press is of the greatest value. Despite the discordant elements and the profoundly difficult task of meeting the nation's financial obligations, the newspapers of England are exerting a marvelous influence on the morals of the people. The cry for "economy" brought down prices; it will also limit national expenditure.

ARTHUR S. DRAPER.

Office of the New York "Tribune,"
London, England.

HOLY WEEK IN



(C) Underwood

WORSHIPERS AND SIGHTSEERS AT THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER

During the Easter Festival, the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, which is also pictured on the cover of this issue, is crowded with pilgrims of every nationality. Devotees of both the Latin and Greek Churches, as well as others, walk in procession and engage in solemn services. The demand for seats or vantage-points to see the services and processions is so great that many people, it is said, pass the night before Easter Sunday in and about the church in order to secure places, and, as seen in the photograph, climb upon the walls and buttresses

THE HOLY CITY



(C) Underwood

PILGRIMS PRAYING AT THE THIRD STATION OF THE CROSS

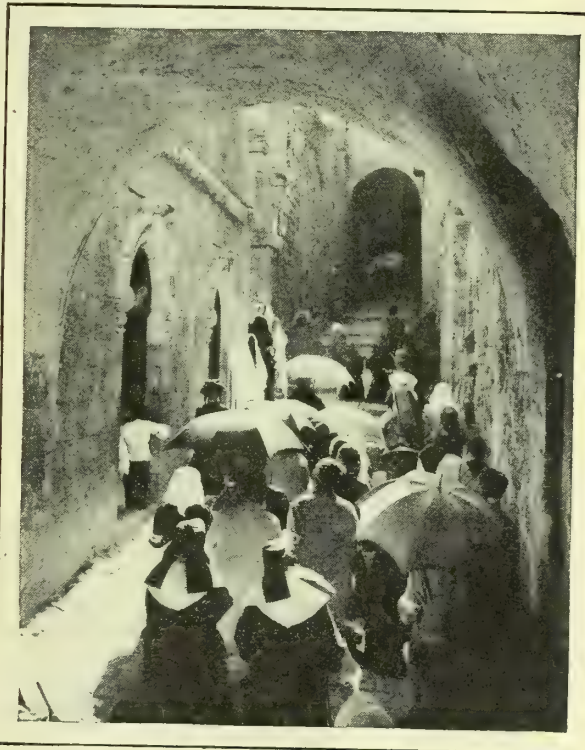
Near this Station, Christ is said to have sunk under the weight of the Cross



(C) Underwood

THE FOURTH STATION OF THE CROSS

At this Station, the legend runs, Christ met his Mother. This is near an old house known as "The House of the Rich Man" (Dives)

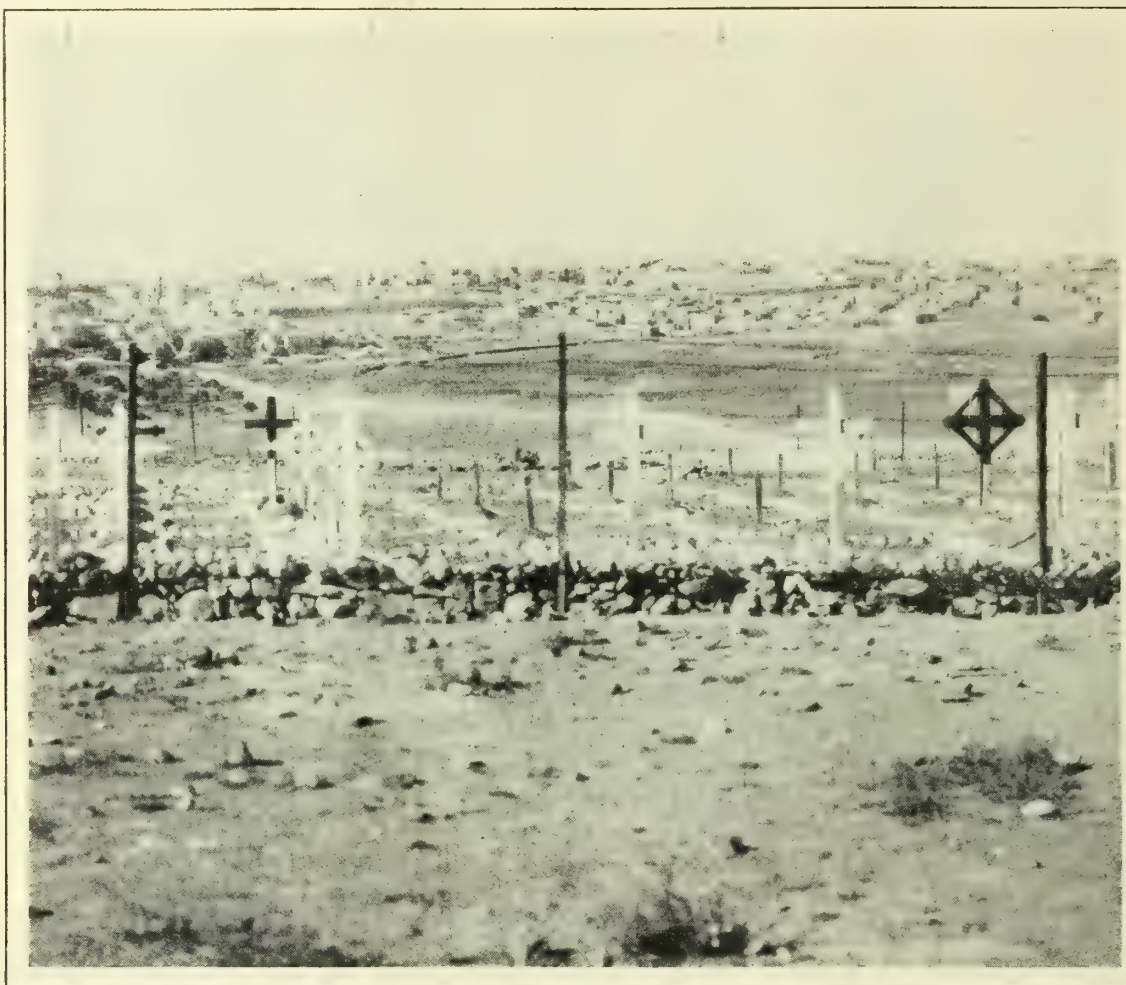


(C) Underwood

THE SIXTH STATION OF THE CROSS

St. Veronica is said to have wiped off the sweat from the Saviour's brow at this spot, and, according to legend, Christ's visage remained imprinted on her handkerchief

The Via Dolorosa is the way along which Jesus went to his crucifixion. Tradition identifies it with a street in Jerusalem and has set apart fourteen places on the way as Stations of the Cross



Photograph by John Finley

A VIEW FROM THE BROW OF OLIVET LOOKING TOWARD JERUSALEM

THE EASTER FLOWERS OF OLIVET

BY ALLAN A. HUNTER

THE Holy City is the holier for her flowers. When the time of the singing of birds is come and the rains of early spring have drenched and quickened Palestine's sacred soil with resurrection life, then do flowers appear over all the land. The desert hills round about Jerusalem rejoice and blossom as the rose; and none more abundantly than Olivet, that ramparts the city on the east and north like "the visible arm of the Lord." For on this mountain there has sprung up a profusion of wild pinks and lace flowers of yellow flax and golden groundsel. The slopes of the Mount of Olives and the Kidron Valley below are sprayed with the sun-hearted daisy, the fields invested with purpureal gleams of mallow and pimpernel.

And then, most superb of all, the royal anemones, red like crimson—"the lilies" that Jesus stopped to consider. Not even Jerusalem's richest king could array himself like one of these.

And yet before the spring is over a wind will come scorching up from the Dead Sea Valley. It will pass over these flowers of the earth, shining here in all their glory. They will fall, and the place thereof shall know them no more.

But crowning Olivet is a garden the glorious beauty of whose flowers shall never fade. This garden is planted with graves, and it blossoms with crosses—crosses of wood painted white by the comrades of those British soldiers who fell that tragic day after Christmas, 1917, when the enemy hosts swept down from the north to retake Jerusalem.

They died that the Holy City might not again be desecrated. And over there in the tiny barbed-wire plot that is their sepulcher their crosses flourish in the cloudless, radiant morning like stars of Bethlehem—flowers of pain and valor, flowers that shall never pass away.

A MAN OF THE WORLD'S DICTIONARY

BY BEVERLEY NICHOLS

IN that sad year 1822, when England, still staggering under the burden of the lately ended Napoleonic wars, was in the thick of social, political, and economic troubles, fully as grave as those with which she is confronted to-day, there was published in London a little volume called "A Man of the World's Dictionary." It was brought out anonymously, in a discreet brown cover, and it appears to have been well received, for it went through three impressions in a year. And for the wit and wisdom which it contains it might well have gone through thirty. Perhaps this book was unknown to Meredith, perhaps the bulky figure of Oscar Wilde never bent over its pages, and quite possibly Mr. Bernard Shaw has never even

heard of it. But it would certainly have paid all these gentlemen to have assimilated some of the "Man of the World's" *bon mots*.

He was not a patriot, this anonymous one. Under ENGLAND, you will find: "The land of philanthropy, most of whose inhabitants would lay the world in blood to sell a yard of linen. A country in which there is nothing polished but marble, nor any ripe fruit except roasted apples." That, *mutatis mutandis*, is the true Wilde touch. Nor does he appear to have been a profiteer, for he has none of the profiteer's reverence for wealth. GOLD to him is "A yellow metal, that causes men to be massacred, towns to be burned, citizens to be oppressed, and women to be overcome."

But he is, first and last, a thorough-going cynic. The first word in the book is Abbé. This is how he deals with it: "A B B É. No word has been wrested further from its original meaning than this. Abbé signifies *father*; yet those who bear this name are condemned to celibacy. It is true that, in those times when morals were purer and religion was honoured, these gentlemen occasionally recollected the etymology of their name. But never more shall we see those happy days when gallant abbés, and even waggish abbés, were so much loved. Alas! how everything has degenerated!"

The last word in the book (and it is the last quality in the book too) is YOUTH: "The age of a man till he is

selfish backing up of dawning initiative on the part of the men and women whom he saw enlisted in the difficult practical political struggle for the common welfare of the American people.

So many of us have had this experience of Roosevelt. My own definite fighting interest in public affairs dates from him. I will speak of that later. I am led to reflect at the moment upon this particular sort of Roosevelt influence because of the fact that we now have for the first time a genuine Roosevelt woman in Congress.

There has been one woman already in Congress, Miss Jeannette Rankin, of Montana. She was received with delightful courtesy, and her career in the House was followed with eager interest by the whole country. The outcome was not a happy one, mainly because Miss Rankin found herself unable to follow the overwhelming sentiment of Congress and of the American people on the issue of the war. She could not bring herself to cast her vote for the sending of American young men to the trenches of the

But now comes along a Roosevelt woman, Miss Alice Robertson, of Oklahoma, who will furnish some argument on the other side. She is sixty-six years of age, and comes from a line of sturdy pioneer missionary stock, fearless and practical, with the right amount of control of the emotions. She appears to have helped to recruit and fit out the Rough Rider Regiment of Roosevelt in the conflict with Spain, and she seems to have been a sort of war mother to young soldiers in her section of the State during the recent world struggle. She seems to have lived, like her ancestors before her, a vigorous, fighting life of practical service.

In political heredity she is a typical Roosevelt product. Many years ago she came East to the Lake Mohonk Conference to speak about the needs of the Indians of Oklahoma. The story has recently been told of her in the accounts of her life which have followed the election:

It was a dignified, impressive gathering, and the stranger from the West was at first conscious only of a

man who had listened so attentively left his place and made his way to her side.

"I could not wait for a formal introduction," he said. "I just had to tell you how fine I thought your talk was. Your views on Indian education are mine also."

It was Theodore Roosevelt, then United States Civil Service Commissioner, with an eternal instinct for unselfish appreciation of expert knowledge or quality in others. Twelve years after, as President of the United States, he named Miss Robertson as Postmistress of Muskogee, a position which she held for more than eight years, until the Democratic Administration came into power after 1912. And now she is in Congress.

There be many who will recall Roosevelt's great sweep to the West in the summer of 1910, when he was seeking to stay the tide of revolt against the Republican party which was rising from the Mississippi to the Pacific in the middle of the Administration of President Taft. He sought to check the revolt by inspiring the party and the country

again with his own liberalism of spirit and policy which had so commended the party to the country during the two Roosevelt Administrations. But he had in that campaign another mission of great import. From one end of the country to the other he took advantage of every opportunity to strengthen the hands of those of liberal mind who were, in the face of great odds, fighting the battle of the American people. He came one day to Denver, where Judge Lindsey, single-handed, was engaged in open conflict with "the Beast" of political and industrial machination and intrigue. Roosevelt was still a regular Republican, and was received in Denver by the dominant economic and political authorities of the community with the acclaim which attaches to regular and recent Presidential prerogative and power.

When the Roosevelt party arrived at the opera house, where the former President was to speak, the auditorium was thronged, the aisles were thronged, and standing far down in one of the aisles, packed into the throng, was Judge Lindsey, diminutive in stature, out of sight and out of harm's way, so far as the great ones of Denver knew. Lindsey had long been a thorn in the side of corrupt complacency and arrogance in the city of Denver, but he was now well packed away, outside the breastworks. He was not even on the committee to greet Roosevelt, although it was widely known that Roosevelt approved of his career, particularly in its relation to the special courts of protection for little children. The successful and powerful of Denver were on the platform in comfortable seats, while the little judge stood away back in the aisle. Roosevelt suddenly appeared on the stage, and the great audience rose in vociferous applause. Roosevelt took his seat, and his eye swept the throng. Suddenly he sprang up, and, going to the edge of the stage, he said with all the force of his vibrant personality: "I see standing in the aisle my friend Judge Lindsey. I would like to have him come to the platform and take my seat."

I was reminded of this incident the other day when I read that at the recent election Judge Lindsey once more carried Denver by a record-breaking majority. "The Beast" has not got him yet, and never will get him now. The mantle of power which Roosevelt threw around him that summer day in 1910 protected him from the irrational fury of that period and helped to preserve him for a long and useful life of service to his city and the little children of the world.

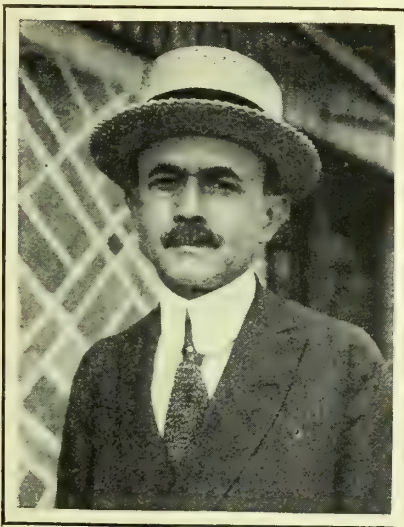
My own initial experience with Roosevelt is far less dramatic, but I mention this one phase of acquaintance with him because it illustrates well his method of political leadership and the way in which he attached men to him and stirred them into definite action in the service of the country. It was away back in 1907. I had never met President Roosevelt. It happened that I had just published in *The Outlook* an article on "The Executive Intimidation of the Judiciary," in which



MISS ALICE ROBERTSON, REPRESENTATIVE FROM OKLAHOMA

"But now comes along a Roosevelt woman, Miss Alice Robertson, of Oklahoma. . . . She comes from a line of sturdy pioneer missionary stock. . . . She seems to have lived, like her ancestors before her, a vigorous, fighting life of practical service. . . . And now she is in Congress"

I upheld the President for his rather sharp but incisive criticisms of certain phases of procedure in the Federal courts as well as of the rulings of certain Federal judges. Embodied in the article were also a few slight digs at the President for his whimsical flirtation with simplified spelling, his strenuous insistence upon fixing the terms of membership in the National Ananias Association, and other matters of that kind. Within a day or two of the time when the article appeared I received a letter from the President, in which he said that he had read the article and felt that it taught exactly the lesson which should be taught. "So far as I know," said he, "I have never hesitated to deal



(C) Paul Thompson

JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

"He came one day to Denver, where Judge Lindsey, single-handed, was engaged in open conflict with 'the Beast.' . . . Lindsey had long been a thorn in the side of corrupt complacency. . . . 'The Beast' . . . never will get him now. . . . The mantle of power which Roosevelt threw around him . . . helped to preserve him for a long and useful life of service to his city and the little children of the world"

fearlessly with the labor people when I thought them wrong; to deal with the labor unions in the Moyer-Haywood-Debs matter; with the Chicago strikers under the leadership of Shea; with the fight about the open shop in the Miller case in the Government Printing Office. . . . I am well aware that the tyranny of the labor union is quite as obnoxious as the tyranny of the corporation. And I am well aware that many juries tend to decide for the labor union rather than for the corporation. But with many of our judges it seems to me that the direct reverse is the case; and I have done my best, sometimes successfully and sometimes not, to get judges who would possess the knowledge of, and therefore broad sympathy with, the men who work with their hands that they already have for the more prosperous members of the community, for those who do not work with their hands."

And he closed the letter by saying: "If you are in Washington next winter, be sure and let me see you."

Months passed, and I thought no more about it. One day the following winter an invitation came to lunch with the President at the White House. When I got there, I found that he had gathered from various parts of the United States a group of younger men about my age; and at lunch that day for more than two hours every important phase of opinion—North, South, East, and West—was sought by the President and illuminated after the Socratic fashion under his conversational leadership. There was one little incident which I recall which illustrates his tactful memory. He looked my way after we all sat down at the table, and his first remark was: "Davenport, what you said about my flirtation with simplified spelling was all right; Mrs. Roosevelt heartily agrees with you." Of course I learned afterwards that it was a custom with him while he was in the White House to keep his eye on every sign of dawning initiative in any corner of the country, get in touch with it through frequent luncheons at the White House and inspire it with his own practical idealism, and send it forth to work for a better America.

If the number of men and women in the United States upon whom Roosevelt laid the hand of appreciation and inspiration were known, it would be a great company. While no man thought more deeply upon democracy than the great and practical Lincoln—perhaps no man ever thought so deeply—and no man ever cleared a greater single obstacle from the path of democracy than he, Roosevelt, on the other hand, did more to make democracy permanently workable than any man in our history. His marvelous moral and political dynamic has permeated every corner of his country. The influence of his spirit has gone into every election district in the United States. And at this hour in all parts of America men and women are climbing up to public power and influence in their respective communities who got their start from the touch of Roosevelt.

INSOMNIA

ANOTHER TALE OF CLIPPER SHIPS AND HANDSOME MAT

BY
MEADE MINNIGERODE

WHEN a girl is called Dyspepsia, or Timidity, or even Harmonica, you simply wonder sympathetically and pass on, but when you find the name Insomnia somewhat startlingly spread across a baptismal record you want to know the reason why.

Insomnia Crane Parsons, that was her name; born September the ninth, 1851, aboard the Golden Fleece, fifty-eight days out of New York, three days northwest of the Horn. Now if they had only called her Patagonia! Of course she was always known as Susanna, after her mother, and she signed herself Susanna, but Insomnia is the name in the log-book, in her father's own handwriting.

"... there is no question but that we owe our lives and the safety of the ship to my little daughter Insomnia, as I am minded that she shall be called. . ."

And very likely he did as he was minded, for her father was Matthew Parsons, Handsome Mat Parsons, and with him a thing determined was a thing accomplished, whether it were clipping off a day from the San Francisco run or fishing a sprung mainmast in a gale.

THE son of Gamaliel Parsons, of early Canton clipper fame, Mat inherited one solitary and all-engrossing ambition—to follow the sea.

"What do you want to be, Mat, when you grow up?" they used to ask him.

"The dandy mate of a Black Ball packet," came the invariable answer.

And Mat knew as much about packets as any one on the Battery, too, and could describe every feature of their hull and rigging. He knew, for instance, that full poop decks were replacing flush-deck construction, and that where the inner sides of bulwarks and rails were being painted white now they had formerly been finished in green.

For another thing, with all the fervor of youthful patriotism, he knew that any Yankee ship could sail rings around the Indiamen of the Honorable John Company, for all their bunt jiggers, and gammon lashings, and cat harpings, and he could recite the history of the Black Ball Line from bow to stern.

"... in 1816, Mr. Isaac Wright, Mr. Benjamin Marshall, and Mr. Jeremiah Thompson established the Black Ball Line, from New York to Liverpool. Their first ships were the Amity, the Courier, the Pacific, and the James Monroe. Then came the New York, the

Eagle, the Orbit, the Nestor, the James Cropper, the William Thompson, the Albion, the Canada, the Britannia, the Columbia. . . . During the first ten years the fastest passage was made by the Canada, in fifteen days and eighteen hours, . . ." and so on, as long as you cared to listen to him.

He knew that a black cross extended diagonally across a foretopsail meant a packet of the new Dramatic Line, a custom obviously aped from the large black ball just below the foretopsail close-reef band of a Black Baller, and there was not a varied swallowtail house flag whose firm name he could not tell as fast as they were broken out.

"... the red swallowtail with the black X in the center, that's Mr. Griswold's line; a blue swallowtail and a red star, she's a Kermit Liverpool packet; white ball with a black L in center on a red swallowtail, it's a New Orleans Dramatic. . . ."

And from listening to his father and the constant gossip around him he knew what manner of work it was that the sturdy packets were called upon to do. Officer'd by some of the finest sailors and gentlemen afloat, they were sent across to Liverpool and back, month in and month out, in all seasons and in all weathers, bearing passengers and mails, for many years the only link between the New World and the Old.

And always at top speed. Plenty of sail and never a let-up, day and night, racing hammer and tongs every inch of the way. Racing each other, racing the Britishers, racing against time. The only things they did not race were the wallowing steamboat "tea kettles"—they simply overhauled them and left them far astern with a derisive cheer!

Matthew enjoyed that part of it best of all. Square lower, topmast, and topgallant studdingsails, skysails set on

sliding gunter masts—Matthew knew all about that; three reefs in the topsails and single reefs in the topgallant sails—and let her go, with the Yankee flag at the gaff, through ice and fog and snow and gale, across the Atlantic in all its moods. And Matthew would begin to recite again:

"... the Isaac Bell, Havre to New York in seventeen days; the Independence, New York to Liverpool in fourteen days; the Columbus, New York to Liverpool in sixteen days, against the Sheridan, eighteen days, for a wager of ten thousand dollars, play or pay—a victory for the old Black Ball against the Dramatics. . . ."

These were all very splendid matters, thought Mat, and to be a Yankee packet captain the finest thing afloat or ashore. And in due time he became one, in his pet Black Ball Line—

... the Black Ball ships are good and true,

Hurrah for the Black Ball Line!

They are the ships for me and you,

Hurrah for the Black Ball Line!

Then drink success to the Black Ball Line,

Hurrah for the Black Ball Line!

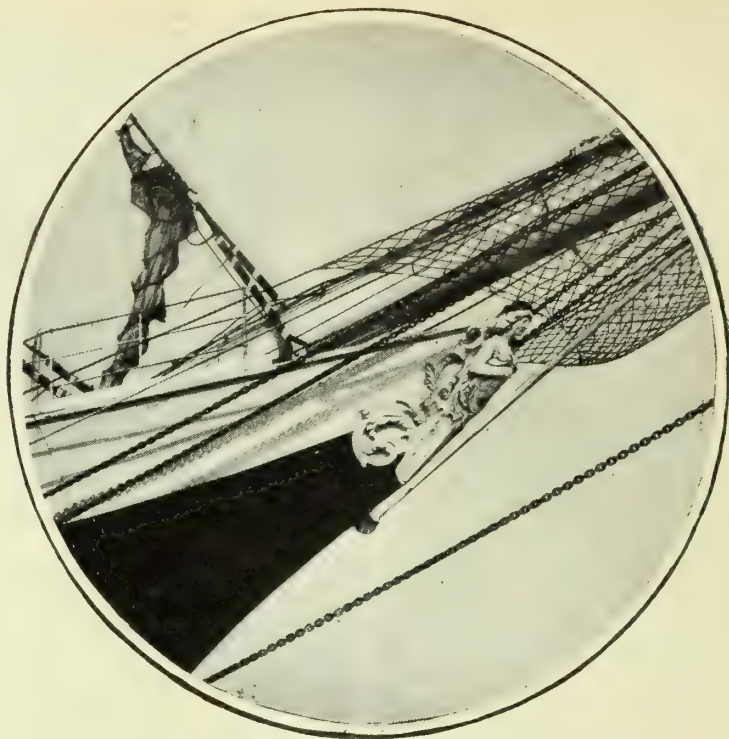
Their ships are good, their men are fine,

Hurrah for the Black Ball Line...

First as a boy, and so on up to be "third blower," and "greaser" second mate, then "dandy mate" on the Cygnet under Captain Logan. And then, finally, on the quarter-deck of the Breeze from the West, a packet captain at twenty-seven.

That was when he first saw Susanna Crane, the girl with the golden hair. A few brief sentences exchanged there at the Atlantic Gardens, and then it was sailing day again, and when he returned she was gone with her brother.

"I will find her, I will find her, . . ."



he kept saying to himself through two dreary voyages, and then they sent him to California. The gold rush was in full flood, the "Oh, Susanna!" song was roaring its way around the world, and on the black sandy beach of San Francisco he found her again!

"You are all the gold I want in this world," he told her.

"I was afraid I was never to see you again!" she smiled at him.

So he brought her home, around the Horn, and laughed at her dismay on finding snow everywhere down there in mid-July! Fifty-nine days later he led her down the gangplank in New York to where his father was waiting on the pier.

"I've returned with gold, sir, from California," he said to him. "Let me present Mrs. Matthew Parsons. . . ."

And all that is why little Susanna—it is impossible to think of her as *Insomnia*—came to be born aboard the *Golden Fleece*, three days northwest of the Horn.

It was Mrs. Parsons herself who insisted on it.

THE California trade was booming—fifty and sixty dollars freight money per forty cubic feet—and the new clippers were taking the water as fast as they could be got off the ways: the *Challenge*, the *Flying Cloud*, the *Typhoon*, the *Golden Gate*, the *Comet*, the *Sword Fish*, the *Monsoon*, the *Trade Wind*, the *Ino*, the *Northern Light*. . . .

Powerful, long-limbed vessels from the yards of Donald McKay, Fernald & Pettigrew, William H. Webb, Trufant & Drummond, Jacob Bell, George Raynes, Jacob A. Westervelt, Perrin, Patterson & Stack—marvels of beauty and speed, the joy of their builders, the glory of a ship-loving nation, and the pride of the Yankee merchant fleets whose ornament they became.

"We are building a new ship," his owners told Mat one day, "up at McKay's. She will measure about two hundred and twenty-five by forty, twenty-one and a half feet deep, and register seventeen hundred and eighty-three tons. Finished in teak and mahogany—we are sparing no expense. . . ."

"A very sweet ship," said Mat. "Teak and mahogany look very well on deck. How is she rigged?"

"Her mainmast will be eighty-eight feet," they expounded. "Main yard, eighty-two. She will carry three standing skysail yards; royal, topgallant, and topmast studdingsails at the fore and main; single topsail yards; square lower studdingsails and swinging booms at the fore. Four reef bands in the topsails, single reefs in the topgallantsails, topsail and topgallant bowlines.

"What are you calling her?" asked Mat.

"We are leaving that to you," they smiled. "We want you to take command, and you shall name her, and Mrs. Parsons here shall christen her. She will be for the California trade, of course."

"For the California trade!" Mat exclaimed, looking at his wife. "I—I am

very grateful to you for the honor, but I must say no."

"He means yes," said Mrs. Parsons, nodding her golden head.

"Oh, did I say no?" laughed Mat. "I meant yes, of course. That is, if I may have my mate from the *Breeze* from the West with me. We see eye to eye, my mate and I, in the matter of carrying sail."

"Yes," breathed Mrs. Parsons, but there was pride in her eyes. "When other ships are lying hove-to, my husband and Mr. Stimson are pacing the deck whistling for more wind! He has never lost a spar, though, . . ." she added quickly.

"You shall keep Mr. Stimson, of course," they agreed. "Now what will you name her, Captain Parsons?"

"She shall be named the—*the Golden Fleece*," said Mat, and they all laughed until Mrs. Parsons blushed.

So she was launched and christened and brought down to her berth in the East River, and they began sending out her advertising cards—very gaudy-colored affairs, as befitted a new ship, bordered in gold, with a showy picture of a gentleman purporting to be Jason reaching for the golden fleece, and announcing to the mercantile world that—

THE NEW, SPLENDID, AND MAGNIFICENT

Out and Out, Extreme, All First Class

Clipper Ship

GOLDEN FLEECE

Matthew Parsons, Master,

Is receiving cargo at Pier 19, E. R.

And having one-third of her cargo actually on board

WILL HAVE EXTRAORDINARY DESPATCH

A FEW days later Mat came home and found his wife packing away her etceteras.

"What are you doing, my dear?" he asked her.

"Why, I'm getting ready," she replied, looking up at him from the floor, where she was sitting. "For the voyage."

"For the voyage!" Mat exclaimed. "You're never planning to come with me in the *Golden Fleece*?"

"And why not?" she countered. "Any number of captain's wives follow their husbands to sea. Why shouldn't I go?"

"It's absolutely out of the question," Mat began. "I won't allow it. . . ."

"And why not?" she asked again. "Would you prefer not to have me with you, or don't you think I'll be at home on the *Golden Fleece*?"

"Oh, my dear, it isn't that," Mat said, gently. "I would rather be near you than command the fastest clipper afloat; and you are a sailor's wife, and fit to walk the quarter-deck of *any* ship—and take your turn at the wheel, too. . . ."

"Very well, then," she smiled up at him. "That's why I'm packing."

"But . . . but . . . but . . ." Mat stammered helplessly, and came a step nearer, towering over her, his arms outstretched, his eyes very tender.

She stood up before him suddenly and put her hands on his firm, broad shoulders. For a moment she gazed into his eyes, and in that moment Mat knew that

she would have her way with him, be the risk what it might.

"Matthew," she said to him, "you have to go, and you know that I could not stay behind. We shall want to be near each other. I am a sailor's wife, and my husband's ship is my home. The— the child shall be born on shipboard. . . ."

She laughed gayly into his troubled eyes and turned to draw out a volume from his bookshelves, a tattered *Maritime Manual*.

"See," she exclaimed, mischievously, hunting through the worn pages. "Here it is—

The Master of a Vessel at sea may be required to administer medical aid to those on board. He may even be required to set a broken arm, or saw off a leg, or assist a woman in childbirth. . . .

I suspect there's nothing so very unusual in babies being born at sea, or they wouldn't have put it in the *Manual*!"

"Sweet sailor's life!" Mr. Stimson exclaimed when he was told about it. "This here, now, *Golden Fleece* will be a floating nursery. The cat's getting ready to have kittens, too!"

The day came finally for the *Golden Fleece's* departure, July 14, and she dropped down the East River from the loading berth to her anchorage off the Battery to take on the remainder of her crew, while a considerable concourse of spectators gathered in the Park to watch the new clipper put to sea and admire her graceful hull and towering masts.

For an hour or more she was the center of a busy swarm of Whitehall boats, scurrying back and forth, bringing odd lots of sailors and their dunnage to be put aboard under the eye of a boarding-house runner, many of them in varying stages of blissful indifference as to their whereabouts, identity, and destination!

" . . . over the side with them! . . ."

In bowlines, then a hastily scribbled receipt for each of them from the mate to the runner, and dump them into their bunks in the forecabin to sleep it off, while the gang of longshoremen far-seeingly provided were helping to get the ship ready for sea.

And then as the last Whitehall boat left her the tide began to turn and she swung easily to the wind. From the Battery the pilot could be seen on the quarter-deck in consultation with the captain, and the captain's golden-haired wife standing beside him.

"That pretty Mrs. Parsons. . . ."

THE mate was at his post, in charge of the topgallant forecabin with the "third blower;" the second and fourth mates and the boatswain's mate were standing by to work the main deck and watch the anchor come in. Such of the crew as were not laboring under the delusion that they were still in a Cherry Street dance-hall were mustered on the forecabin, ready to man capstan-bars and ropes.

The *Golden Fleece* was sailing.

"Man the windlass, Mr. Stimson, and

heave short, . . ." the order went forward.

"All right, men," the mate cried out. "Heave away on the windlass breaks—and strike a light!"

Over to the Battery Park the chantey man's song went floating while the anchor began to come in slowly over the windlass:

. . . Come heave up the anchor, let's
get it aweigh.

Away, Rio,

It's got a firm grip, so heave steady,
I say,

For we're bound to Rio Grande.

And away, you Rio,

Oh, you Rio,

Sing fare you well, my bonny
young girls,

For we're bound to the Rio Grande.

Now you Bowery ladies, we'll have
you to know,

Away, Rio,

We're bound to the southward, oh,
Lord, let us go.

For we're bound to Rio Grande.

And away, you Rio,

Oh, you Rio,

Sing fare you well, my bonny
young girls,

For we're. . .

"'Vast heaving!' came the cry. "The anchor's apeak, sir."

"Loose sails fore and aft. . . ."

"Aye, aye, sir. Aloft there, you scum, loosen sails—royals and skysails, leave staysails fast."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Cast that gasket adrift on the fore-topsail yard—get your watch tackles along to the topsail sheets. . . . Hook on the pendant, you lubbers. . . ."

The sails were loose, fluttering in their gear, courses, topsails, topgallantsails, royals, skysails.

"Sheet home the topsails!" came the order. "Ease down handsomely as the sheets come home!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

" . . . lively there with those buntlines. Belay port maintopsail sheet—rouse home the starboard sheet. . . . Now then lay down on the main yard. . . ."

"Belay starboard—well the mizzen topsail sheets belay. . . . Lead out topsail halyards fore and aft and masthead her!"

"Aye, aye, sir. Long pulls now—strike a light, there, strike a light. . . ."

. . . Yeo, aye, and we'll haul,

To pay Paddy Doyle for his boots,

Yeo, aye, and we'll sing,

To pay Paddy Doyle for his boots,

To pay Paddy Doyle for his boots,

To pay Paddy Doyle for his boots. . .

"Belay maintopsail halyards. . . ."

The sails were set fore and aft. The anchor was being brought to the rail with—

New York City is on fire,
With a hoodah and a doodah,
New York City is on fire,
Hoodah, doodah, day!

Blow, boys, blow,

For Californi-o,

There's plenty of gold,

So I've been told,

On the banks o'

The Sacramento!

The Golden Fleece began to pay off,

gathering way, and from the Battery came a rousing cheer.

"Dip the ensign," commanded Mat.

They were away, down the bay, for the trip around the Horn. . . .

WHEN he had discharged the pilot outside of Sandy Hook, Mat turned to his mate.

"What kind of a crew do we seem to have shipped this time, Mr. Stimson?" he asked.

The mate turned and spat over the rail before replying. Mrs. Parsons had gone below to put her stateroom in order, and there was no one to hear them talk.

"It's probably the biggest bunch of, now, ruffianly cutthroats and blacklegs ever walked a deck, if you want my opinion," Mr. Stimson remarked.

"What are you saying? . . ."

"Well, there's supposed to be fifty-six men before the mast and eight boys.



From "The Clipper Ship Era," by Arthur H. Clark (G. P. Putnam's Sons)

DONALD MCKAY

"Powerful, long-limbed vessels from the yards of Donald McKay, Fernald & Pettigrew, William H. Webb, Trufant & Drummond, Jacob Bell, George Raynes, Jacob A. Westervelt, Perrin, Patterson & Stack—marvels of beauty and speed, the joy of their builders, and the pride of the Yankee merchant fleets"

Two out of that lot are Americans, and I doubt if we'll find more than six of them to act as quartermasters and steer the ship."

"And the rest?"

"Blacklegs," said Mr. Stimson. "Black-minded, yellow-livered blacklegs. Never saw a ship before except in a picture over a bar. Don't know the difference between a martingale boom and a monkey gaff. Dance-hall scum on their way to the gold mines stealing a ride. Not even an honest packet rat among them. This will be a sweet, now, trip!"

"Mutiny?" Mat asked, quietly.

"Mutiny, and full-rigged hell!" said the mate.

Mat turned away and leaned over the rail for a moment, watching the water rippling by. Of course it was not too

late to put back and secure a new crew. . . . Then he drew Mr. Stimson aside and spoke with him earnestly for a while.

" . . . do you understand? Muster the entire crew aft—I'll keep them busy while you're at it. Take the mates and the carpenter and boatswain. Report to me afterwards in my stateroom. . . ."

All hands were called aft, while Mr. Stimson disappeared into the forecabin, and it seemed to Mat as he looked at them there before him that never in all his experience had he seen a more villainous set of human beings than this precious crew of his. And then he began to talk to them, slowly and good-humoredly:

" . . . you are aboard of a fine, comfortable ship—plenty to eat, good pay, and very little work, as you all know. What work there is to do must be done readily, for the welfare and safety of all, and when your officers give an order it must be obeyed at once. It may mean the lives of the entire ship's company. Just a word more before dismissing you: I hope none of you have brought spirits on board—this is an American vessel, and, as you all know, grog is not allowed—or weapons of any sort. These things are only liable to make trouble at sea. That will do. . . ."

The men shuffled forward again, grumbling among themselves, and Mat went below. In the saloon he found Mr. Stimson and the third mate.

"Well?" he asked them.

"Well," said Mr. Stimson, "this here, now, floating paradise, the Golden Fleece, is less of a navigating hardware store than she was twenty minutes ago. We broke open their chests and ransacked their bags, and heaved the lot overboard."

"The lot!"

"Everything calculated to give trouble, I mean—knives, pistols, sling-shots, knuckle-dusters. . . ."

"Rum bottles, . . ." put in the third mate.

"Yes," Mr. Stimson smiled. "There's only belaying-pins and capstan-bars left on board now, and I'm figuring we'll use those ourselves. . . ."

"Good," said Mat. "A little handspike hash will do wonders. We'll make sailors out of this crew yet. Now, Mr. Stimson, when you pick your watches have each man who is wearing a knife lay it down on the main hatch and let the carpenter break off the points of the blades."

"Aye, aye, sir. . . ."

"And tell the officers that they will always come on deck armed."

"Very good, sir. . . ."

"And—don't say anything to Mrs. Parsons," Mat concluded.

Meanwhile the Golden Fleece was surging southward from Sandy Hook to the Equator, from the Equator to 50° S. Atlantic. In the first blow she ran into the mate danced up and down the deck like a wild Indian at the sight of his sails slatting to pieces because of the inability of the crew to handle them.

"You scum!" he roared at them. "You

dregs from hell's coffee-pot! I'll teach you to stand there rolling your eyes! Up aloft with you and stow those sails, or I'll beat the living jumping Jonah out of you!"

And with the mates and the sailmaker, the carpenter, the steward, and the boatswain, and even the grinning darky cook, at his side, the crew went stumbling and scrambling aloft in a cloud of capstan-bars and heavers!

"Sweet sailor's life!" Mr. Stimson panted afterwards. "It's like killing seals, only nowhere near as profitable!"

"We'll have trouble with them later," prophesied the third mate, as though he were looking forward to it.

"I'll trouble them!" stormed Mr. Stimson. "I'll trouble them with handspikes and belaying-pins, I'll—pipe down, there's the lady. . . ."

SOME seven weeks of this, with Mat and his officers on their guard night and day and the crew muttering and growling among themselves, and the Golden Fleece began to meet the long gray rollers from the Horn. One westerly gale after another swept down against her, and Mat and the mates took turns watching the sheets and hal-yards to prevent the crew from letting them go by the run.

But they rounded the Horn somehow, after losing three men from aloft, and turned to the northwest, with all sails set to Mr. Stimson's satisfaction and the belaying-pins back in their places for the first time. And with the crew ominously quiet and suspiciously willing, as they headed for 50° S. Pacific.

"They seem to have settled down," said the third mate, regretfully.

"Yes. I'd trust any one of them with an empty pocketbook from here as far as the rail," Mr. Stimson remarked, grimly.

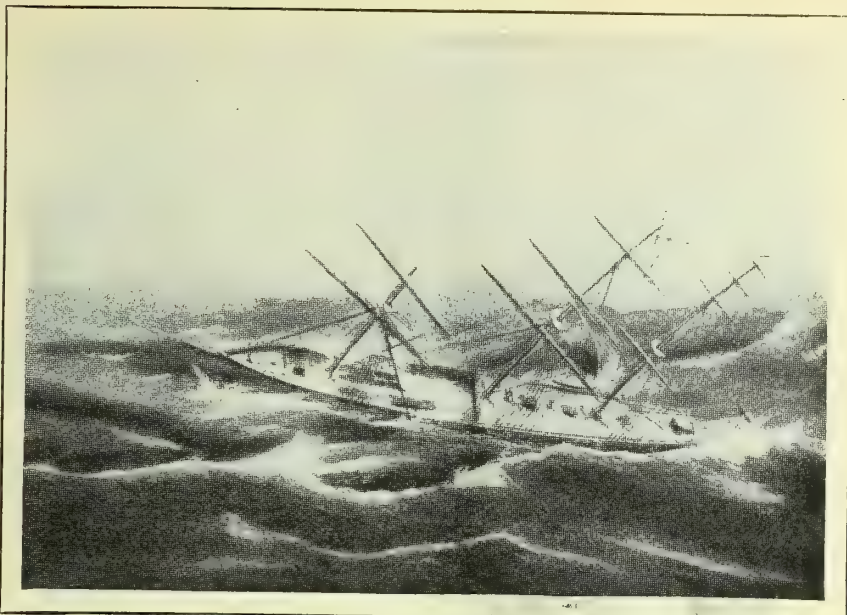
But Mat for once was not thinking of his crew, or even of his ship, if such a thing had been possible. Worn out as he was with the constant care of this nerve-racking voyage, there was another matter now that filled his mind.

"Matthew," his wife had whispered to him the day before, "Matthew, it will be very soon now. . . ."

The baby was born on September 9, three days northwest of the Horn, at two bells in the morning watch. A baby girl, and Mr. Stimson swore enthusiastically and perspiringly throughout the night.

"Sweet sailor's life!" he bellowed at the third mate at one point in the proceedings. "God save us all! Mr. Parsons, he's turned into a saved midwife, and save my eyes if I don't believe they expect me to be a saved wetnurse to this here, now, infant that's come aboard, by the great jumping Jonah! Heaven and salvation! . . ."

From the very first, for some reason best known to herself, the baby displayed a marked disinclination to sleep. She simply would *not* sleep, but lay round-eyed hour after hour, especially at night, wondering, no doubt, what it was all about.



From "The Clipper Ship-Era," by Arthur H. Clark (G. P. Putnam's Sons)

THE COMET

"The California trade was booming, . . . and the new clippers were taking the water as fast as they could be got off the ways: the Challenge, the Flying Cloud, the Typhoon, the Golden Gate, the Comet, the Sword Fish, the Monsoon, the Trade Wind, the Ino, the Northern Light"

"She seems to suffer from insomnia," laughed Mat, who, now that his own trouble and the worst of the trip were safely over, showed every indication of making up for his tiny daughter's somnolent deficiencies.

Four or five weeks went by, and the Golden Fleece crossed the Equator once more. The end of the voyage was drawing near, and the crew were so well behaved that the officers began to disregard Mat's instructions about appearing on deck armed. As for the baby, she continued obstinately wakeful.

" . . . but Matthew, dear, she *does* sleep, really she does!" Mrs. Parsons assured Mat.

"She's a freak!" insisted Mat. "Hasn't batted an eyelid since she was born. Extraordinary case of insomnia. . . ."

And then one night Mat was aroused out of a very sound sleep by the infuriated wailings of his daughter.

"What's the matter with you now?" he growled. "Just because *you* don't sleep, you know, is no reason to wake everybody—"

To his slowly aroused senses there had come suddenly the sound of scuffling footsteps from above, and a breathless voice—

"Help! . . . help! . . . Captain Parsons! . . ."

Mat sprang from his bunk and rushed through the saloon and up the companionway. Up forward on the main deck, in the moonlight, with his back against the port bulwark, he caught sight of Mr. Stimson, fighting off with his bare fists four of the crew, who had attacked him with knives. His shoulder and hands were cut and bleeding, and blood was streaming down one cheek.

Mat grabbed an iron belaying-pin from the rail and sprang forward with a roar.

"Kick them in the stomach, Stimson!" he bellowed. "I'm with you. . . ."

He swung the heavy pin with both hands above him, and crashed it down on the two nearest heads.

"Murder my mate! . . . Murder my mate! . . ." he kept grunting.

When it was all over—Mr. Stimson had done for one of them himself—two of the mutineers were dead and the other two were stunned and battered. They were put in irons after they had told their story. The old story of relaxed vigilance and secretly fostered mutiny, culminating in this attempt to murder the officers one by one and seize the ship. As for the two corpses, Mat routed out the crew and pointed at them.

"Take a good look at these galley rats," he said. "And try and profit by their example. Then you can bury the murderers. . . ."

"SWEET sailor's life!" Mr. Stimson exclaimed afterwards when he was having his wounds dressed in the saloon. "Jumped at me from behind, the murdering cockroaches! I thought no one would ever come! Guess you saved my life, Captain Parsons. . . ."

"No, don't thank me," smiled Mat. "Thank my daughter. I was sound asleep, but of course *she* wasn't, and she heard you and squawked fit to raise the dead. . . ."

"Matthew!" from Mrs. Parsons.

"Well, it's a fact," insisted Mat. "There's no question about it. Thanks to her habit of staying awake all the time, she saved our lives and she saved the ship! Susanna, my dear, do you know what I am going to do?"

"What? . . ."

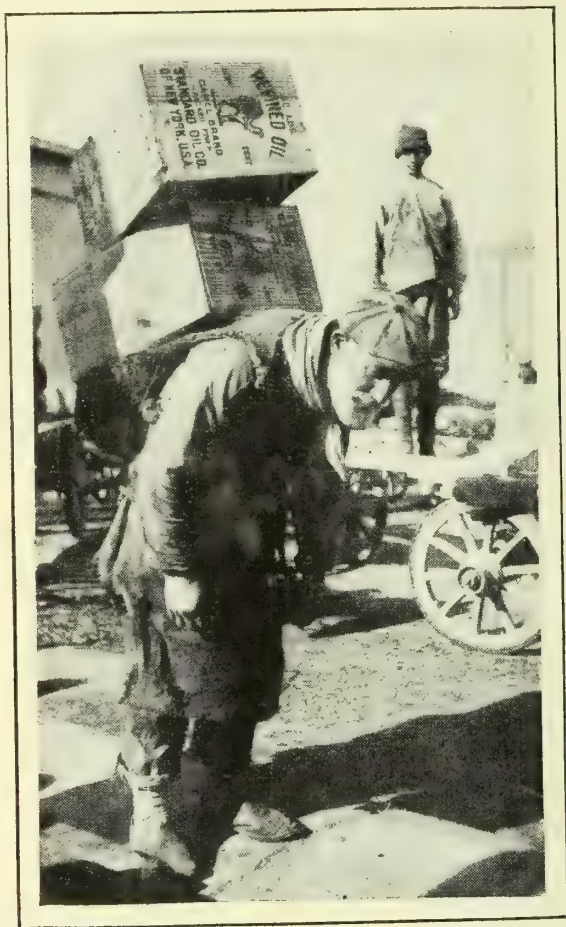
"I'm going to name her Insomnia."

"Hush, Matthew," said Mrs. Parsons. "The baby's asleep."

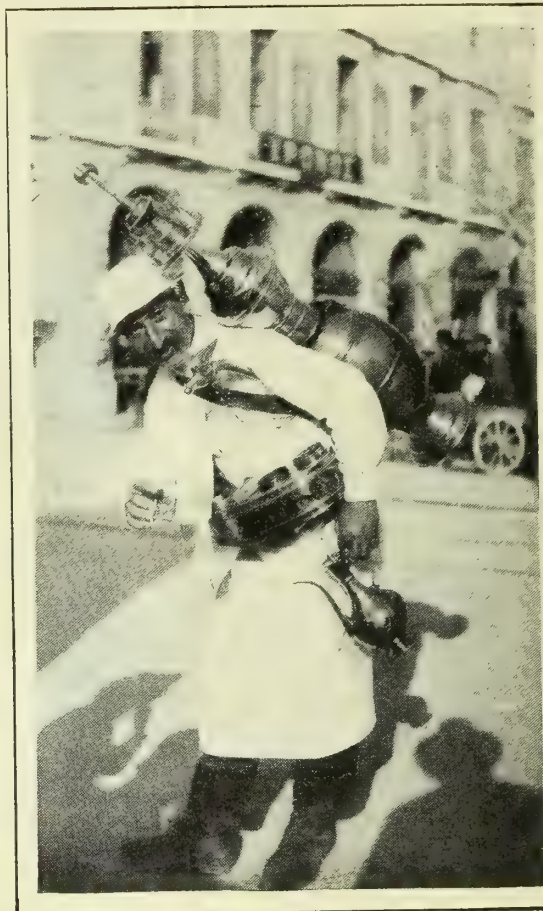
"Sweet jumping Jonah!" exclaimed Mr. Stimson. "What next?"

PATIENT LABORERS OF GREECE

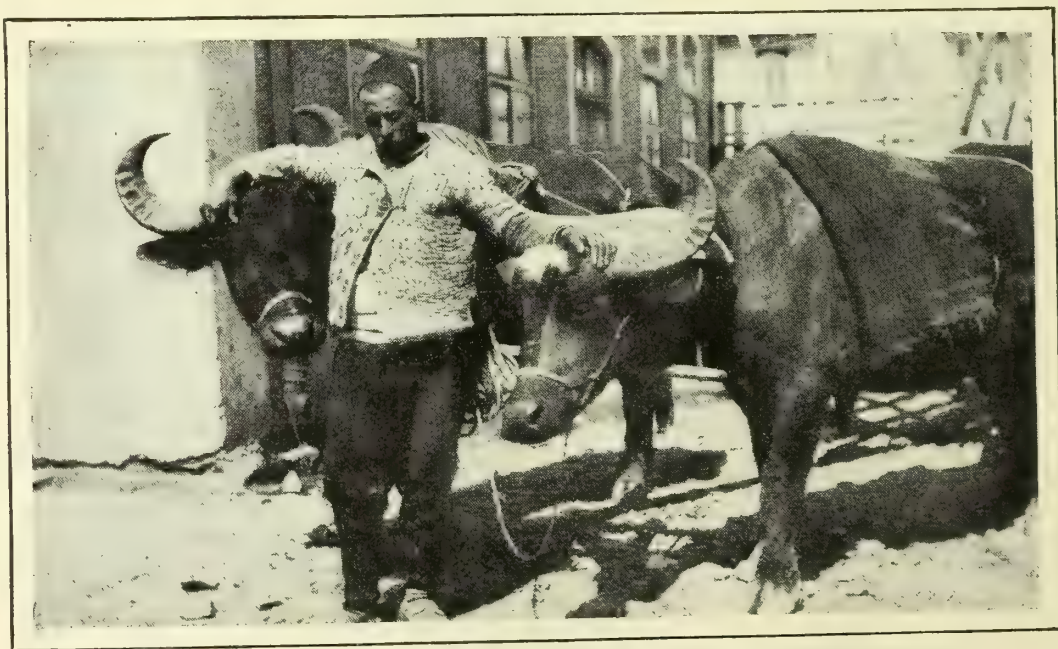
AS SEEN BY AN OUTLOOK READER



HAMAL, OR BAGGAGE CARRIER, OF SALONIKA



AN ATHENIAN LEMONADE SELLER



WATER BUFFALOES OF SALONIKA, WITH THEIR TURKISH MASTER

From Mrs. Fred Curtis Ellis, Piræus, Greece

THE BOOK TABLE

A JURIST AND IDEALIST

BOTH in the profession and in popular estimate there is a definite impression that the law has been commercialized in the past few decades. Many question whether a Marshall would to-day have opportunity to develop the fundamental principles which his decisions established in the early part of the last century. By such critics it is believed that the leading lawyers of to-day devote their talents to securing immediate results, based on technical statutory and legal construction, and that the profession is honeycombed by hordes of little men whose delight is to make a fetish of procedural meticulousness.

As an antidote to such gloomy appraisal the profession at large, and all interested in the historical development of law, are indebted to Mr. Harold J. Laski for bringing within easy reach some of the fruits of Mr. Justice Holmes's work. These papers¹ cover a period from 1885 to 1918, and all have been previously published. His "Early English Equity," "Agency," and the "Path of the Law" will be welcomed by many readers as old familiar friends whom they will be

glad to entertain again. It will be difficult for any sincere person to read the whole collection without seeing that all leaders have not bowed the knee to Baal.

The book reveals the high-minded teacher, justice, and idealist. His addresses sometimes make it clear that he is of the blood of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." His regard for his profession is high, and we remember no more appreciative definition of the law professor than "The contagious interest of companionship should make the students partners in their teachers' work. The ferment of genius in its creative moment is quickly imparted. If a man is great, he makes others believe in greatness; he makes them incapable of mean ideals and easy self-satisfaction."

Mr. Justice Holmes is no believer in easy accomplishment, and his forecast is not over-rosy. The family humor, however, does not fail him when he quotes a student's criticism of his somewhat somber view: "You would base legislation upon regrets rather than upon hopes."

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

BAD MAN (THE). By Charles Hanson Towne. (Based on the Play by Porter Emerson Browne.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

A "novelization" of one of the most popular plays of the season.

FIRST SIR PERCY (THE). By Baroness Orczy. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

A tale of the Netherlands in the days of Maurice of Nassau; intrigue, poisoning, war, and the clash of duelists' swords fill the book with activity and suspense.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

MINIATURE COLLECTOR (THE). By Dr. George C. Williamson. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

This book, with its scores of attractive reproductions of noted miniatures, will be especially useful for the experienced collector, but a reading of it by any one with a predilection for a hobby will be likely to add another to the host of miniature enthusiasts.

BIOGRAPHY

GAMBETTA. By Paul Deschanel. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

The author's prominence, first as President of the French Chamber of Deputies, then as President of the Republic, and later as candidate for Senator, lends peculiar interest to this biography. As the reader turns page after page of it he feels that the experiences of this latter-day statesman have, to a certain extent, guided his treatment of the experiences of an earlier-day political leader whom he knew personally. The book as a whole should prove of

¹Collected Legal Papers. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Harcourt, Brace & Howe, New York.

great value to the student of modern French history. It is not written with as much vivacity as we often find among French authors.

REIGN OF PATTI (THE). By Herman Klein. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York.

Adelina Patti was not only a great prima donna, but also an engaging personality. This we find well set forth in the present volume. Its author knew Madame Patti, and his work is in every sense authoritative.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

EUROPE 1789-1920. By Edward Raymond Turner. Ph.D. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City.

This is an interpretative history of modern Europe. We are glad that the sub-title "1789-1920" is not too exclusive and that the author gives us some description of history from 1603, when James I arrived from Scotland to mount the throne left vacant by Elizabeth's death. The text reflects careful scholarship of course, and also the new significance which certain facts have taken on since 1914. The work is well equipped with maps and should prove a valuable volume of reference.

GROPING GIANT (THE). By William Adams Brown, Jr. The Yale University Press, New Haven.

Other writers have written more fully about the Russian people—their customs, their institutions, their habits. But we know of no writer who has portrayed more effectively the character and temperament of the Russian people themselves. Mr. Brown is a very understanding person. He does not in the

least conceal his American democracy. He apparently did not conceal it from his Russian friends and acquaintances. But he did not obtrude it upon them, and it did not prevent him from sympathizing with those with whom he did not in the least agree. His book is a "mental photograph," even more interpretative than that furnished by John Spargo, William English Walling, Bertrand Russell, or H. G. Wells. It does for the Russian what Victor Brenner has done by his statue of "The Awakening Giant" and Rembrandt by his picture of "The Noble Slav." In all the confusion of Russian life, in all the conflicting currents and purposes, conscious and unconscious, of the Russian people, Bolsheviki, peasant, intellectuals, ex-nobility, he discovers, and enables his readers to discover, "a Russia groping blindly about for some way to realize an ideal of freedom for which she was in almost every sense unprepared but for which she would accept no permanent substitute." As a collection of interviews and an interpretation of character it is instructive; as a book of experience it is fascinating.

LAST DAYS OF THE ROMANOV (THE). By George Gustav Telberg and Robert Wilton. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

This is a book of tragic interest. One of its authors is Professor of Law at the University of Saratov and former Minister of Justice in the Russian Government at Omsk. The other author is a correspondent of the London "Times." The first author has taken copies of the depositions (or sworn statements) in the investigation of the Bolshevik murder of Nicholas II and his family at Yekaterinburg in July, 1918. These statements, taken together, narrate the life of the Imperial family from the date of the Emperor's abdication to his murder. Mr. Wilton's narrative supplements the translations from the official records. The volume discloses new light upon the Emperor's character and upon the members of the Romanov family. It is illustrated with hitherto unpublished photographs.

POETRY

ATTIC OF THE PAST, AND OTHER LYRICS (THE). By Louis Ginsberg. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

Mr. Ginsberg is an enthusiastic observer of life. His enthusiasm, however, has outstripped his power of self-criticism, for he betrays a discouraging lack of ability to discriminate between what is good and what is bad in his verse.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

THOUGHT AND EXPRESSION IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. By Henry Osborn Taylor. 2 vols. The Macmillan Company, New York.

These solid volumes give a luminous interpretation of the thought of a wonderful century—that which saw Luther, Shakespeare, Michelangelo, Rabelais, Bacon, Copernicus. The treatment of the

vast theme is thoroughly sympathetic yet modern in its point of view, and the style is scholarly without being pedantic.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

ENGLAND; BELGIUM. Edited by Findlay Muirhead, M.A., F.R.G.S. The Blue Guides. Maps and Plans. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Mr. Muirhead's series of "Blue Guides" are initiated by books on England and Belgium. In form and in general effect they remind one of the Baedeker books; their particular excellence lies, of course, in their being very much up to date. They will be welcome as clear and practical guides, and also as reference books for use in the quiet of one's study.

IN BERKSHIRE FIELDS. By Walter Prichard Eaton. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, New York.

Mr. Eaton's book will of course appeal to lovers of the Berkshires. The book, however, is not, as may be anticipated, so much a description of Berkshire landscapes as it is in particular of the little creatures who populate the Berkshire Hills—the birds and insects, indeed all the animal life. His descriptions of that life are charming and he eloquently pleads for its preservation. The text is, as it should be, exquisitely illustrated.

IN MOROCCO. By Edith Wharton. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Popular attention has recently been so strongly directed to Mrs. Wharton's novels that we may be in danger of forgetting her writing in another field. The present volume is therefore timely. It will make any reader who has ever visited Morocco long to revisit that country, and especially in this brief interval "between its virtually complete subjection to European authority and the fast-approaching hour when it is thrown open to all the banalities and promiscuities of modern travel." Aside from the author's characteristically acute observation of country and people, her account of the five years' work of Lyautey (one of the greatest of colonial administrators) as Resident-General would alone make the book well worth any one's attention.

LAST CRUSADE (THE). By Donald Maxwell. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York.

In 1918 the British Admiralty sent the author of this volume to Palestine as official artist to make sketches for the Imperial War Museum. The present volume shows the results. It comprises some hundred sketches in color, monochrome, and line. The sketches are vivid, though of uneven value. The text is of more even value. It has a continuous, conversational quality and an unflagging humor and keenness.

WITH GRENFELL ON THE LABRADOR. By Fullerton L. Waldo. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

To Dr. Grenfell's recently published autobiography any one interested in his great work should add Mr. Waldo's book. It describes the Labrador country. It shows vividly the kind of folk who live there. And it shows in particular what Dr. Grenfell has wrought among them.

It is easy to say that he has healed the sick and clothed the naked and fed the starving. We know, too, that he has established hospitals and co-operative stores and shelters. But what we do not know so well is that he has done all these things for twenty-nine years in an almost boyish way, that his light heart and his sturdy cheer and his absence of pose and of pietistic manner have carried the goodness of his work straight home to the people of Newfoundland and Labrador and to contributors in America and England with an effective appeal quite apart from and beyond any actual material good accomplished. We are glad to have this account of Dr. Grenfell from a journalist who puts his subject's buoyant, engaging personality strongly to the fore. Incidentally, that personality ought to count for a great deal in these days when Dr. Grenfell is trying to get together \$1,500,000 with which to endow his hospital work. His written appeal ought to be enough, it is true, to do this. But wherever he appears his modest, simple manner, as he casually describes the hardships and perils of the North, is overwhelmingly convincing.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

GREATHEART OF THE SOUTH (A). John T. Anderson, Medical Missionary. By Gordon Poteat. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

A loving tribute to a useful life that was too soon ended. The book will be of particular interest to those interested in missions.

EDUCATIONAL

LIBERAL COLLEGE (THE). By Alexander Meiklejohn. The Marshall Jones Company, Boston.

The first of a series of volumes by Amherst College men, to be known as the "Amherst Books." The inception of this admirable plan is in honor of the end of Amherst's first century of usefulness. The volume is a liberal-minded discussion of the problems of college education—what should a liberal college be and do, what should it not be, how should it influence public life and private culture?

MISCELLANEOUS

SPEECHES DELIVERED BY EDOUARD DE BILLY DURING HIS MISSION IN THE UNITED STATES, 1917-1919. Berger-Levrault, Nancy.

Any one who met the late Edouard de Billy, either in France or during his mission in the United States, will welcome this volume of his speeches. They record the aspirations and reflections of one who combined in admirable degree both realism and idealism. The book should serve to call attention to the real foundation of the sympathy between France and America.

SPORT AND ATHLETICS

HAPPY HUNTING-GROUNDS (THE). By Kermit Roosevelt. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

There are two chapters in this book that none of Theodore Roosevelt's friends and admirers should miss—the first, which is a delightful account of com-

panionship between father and son and of training in fortitude and forbearance, and the last, which is a picturesque and racy account of the friendship between Theodore Roosevelt and Seth Bullock, "last of the frontiersmen."

BOOKS RECEIVED

POETRY

DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE ALIGHIERI (THE). The Italian Text with a Translation in English Blank Verse and a Commentary. By Courtney Langdon. Vol II—**PURGATORIO.** The Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.

LITTLE HOMESPUN SONGS AND VERSES. Woven from Thoughts of Children. Words and Music by Beatrice Hubbell-Plummer. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

MOONS OF GRANDEUR. A Book of Poems. By William Rose Bénéet. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

EARLY TUDOR POETRY, 1485-1547. By John M. Berdan. (Studies in Tudor Literature.) The Macmillan Company, New York.

VIEW VERTICAL (THE), AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Winifred Kirkland. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

WAR BOOKS

GENERAL STAFF AND ITS PROBLEMS (THE). By General Ludendorff. Translated by F. A. Holt, O.B.E. 2 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

NEW ENGLAND IN FRANCE, 1917-1919. A History of the Twenty-sixth Division, U. S. A. By Emerson Gifford Taylor. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

PASSING LEGIONS (THE). How the American Red Cross Met the American Army in Great Britain, the Gateway to France. By George Buchanan Fife. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York.

SIR ARCHIBALD MURRAY'S DESPATCHES. (June 1916-June 1917.) With Specially Prepared Maps and Portraits. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

WHAT I SAW IN RUSSIA. By George Lansbury. Boni & Liveright, New York.

SCIENCE

BEHAVIOR OF CROWDS (THE). A Psychological Study. By Everett Dean Martin. Harper & Brothers, New York.

NEW WORLD OF SCIENCE (THE): ITS DEVELOPMENT DURING THE WAR. Edited by Robert M. Yerkes. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York.

WILD CREATURES OF GARDEN AND HEDGEROW. By Francis Pitt. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

An Anti-Defamation League, organized in 1913 to prevent the defamation of the Jews "and ultimately to put an end to unfair discriminations against all citizens of our land," is issuing a series of booklets in reply to charges against the Jews published in the Dearborn "Independent." The headquarters of the League are in Room 1228, Tribune Building, Chicago, Illinois. Readers who have been affected by reports of these charges would do well to consult these booklets. Whether they are free or sold, and, if sold, what is the price, the booklets do not state. One of them is written by Mr. Taft in a characteristic judicial tone, and is all that an impartial reader needs to convince him of the fraudulent character of the so-called "Protocols" which constitute the basis of the anti-Jewish charges.



LOOK STEADILY AT THIS DISH OF RASPBERRIES FOR A FEW SECONDS THEN THINK OF THE DELICIOUS MELTING FLESH, FULL OF RICH CREAMY JUICE. DID YOUR MOUTH WATER?

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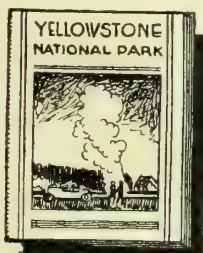
Enter at famous Gardiner Gateway—see Devil's Slide, Paradise Valley, Gate of the Mountains, Electric Peak, and other wonders of the northern—Gardiner—entrance.

See roaring geysers 250 feet high, fossil forests eons old, the steaming, tinted terraces of Mammoth Hot Springs, the painted canyon graven into "monstrous heads of kings, dead chiefs—men and women of the old time," the Tetons, Yellowstone Park!

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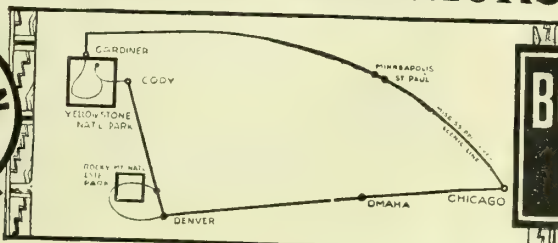
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All about the park—"The whole story in a nutshell." Richly illustrated. Send for your copy now.

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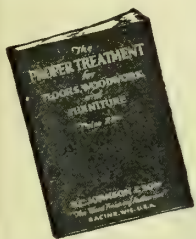


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"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

The Colombian Treaty

HOW were the rights of the United States to the Panama Canal developed in the course of the Clayton-Bulwer, the Hay-Pauncefote, the Hay-Herran, and the Hay-Bunau-Varilla Treaties?

What is the story of the secession of Panama from Colombia?

What does The Outlook mean by saying in its editorial on the Colombian Treaty in this issue that "anyway, Colombia lost a great opportunity even if she did throw it away by greed and attempts at extortion"? How did Colombia show greed and attempt extortion? Who was Marroquin? What did he do?

In your opinion, can cordial international relations be purchased? What are your reasons?

What do you think the leading factors in the creation and maintenance of international good will are?

What is your reaction to the idea expressed in the first paragraph of this editorial? Explain.

Why is it that any decision reached as to the ratification or rejection of the Colombian Treaty will be an important one?

Define carefully the following terms: *Apology, treaty, quid pro quo, tacit, reparation, disparage, adjuration.*

The Cut in Railway Wages

What are the provisions of the Esch-Cummins Law? Has this law any bearing upon the question of railway wages? Explain.

For what reasons are the railways hard pressed at the present time?

Has an attempt been made to standardize railway wages in the United States? Would such standardization be a good or an evil thing? What illustrations can you give that would tend to prove your answer?

If the proposed reduction in wages in the various industries in the United States is an attempt on the part of business men to break the power of organized labor, is it a wise attempt? Can the spirit of organized labor be successfully suppressed? Does it do harm to attempt to suppress it?

Why has the problem of railway management always been a very difficult one in every country?

Each attempt to dispose of our railway problem seems only to have led to complications. What is your explanation of this?

Do you think railway employees justified in opposing any reduction in their wages?

If the railways cannot live on their present revenue, what remedies are open

¹These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—The Editors.

under existing conditions? Which one, with reasons, do you consider best?

What is the Railroad Labor Board's opportunity? Can this Board enforce its decisions?

You would do well indeed to read the chapter on the problem of our railways in Volume II of "Principles of Economics," by F. W. Taussig (Macmillan), and also the chapter on the same question in "Current Economic Problems," by W. H. Hamilton (University of Chicago Press, Chicago).

Upper Silesia and Poison Gas

What, in brief, is the history of Prussian Silesia?

Can you make clear the aptness of The Outlook's comparison of the Germans pouring into Upper Silesia to the going of the "carpetbaggers" into the South after the Civil War? What is meant by "stuffing ballot-boxes in the best Tweed style"?

It is argued that such great resources as those of Upper Silesia ought not to fall into such untrained hands as those of the Poles. Have you any answer to this assertion?

Has The Outlook made clear why the election that is determining whether Upper Silesia shall belong to Germany or Poland is a very important matter to Americans?

Do you think it would be just for the Allies to destroy Germany's dye industry? Would such action be economically sound? If your answer to both of these questions is no, what do you think that the Allies should do in reference to Germany's dye and high-explosive industry?

Has this article on Upper Silesia an alarmist tendency? Discuss your answer somewhat at length.

Roosevelt's Best Contribution to Democracy

What was Roosevelt's best contribution to you? For what reasons is the name of Judge Ben B. Lindsey so well known throughout the United States? Do you believe in the kind of work he stands for?

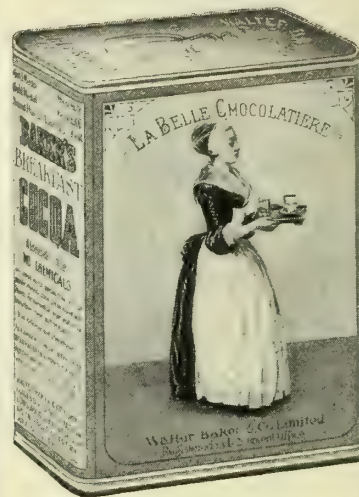
Senator Davenport believes that Mr. Roosevelt "did more to make democracy permanently workable than any other man in our history." How far can you go in an attempt to prove this?

What other useful contribution by Mr. Roosevelt to democracy than the one discussed by Senator Davenport in this article can you name? Why do you consider this contribution as important as you do?

Have you yet read "Theodore Roosevelt and His Time Shown in His Own Letters," by Joseph B. Bishop (Scribners); "Impressions of Theodore Roosevelt," by Lawrence F. Abbott (Doubleday, Page); "Theodore Roosevelt; An Intimate Biography," by William R. Thayer (Houghton Mifflin)?

"A Cup of Cocoa"

is good at any hour of the day



Baker's Cocoa

is especially good in the evening a short time before retiring. Its flavor is delicious, its aroma most attractive, and it is conducive to restful sleep without being in any sense of the word, a narcotic. Absolutely pure and wholesome.

Booklet of Choice
Recipes sent free

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780
DORCHESTER, MASS.

Vapo-Cresolene

The Vapor
Treatment
for Coughs
and Colds

Established 1879

The time for Vapo-Cresolene is at the **first** indication of a **cold** or **sore throat**, which are so often the warnings of dangerous complications.

It is simple to use, as you just light the little lamp that vaporizes the Cresolene and place it near the bed at night.

The soothing antiseptic vapor is breathed all night; **making breathing easy**, relieving the cough and easing the sore throat and congested chest.

Cresolene is recommended for **Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Influenza, Bronchitis, Coughs and Nasal Catarrh**. Its germicidal qualities make it a reliable protection against these epidemics.

It gives great relief in **Asthma**. Cresolene has been recommended and used for the past forty years. The benefit derived from it is unquestionable.

Sold by Druggists.
Send for Descriptive
Booklet 31.



Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated Throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us. 10c in stamps.
THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
62 Cortlandt St., New York,
or Leeming-Miles Building
Montreal, Canada

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY



FREDERICK MORGAN DAVENPORT has held the chair of Law and Politics at Hamilton College since 1904. He is a member of the New York Senate and was Progressive nominee for Lieutenant-Governor of New York in 1912

and for Governor in 1914. He was born in Salem, Massachusetts; his home is in Clinton, New York. He has been a frequent contributor to The Outlook. Among his contributions have been sagacious and discriminating accounts of political conditions from the farthest East to the farthest West of the United States.

WILLIAM C. GREGG contributed "Inter-viewing Germany" in last week's issue of The Outlook. He is still in Europe. A president of an important manufacturing company, he has a practical rather than an academic view of economic conditions. He was recently identified with a campaign in defense of our National Parks against the encroachment of special irrigation and power interest. He has carried on considerable explorations in Wyoming in and around Yellowstone Park.

MEADE MINNIGERODE contributes the second of a series of sea tales. The first in the series appeared in the February 2 issue of The Outlook. He has contributed to the "Saturday Evening Post," "Collier's," and the "Ladies' Home Journal." He was born in London in 1887 of American parents. He went to school at Harrow, England, and was graduated from Yale in 1910.

NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT contributed an article on the diplomatic service to The Outlook for March 9. He has been an attaché of the American Embassy in Paris. He was a captain of infantry in the A. E. F. He served with the American Commission to negotiate peace, and was sent to Vienna and Budapest as member of the Austrian Field party, January to June, 1919. Since November, 1919, he has been in business in New York.

ARTHUR STIMSON DRAPER is London correspondent and European manager of the New York "Tribune." He has written extensively on war subjects for American and British publications. He was graduated from New York University in 1905.

BEVERLEY NICHOLS is a student at Balliol College, Oxford. He entered the army in 1917, at the age of eighteen, and became a lieutenant of infantry. He has recently made an extensive tour of the United States with the British University Commission, acting as secretary to Sir Arthur Everett Shipley, Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, and Vice-Chancellor of the University, whose American impressions appeared recently in The Outlook.

W. L. DOUGLAS

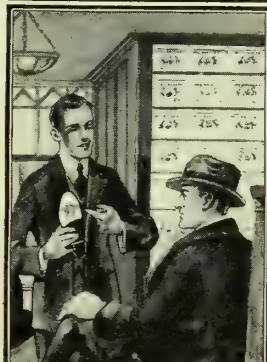
Retail Price \$8.00 SHOES Quality of Material and Workmanship Maintained

Special Shoes \$10.00 || Special Shoes \$6.00
Hand Workmanship Stylish and Durable

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

THE STAMPED PRICE IS W. L. DOUGLAS PERSONAL GUARANTEE THAT THE SHOES ARE ALWAYS WORTH THE PRICE PAID FOR THEM

YOU CAN ALWAYS
SAVE MONEY BY WEARING
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TO YOU AT ONE PROFIT



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GUARANTEE THAT THE
SHOES ARE ALWAYS
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They are the best known shoes in the world. Sold in 107 W.L. Douglas stores, direct from the factory to you at only one profit, which guarantees to you the best shoes that can be produced, at the lowest possible cost. W.L. Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom of all shoes before they leave the factory, which is your protection against unreasonable profits.

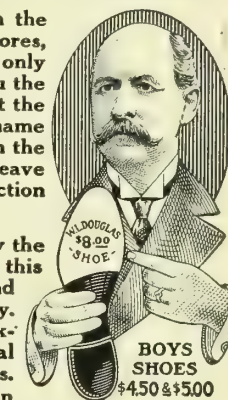
W. L. Douglas shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. They are made of the best and finest leathers that money can buy. They combine quality, style, workmanship and wearing qualities equal to other makes selling at higher prices.

They are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. The prices are the same everywhere; they cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

W. L. Douglas shoes are made by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

CAUTION Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole. Be careful to see that it has not been changed or mutilated.

W. L. Douglas shoes are for sale by over 9000 shoe dealers besides our own stores. If your local dealer cannot supply you, take no other make. Order direct from the factory. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes by mail, postage free.



BOYS
SHOES
\$4.50 & \$5.00

W. L. Douglas
President

W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,
167 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

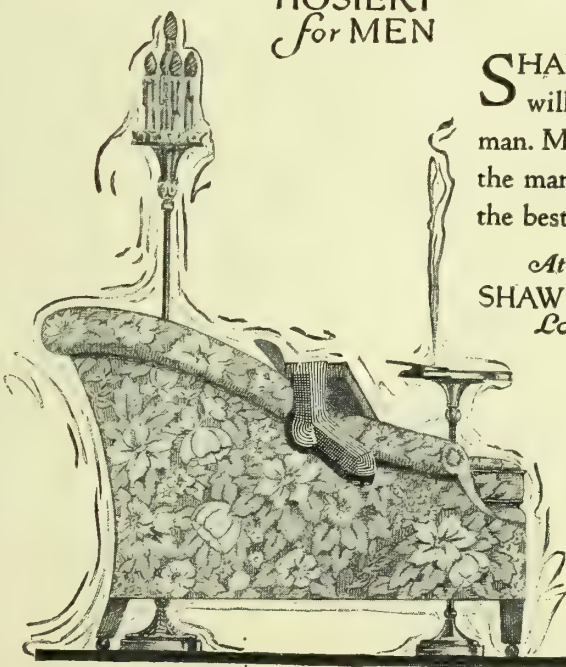
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TRADE-MARK
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

HOSIERY
for MEN

SHAWKNIT Hosiery
will appeal to any
man. More particularly to
the man who appreciates
the best in hosiery.

At your dealer's
SHAW STOCKING CO.
Lowell, Mass.



FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE FIFTH ESTATE

BY JOHN F. THORNTON, JR.

Of the National Shawmut Bank, Boston, Massachusetts

Edmund Burke said that there were Three Estates in Parliament, but in the Reporters' Gallery yonder there sat a 'Fourth Estate' more important far than they all.

—Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship."

THE business of banking is suffering from dry rot," said an Eastern banker to me the other day. "It is the result of years of inbreeding. The only remedy is immediate cross-fertilization with the brains and courage and energy of the commercial world."

My banker friend struck at the root of a problem which is bothering his brethren throughout the length and breadth of the land. American banking is in a state of evolution from which it will emerge a pulsating force in American life. But our bankers are seriously handicapped by a shortage of trained men in their institutions. The bank worker of the past has of necessity been more or less of a specialist in banking technique, and the narrow economic functioning of the average bank has not demanded of him a broad business training. Four distinct developments in the banking world within the past ten years

Common Sense In Investing Money



WHY is it "easier to make money than to keep it?" Because, generally speaking, less common sense is used in investing than in other business matters. Too many investors fix their eyes on yield rather than security, and ignore the fundamental principles of safety. These first principles may be expressed very simply:

1. "Safety first", not second. Make sure of the quality of your goods before you look at the price tag, that is—satisfy yourself that the investment is safe before you even think of the interest return.
2. Select an investment that will free you from worry, care and management—that will not depreciate in price and worth.
3. Get a good return on your capital, but don't forget that an exorbitant yield is a danger signal, and that, generally speaking, the best and safest investments will give you only a fair, safe rate of interest.

Our new booklet, "Common Sense in Investing Money", tells clearly and simply how to select safe investments in the light of the above simple first principles. Write for it today. Ask for

Circular D-1105

S.W. STRAUS & CO.

NEW YORK - 150 Broadway

INCORPORATED
Established 1882

CHICAGO - Straus Building

OFFICES IN FIFTEEN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Thirty-nine years without loss to any investor

have found him unprepared to assume new duties, and our banking leaders have begun to look to the young men now serving in the ranks of industry and commerce.

Perhaps wider publicity regarding the excellent opportunities offered will serve to stimulate the "cross-fertilization." Such a survey as this can, of course, merely point out the straws which show the way the wind is headed. The rest must be left to individual investigation and initiative.

THE BANK PUBLICIST

In the past the selling of a bank's service has been largely a social matter. Bank officers have been selected on the strength of their prestige and large followings. Club memberships and hand-shaking have been about the most potent arguments available to the banker who wished to induce a business man to transfer his account to his bank.

Hundreds of banks are still using this old-fashioned drummer style of salesmanship. But they are beginning to feel the lash and spur of competition. The business man is becoming educated to broad banking service. He realizes that any bank worthy of the name will care for his surplus funds, pay his checks, and discount his paper. Frankly, he wants "more."

The large wholesale houses maintain staffs of men who visit their dealers regularly, show them how to arrange their stores, and help them in a hundred ways to solve their business problems. The new bank salesmanship has many points in common with this "merchandising service." The bank salesman, or solicitor, acts as the intermediary between the bank and its client. Very often he has behind him a research department which furnishes him with material for his clients. Sometimes he must do his own research work. In either case, his duty is to see that the client does not become a mere name on the bank's books.

The banks of the country are beginning to concentrate their new business activities. They have begun to specialize; we already have cotton banks, live-stock banks, and banks with staffs of experts on leather, wool, the retail trade, and others. Openings are uncovered daily for men who are thoroughly acquainted with the ins and outs of distinct cross-sections of American business. They are emphatically "ground-floor" opportunities.

An interesting development in bank salesmanship is the inauguration of bank public-speaking classes. Our bankers are beginning to realize that it is good salesmanship to come out of their shells on public questions. You will find them active in town meetings, at community fairs, and at the big industrial and commercial conventions. In hundreds of manufacturing centers at the present time they are rendering real public service against the vicious alien propaganda which has penetrated American trade-unionism.

The same spirit of public service is manifesting itself in bank advertising. Here is an Eastern bank whose adver-



The Careful Fiduciary

realizes the value of a connection
with a responsible investment house

WHETHER an individual or an institution, the careful trustee, guardian, or executor appreciates the importance of surrounding himself with all possible safeguards in order to faithfully discharge the obligations of his position, of which one of the most important is frequently the investment of trust funds. Safety of principal in such investments is all important and it is here that a connection with a reliable investment house proves invaluable.

If inexperienced in investment matters, such a connection is essential, and even if experienced, the careful fiduciary will find satisfaction in backing

up his judgment of securities with that of an organization of bond specialists.

Our organization includes among its clients a large number of institutions and individuals occupying positions of trust, who rely on the thoroughness of our investigations and the conservatism of our recommendations as a protection to their clients and themselves in the judicious selection of their bond investments.

May we send you our booklet, "Choosing Your Investment Banker," setting forth in further detail the history of our House, the nature of its policies and the character of our offerings?

Ask for Booklet OM-2. You will incur no obligation

HALSEY, STUART & CO.

Incorporated—Successors to N. W. Halsey & Co., Chicago

CHICAGO	NEW YORK	PHILADELPHIA	BOSTON
DETROIT	ST. LOUIS	MINNEAPOLIS	MILWAUKEE

tisements, week after week, boost its city as a shipping port. There is a small country bank whose advertisements are nothing more than serial explanations of crop-rotation, written for the guidance of a farming community in danger of becoming "worked out." Here, again, is a small-city bank whose only bid for public attention is a weekly announcement pointing out to young men some specific business opportunity within the city. It is trying to stop the drift to the larger centers of the community's most promising young men.

"We have appointed ourselves the economic guide and business statesmen of our community," explains the publicity manager of one of these banks. "In our advertising we say nothing about ourselves. We simply ride our bank into public notice through association with things that are bigger than ourselves."

The new bank publicity has come to stay, and it holds countless opportunities for brains from the commercial world.

But the commercial advertising man must realize that there is no place for bargain-counter copy artists. The demand is rather for students of community development and the economics of the present world order.

A NEW SCHOOL OF CREDIT MEN

At the present time credit is scarce among the banks of the country. When general conditions have improved, however, there will be evident a new credit policy in hundreds of banks.

Time and again in the past merchants and manufacturers have carried on negotiations with their banks at arm's length. Many times credit has been granted when it should have been withheld. There are thousands of business enterprises to-day struggling under loads of too much credit.

"The other day one of our salesmen advised a customer not to give us a twenty-thousand-dollar order," said the president of a machinery manufactur-

GUAYAQUIL, ECUADOR

Where Cocoa Comes From

"Like the threads of a giant web ALL AMERICA CABLES radiate out from New York commercially crisscrossing Central and South America."



JOHN L. MERRILL, Pres.

Main Cable Office
89 Broad Street, New York

WHEN you drink your chocolate soda or sip your cup of cocoa, you are paying tribute to a sister republic just on the other side of the Equator. Ecuador produces a great portion of the world's supply of cocoa. Her panama hats are among the finest made. Her vegetable ivory supplies us with buttons, chessmen, chips and umbrella handles. Her mineral wealth has untold possibilities.

Guayaquil is the chief port of Ecuador. There you will find business men from the world over who have come to buy and sell. There also you will find a station of the ALL AMERICA CABLES to aid American business by providing a direct and American-owned means of cable communication.

To a great degree, the growing business and friendly understandings between the United States and our sister republics have been developed by this American-owned cable system. It is the only direct and only American means of cable communication.

To insure rapid, accurate, and direct handling of your cables to all of Central and South America, mark them "VIA ALL AMERICA."

ALL AMERICA CABLES

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT (Continued)

ing company recently. He was speaking at the directors' meeting of a large Middle Western bank. "This man thought he needed some of our machines. Our salesman put in an afternoon of study at his plant. He then recommended that our customer put in another type of machine which we do not manufacture.

"That is how our sales policy works. We are building for the future. The house that gives the buyer the best measure will in the end carry away the biggest order. Now, as bankers we are credit merchants. We sell the use of money for a fee. We must put this sales idea to work in our credit department. Two of our best customers have borrowed money of us recently, and I know it was unnecessary. Some day, when they have had more experience, they will discover that we allowed them to go under interest charges when they need not have done so. And they will carry their accounts away to some other bank that is willing to study their needs, with their interests in mind as well as its own."

This is the important development in the new bank credit. The steadily growing density of our population and the constantly growing complexity of modern commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural conditions are calling for a more highly specialized bank credit

service. There is a responsive tendency among the banks to mold their credit service to distinct trades.

The old-time credit man's job revolved around statement analysis and balance-sheet appraisal. The ability to read a statement and to draw conclusions therefrom is still needed, and the new credit man must be equipped with a thorough knowledge of bookkeeping and accounting. But there is a broader basis for credit judgment to-day, and the credit man of to-morrow must be acquainted with the credit problems of the various types of business and their individual trends.

To men of analytical and deductive ability bank credit work offers unrivaled opportunities. But it is not the work for the man who is averse to constant study. Problems have been multiplied by acceptances and other credit instruments, and the Federal Reserve System will demand of the average credit man a broader education than he now possesses. If the credit man is not constantly studying trade conditions and new methods, he is standing still. And our future banking will have no patience with the man who cannot keep his place in the line of march.

THE PASSING OF PROVINCIAL FINANCE

"England has for many years acted as the world's banker," said the chairman of one of the five great English banks recently, "and she will, I am confident,

continue to do so, although one of her customers may be richer than herself."

The development of the machinery through which our country is to play her new part in world affairs is now well under way. American banking is rapidly becoming an integral factor in a world banking system. The future holds promise of competition that will call for the best of America's banking talent. And our banking leaders are combing the country for men who can be trained to hold their own with foreign bankers.

It is a difficult search. I have canvassed the men at the heads of many of our largest and most active banks, and they all point to a serious shortage of men equipped for foreign banking. Our foreign exchange operations are for the most part in the hands of foreigners who have received their training in the big Continental banks. There are comparatively few American men prepared to engage in this complex and exacting work, although it holds some of the best-paid positions in banking.

But foreign exchange is only one department of America's international banking operations. Our seaboard banks and our interior banks are establishing foreign departments, through which they render practical assistance to their foreign trading customers. They are calling for a wide range of knowledge and experience. There are excellent openings for men who have been trained in export houses, ocean shipping companies, railway offices, and freight-forwarding houses. There is a shortage of men acquainted with the details of transportation—who are familiar with ocean routes, railways, and inland waterways, rates, terminals, and port facilities, and who have a working knowledge of document technique. Men are wanted who are familiar with foreign legal procedure, customs, and commercial treaties. Two banks recently bid against each other for the services of a young man who was fitted to advise clients on methods of entering foreign markets, the planning of foreign selling campaigns, and the adapting of commodities to foreign market requirements.

These are some of the accomplishments which will serve as passports to the most interesting and absorbing branch of the new banking. But the prospective international banker must be prepared for hard study. He must become a student of the present and prospective economic and financial strength of the major Powers, the plans for railway extension in foreign lands, the banking and currency systems of a dozen foreign countries, and the intricacies of foreign commerce and politics. He will be called upon to deal with an ever-changing variety of questions. The daily news of the world will have its bearing upon his work—the supply of gold at Simla, the crash of a foreign ministry, the appearance of the bubonic plague, an issue of Soviet notes backed by platinum reserves—nothing of moment can happen in any part of the world which he will not have to consider. There will be need for far more than routine and departmental thinking.

Provincial finance has definitely passed

from American life. Our larger financial institutions are sending out representatives to establish branch banks in foreign lands. At present Latin America and the Far East have a special appeal to American bankers, but it is only a matter of time when they will undertake the penetration of Canada, South Africa, Europe, and Australia. All of these pioneering operations, which are doing much to establish the dollar as a familiar medium of exchange in the world's markets, are attracting the more adventurous spirits in banking.

But foreign service does not monopolize the interest of our younger bankers. There are those who maintain that the future of American banking lies in our undeveloped rural districts. It is a moot question. But the fact remains that country banking is beginning to attract many of our city bankers. They see here opportunities, not for high and strictly administrative positions, but for more modest constructive jobs.

Millions upon millions of fertile acres await the settler—and the banker. The trend of banking development is Westward, but there are distinct counter-movements. The Southern States and the New England States are indirect beneficiaries of the enormous increase in land values that has occurred during the past two years in the Middle West. Farmers are moving into these territories, which are unbanked or under-banked. There are excellent opportunities for pioneer banking in Alaska, for "our last frontier" is attracting more and more outside capital.

"Some day," said a country banker to me recently, "the production and distribution of farm products will be placed on as sound an economic basis as the manufacture and sale of hats." That is the work to which the new country banker is committed. He is playing an important part in the great organizing process now under way in American agriculture. He has problems as weighty as those of any city banker. Better transportation, better market facilities, better schools, better rural living and social conditions—all are part and parcel of his daily work. The young man attracted to country banking as a career has two excellent inducements: a "close to the soil" existence and an opportunity for constructive service in the organization of our basic industry.

"BACHELOR OF BANKING"

There is a big, new, wholesome spirit in American banking. That man is no longer accounted a successful banker who extorts the highest rate of interest possible on a loan or who has the least amount of overdue paper in his portfolio. "A successful banker is about one-fifth accountant, two-fifths lawyer, three-fifths political economist, four-fifths gentleman and scholar; total, ten-fifths—double size. Any smaller person may be a pawnbroker or promoter, but not a banker."

These are the words of the virtual founder of the American Institute of Banking. The Institute is a branch of the American Bankers' Association, and numbers more than twenty-five thousand



What Chicago Means to the World

CHICAGO is the storehouse of the nation. It supplies the world with much of its food, clothing, and machinery. In its contribution of essential commodities alone, Chicago stands as one of the world's most necessary cities.

Its services are universal, its wealth and commodities are transported to the four corners of the earth.

The Continental and Commercial Banks are called upon to contribute banking service in keeping with the importance of Chicago's enterprise. They are qualified in resources, facilities, and experience to help the city serve the world.

**The CONTINENTAL and
COMMERCIAL
BANKS**
CHICAGO

Over \$55,000,000 Invested Capital

The First National Bank of Boston

Transacts commercial banking
business of every nature

Make it your New England Bank

Capital, Surplus and Profits
\$37,500,000

INCORPORATE IN ARIZONA

Least cost. Greatest advantages. Cost not affected by amount of capital. Transact business and keep books anywhere. Stock made full-paid and non-assessable by using our forms. Laws, blanks and directions free. Stockholders are exempt from corporate liability. Stoddard Incorporating Co., Box 8-N, Phoenix, Arizona

YOUR WANTS in every line of household, educational, business, or personal service—domestic workers, teachers, nurses, business or professional assistants, etc., etc.—whether you require help or are seeking a situation, may be filled through a little announcement in the classified columns of *The Outlook*. If you have some article to sell or exchange, these columns may prove of real value to you as they have to many others. Send for descriptive circular and order blank **AND FILL YOUR WANTS**. Address Department of Classified Advertising, *THE OUTLOOK*, 381 Fourth Ave., N.Y.

LANTERN SLIDES

LANTERN slides made and colored. Highest grade work. 25 years' experience. Edward Van Altena, 6 East 39th St., New York City.

MUSICAL

FOR SALE — Handsome Estey organ. Splendid tone. Fine order. 9,593, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

Professional Situations

WANTED—Trained, registered nurse for rural district nursing. Locality 30 miles from New York City. Salary \$100 per month with board, lodging, uniforms, and equipment. Reply to Mrs. C. B. Mitchell, Chairman Nurse Committee, 152 East 35th St., New York City.

Business Situations

WANTED—1,500 Railway Traffic Inspectors; no experience; train for this profession through spare-time home study; easy terms; \$110 to \$200 monthly and expenses guaranteed, or money back. Outdoors, local or traveling, under big men who reward ability. Get Free Booklet CM-27. Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

NURSERY GOVERNESS. Young Protestant woman for two little boys. Central New York suburbs of Albany and Troy. 9,537, Outlook.

DIETITIANS, superintendents, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, social workers, and secretaries. Miss Richards, Providence, East Side Box 5, Boston, Fridays, 11 to 1, 16 Jackson Hall, Trinity Court. Address Providence.

PLACEMENT BUREAU for employer and employee; housekeepers, matrons, dietitians, governesses, secretaries, attendants, mother's helpers. 51 Trowbridge St., Cambridge, Mass.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Young gentlewoman of refinement and culture, fond of the country, who would appreciate quiet home life with lady requiring companion-nurse. Must have good health. Full particulars and references desired. 9,516, Outlook.

MOTHER'S helper or practical nurse for two children aged 1½ and 3 years. In Friends' family, Germantown, Phila. Permanent position. References required. State salary. 9,596, Outlook.

WANTED—Man and wife without children as caretakers for small country place in northern New Jersey. Man must have thorough knowledge of the care of cows. 9,597, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

TEACHERS WANTED for colleges, public and private schools—all sections country (some foreign openings). Walter Agnew, 1254 Amsterdam Ave., New York.

WANTED—Experienced nursery governess, Protestant, age 30-40, refined, educated, adaptable. Highest references essential. Position permanent. Two children, ages 6 and 4 years. Summit, N. J. Wages \$80. 9,560, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

POSITION as secretary wanted by woman with nine years' experience as responsible secretary in boarding school. 9,531, Outlook.

WANTED, July and August, in religious or social work. Experienced. 9,580, Outlook.

EXECUTIVE position wanted for summer by experienced, capable, cultured woman. References. 9,585, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

WANTED, by young woman, university graduate, stenographer six years' experience, desiring to travel to Far East, position as secretary to pay portion traveling expenses. Intends joining relative in Ceylon. 9,571, Outlook.

WOMAN with unusual school experience desires position of trust, preferably in boys' school. Exceptional references. 9,569, Outlook.

POSITION as executive social secretary desired by lady with five years' experience. Will travel. Outlook, 9,577.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

TRAVELING CALIFORNIA. Trained attendant and kindergarten would take charge invalid or children. References. 9,507, Outlook.

POSITION as matron in a school by woman who has had large experience. 9,582, Outlook.

TWO young English ladies, hospital trained, require position in family, care of children. Out West, if possible, preferably together. Excellent testimonials. One year in this country. 9,581, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as traveling companion by young lady. Speaks French and Spanish fluently. 9,563, Outlook.

CULTURED middle aged widow desires position as companion to elderly lady in refined home. 9,587, Outlook.

REFINED middle-aged woman desires position as companion to lady or semi-invalid. Used to traveling. Ten years' experience with elderly people. Best references. 9,588, Outlook.

MATRON - housemother desires change. Housekeeping experience. 9,592, Outlook.

CULTURED, refined English woman, 10 years' experience as tutor, accustomed to driving machine, desires position as companion or secretary. B. A., Station M, Box 66, Los Angeles, Cal.

MANAGING housekeeper. Widower, doctor's or bachelor apartment. 9,568, Outlook.

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT (Continued)

bank officers, directors, and employees among its members. It has chapters in every large city at which, for a nominal fee, any bank employee may study under experts the fundamentals of banking.

These young men who are to direct the destinies of the banking interests of the country look upon banking not as a business alone, but as a profession. They point out the three old learned professions— theology, law, and medicine—and the younger journalism. They argue very convincingly on the qualifications of banking for admission to this group. It is but a matter of time when legislative recognition, together with appropriate action by our colleges, will make of an educated banker a doctor of finance or a master or bachelor of banking. The "Fifth Estate" is coming into its own. But it needs the quickening influence of new blood.

FIRST FARM MORTGAGES AND REAL ESTATE BONDS

Non-Speculative Investments
Netting 6%, 6½%, and 7%

During this period of after-war deflation, business must stand considerable strain and peril. Don't let high interest rates tempt you to forget safety of principal.

Well-placed First Farm Mortgages are the safest of all securities, being backed by the land itself.

During the 37 years we have been in business, our clients have never lost a dollar. Write today for descriptive pamphlet "S" and list of offerings.

E. J. Lander & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1883

Grand Forks,

North Dakota



Write this Booklet

For Christian investors. You receive regular, generous, non-taxable life income. Your money helps a Christian enterprise.

Ask for Booklet 1, American Bible Society, 25 Bible House, Astor Place, New York.

SITUATIONS WANTED

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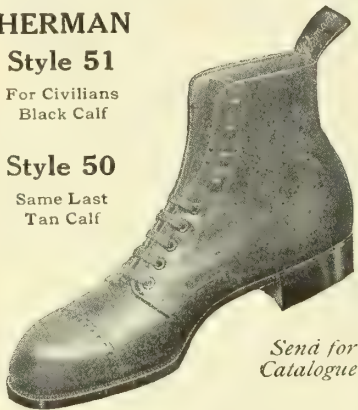
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THE OUTLOOK'S BOOK STALL

381 Fourth Avenue
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THE futility of dry-as-dust definition in teaching children is well characterized in an article in the "Atlantic." The teacher, as quoted, says:

"What is the rule for the subjunctive mood? Can't anybody remember that? Why, we had it just the day before yesterday. I will write it on the board; for that is something you must know before you go on to the next grade." She writes:

"The subjunctive mood is used in a subordinate proposition when both contingency and futurity are expressed, or when the contrary fact is implied."

"The children look at it somewhat as a puppy looks at the house cat with its back arched and tail inflated; they look at it reproachfully, and turn away sadly."

The word "bloody" as an expletive is under the strictest taboo in English newspaper offices, even in reports of police court cases. An English editor says that when he was a reporter his chief blue-penciled the report of an electioneering speech which contained Macaulay's line, "For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray." This appeared as "such a — fray."

A sign that is likely to arrest the attention of the most indifferent driver of an automobile is to be seen in San Antonio, Texas. It reads:

Did the Driver of this
STOP, LOOK, LISTEN?

Just above this sign, on a large platform, is a wrecked automobile. The crumpled-up remains of this machine were the result of a recent accident on the San Antonio and Aransas Pass road, which adopted this novel method of cautioning reckless drivers of cars.

The National Museum at Washington received last year the enormous total of 216,871 specimens. One of the most notable of these is described as "the large 6-inch naval gun which fired America's first shot in the World War." A captured German airplane was also contributed. A typewriter patented in America in the year 1829 is among the mechanical objects donated. Of interest to women are mementoes of Susan B. Anthony and, for the series of costumes of mistresses of the White House, a black velvet dress worn by Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and a part of the inaugural dress of Mrs. James A. Garfield.

In one place in Vienna, the Bulletin of the American Relief Administration says, there is a condition of unwonted activity. It is called the Dorotheum—a vast Government pawnshop. Its clerks, even, are now in some cases notables of former days. "An Admiral who was the hope of the Adriatic Navy is banging at a typewriter," says the Bulletin's correspondent. "I shook the hand of a General earning ten dollars a month, who once made the Allies tremble by his prowess against the Russians. In another room was an art gallery guarded by an ex-engineer of European reputa-

tion who now survives chiefly on tips. The pictures he guarded were all for sale, many the work of famous modern painters. The cheapest was a signed Russian landscape. It would have cost thirty cents in our money. The dearest, frame and all, could have been mine for six dollars."

Standing behind a window in this municipal pawnshop, the writer of the article above quoted from saw the hands that were pushing in their dearest possessions. "I remember one pair," he says. "They were the supple hands of an artist. I could make out, beyond, his firm, clean-shaven face. Beside him a young woman was standing. When he pushed the jewelry across the counter, she made a regretful gesture. The parcel contained a woman's bracelet, a man's cuff links, a gold watch-chain, and a wedding ring. It was the wedding ring that gave me the meaning of the gesture."

"Central" often has a hard time of it with impatient subscribers. "Harper's" tells of a new source of trouble. Little Margery wanted to talk with a friend, so her elder sister gave her the 'phone number and let her call Central. A few days later the little girl called again. Central asked her for the number. Margery explained vehemently:

"Central, I want the number I had Thursday. Don't you understand? The same number."

Sympathizing in advance with President Harding when he finds himself besieged by callers, a writer in "Collier's" says that Mr. Harding might adopt the Roosevelt system. "It is an extension of the move-along handshake used at big receptions," he says. "The First Citizen grasps your right hand with his right hand, placing his left at your elbow at the same time, and even as he expresses his unbounded delight at seeing you, his right hand pulls and his left hand pushes, seeing to it that you do not remain to share his delight too long."

Songs that are whistled throughout the world for a season are seldom associated with their authors, the whistlers being content with the tune and the rhymes. One such author, as noted in the "Dramatic Mirror," is Billy Jerome. He was born in Cornwall-on-the-Hudson and began writing songs in 1883. His popularity began with "My Pearl is a Bowery Girl," went on with "Any Place I Can Hang My Hat is Home Sweet Home to Me," was heightened with "Mister Dooley" and "Bedelia," and is now, "Billy" believes, at a climax with his latest song, "That Old Irish Mother of Mine."

Answering our inquiry in this column February 23 as to century-old "going" businesses, a reader sends us the letterhead of the Hudson's Bay Company Winnipeg branch, Canada, which reads "Incorporated A.D. 1670." "Two hundred and fifty-one years old," he says, "and the concern is 'still going strong.'"

051
0 R.R.

The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life

THE reason that Ireland is a problem is that England isn't interested in it. . . .

IRELAND is Britain's Wild West, and this is its night to howl. . . .

IS it to be wondered at that one jumps when a motor-cycle backfires in Dublin? . . .

*Correspondence from Ireland
by Harold E. Scarborough in this issue*

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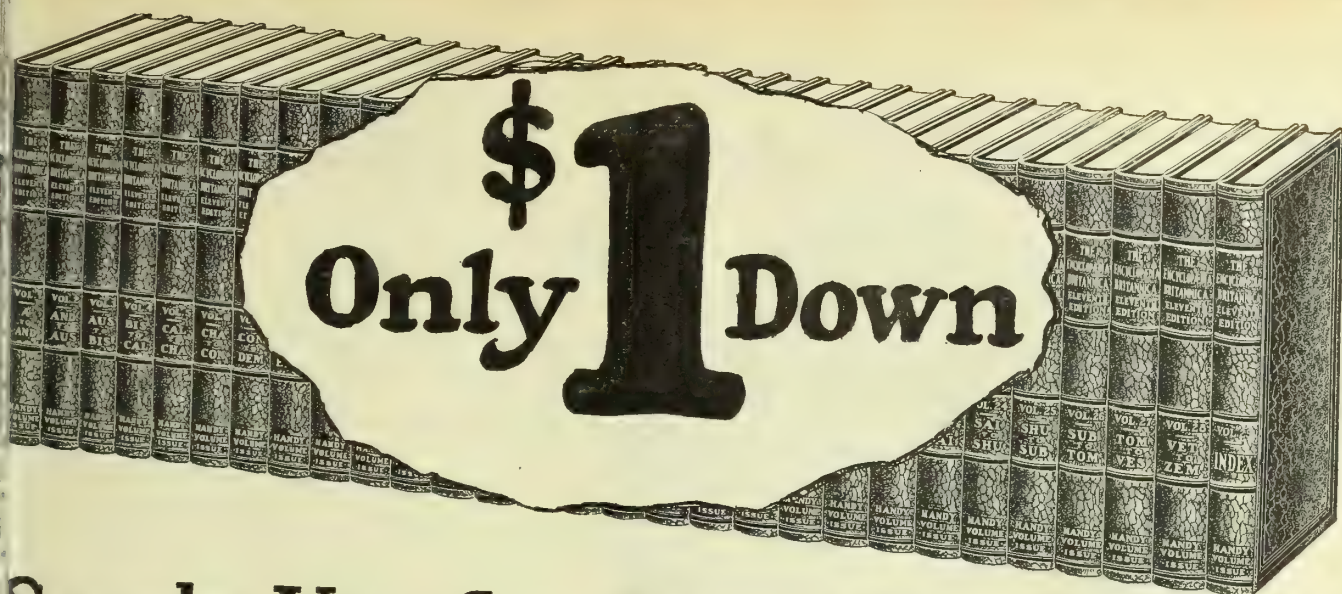
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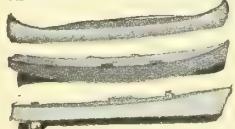
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The Outlook

MARCH 30, 1921

A SIGNIFICANT MASS-MEETING

THOSE of our readers who were as disgusted as we were with the "Horrors of the Rhine" meeting which was held in Madison Square Garden, New York City, about the first of March, will be glad to know that the patriotic mass-meeting of protest which was held in the same place on March 18 was a huge success. The first meeting, engineered by Dr. Edmund von Mach and George Sylvester Viereck, was deliberately timed to take place just as the German delegation was meeting the Supreme Council of the Allies in London to discuss the reparation terms of the Peace Treaty. With characteristic Prussian stupidity, Mach and Viereck thought that this was the way to arouse American sympathy with Germany and against the Allies. The response was the great gathering in Madison Square Garden organized by the American Legion.

While various speakers protested against the attempt of hyphenate-Germans and hyphenate-Irish to "drive a wedge" between the United States and her allies on the fighting fields of France, the dominating temper of the occasion was one of insistence upon one hundred per cent Americanism. The great amphitheater was beautifully decorated with American flags. Indeed, the only other flag displayed was the banner with the Gold Star which was carried by each one of a large group of mothers and fathers who had lost sons in the Navy or Army of the United States during the World War. The spirit of the meeting was perhaps best expressed by one of the speakers, who said that the American Legion and every true citizen in sympathy with it are determined that this shall be a country of "one tongue, one people, and one flag."

It is difficult to give on paper any impression of the intense and splendid feeling of the finest kind of patriotism displayed by the vast audience of twelve to fourteen thousand people—the bands, the cheering, the songs, the prolonged greeting to General Pershing. Everything indicated that the spirit in which America entered the war is still deep and abiding.

The meeting was admirably presided over by Colonel Galbraith, the Commander of the American Legion, and there were a number of eloquent and effective addresses. Perhaps the most notable were those of Martin W. Little-

ton, the well-known New York lawyer and former Congressman, who is himself entitled to wear a Gold Star, and of General Pershing. One of Mr. Littleton's assertions to which General Pershing gave manifest assent has historical importance. In the course of his address Mr. Littleton remarked: "What I am now about to say perhaps ought not to be said in the presence of General Pershing, and he may call me down for it; but nevertheless I assert that it would have been well for the world if the American troops and their allies had marched into Berlin and had made a Potsdam Peace instead of a Paris Peace." The whole audience rose *en masse* and cheered this statement to the echo. General Pershing also rose with his face wreathed in smiles, and it was quite evident that he cordially approved of the sentiment. This spontaneous incident confirms the article published in The Outlook of March 16 by Mr. Wade Chance, in which he affirmed that the Allies, and specifically General Foch, wished to force a complete surrender on German soil and were only prevented from doing so by Mr. Wilson.

In the various discussions that are going on as to the relation of this country to Europe, and even to Oriental politics, the sentence we have already quoted forms a good motto upon which to act. Let every American citizen see to it that this shall be a country of "one tongue, one people, and one flag."

UPPER SILESIA: GERMANY VS. POLAND

SUNDAY, March 20, was a significant day for the future of Germany and Poland. On that day a vote was taken in Upper Silesia to determine whether that district should become Polish or remain German.

Silesia is the largest province of Prussia and forms its southeastern part. The mountainous portion to the south is called Upper Silesia. It is about the size of Connecticut. It contains the richest coal deposits in Germany and perhaps the richest zinc deposits in the world. Upper Silesia is a center of the coal-tar and dye industry. The same chemical processes which produce coal-tar dyes also produce high explosives and poison gas.

Germany brought thousands of people to Upper Silesia who were born there, bringing them from North, Central, and South America, as well as from Europe. In addition, Germany used threats, as,

for instance, the threat of German factory and mine owners to close their works if Poland won the plebiscite, and promises that inhabitants would not be drafted for the German army. The result, to the advantage of Germany, was seen in the vote. For the most part the towns went for Germany, the country districts largely for Poland.

The majority vote, as a whole, at this writing, seems to favor Germany. But the result is to be determined by communes, and, to quote the terms of the Treaty, "the number of votes cast in each commune will be communicated by the [Allied] Commission to the . . . Powers with a full report as to the taking of the vote and a recommendation as to the line which ought to be adopted as the frontier of Germany in Upper Silesia. In this recommendation regard will be paid to the wishes of the inhabitants, as shown by the vote, and to the geographical and economic conditions of the locality."

RUSSIA STILL BOLSHEVIK

THREE events of the week in Russia may have influence on the Russian future, but no one of them can be regarded as indicative of a collapse of the Bolshevik rule.

One of these events does, however, presage a yielding of the Central Soviet chiefs on extreme theories and programmes. Lenine, speaking at the Tenth Communist Congress, put to the front the need of free commercial intercourse with other nations and his willingness to put aside any programme of official propaganda in other countries. "Without foreign assistance we cannot progress," he said; and with reference to the trade agreement with Great Britain, which we discuss elsewhere, he telegraphed to Lloyd George: "Agreement useless unless the British Government ceases the mistrust shown us for three years. Our best and only propaganda will be the example given the world by our economic reconstruction of Russia." In matters of internal policy Lenine's programme at the Communist meeting was more liberal than Trotsky's and was approved in preference. It is less oppressive to the co-operative societies, to the trade unions, and to peasant landowners than is consistent with the idea of absolute proletarianism. Complete industrial ownership in common with governmental dictatorship seems relegated to the future. So far as it goes,

the new attitude has gleams of reason, but, in view of the cruelty and folly of the Bolshevik methods heretofore, the world cannot trust either Lenine or Trotsky.

Kronstadt has been subdued by the Reds and scores of executions have followed. The hope of an extended revolt in the Soviet army or immediate fruitful agitation in Russia at large has naturally been weakened by the failure of the Kronstadt revolt.

The treaty between Poland and Russia was signed at Riga on March 18 and is to be ratified at Minsk next month. Under its terms Poland is to receive 30,000,000 gold rubles within a year. The territorial agreements are practically those stated in the armistice agreement.

HOW SHALL BELGIUM PAY HER DEBT?

BELGIUM owes the United States a great deal of money. But until the other day most of us did not know that we were to be paid back in German bonds. The Treaty of Versailles says nothing about it. It provides that Germany shall reimburse the Belgian Government as follows:

(Article 232) Germany undertakes, . . . as a consequence of the violation of the Treaty of 1839, to make reimbursements of all sums which Belgium has borrowed from the Allied and Associated Governments up to November 11, 1918, together with interest at the rate of five per cent per annum on such sums. This amount shall be determined by the Reparation Commission, and the German Government undertakes thereupon forthwith to make a special issue of bearer bonds to an equivalent amount payable in marks, gold, on May 1, 1926, or, at the option of the German Government, on the 1st of May in any year up to 1926.

But the Treaty of Versailles does not contain the agreement reached by President Wilson, Mr. Lloyd George, and M. Clemenceau that they would recommend "to the appropriate governmental agency" of their particular Governments the acceptance of an amount corresponding to the sums which Belgium has borrowed from them since the war and up to November 11, 1918, together with interest at five per cent, in the form of a special issue of German bonds. Only recently did ex-President Wilson officially so inform Congress. Its agreement is of course necessary.

It is said that these German bonds are a prior lien and that an announcement of the transaction was made at the time of the Paris Conference and also in January, 1920. Such information, however, in this country at least, was unofficial and attracted little, if

any, attention. Are there other undisclosed pledges?

It seems incredible that President Wilson should have waited twenty months before making his official announcement. Be that as it may, the present Administration is free to deal with the problem in whatever way it deems fit. Of course the terms of the German bonds will have to be minutely scrutinized. In any case, they would be a doubtful security.

A WHOLESALE ASSASSIN

IT was a striking instance of retributive fate that Talaat Pasha should be assassinated in the streets of Berlin by an Armenian.

It was Talaat who callously remarked, when he was asked to stop the massacre of Armenians, that it was of no use because the Armenians were all dead. It was Talaat who had the impudence to ask the American Ambassador in Turkey, Mr. Morgenthau, to get for him from American life insurance companies a list of Armenian policy-holders, explaining the request by saying: "They are practically all dead now and have left no heirs to collect the money. It of course all escheats to the state." More than any other one man, Talaat was responsible for the policy of extermination and assassination that left hundreds of thousands of Armenian men, women, and children dying of starvation in the desert. That he should have taken refuge with Germany and concealed himself obscurely in the German capital when the Allies were seeking him to punish him for his atrocities is precisely what might have been expected from the attitude in war time of Talaat and Enver toward Germany and from the German support rendered that wicked trio who seized the power in Turkey out of the hands of the original Young Turks.

Enver, Talaat, and Demel will go down in history as leaders of a party of murder and destruction. The record of their evil deeds as told in the book entitled "Ambassador Morgenthau's Story" is astonishing in its revelation of human depravity. Of Enver and Talaat Mr. Morgenthau says that they were "as unprincipled a pair as ever usurped power and betrayed a people." Of the three Turks, Talaat was probably the ablest. Our Ambassador said of him: "He had great force and dominance, ability to think quickly and accurately, and an almost superhuman insight into men's motives." Now the greatest assassin of our times has fallen by the hands of a man of whom the world knows nothing, but who in all probability had some wrong to avenge or was inflamed by his recollection of the wholesale massacre of his fellow-countrymen which was

countenanced and even planned by Talaat.

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS POST FOR A WOMAN

MRS. HAMILTON WRIGHT, of Washington, a daughter of the late United States Senator Washburn, of Minnesota, has been appointed as a woman assessor by the Council of the League of Nations. Mrs. Wright's co-workers on the Board of Assessors, which is to check the opium traffic, are Sir John Jordan, late British Minister to China, and M. Henri Brenier, the noted French expert.

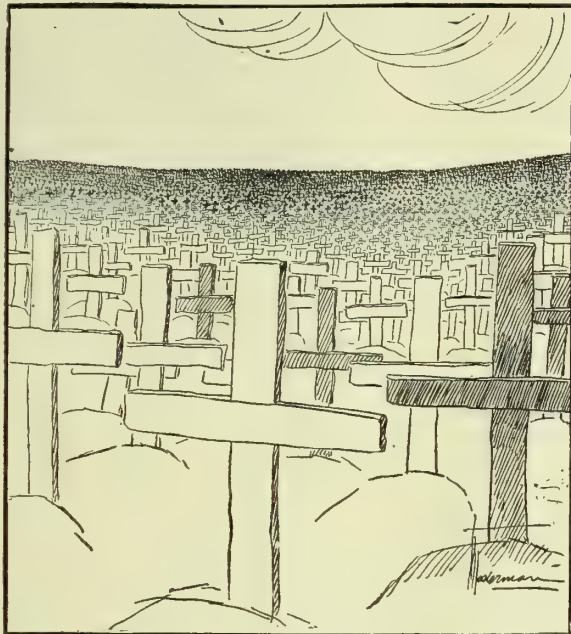
Since her husband's death Mrs. Wright has continued his anti-opium crusade. In 1919 she influenced the makers of the League of Nations to include control of the opium traffic among its powers. Years ago in China and the Philippines her husband had become interested in the menacing drug question; he was a leading spirit in the anti-opium movement in those countries. He was appointed by President Roosevelt as a delegate to the International Opium Commission, which met at Shanghai, and he was also a delegate to the ensuing International Conferences at The Hague. The result of these meetings, in which Dr. Wright played a very prominent part, was the international deliverance, not only of China, which had already done much for itself, but also of other nations imperiled by habit-forming drugs. No wonder that the Chinese Government, in recognition of Dr. Wright's leadership and interest in behalf of the chief sufferer, China, named one of the buildings of the University of Peking after him. These buildings have been erected with some of the money refunded under the Boxer indemnity.

At the latest Hague Conference (1914) all the nations except two (Serbia and Turkey) agreed to put the opium treaty into effect. While the contracting Powers pledged themselves to enact pharmacy laws to limit the manufacture, sale, use, and transfer of habit-forming drugs to medical uses, and while to this end in this country Congress promptly passed legislation drafted by Dr. Wright, it has been recently discovered that quantities of narcotics are being shipped in bond across the United States from Europe destined to Oriental countries and smuggled thence into China despite the now drastic Chinese law against the import of opium and its derivatives. Accordingly Mrs. Wright was instrumental in the introduction by Congressman Rainey of a bill into the late Congress (and, as the measure was unenacted, it will be introduced into the new Congress) withdrawing the privilege of "in transit" shipments unless such shipments be approved by the Secretaries of

GERMANY STILL GERMANY

CARTOONS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

Westerman in the Ohio State Journal



"THE TERMS ARE TOO SEVERE"—GERMANY

From Clyde N. Berry, New Salem, Ohio

Williams in the Indianapolis News



SOUNDS FUNNY IN GERMAN, DOESN'T IT?

From Evelyn A. Sidener, Indianapolis, Ind.

Sykes in the Buffalo Commercial



IMPUDENCE OR STUPIDITY?

From J. J. H. Hayn, Buffalo, N. Y.

Cassel in the Atlanta Journal



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(The New York Evening World)

HE LIKES TO BE SHOWN!

From Leland Waters, Atlanta, Ga.



(C) Harris & Ewing

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, THE NEW ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

State, the Treasury, and Commerce—that is to say, unless the consignee can show that the shipments are for legitimate uses and are not to be reshipped.

THE PRESIDENT OF CUBA

THE result of the re-election votes held in a large number of precincts in different provinces in Cuba has been to confirm the belief that Dr. Zayas was the choice of the people at the November election.

The parties and combinations of parties in the Presidential struggle have been confusing to those who have not followed the matter closely. Dr. Zayas is frequently spoken of as the Liberal candidate. He was, in fact, the candidate of a coalition party known as the National League, composed of moderate Conservatives and of men who had formerly been Liberals but were unable to follow the Liberal party in its support of the Radical candidate, Gomez. The situation is the stranger to non-Cubans because Dr. Zayas was formerly Vice-President under Gomez as President. Still another singular feature of the elections was the fact that the Liberal party (the Gomez faction) announced a policy of abstaining from voting at elections and has even advised members of the Cuban Congress belonging to the Liberal party to take no part in the work of that Congress. The consequence was that in some provinces at least in which re-elections took place on March 15 hardly any Liberal votes were cast. In four provinces, despatches say, while over twelve thousand votes were cast for Dr. Zayas only forty-two votes were cast for Gomez.

The recent elections were not marked by violence. No doubt the presence of General Crowder as special representative of the American Government had its influence. Under the Platt Amendment,

the United States may rightfully step in and preserve order and a democratic form of government in Cuba. Naturally heated political partisans always incline to declare that our Government should step in because of alleged wrongdoing on the part of their opponents. But it is obviously not to be thought of that our Government should interfere because of what one party alleges the other is going to do. It is for the United States to decide on the basis of actual conditions whether a state of political anarchy exists such as would justify our interference. The present outlook is that after the meeting of the Cuban Congress in May Dr. Zayas will peaceably be declared the President of that Republic—despite the strange political "strike" of non-voting Congressmen who hope to prevent a quorum.

PRESIDENT HARDING'S APPOINTEES

RECOGNITION of the merit system, we are glad to say, characterizes many of President Harding's appointees. For instance, his nominees to the State Department—Mr. Fletcher as Under-Secretary, Mr. Dearing as Assistant Secretary, and Mr. Bliss as Third Assistant Secretary (the office of Second Assistant, held since 1886 by Alvey Adee, is non-political)—are, all of them, men who have seen some fifteen to twenty years' service as American diplomats. They know well many parts of the world and they represent steady promotion for merit.

The Outlook has already reported the appointment of Theodore Roosevelt as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. The new Assistant Secretary of War is to be Colonel Jonathan Mayhew Wainwright, of New York, who served with distinction on the Mexican border and also as staff officer of the Twenty-seventh Division in France during its entire service there. He took part in all its battles and engagements and was cited in divisional orders for "cool courage under fire in supervising details affecting troops in the front lines." He received the Distinguished Service Medal.

The President has nominated Eliot Wadsworth, of Massachusetts, to be Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Wadsworth, a Boston lawyer, is President of the Harvard Alumni Association, and served with the Red Cross during the war. He also received the Distinguished Service Medal.

As Comptroller of the Currency the President has nominated an old friend of his, a banker of Marion, Ohio, D. R. Crisinger. As Director of the War Finance Corporation (now revived to facilitate exports to Europe) the President has gratified many friends of that Corporation by nominating Eugene Meyer, Jr.,



International

COLONEL J. MAYHEW WAINWRIGHT,
NEW ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR

of New York, who during the war showed his efficiency in the same office.

PERMANENT EMBASSIES IN SIGHT

NOW that the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation Bill has become law, Americans desirous of a more permanent and paying diplomatic service will breathe more freely. The bill actually made provisions for buildings for our diplomatic representatives abroad in sixteen cities.

To be sure, the particular spur to such action was fear lest the foreign governments, which owe us immense amounts of money for our war loans to them, cannot pay cash. If we cannot get cash, even for present interest due, it is better to take goods than no pay. Real estate comes under the category of "goods." Hence the new law provides that the United States will deduct from the indebtedness to us the cost of a site or building. It is objected that we show poor taste and even lack of self-respect in such a provision and that it belittles the United States. This view was not shared by the majority in Congress, and, anyway, is a minor matter. We can be thankful that, after many years of endeavor, Congress has finally been moved to provide in any way for the purchase of homes for American diplomats. Nor is this all. The law also carries a provision giving to the President the right unconditionally to accept gifts of land, buildings, furniture, or furnishings for the use of diplomatic and consular officers. This obviates the necessity of passing legislation when an offer is made to the Government, as was the case three years ago when Mr. Morgan offered his London house as a residence for the American Ambassador.

We compensate our ambassadors, ministers, and consuls by paying them a

salary only. Other nations furnish them also with a residence, maintain it at government expense, and make an allowance for entertainment.

The result is that few Americans without large private incomes are willing to become ambassadors or even ministers. And yet we have competent distinguished men who cannot serve their country simply because they are poor. Of what use was it for President Wilson to ask Mr. Eliot to go to London? True, we have been fortunate in having men of wealth well qualified to represent our country abroad. But this is no reason why we should not conserve our National self-respect. Uncle Sam ought not to permit himself to act like a poor relative.

As Dr. David Jayne Hill recently pointed out in *The Outlook*, we cannot raise diplomatic salaries at present. But we can (and we have now made a beginning in that direction, we are glad to say) indirectly increase the compensation by giving fixed residences to our diplomats.

FORTY-FIVE SECONDS FROM BROADWAY

FORTY-FIVE seconds from Broadway, New York City, an electric sign adorns the church from which within the past three months twenty-six stranded girls have been sent to their homes in various parts of the country. Most of them are still in their 'teens.

Every policeman, every stage manager, every hotel clerk along the Great White Way, knows that sign. When girls appeal distractedly for help, the answer is now: "Go up to Forty-eighth Street, where you'll see a big electric sign with a cross on it and flags. That's the Union Church—'Social Center, Always Open,' the sign says—and the Methodists will quarter you in a house near by. If you like, they'll send you home."

In the basement of the house near by Dr. Ballik, church physician, has his office. On the first floor the pastor, the Rev. John G. Benson, D.D., lives with his family. On floors above there are rooms for girls. One, called the Giddey Room, in honor of Mr. George Giddey, of Detroit, who has endowed it, awaits stranded girls. It can accommodate four. At a pinch, it can accommodate six. And thither, usually in tears, come the pathetic little waifs of Broadway.

This is not "rescue" work. Ordinarily, the girl is from a small town where members of some traveling theatrical company have said, "With your youth and beauty you ought to go to New York and make a hit on the stage." She had tried it. But, while it is easy to get into the theater by the front door, it is

exceedingly difficult to get into the theater by the back door. Moreover, very few young girls in small towns understand New York. They arrive with little money, and no one has told them that unaccompanied young women are not received at hotels or that proprietresses of lodging-houses in the theatrical district put prohibitive prices on their rooms when women apply. One girl came to the Giddey Room after spending four nights in railway stations.

As a general thing there are three girls in the Giddey Room, at fifty cents a night if they can pay, at nothing a night if they can't, and they may remain ten days—longer, if the case requires—during which time Dr. Benson maneuvers for their return home. A relief fund provides the money—which is usually repaid. But it takes a lot of coaxing to get a girl home. She has told her friends out there that she was going in for fame and glory, and hates to admit defeat. In not a few instances the candidate for celebrity has been seen off with special jollifications. In others, the girl has simply run away, and her people (especially her father) think the family disgraced. Sometimes Dr. Benson finds it easier to induce a girl to go home than to induce her family to receive her.

Not all the Giddey Room's guests are would-be actresses. A girl who arrived at three in the morning and fainted on her arrival had come to New York to study and had engaged a room in a lodging-house. Her train got in four hours late. When she reached the lodging-house, the landlady had let the room. The girl went from hotel to hotel, only to be turned away each time, and walked the streets in desperation until, crying, she threw herself upon the mercy of a policeman, who directed her to the Giddey Room and to escape from

the streets. That was before Dr. Benson's work for stranded girls had become known, and he feels that it is very much too little known even now. With proper publicity, its usefulness would be greatly increased.

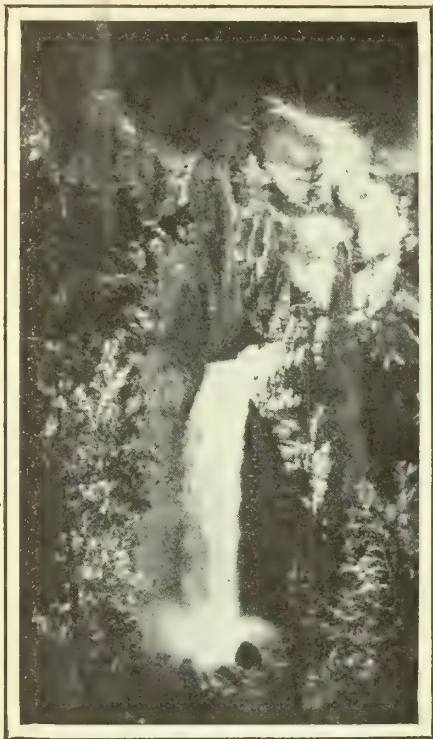
SAVE THE NATIONAL PARKS FOR THE PEOPLE

THE OUTLOOK has lately commented more than once on the legislation that has been before Congress in the interest of National Parks preservation. Such a bill should certainly be passed



FORTY-FIVE SECONDS FROM BROADWAY

"When girls appeal distractedly for help, the answer is now: 'Go up to Forty-eighth Street, where you'll see a big electric sign with a cross on it and flags'."



TOWER FALLS, IN YELLOWSTONE
NATIONAL PARK

Mr. Miller, in sending this picture, says:
"To the writer this was the most impressive and picturesque scene witnessed"

by the special session of the new Congress. The point aimed at is to forbid any use of the National Parks for irrigation or reservoirs without the specific authority of Congress. This does not necessarily preclude proper use of the parks for reservoirs, but would make it incumbent on any one who proposed electric or storage use to convince Congress that there is no danger of injury to the parks as places of public recreation and beauty.

One interesting and unusual development of this campaign has been the sending of a protest to the Connecticut members of Congress against granting private privileges in public parks. Mr. Lyman H. Miller, of New Haven, who sent this protest, has made a study of the question on the spot and has illustrated his letter of protest by several of his own photographs showing beautiful spots in the Yellowstone Park which might be in danger. One of these photographs is reproduced herewith. In his protest Mr. Miller declares that there is immediate danger to the Yellowstone, and asserts that the only alternative is either "to completely give up the Yellowstone as a spectacle or to completely retain it as a spectacle. It cannot be handled on a compromise basis." He holds positively that to attempt to dam the overflowing of any part of the Yellowstone River, whether below or above the Great Falls, "would be nothing short

of a calamity to the wonders of the Yellowstone Park."

SELLING HEALTH

A CORRESPONDENT, Mr. Charles Cason, calls our attention to the unusual and forceful methods employed in one American county (Lee County, Mississippi) in "selling health."

Health, he says, is purchasable—in fact, it is the outstanding bargain of this period of high prices. Lee County's methods are those of business at large, namely, publicity and organization. It instituted, with the help of the Rockefeller Foundation, a model health campaign to last for a year. Some of the results of the first three months are as follows:

2,712 homes surveyed,
8,907 individuals physically examined,
200 vaccinated against typhoid,
1,100 school-children medically inspected.

An epidemic of scarlet fever controlled,
30,000 pieces of literature distributed,
52 public meetings held.

Everybody seems to have co-operated in this campaign. The county had fifteen hundred road signs heralding itself as the model health county; prizes were offered for health slogans, and four thousand slogans were sent in—the prize was captured by a little schoolgirl for the slogan "Chew your food; you have no gizzard." Mass-meetings, picture shows, health literature, and a rural motor clinic were other methods of publicity. When the circus came to town, the elephant was utilized by being made to carry health banners through the

streets. Free moving pictures were furnished for rural churches and school-houses. Altogether, we have never seen such ingenuity and multiplicity of methods adopted to carry out one specific object as Lee County provided in this case.

As our correspondent declares, the people of the county developed a new sanitary and new social sense and their enthusiasm has had its results in freeing the county from preventable diseases and the dangers of unsanitary things.

COMPOUNDING WITH GOVERNMENT BY MURDER

LENINE, autocrat of Russia, is reported to have said recently that he feared he had become respectable. His fear is groundless. He is in no immediate danger of such humiliation. There are certain people who regard the respect of their fellow-men as a badge of dishonor and dread lest it be attached to them. Lenine's statement may sound like a joke, but it is really a part of his philosophy. His policy is frankly based on contempt for the mass of mankind, and by those for whom he has contempt he does not wish to be respected.

No, Lenine has not become respectable, in spite of what Mr. Lloyd George, Prime Minister of Great Britain, has done to make him appear so.

For about a year the British Government has been carrying on negotiations for a trade agreement with Lenine. The



UTILIZING THE CIRCUS ELEPHANT IN A HEALTH CAMPAIGN

"Mass-meetings, picture shows, health literature, and a rural motor clinic were other methods of publicity. When the circus came to town, the elephant was utilized by being made to carry health banners through the streets"

fact that the Bolsheviks were helped into power by Germany, that they secured control over the Russian people by seizing arms and using their consequent power without mercy, that one of their prime objects has been to destroy the means—money and credit—by which trade is carried on, and that in endeavoring to destroy government as we know it, outside as well as within Russia, they have been conspiring against the peace and safety of every civilized state on the globe, did not prevent Mr. Lloyd George from conferring with them.

Finally, on March 16 the trade agreement was signed between Great Britain and the so-called Soviet Government. This trade agreement is virtually, though not formally, a recognition of the Bolshevik Government. It is a contract between the two Governments to refrain from hostilities against each other, from any blockade and from discrimination in trading privileges. Britons in Russia and Russians in Great Britain are permitted to return to their respective homes. Private mail and telegraph services are to be restored, and passports issued by the Soviet Government are to be recognized and respected. Gold, platinum, and securities which are sent to British territory in payment of goods received by Russia from Great Britain are not to be seized for payment of what Russia already owes in Great Britain unless—and this is an important exception—seizure is approved by British courts. Inasmuch as the decisions of the courts have already indicated that such seizure is justified, since debts already incurred have prior right over new obligations, it does not seem that much gold, platinum, and securities will venture out of Russia under this agreement. Inasmuch, moreover, as Russian agriculture, transportation, and manufactures are all paralyzed, it is not likely that any goods will come out, either.

Nobody expects this trade agreement to be productive of trade.

Its value to Lloyd George is mainly, if not wholly, political. And likewise political is its benefit to Lenine. Each Government gains prestige with its own people. But each Government may find that for the value received it may have to pay a high price.

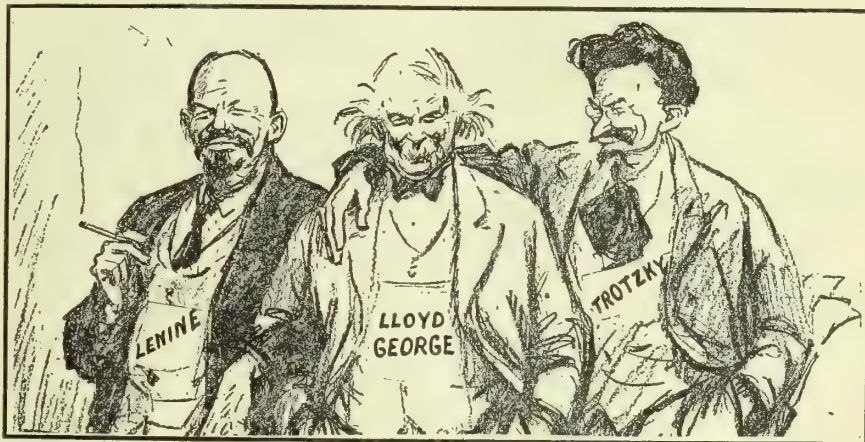
Lloyd George has found the Soviet Government of Russia, as it is called, a troublesome thing both at home and in the British East. At home the British Labor Party, composed as it is of stolid British workmen who have not much imagination, have been under the delusion that the Bolshevik Government of Russia is one of the achievements of the working class; or at least the leaders of that party, whether under that delusion or not, have found it advantageous to encourage that delusion among

their followers as a means of strengthening themselves. By this trade agreement Lloyd George, for the time being at least, strengthens himself with this important element in British political life. In India there has been Bolshevik propaganda as well as in other parts of the Nearer East. By this trade agreement the Bolsheviks promise to refrain from propaganda of this sort.

Apparently Mr. Lloyd George gets this double political advantage, whatever it may amount to, without paying any price for it. Somebody has to pay for it, however. Those who will pay are the Russians who have been nurturing for years, first under the tyranny of the Czar and then under the tyranny of Lenine, the seeds of freedom. They are the men like Ivan Petrunkevitch (whose

in America. And mutual understanding between Great Britain and the United States is not something to be despised in these days. Herbert Hoover's statement put out last week is one which we believe will have the support of American public opinion as it has the support of President's Harding's Administration. "The question of trade with Russia," says Secretary Hoover, "is far more a political question than an economic one, so long as Russia is in control of the Bolsheviks. . . . Russia will have no considerable commodities to export, and, consequently, no great ability to obtain imports. . . . Nor can trade with Russia, under a Government that repudiates private property, be based on credit. . . . Europe cannot recover its economic stability until Russia returns to

From a cartoon by Rollin Kirby in the New York World



WHEN GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER

article on Wells's view of Russia is printed in the Book Table in this issue), Prince Lvov, Milyukov, and Tschaykovsky, who with various political beliefs have striven for free institutions in spite of repeated failure; they are the intellectual leaders who suffered enough from the czars, but have suffered far more from the Bolsheviks; they are the workmen who have taken refuge from disillusionment in the Red Army; they are the peasants who will never yield to the Communist theories of Lenine and Trotsky, but who suffer from the Bolshevik régime as perhaps no other element in the Russian population has suffered. Just so far as Lenine's hold upon Russia is strengthened by this trade agreement, by so much these Russians pay the price.

But Lloyd George's Government is not to be wholly unrelieved of the burden of paying for compounding with the people who rule in Russia by means of murder and oppression. The effect of this arrangement upon opinion in America is graphically indicated by the cartoon from the New York "World" which we reproduce in part herewith. What Lloyd George gains at home he may lose here

production. . . . That requires the abandonment of their present economic system."

And Lloyd George's arrangement has by no means found universal acceptance in England. It has been called an "unclean thing" and has been deplored as another wedge between Great Britain and France. The editor of the "Bankers Magazine" and financial editor of the London "Morning Post" in a despatch to the New York "Evening Post" says: "It is difficult to refer to our agreement with Soviet Russia without a burning sense of shame. Politically and socially alike the compact is dishonoring and futile. The hunger of traders and of the British Government for Russian gold for British trade contrasts forcibly with Washington's determination not to touch it."

It is not mere coincidence that simultaneously with the signing of this agreement the revolt against the Lenine-Trotsky autocracy has at this particular time collapsed. Ultimately the collapse of Bolshevism is certain. A hundred and ten years ago lovers of freedom escaping the power of Napoleon Bonaparte found refuge in Russia. To-day a

tyranny more merciless than that of Napoleon Bonaparte holds Russia in its grasp and lovers of liberty find refuge in exile in France, as well as in other parts of Europe and in America. Lenine's failure is as certain as Napoleon's. And when that tyranny comes to an end those who for some commercial benefit helped to keep it alive will not be remembered gratefully by the Russian people.

THE WINDOW

THE Young-Old Philosopher lived in a quiet house on one of the side streets in a great city. He had breakfast always by a certain window, at the delightful hour of eight; and after he had read his letters and looked over the newspaper as the coffee-pot steamed away, invariably he glanced out into the busy little thoroughfare—his thoroughfare, he had come to call it, because of a curious love he had for it—and watched the procession of folk going about their various affairs.

He came to know so many of them by sight: clerks and shop-girls, hurrying along, with neat suits and frocks, very much in earnest, very young, very active. Sometimes he pitied them because they had to start so early for the day's work. Yet he consoled himself with the thought that youth can do anything; and he recalled how when he was in the romantic twenties he found no difficulty in thus faring forth of a morning, certain that the world held nothing but success and achievement for him. He had his high dreams then, just as he had them now; and there is nothing so sustaining as a dream. At the end of every sunlit street surprises awaited him; and he always turned to his ferry (for he toiled across the river) with a sense of the wonder of the vast city. He never lost his enthusiasm for the matchless miracle spread before him—a panorama of amazing buildings, honeycombs of sky-scraper that seemed literally to kiss the clouds. He knows now by the look in the eyes of those who pass his window whether they have that same consciousness of the vastness of the town in which they live and work; and he is sure that he recognizes it far more frequently than people would suppose.

He always watched for the "crazy woman," as he came to think of her, who rushed out of a certain little lodging-house, with many packages and many dazzling colors in her bonnet, scampering to Heaven knows where. Watch as he might, he could never see her return in the evening. But always the next morning she came out of her little niche—some back hall-bedroom, no doubt, stuffy and plain—dressed as though she had hastily pinned doilies about her per-

son, with a far-away look in her eyes and the strange energy that seems to go with a touch of madness. Who was she, and what did she do? And why all those packages? She seemed to have no friends; and she always lifted her skirt delicately and carefully as she crossed the street, diagonally—why she did this he never found out. It became a fascinating game to wonder just which cobblestones she would choose on different mornings. She tiptoed, she minced, she almost danced once in a while; and she never looked up, but kept her gaze directly on the pavement, heedless of the curiosity she evoked.

Then the postmen with their burdens—doubly great when holidays came round; these he came to know by their individual whistles. And he gave them names of his own—Sam and Jerry were the two that fitted them best of all—he could not, of course, say why. In fact, part of the charm of such playing in one's foolish mind is never to explain. He wondered what words of gladness or grief were folded in those white envelopes—if doom or happiness were spelled to-day, and how would it be to-morrow with those unseen neighbors who lived so mysteriously behind red-brick walls?

Then there was the Kindly Doctor who always saw his patients to the door, and who lived in the house directly across the way—a man well advanced in years, with deep-set eyes behind thick glasses which did not conceal, however, their sweetness of expression. Weary and forlorn people rang his bell; and the Young-Old Philosopher did not know if it was true, or if he only imagined it, but every one seemed to leave that parlor-floor office with a look of healing in his face. Was it the medicine, or was it more a vivid personality that comforted them?

And the policeman—a mere boy—who twirled his club, and never, thank Heaven, had any occasion to use it, patrolled his beat with the precision of a tax-collector, and nodded to many a pretty parlor-maid in a saucy cap and apron who managed to come to the stoop at exactly the right moment. He could tell the time by the policeman. The tower clock close by would boom eight-thirty just as he passed No. 24—of that there was no shadow of doubt; and the roundsman would appear at the corner two minutes later. That, too, was magically certain.

The ash-man came only at intervals, however, and lent a piquancy to the affairs of the neighborhood. His irregularity proved diverting (the Young-Old Philosopher had straightway christened him Dusty Logan); and as he got dirtier and dirtier, he set the occupant of the window to musing on the distasteful and incredibly hard jobs some folk choose for themselves—with all the pro-

fessions open to them. The Young-Old Philosopher has always thought it an exceeding misfortune to get a cinder in his eye; yet here was a husky young chap who reveled in cinders—who sought them out, flirted with them, coquetted with them; the more the merrier, seemed to be his motto; and the blacker his hands, the more ashen his face, the more grimy his overalls, the better he seemed to enjoy life. He set his tin cans down with an authoritative bang, a gesture of contempt for germs, and—yes, it is true, indeed!—he whistled at his work.

One day the Young-Old Philosopher was taken ill; and he was forced to lie in a back room, far from the noise and clamor of his street. He missed during those weeks more than anything else in the world his window. It had come to be a frame wherethrough he saw the pageant of life—a bit of it, at any rate; and he could scarcely wait for the morning to come when again he could sit there and watch the people go by. They had not known of him—they never would, perhaps. They never suspected what went on in his mind as, from his quiet casement, he watched them rush by or loiter to speak one to the other. But that did not matter; what worried him was that he should be absent from them so long.

The hour came when, a little weak and pale, and wrapped in thick robes, he was permitted to sit at the pane and see his friends again. Yes, they were just the same—they had not altered a bit, though months had vanished. Only, there were a few more faces now—new clerks and shop-girls, young boys and girls who, out of high school, were now miraculously projected into the great world of business, transformed from pupils into active members of society, earning their own way in the race of life. And now, instead of looking at them with an eye in which pity kindled, the Young-Old Philosopher found himself envious of their young strength, almost immorally resentful that their happy feet should click along the pavement and he be held behind the glass of his window. For it was spring, and a rapture was in the world, and he longed for the clean air of April, after the dark gusts of March and the funereal shadows of an overlong February. He wanted to smell those hyacinths that a vender carried down the street.

He never knew how it happened; but as he looked out of the window the Kindly Doctor across the way came out on the steps of his house, and the soft wind tossed his abundant white hair over his forehead; and after he had glanced up and down the shining street, and warmed his old hands at the fire of spring, he looked up at the Young-Old Phi-

osopher's window and—waved to him. And suddenly life took on new meanings; and one who has not lived in a

great selfish city will never understand the thrill of happiness that went through the Young-Old Philosopher. For some

one, in all that hive, knew of his existence and was glad to see him back at his beloved window.

THE REVOLT IN THE RED ARMY

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

THE interpretation given by the American press and by their European correspondents regarding the present insurrectionary movement in the Red Army in Russia stresses the point that this insurrection is being undertaken by the soldiers and their brothers in the factory centers, as a revolt against the Soviet Government. As a matter of fact, the Soviet Government as such—that is, a government by labor councils, soldier councils, and peasant councils—has long since ceased to operate. Since the organization of the Third International the Russian revolutionary movement as headed by Lenine and Trotsky has, in fact, ceased to be a government of councils—that is, a Soviet government—and has become a communistic government managed by an oligarchy whose object is to create a world revolution through propaganda and, incidentally, abolish the institution of private property and property in land. The original Soviet form of government recognized the principle of free elections after excluding the propertied classes, but the small councils which now determine the actions of the present communistic Government are chosen and *not* elected. The Communists who now govern Russia probably do not number one-half million, hence the suppression of elections.

The soldiers and workmen who are revolting against the Red Army have for their object the restoration of the Soviet Government—that is, a government of labor councils and soldier councils—and the overthrow of the Bolshevik tyranny which, has enslaved the laborers, deprived them of their votes, and failed to provide food and fuel. Therefore these insurrections have interest for us only as holding out the hope that if they continue they will so weaken the Red Army that it will cease to be a menace at home and abroad.

The movement of overshadowing importance in Russia, little commented upon by the press, is concerned with that unknown quantity, the Russian peasant. Left to his own devices, it is not at all probable that the peasant could ever build up an organization capable of coping with the Red Army. He stands, however, as everybody knows, for the institution of private property and property in land. On this point he is, and will remain, unalterably opposed to the Bolshevik Government.

Since the middle of 1918, when terrorism was resorted to by the Bolshevik Government as a means of coercing its real and imaginary foes called the Counter-Revolutionists, many of the *intelligentsia* of the various towns in Russia

THE author of this article is an American of New England ancestry and education who lived in Russia many years in charge of one of the most important American concerns doing business in that country. The assets, property, and records of this American organization were seized by the Bolshevik Government when they came into power and he himself was driven from the country at the risk of his life. The nature of this business was such that the only injury done was to Russian people themselves, and not to the parent American company, against which the enmity of the Bolshevik leaders was directed. The author speaks Russian fluently and is perhaps as familiar with the Russian character, Russian politics, and Russian needs as any man in this country to-day.

—THE EDITORS.

were driven back to the villages and have adopted the life of the ordinary *muzhik*, wearing his kaftan, tilling the soil, and, so far as possible, adopting his lingo. In these various villages to-day will be found doctors, lawyers, teachers, professors, merchants, and officers of the old army. This infiltration of the *intelligentsia* among the peasantry has served to clarify their minds and to unite them against the Bolshevik Government. There has been organized a so-called "Green Party"—that is, a party of the agriculturists who stand for a thoroughly representative government. This party is insisting upon the convocation of a Constituent Assembly and the establishment of a government which will give legitimacy to land titles.

The Soviet Government, in the early part of 1918, in order to secure the support of the peasantry to their cause, promised them the estates of the landlords and allowed them to proceed with the division and appropriation of these estates. The peasants, however, feel uncertain of their titles, and therefore are primarily interested in the establishment of a government which can give them guaranteed titles to real estate holdings. The "Green Party" has been formed with the assistance of the *intelligentsia*. This party has uniformity of structure, and as a proof that it is in constant opposition to the Communist-Bolshevik Government, let us take the following extract from one of the official organs of the Communists:

During the last six months of 1920 Lenine's Government was called upon, in the twelve governments contiguous

to Moscow, to stamp out 289 so-called counter-revolutionary plots among the peasants, and during the same period to suppress 147 insurrections. Accompanying the suppression of these plots and insurrections there were executed 4,305 people, and 29,800 people were thrown into prison.

The above is a striking instance of the ferment that is going on in the Russian country districts. In all probability during the current year the Agricultural Party will be in the ascendant and will organize sufficient forces to drive out the Bolsheviks. We here in America should at the present moment be formulating plans with regard to Russia when the Red Army ceases to be a menace.

It is not thinkable that the Russian people can endure another winter of Bolshevik chaos. Something is sure to break, and the opportunity to render Russia a great service will doubtless be ours during the coming summer. Are there people in this country with sufficient vision and courage to meet the situation? We can put Russia on an even keel when the opportune moment arrives. The Russian people will be in need of everything that distinguishes a man from a brute. We should begin to assemble at once at the warehouses of the chief Atlantic ports the things which Russia must have if she is not to fall back into chaos again after the Bolsheviks are driven out. She will need thread and needles, buttons, cotton cloth, large quantities of medical supplies, disinfectants and soap, horseshoes and horseshoe nails, plows and harrows, tractors, condensed food, seeds, etc. The medical supplies and disinfectants should be sent as a gift. The other articles may be shipped and distributed against long-term credits—that is, credits for from one year to eighteen months. But where are Russian credits? Let us consider the *zemstvo*.

Immediately Russia is in a position to draw an orderly breath, the first institution which will make its reappearance will be the old *zemstvo*—the county board—that institution which in the past was always so hateful to the old régime because of its influence and control over the people of the village communities. But the *zemstvos* were those bodies in Russia which could offer reliable credit. Their influence over the peasants was such that they could extend credits to them and collect. It is through the *zemstvos* that our trading corporations will be able to arrange a basis for trade. Should our trading companies or individuals go to Russia with supplies, as above enumerated, they could arrange satisfactory credits with these *zemstvo* boards, and in this

way assist and interest the Russian people in the rebuilding of their country.

It stands to reason that but a small part of Russia could be approached and satisfied with our goods. At first we should attempt to deal only with those zemstvo districts in the neighborhood of Moscow and Petrograd. It is important to make a beginning and give the Russian

people an earnest of our good will, and assure them that as fast as orderly government is organized and life and property are made safe the outlying districts can hope to benefit by our trade. They will then get to work to produce values.

It will require courage to undertake this venture, but if handled properly there should be no loss sustained. By

giving the Russian people substantial assistance at such a crucial time we would gain their gratitude and insure for ourselves as much of the future Russian market as we desire. If a million dollars are ventured, as soon as Russia is accessible this will prove the most profitable foreign investment that American business men have ever made.

KANSAS'S FARM TENANTRY SOLUTION

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

BY a majority of 17,800 the voters of Kansas at the November election added to the State Constitution an amendment designed to lessen farm tenantry, entering on a novel experiment for the Middle West. No State has less excuse than Kansas for tenantry. Settled largely on free homesteads, it was in its early history preeminently a commonwealth of homeowners. In 1880 84 per cent of its farms were tilled by their owners and 16 per cent by renters; in 1910 the owner-farmers were only 63 per cent and the tenants 37 per cent; in 1918 owners managed only 52 per cent and tenants 48 per cent. Another thing, the number of farms has decreased 12,554, or 7.1 per cent, in the past decade. Why should a rich agricultural State with a most auspicious beginning drift into landlordism? What can be done about it?

Two factors are changing the Middle West's landownership. One is the retired farmer. Having prospered in the early homestead days, he has moved to town and rented his farm, preferring to keep the property rather than sell and reinvest the proceeds. It gives him something to think about, and he buys a flivver, riding to the land daily, watching the crop production. He has raised the rent from one-fourth to one-third the crops delivered; or he rents for cash, receiving a liberal interest on the valuation. During the war period the rented farm was an especially profitable possession, as the owner had none of the burden of high costs of production. In many instances the sons are the renters, this being the plan of the fathers to keep the boys on the farm.

A second disturbing element is the landlord living outside the State and renting his land through agents, gaining not only a steady income but adding to his wealth by the increment of land values, amounting in the past six years to practically one hundred per cent. One estate owns over 60,000 acres of the richest farm land in the State and demands cash rent, the tenant building his own house and making all improvements. Hundreds of the landlords have never seen their land—it is as foreign an ownership as the feudal system of Europe.

The renting population is ravenous for land. A two-line advertisement offering a farm for tenants brings twenty to thirty replies; farms are watched closely for vacancies and men are known to

travel fifty miles to apply for land that is to be given up by a renter. The price of farm land has become almost prohibitive to the average worker. Take one instance. A half-section, 320 acres, of upland nine miles from town in central Kansas sold fourteen years ago for \$16,000. Half of it was disposed of three years ago for \$20,200, and in the fall of 1920 the remainder for \$35,000. One 160-acre tract bought four years ago for \$47,000 had \$4,000 in improvements placed on it and gave four liberal crops, then sold in October, 1920, for \$71,000. How can the renter to-day hope to become a farm-owner? Even out on the high plains land has reached the \$100-an-acre mark where long after the homestead era it was almost given away.

This is what Kansas proposes to do and its Legislature is authorized to undertake: Buy land through a State fund and resell it to the landless. The amendment provides: "To encourage the purchase, improvement, and ownership of agricultural lands and occupancy, and cultivation thereof, provision may be made by law for the creation and maintenance of a fund, in such a manner and in such amount as the Legislature may determine, to be used for the purchase, improvement, and sale of lands for agricultural purposes."

It is a curious commentary on the desire for farms that hundreds of applications were made for land under the provisions of the amendment within a week after its adoption. But the Legislature must work out a plan, and it is a serious problem. Governor Henry J. Allen, who secured the submission of the amendment, does not expect it to work itself. "We propose to give the man who wants a farm a chance to buy a farm," he says. "The actual results will depend on the sound good sense of the Legislature and of the men who will be put in charge of the plan. If it is to be a political manipulation, it would be better abandoned now, but that is not likely to happen. Kansas has enough big-hearted, helpful men who are willing to bend every effort to helpfulness with a certainty that it will all come back to the benefit of the commonwealth."

Kansas already, according to statistics, owes some \$300,000,000 on farm mortgages. The rate has risen with the financial situation to 7 per cent; many of the loans made when the price level of crop products was high are difficult

to meet with sinking figures for all grains and live stock.

The plan to be followed is yet in embryo. To select land that can be bought at a reasonable price, to select the men to whom it is to be sold on long payments—men with courage but with little means—calls for much ability. In western Kansas is a possibility for irrigation, and the State may use the funds appropriated to undertake an experiment in furnishing watered land in small tracts, provided there is sufficient inducement when the facts are gathered. The average tenant is familiar with crop-raising methods, but he has never thought much about preserving the soil—it has not been his own. The State hopes that it may bring to him this realization of personal interest that will tend to maintain fertility and lift agriculture to a higher plane.

The first session of the Legislature following the adoption of the constitutional amendment took no direct action, the Governor informing it that more time is needed to formulate a working plan. A commission will study the matter and submit to the next session a measure fitted to the State's condition and that will carry out the intent of the voters' decision.

Doubtless there are renters who are unfit to be managers; some can work for others better than for themselves—not all are cast in the mold of managers. Tenants will exist under whatever plan is adopted. What Kansas is trying to do is to give the man with ability, a record of honesty and thrift, a chance to own his farmstead and become a landowner. He cannot do it under present conditions. Banks or investors will not take chances of default; even the Federal Land Bank does not propose to do more than assist on a perfectly good mortgage, such as, theoretically, any investor would accept. That means an equity in the land—and where is the beginner to obtain that equity?

Not all tenants are failures—indeed, many of them succeed well. A farmer of my acquaintance netted \$4,000 from his share of the wheat crop on the farm he leased in 1919. The retired farmer who owns a farm and leases it provides an opportunity for another family—the community has two families instead of one, both supported partly or in whole from the one farm. But the standard of living and of development lessens when a neighborhood is composed largely of renters. Where the Scully

estate owns whole townships of rich land, the border road is eloquent of the difference. On one side are well-improved homes, big red barns, and all the equipment that goes with progressive agriculture. On the other are small, often neglected houses and barns, an evidence that the possessors are mere sojourners. They know it, and act accordingly.

In every Western State, Kansas included, the farm population stands still or actually decreases while the urban population grows. Farm help is scarce and demands excessive wages; the farmer rebels against the increasing

cost of production and declares he cannot furnish the needed foodstuffs at a living profit. When, added to this, and partly growing out of this, is the increase in tenantry, it brings a most serious problem for future development.

The plan upon which Kansas is entering is not idealism; it is a plain, practical effort to bring back to balance the producing and consuming factors of its population. If it can place before the man who wants to become a land tiller and a home-owner a chance to accomplish his ambition, it will have pointed the way to better State development. Unquestionably it is not going

to be as easy for the farmer during the next decade as it has been during the war-time period of high price levels for all his products. The men who are helped will be compelled to face conditions calling for financial expertness; but the fact that the State is lending its credit to assist them and is looking to them to show a way out of dependency ought to have an energizing effect. It will do the people of Kansas good to put forth this effort in behalf of a more wholesome agricultural life.

CHARLES MOREAU HARGER,
Editor Abilene "Daily Reflector,"
Abilene, Kansas.

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

CRETAN PHILOSOPHY

Dear Dr. Abbott:

Wish you would some time write an article on your idea of the *greatness of God*.

If half a dozen persons talk to you at the same time, you cannot give intelligent attention to one of them. Do you think God can give attention to each one of the millions that talk to him in the same sense that we can to a single person?

Does it seem as if we can believe in such amazing greatness?

Yet it seems to me that Jesus taught it, and what a comfort it is to us to think that God knows us individually and reads our thoughts and motives and aims and is present in our heart!

Yours,

BELIEVER.

IT is said that the Cretans had an image of Jove made without ears, because they said that it was unworthy of the god to think that he could hear the prayers and praises of mortals.

Cretans still live in the twentieth century and in Christian America. There are very few atheists in the world; very few who have not sufficient spiritual and intellectual development to perceive with the North American Indian that we must believe that there is a Great Spirit. But there are a good many philosophers who think that to believe that this Great Spirit can hear what little spirits say or can communicate his own thoughts and feelings to little spirits is to belittle him. So they conceive a Great Spirit who is deaf and dumb, and curiously think that their conception of the Great Spirit is greater because they deny to him the capacity which human spirits possess and on which they place a very high valuation. And this is the more curious because it is so manifestly inconsistent with our ordinary spiritual estimates.

We esteem a great man the greater because his greatness does not prevent his attention to little things.

I was once in the White House when a Western cowboy was visiting President Roosevelt. Something like this conversation went on between them.

Cowboy. Mr. President, do you remem-

ber riding over the — trail on a white pony in 1890?

Mr. Roosevelt. No. It was '91.

Cowboy. So it was. Well, that pony has gone blind.

Mr. Roosevelt. Who has him now?

Cowboy. Oh! Jim. Same boy. But the pony is eating his head off. And Jim can't really afford to keep him.

Mr. Roosevelt. Give me Jim's address. I'll see that the pony is taken care of.

And Mr. Roosevelt wrote down the address in order to provide hospital accommodations for the blind pony.

Does any one think less of Mr. Roosevelt because, while he was managing such affairs as the Panama Canal, the Russo-Japanese peace, the German threatened invasion of South America, he could attend to the housing and feeding of a blind pony in the Rockies?

But can we "think God can give attention to each one of the millions that talk to him"?

A member of Mr. Roosevelt's Government told me the following incident.

"I had prepared," he said, "a report which the President had asked me to read to him before I sent it in, and he appointed a time for me to submit it to him. I called at the time appointed. He was reading a scientific book, but told me to go ahead. As I read my manuscript he read his book, and I at first thought he was giving me no attention. But every now and then he would interrupt me with a question, and when I had finished he offered me some suggestions which made it clear that he had understood the report. Then of course I knew that he had not really been reading the scientific treatise. But he asked me to stay to luncheon; and the author of the treatise was there and throughout the luncheon he talked over the treatise with the author. He had mastered both report and treatise at the same time—hearing the one, reading the other; taking in one through the eye, the other through the ear."

Most of us have to give undivided attention to what we are doing if we wish to do it well. But this is not always true of any of us, nor even generally

true of all of us. A chauffeur whose whole attention is concentrated on the road before him will hear instantly an unusual clicking in the machine which the passenger has not heard. It is said that Napoleon could dictate four letters at the same time to four secretaries. This was before the days of shorthand. While the first secretary was writing down the first sentence of the first letter Napoleon dictated the first sentence of three other letters to three other secretaries in turn, and was ready to give the second sentence of the first letter to the first secretary by the time the first sentence was written.

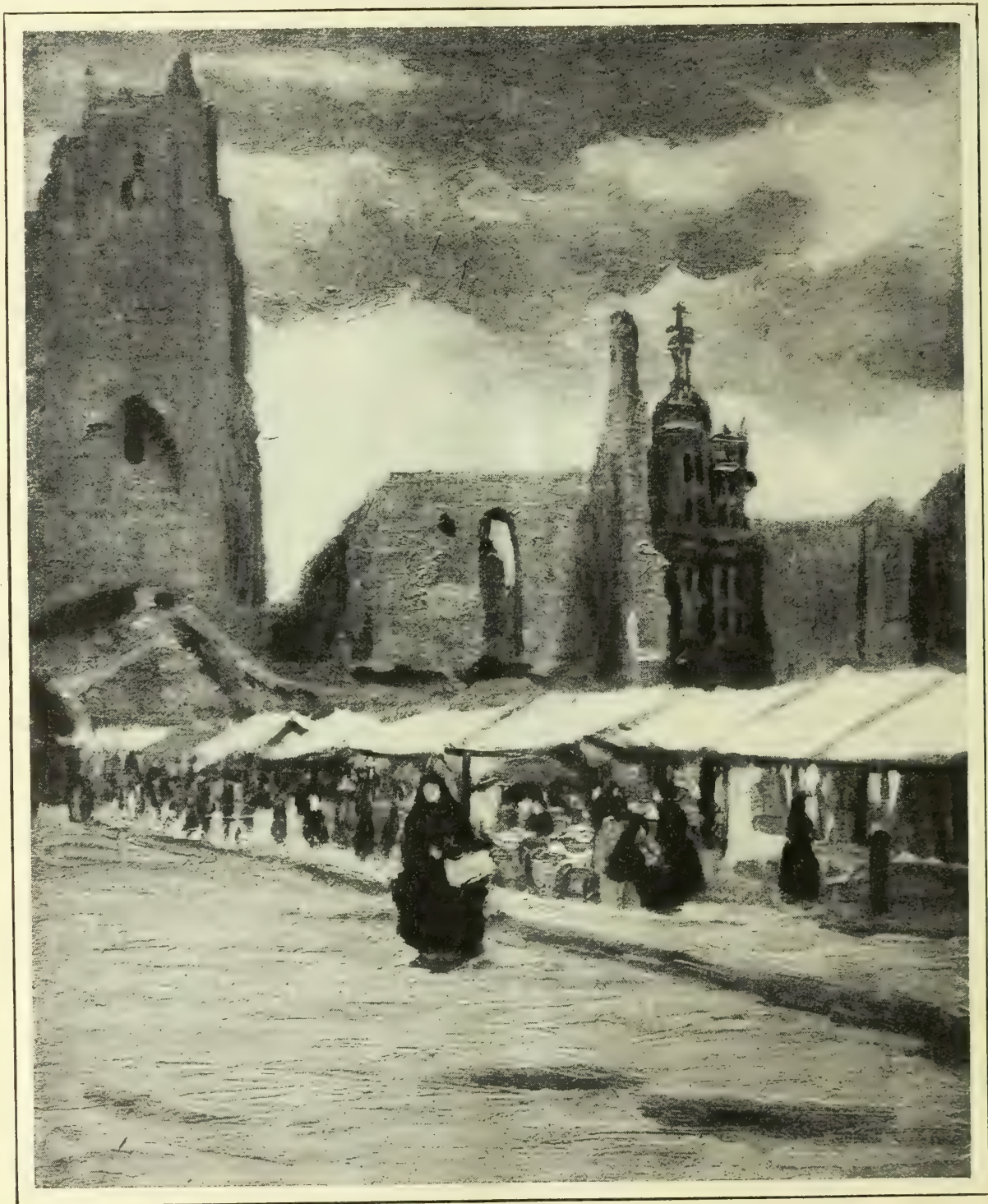
"If," Jesus said, "human fathers, being evil, can give good gifts to their children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" If, I say, human spirits can give attention to two or three trains of thought at the same moment, much more can the Great Spirit give attention to innumerable messages. We may not be able to conceive the greatness, but we can believe that it exists.

From thousands of temples, from millions of homes, there are always going up to God voices of prayer. From thousands of temples, from millions of homes, there is every hour of every day issuing a ceaseless stream of men and women who in prayer have found new light on their problems, new comfort in their sorrows, new strength for their tasks and their temptations. How he hears all these his children and answers their requests we cannot picture to ourselves. But if there is any truth in human testimony, any trustworthiness in human experience, no fact is more certain than the fact that prayers are somehow heard and answered. These unnumbered millions believe in prayer and continue to pray for the reason which inspired the faith and continued the practice in the ancient Hebrew psalmist:

I love Jehovah, because he heareth
My voice and my supplications.
Because he hath inclined his ear unto
me,
Therefore will I call upon him as long
as I live.

FOOTPRINTS

SKETCHES IN OIL OF NORTHERN

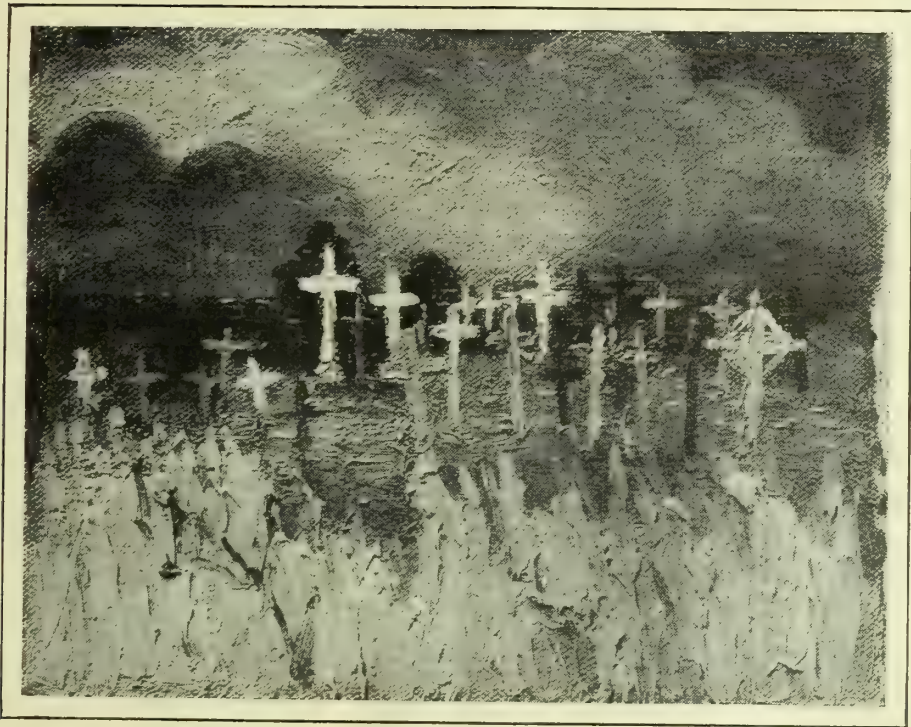


ARRAS—RUINS OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE, WITH THE MARKET, ON A RAINY DAY

The City Hall of Arras, with its imposing belfry crowned by the famous "Lion of Arras," was one of the most beautiful in northern France before its destruction by the Germans. The façade was Gothic, the lateral part Renaissance

OF THE BOCHE

FRANCE BY JEAN MUNRO



CANADIAN SOLDIERS' GRAVES ON VIMY RIDGE

In all the war few men gave such proof of human endurance as those soldiers who lived here month after month under continual bombardment



THE ROAD FROM ARRAS TO BAPAUME

In the foreground is high land just east of Arras, from which the Germans shelled the city, and where some of the fiercest fighting on the British front took place, before Arras was finally "dégagé" from the terrible bombardment. The courageous peasants have made a pitiful attempt at harvest among the partly filled in trenches and shell-holes

MORE POWER TO THE Y

A "TELL THE TRUTH" PAPER

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

I RECEIVED a request some weeks ago to address a weekly meeting in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium of Coatesville, Pennsylvania. I looked up Coatesville in a directory, and found that it had a population of fourteen thousand. I made up my mind that I was due to face an audience of ninety or one hundred men—probably, at the outside figures, one hundred and fifty or two hundred; but the meeting was on Sunday, and I decided to accept the invitation. Imagine my surprise when, stepping into a large modern auditorium with metropolitan conveniences, I found about one thousand deeply interested local citizens in attendance!

My respect for the Y. M. C. A. community influence immediately registered at least a seventy-five per cent rise. The thousand well-dressed, intelligent-looking men in all walks of life seated in an auditorium on a brilliant sunny Sunday afternoon was a puzzle to me.

Walking to the platform, I turned to the secretary and asked him what special occasion brought out the large audience. "Well," he apologized, "we generally have more than this, but, unfortunately, we are competing with the sun this afternoon and there aren't quite as many here as we generally have." He handed me a card which informed me that the Coatesville Y. M. C. A. had a membership of twenty-four hundred and fifty. Some record for a town of fourteen thousand people!

My next surprise was a list of the speakers who were to follow weekly during the year. Among the orators were men of Nation-wide reputation—Congressmen, United States Senators, writers, ministers, humorists, editors, and men of all lines who are top-notchers in their profession.

NO BELLIGERENT MISUNDERSTANDING

It was one of the most attentive audiences that I have addressed. Before I had spoken fifteen minutes it was strikingly apparent to me that my audience was one that was accustomed to hearing the best speakers in the country. Their attitude plainly demonstrated that fact.

An hour later the secretary of the Y. A. and the president of one of the large steel industries located in Coatesville assured me that there was very little labor trouble in Coatesville. They didn't know just exactly what the reason for it was; they attributed it to the fact that possibly they had a higher class of workingmen than other districts. I assured the secretary that this latter assumption was not true; but I told him that his remarks about the scarcity of labor troubles in his city

were superfluous. The meeting of foremen, superintendents, farmers, merchants, and laboring men in the same hall to discuss the issues of the day and to hear National, industrial, financial, religious, and social issues discussed to the degree indicated by the large attendance was proof positive that labor troubles would pass by unnoticed, or, for that matter, any other troubles.

Here were workingmen from the steel mills who wanted to hear the truth, who wanted to get it from every angle, who wanted to become thoroughly familiar with all issues confronting the public so that they might intelligently discuss them with their friends and in their homes.

The writer has always contended that a large majority of industrial troubles are due to misunderstanding. How can there be belligerent misunderstanding in a community where one-fourth of the adult male population congregate under the same roof once a week to discuss in an unbiased manner the questions of the day?

BANKING ON A RESERVE OF COMMON SENSE

These men were not floaters so far as the Y. M. C. A. auditorium was concerned; they were regular weekly patrons; men who had at first hand heard forceful speeches from such men as Isaac Marcossou, whose articles are so well known in the "Saturday Evening Post;" Dr. Frank Crane, noted editor; John Kendrick Bangs; the famous humorist; John Temple Graves; Congressmen Simeon D. Fess and William L. Chandler; Senator Miles Poindexter; Ida M. Tarbell; Glenn Frank, editor of the "Century Magazine;" William Jennings Bryan; and many others. What chance would an agitator have among men who had received intimate truths of American life and its ideals from men and women of this caliber?

The workers in the Coatesville steel mills are not different from the workers of mills in other steel towns. The reason that the Coatesville workers are neighborly and contented is mainly due to the fact that J. I. Hoffman, Executive Secretary of the local Y. M. C. A., started out several years ago to put Coatesville "on the map." He took charge of the Y there in 1909, in 1914 built a great modern building with a one-thousand-seating-capacity auditorium, and at the present time is erecting another modern building which will enlarge the seating capacity to seventeen hundred. He keeps everything moving for the enlightenment and entertainment of the young men of his city. A year ago he raised among his patrons twenty-five hundred dollars to pay ex-

penses and honorariums of speakers of Nation-wide reputation for the season. He found out before the series of lectures were over that he would be three hundred dollars short. He made the announcement, and in a few moments received a great deal more than he had asked for.

I go into detail regarding the Coatesville meeting because to me it was extremely significant. Here was a locality that didn't call on the world to settle its industrial troubles, didn't try out a score of theoretical ideas on its inhabitants, but, instead, drew on its reserve of good common sense, and the result is truly amazing.

THE FOREMEN'S CLUBS, A CURE FOR CLANNISHNESS

What Coatesville has accomplished can also be accomplished in every city in the United States, large or small. They have rehabilitated the old-fashioned idea of "get acquainted with your neighbor." Getting together and becoming acquainted with our neighbor is about the most important proposition confronting us to-day.

Coatesville has proved in a striking manner what can be accomplished by straight-from-the-shoulder community education, put out in an attractive manner, under the auspices of a reliable organization.

The Y. M. C. A. has not limited its activities to open forums, however. In various parts of the country it has started a great movement—one that bids fair to play a very important part in American industrial life; namely, the formation of foremen's clubs. The average foreman occupies a very unenviable position so far as fellowship is concerned; he does not mingle with his men, and as a rule he loses the associations that most men are favored with, and he isn't a big enough "frog in the puddle" to associate with plant owners and superintendents. Quite true, there is no set law that forces him to accept the position that convention has bestowed upon him. Be that as it may, the foreman has slipped into the same narrow rut that other professions are "blessed" with. The workingman associates with workers alone, and because of his clannishness doesn't become acquainted with the difficulties the employer is daily confronted with. The employer "circulates" among men of his own business and social standing, and therefore doesn't get in close touch with the conditions among the workingmen in his community, and the foreman, poor fellow, being in between, doesn't get the opportunity of becoming closely ac-

quainted with either the employer or employee.

The Y. M. C. A. foremen's clubs have solved this problem. Foremen are brought together, and the foremen's meetings that I have addressed in the last few months have been a revelation to me, and I need not add that these meetings have resulted in the foreman becoming one of the broadest-gauged men in his community. He, also, has heard the world's foremost lecturers, and has been bored by some would-be

lecturers; quite true, but in the main he has become a real, broad-minded man; he has heard the duties of the foreman discussed from every possible view-point, and the results of these meetings are already becoming manifest in the new Golden Rule system of foremanship. This in itself is one of the greatest movements started in recent years.

Believing, as I do, that the foreman's position in American industry is one of grave social as well as industrial im-

portance, I cannot conceive of a greater boon to an industrial community than the formation of foremen's clubs to humanize and enlarge the perspective of the foremen—men who will some day become the superintendents and general managers of industrial concerns.

The Y is playing a much greater part in this great work because of the total elimination of political or factional strife within its organization, and therefore cannot be charged with propaganda tendencies. More power to the Y!

"THE MOST DISTRESSFUL COUNTRY"

CORRESPONDENCE FROM IRELAND

BY HAROLD E. SCARBOROUGH

"I CANNOT understand," said the English journalist to the London correspondent of a New York paper whom he chanced to meet in the Strand, "why you people have kept Ireland on the front pages for six months."

"It's news," replied the American.

The Englishman shook his head and went his way. To his mind, it was incomprehensible. But the American thought that the one brief conversation had done more to explain the problem of Ireland than any other single incident that had come to his notice.

The reason that Ireland is a problem is that England isn't interested in it. If the turbulent isle were, say, as far away from Whitehall as Mesopotamia, it is very probable that some sort of settlement would long since have been reached. But Ireland is merely across sixty miles of choppy water, and the British public has heard so much about it for so many years that it is, to use its own phrase, fed up. The British journalist knew his public, and he knew that it is infinitely more interested in the results of the Australian cricket test matches and in sensational murder trials than it is in the perennial turbulencies of John Bull's other island. Sir Horace Plunkett spoke truth when he told New York reporters that America is better informed about Ireland than is England.

In the past few months the work of American newspaper correspondents abroad has taken them over Ireland from Belfast to Cork, from Dublin to Galway. It has brought them into close contact with practically every politician in the British Isles who is in any way connected with Ireland. With one or two exceptions, they have not imagined that they could settle the centuries-old problem of the relationship between the two islands of the United Kingdom. Many of them (including myself) feel that the basis of a settlement could be arrived at in short order if there were on either side one man big enough to see beyond the complexities of the moment and brave enough to make his gamble.



ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY

"During 1920 some thirteen hundred people were killed in Ireland. . . . This is not a very great total; and only half of it can be apportioned among . . . the island's population. The other half. . . . mostly comprises members of the Royal Irish Constabulary and its Auxiliary Division, with a few military casualties. . . . Any member of the Royal Irish Constabulary is a brave man by virtue of his continued membership of that force. He is menaced every moment he shows himself in public by unseen foes"

As things stand, however, the germ of amicable relationship between England and Nationalist Ireland may be sown any minute. David Lloyd George is a master politician, and he understands the Celtic temperament. The *beau geste* appeals to him. While the denunciations of British military policy in South Africa, which he uttered in 1900, are being flung back in his mouth by the opponents of his present course, he merely says nothing and bides his time. But should he decide to break with his militarist supporters in the Cabinet, the next day might see a complete reversal of his Irish attitude.

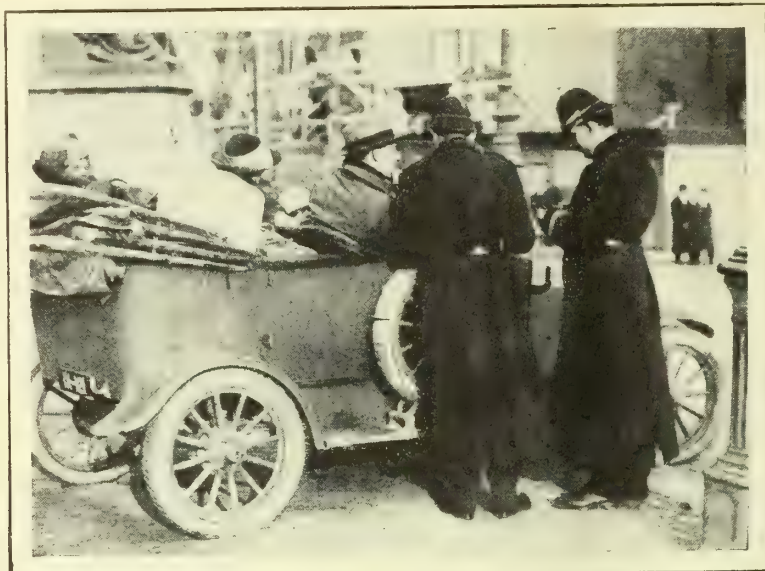
So much by way of preface.

I

Now, Ireland's own destiny is her problem and Britain's problem. If the British public ever realizes the exact

state of things in Ireland, it may take the problem out of the hands of its rulers. The average Britisher is unimaginative and undemonstrative; but, in spite of all the reproaches about perfidious Albion and the dust launched at the world's eyes by unscrupulous publications, a keen sense of fair play remains a fundamental of his nature. He isn't disposed to believe a thing until he can't get away from it; but once he gets an idea in his head, it's there to stay.

But in some ways the Irish problem is, as every one knows, an American one. It annoys us to have British flags burned in New York streets, and it likewise bothers us that a large section of the city of Cork, for instance, should be burned down under circumstances which point strongly to premeditation on the part of armed British forces. We are



Underwood

POLICE EXAMINING A MOTOR CAR

"To the military forces every civilian is a potential enemy—which doesn't in the least salve said civilian's wounded feelings"

discovering that the land which supplies the butt of humor for Hebraic comedians and the sentimental songs and the beautiful lakes is in a decided mess. We read in our newspapers that in the heart of the British Isles, which we had always regarded as the home of law and order, a miniature war is being waged. It makes us uncomfortable to read of Sinn Fein atrocities and British reprisals. We think both sides ought to behave themselves.

Unfortunately, they haven't been doing it; and they don't at the moment seem likely to. Ireland is Britain's Wild West, and this is its night to howl. At present it is probably the most troubled spot, as regards interruptions to the normal course of life, on this not over-pacific globe.

During 1920 some thirteen hundred people were killed in Ireland as a result of political disorder. This is not a very great total; and only half it can be apportioned among the four and a half millions of the island's population. The other half belongs to Glasgow and to Llandudno and to Aston Villa and similar places in Scotland, Wales, and England. It mostly comprises members of the Royal Irish Constabulary and its Auxiliary Division, with a few military casualties.

But any one of these dead men might have been yourself, shot as you walked along a Dublin street to call on an Irish linen dealer with whom you wanted to do business and unwittingly passed into a bullet-swept zone. It might have been myself if that constable in Cork who was nonchalantly poking a revolver into my face as he scanned my military permit had been startled by something or other and pressed too hard on the trigger. "It's the most distressful country, . . ." and if they aren't hanging men and women for wearing of the green they are burning their houses because they're

"bound to have known of an ambush" which took place near their home; and they are invading their bedrooms and shooting them down because the victims are doing their duty as officers of their Government.

The American journalists in Ireland have frequently been accused of favoring Sinn Fein. Some of them undoubtedly do; but it is natural sympathy for the under dog, for the little fellow in the fight. I have yet to meet one (and I have met practically all) who believes that the methods of British administration in Ireland are typical of the British nation. The point is that it is unpleasant to have bullets whiz past one's head, and it is annoying to have one's pockets turned out while a Black and Tan plays suggestively with the trigger of his Webley. To the military forces of course every civilian is a potential enemy—which doesn't in the least salve said civilian's wounded feelings.

II

Without immediately bothering as to who started it, then, and stepping warily lest we become tangled in the hopeless skein of Irish politics of the past, suppose we try to answer the question, "What's it like in Ireland now?" What is the well-known average citizen, the man on the street, doing amid all the row? Doesn't he get up, shave, eat his breakfast, go downtown on the street car? Doesn't he work until lunch time and then eat his luncheon, and finally tuck the evening paper under his arm when he goes home at night? Then doesn't he go to the movies or listen to the gramophone until friend wife tells him it's time to put the cat out?

He does—and he doesn't.

The Dubliner gets his morning paper, which tells him that at the Nelson Pillar a young pitched battle took place about eight last night; casualties—two

civilians and two police killed, several bystanders wounded. Which is very much like the man from Yonkers reading of a similar occurrence in Madison Square. Very possibly some of his friends were among those hurt by stray bullets. He sighs, kisses his wife and tells her to be careful and avoid the Pillar district if she goes shopping that day. Then he starts off for his street car; but he has only gone half a block when some one in khaki—a total stranger—bars his way with a loaded rifle and a fixed bayonet.

Remember that the Dublin man has been used to this sort of thing for some months. He puts up his hands automatically. He knows that buildings are being searched near by, or that an arrest is being made, or that civilians are being held up. This explains the presence of the soldier, or of the Black and Tan, as the Irish dubbed the new recruits for the constabulary because their uniforms were at first makeshifts of mixed black and khaki. If it is a soldier, our Dubliner is slightly relieved. He trusts soldiers a little, but police (aside from the Dublin Metropolitan Police, a purely Irish and civil force) not at all. But he elevates his hands because if he doesn't there will come a brusque command—not improbably accompanied by profanity of an expressive nature—"Put 'em up!"

The uniformed man waggles his gun around (if he is a soldier, his rifle; if a constable, his pistol).

"Where are you going?" he asks.

"To my office."

"Who are you?"

"Desmond O'Reilly."

"Sinn Feiner?"

"No."

"Got any arms?"

"No."

"Keep your hands up while I search you."

Follows an extensive search of our man's clothing, revealing the usual intimate objects with which the male of the species loads his pockets (when he chances to be of the race that goes in for pockets) the world over.

"What's this on your knife, this Gaelic writing?"

Desmond doesn't know Gaelic, but he's been told what that means. He translates:

"To my friend Desmond O'Reilly with the compliments of Michael Callagan."

The policeman sniffs.

"Dangerous to have that about," he remarks. "Well, I'll pass you this time. Get on."

O'Reilly gets on. He manages his tram and his dismounting at his office without incident. He doesn't mention to friends whom he happens to meet that he had been held up. Why should he? So have they. It's nothing to get excited over.

But he finds his office staff decidedly jumpy. The office across the hall, it appears, was raided last night. He glances in through the door at a room which seems a fit subject for a camera

study entitled "Aftermath of the Cyclone."

However, he works until lunch time, and goes out to his favorite restaurant. A Secret Service man trails him for a few blocks (probably being himself followed the while by a Sinn Fein spy) and decides that O'Reilly is harmless. Our average citizen can spot a spy as quickly as you or I could pick out an Indian in full regalia in a Fifth Avenue crowd. Having seen from the tail of his eye that the "slop," as Dublin calls the secret agents, has abandoned him, O'Reilly turns his head. A lorry-load of Auxiliaries, followed by an armored car, is crawling along at ordinary walking pace. Through the steel netting protecting the occupants he discerns a dozen revolvers pointed in his general direction. He takes his hands from his overcoat pockets and walks on.

One's hands are safer outside. In Macroom, in the south, there are notices that any male with his hands in his pockets will be shot at sight. In Dublin it merely piques the armed forces, who don't take quite so much stock in fancy shooting from the side pocket.

O'Reilly at last gains his restaurant. Half-way through the meal he is startled to hear: "Put your hands up! You've been bluffing us a long time, but we've got you at last, Michael Collins!" Michael Collins is the reputed leader of the Irish Republican Army, if you are an Irishman, or of the "Murder Gang," if you are an M.P. But the man at whom the guns are being pointed is not Collins. He is Thomas Foley, a former town Councillor. He knows most of the officials at Dublin Castle, and so he proceeds, under arrest, knowing that he will eventually be recognized and released, with a net loss of one lunch.

The afternoon papers bring news of Foley's release. This soothes O'Reilly somewhat; but just as he is closing his desk he hears a loud explosion, followed by a rattle of musketry. He decides to stay in his office for half an hour longer, and when he finally leaves he learns that some care-free Sinn Feiner has tossed a bomb into a lorry-load of soldiers, who promptly resented it by shooting up the neighborhood. However, he goes on home. He doesn't go to the movies, because he must be home at ten (curfew regulation) and he doesn't think, somehow, that it's worth while. And, anyhow, what are Wild West movies compared to his every-day life? So he sits and reads the paper, to the accompaniment of sporadic shootings and bombings. Finally he puts the cat out of the back door, being afraid to open the front one, and goes to bed.

There is nothing imaginative in that scene save perhaps the chronological alignment of the various incidents. Every one of them has happened in Dublin—some of them hundreds of times. Every one who has been in Dublin for a week has seen all of them.

III

That sort of thing, day in and day out, is decidedly wearing on one's nerves.



Sackville Street before the Uprising of 1916



International

Sackville Street after the Uprising

"O'CONNELL STREET WAS SACKVILLE STREET, THE FINEST IN THE CITY UNTIL THE 1916 RISING, WHEN IT WAS SIMULTANEOUSLY OBLITERATED AND RENAMED. IT IS NOW LARGELY REBUILT"

Is it to be wondered at that one jumps when a motor cycle backfires in Dublin; or that, when one returns to London, one turns one's head apprehensively at the rumble of a lorry?

It was only a week ago that I noticed, one afternoon, a lorry standing at the

corner of Aston's Quay and O'Connell Street, Dublin. Aston's Quay borders the river Liffey, and O'Connell Street was Sackville Street, the finest in the city until the 1916 rising, when it was simultaneously obliterated and renamed. It is now largely rebuilt. The lorry was

therefore in the heart of the city—say, at the Times Square of Dublin. It was surrounded by a crowd of civilians, several ranks deep—mostly youths and children. Older and wiser people give lorries a wide berth.

I had intended to turn from the quay down Westmoreland Street, which is a continuation of O'Connell Street. When I saw that the most probable line of fire, in case of trouble, would be down Westmoreland Street, I promptly went the other way.

Two minutes later I heard two shots in rapid succession. For some reason or other one of the soldiers had fired (I was later told by a London journalist who had witnessed the actual pulling of the trigger). Seven people were wounded, one killed, by a freak of a single high-velocity bullet. The second report that I heard was an echo. All were perfectly innocent pedestrians, one a woman holding a child in her arms.

The incident did not cause much consternation in Dublin. It had been preceded in the morning by a Sinn Féin attack on a military touring car, wherein one officer was wounded, and it was fol-

Next week there will be further correspondence from Mr. Scarborough describing his experiences in this "turbulent isle."

lowed that night by the flinging of two bombs at a lorry (without casualties). Dublin accepted all three occurrences as quietly as it would hear that American exchange had jumped six cents—that is, superficially it did. Of course each outrage had its effect on the already taut nerves of the people.

Where will it end? Well, as an Irishman said to me, the nerves fail to react to a stimulus too often repeated. Dublin will not be able to gauge the true measure of the strain under which it has been until that strain is removed.

Nor need it be thought that the Irish are alone in "having the wind up." Any member of the Royal Irish Constabulary is a brave man by virtue of his continued membership of that force. He is menaced every moment he shows himself in public by unseen foes. If he goes through city streets in a lorry, he may be fired at or bombed. If he traverses country roads, he is apt to find them ditched and trenched; and he is virtually certain of being ambushed if his car falls into one of those trenches. It is true that members of this force and of the Auxiliary Division have done things which smirched the name of England in the eyes of the world, have behaved very unlike officers and gentlemen. There can be no extenuation of many of their acts; but after one has been a little while in Ireland he can better understand why these things happen.

ELEVEN MEN AND ONE WOMAN

AN ACCOUNT OF AN EXPERIENCE ON A JURY

BY THE WOMAN

ONE December morning in the city of Cleveland, where I reside, I reported at the Court-House at eight o'clock in answer to a summons for jury duty. I gave my name to the commissioner, and was directed into a room where approximately fifty men were congregated. The majority were seated; I stood with the minority, leaned my back against the wall, and read the morning paper. No one stared unduly and no one made any remarks. In fact, as a young woman I received no more attention than any man who joined the group. I was merely a fellow-juror, a citizen with equal rights and equal responsibilities. Before nine o'clock we were ushered into the juror assembly rooms, and there I was given an apartment reserved for women where I could escape from the clouds of smoke already filling the corridors.

The day passed slowly, in spite of Thomas Hardy's "Far from the Madding Crowd," which I read under difficulties because of the distracting conversation carried on by the other occupants of the room.

"Oh, them rich people, they never stay down here," exclaimed one woman. "Why, the other day there was two real swell gentlemen on one jury; they had *aristocrat* written all over them. Well, first one of them gentlemen goes up to the Judge and whispers in his ear and he gets off, and then pretty soon the other gentleman is called for by a special messenger and he goes away. And the

women—they'll do just the same as the men." I wondered if she were right. Such remarks as these vied with Mr. Hardy during the day in claiming my attention.

It was 3:45 when I finally heard my name called out in sonorous tones at the end of the passage. I was chosen with eleven men to serve on the jury in a case of damages for alienation of affection. A young wife scarcely twenty years of age was suing her husband's parents for alienating his affections. It seemed to be one of the many instances of a too active interest, I might say meddling, on the part of the "in-laws" in the affairs of their children. There had been friction from the beginning. The mother-in-law had insisted upon a certain amount of authority, and the daughter rebelled at her interference. With this foundation of mutual distrust and with little judgment and no forbearance on the part of either, a state of tacit warfare soon existed between them. The young husband was drafted into the Army, and the wife, for the sake of recreation and amusement during his absence, spent her evenings in the company of men acquaintances. She was undoubtedly indiscreet, and the parents were merciless. The boy was notified repeatedly by his parents of the conduct of his wife until his faith—never very strong, I suspect—was broken. The result of the whole unfortunate situation was a suit for divorce on his part, and on her part, in revenge, a damage

suit against the parents, whom she blamed.

Four days we sat in the jury box listening to tender love compositions, eagerly seized upon by the curious, expectant crowd that attended the trial, and to other evidence of an equally intimate nature. The testimony produced such mirth in the court-room that the Judge had repeatedly to call the audience to order that we might follow the proceedings. My disgust and indignation grew daily greater. Why should people apparently of such shallow character and so lacking in appreciation of the finer things of life, such as love, loyalty, and trust, be encouraged by the law to bring their petty affairs and family disagreements into court demanding damage for alienation of affections?

The closing act of the melodrama was the haranguing of the jury by the lawyers for the supposed purpose of clearing up the facts of the case for the jurors' benefit. The impression made upon the jurors by these speeches might be illustrated by a story told by the lawyer for the defense in reply to his opponent's eloquent discourse. An old darky preacher was traveling through the woods on the way to his parish during a severe thunder-storm. Finally, when his nerves were completely shaken, he fell upon his knees in the darkness and tumult, crying, "O, Lawd, please suh, ef iss all de same tuh you, won't you gib us a little mo' light an' a little

less noise?" Such impassioned oratory with the exchange of personal insults serves to distract the jurors' minds from the issues of the case and to focus their attention upon the individualities of the lawyers. The natural instinct is to champion one of the two men. It was so in this case. Afterwards I inquired of several lawyers regarding this practice of haranguing the jury, and the reply was invariably the same: "We have to consider the type of men on the jury. It takes that kind of thing to impress them."

When the Court had completed its business, the jurors were dismissed to deliberate. We were locked in a small apartment. Eleven of the jurors lighted large black cigars, and the foreman made his proposals. For two whole days, from nine until four, we argued the case from every point of view. The air was dense with smoke and the cuspidors on either side of my chair were

in constant demand—I became extremely agile in my movements during those two days. There was ample opportunity offered me to express my opinion, and when I took advantage of it I was listened to with the greatest respect. We took frequent ballots, but were never able to secure the necessary nine assenting votes required in a civil case for a verdict. At the expiration of two days the Judge was forced to accept our deadlock, and we were sent back to the juror assembly rooms to await our next case.

As I review my experience two points seem to be worthy of particular consideration. The first is the kind of treatment I received throughout my period of service—the democratic spirit I found, the fact that by reason of my presence there I was considered of the same class as all of the other jurors. Most of us were there making some sacrifice to do our duty, and that made

a peculiar tie between us. If, as a large part of the world contends, chivalry is declining because women are assuming their new rôle, no one can deny that women are receiving more practical respect and admiration from the men than ever before. What matter if the men fail to give us their seats in a street car or neglect to ask our permission to smoke, if they have sufficient regard for our minds to value our opinions? My second point is my firm conviction that it is the duty of every woman summoned to jury service, especially the woman of intelligence and education, to serve her term. Too many business men have slipped out of this duty in one way or another, and the mean character of the average jury is only too well known. The women, if they are conscientious in this new duty, can set an example for the men to follow. It is one of the ways in which women can demonstrate the qualities of good citizenship.

GRUNDYISM

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

THE more print is being expended on a given topic, the more does a perverse editorial pen itch to add its quota to the profusion. The mutual recriminations of Grundyites and anti-Grundyites are even noisier in conversation than on the printed page, but what puzzles the editorial mind is that anybody should find anything novel in a scrimmage between any two next-door generations. The first prerogative that youth has always assumed is the right to shock its elders, and the last prerogative that age would relinquish is the capacity to be shocked by the youngsters. Is it not a little touching, however, to observe the interdependence of all this pleasure in shocking and all this pain of being shocked? If old people and young people were ever so far apart as they think they are, would they be quite so sensitive to their effect on each other? Fathers and mothers are never actually laid on the shelf; they are always the most influential gallery gods in the universe.

Among history's most incessant repetitions is the conviction of all adolescence that it is staging something brand new in the matter of sophistication. For several thousand years no boy has come to twenty years without believing himself more knowing than his poor dear father in all respects, but especially in his insight into the heart of woman; and for an even longer period no girl has ever reached sixteen without conceiving herself cleverer than her mother in manipulating the hearts of men. Yet the relations of the sexes are so hoary with antiquity that it is highly improbable that any youth has found out anything about women unknown to Solomon, who had a thousand specimens for experiment, and equally un-

certain whether the very youngest debutante of 1921 will find any methods of popularity in which Cleopatra had not anticipated her.

To let every era suppose it is inventing the very newest thing in revolutions is history's way of safeguarding her stability. The emancipation of women will have to travel a long way before it gets as far as Deborah had already arrived in the neighborhood of 1200 B.C. Freedom of speech between the sexes is a custom so recurrent that one hesitates to call attention to the robust dialogue of the youths and maidens of Shakespeare or of Fielding. License to-day has still much to learn from the Court of Charles II, and is any one so illiterate as to fancy that all the lords and ladies who danced at those mad balls were on the farther side of sixteen? Sixteen was an age considered fully mature in those days, and for long and long afterward. In fact, it is only within the last forty years that we have tried forcibly to extend the age of infancy, possibly quite against nature. It is not Shakespeare or his audience, but ourselves, who would have considered Juliet precocious. In passing, it may be noted that Juliet's balcony had many advantages over the 3 A.M. roadster, notably the constant menace of the nurse's appearing as chaperon. When there is no longer any chaperon to circumvent, a great deal of zest is sacrificed. The strongest argument for keeping up all the appearances of convention is that each incoming generation may have something against which to revolt.

In the 1920 discussions in the "Atlantic" and their 1921 repercussion in the "Times," space is politely given to both sides of this Grundyism. Youth

maintains that the Victorian era, because it kept feminine stockings and masculine vices both discreetly under cover, somehow brought on the European war, thereby entailing the Herculean task of reconstruction upon the young people of to-day. It is because they are working so hard to rebuild a ruined world that youths and maidens jazz-step and drink and fondle each other in public. The sequence is a little difficult to follow, but the dullest of us oldsters can gather that, whatever the faults of the present, the chief fault is our own, partly because we are responsible for smashing the world, and partly because we ourselves always wanted to walk and to talk, audacious and unclothed, but possessed neither the courage nor the frankness of our convictions. There is a certain Teutonic echo in the assumption that people are respectable only because they are too cowardly and too hypocritical to be anything else. Yet what requires more courage to-day than to be mid-Victorian in either morals or manners? And why is it hypocritical to wear your face as nature made it, but sincere to wear it gaudily painted? If a young man is really working as hard as he thinks he is, why is he not free to take the sleep he needs instead of being the slave of the midnight motor? If a girl really prefers to talk of flowers rather than Freud and to cover her back rather than to expose it, why should she not be at liberty to obey that impulse? After all, sex topics of conversation and all the gamut of physical sensations are extremely restricted.

Good old Victoria allowed us less license but more variety. Some of our world-worn sub-debs and sub-youths begin to sound a little jaded in spite of

their vigorous defense of their liberties. Monotonous old world in which every generation has always broken the bonds of its predecessors, only to become the slave of its own contemporaries! It never takes any independence to revolt against the past, because everybody is doing it and everybody always has done it, but it requires a great deal of initiative to rebel against the present. History has for some reason, however, always awarded her highest niches to the men and women who did make this revolt, who had the vision and the gumption to appropriate what seemed

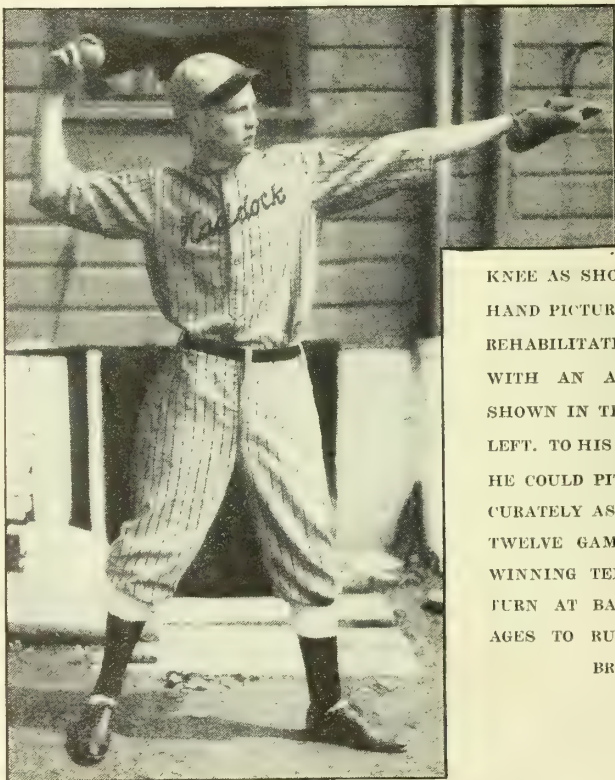
best to them out of all past eras, laughing at all subservience to transient Puritanism or to transient license.

If no youthful generation need ever glory in its audacity, neither need any older generation ever grumble at it. The pendulum swings back and forth every thirty years with mathematical uniformity. All that youth ever desires is to be different from its parents, and in that fact is reassurance. To-day it is the fashion for young people to lay all things bare. They are leaving absolutely nothing to be revealed. Therefore the only way the next crop of boys and

girls can have their due of revolt is to cover everything up again. The debts of to-day will have their daughters, and these daughters will have no choice but to be prudes. Jazz will have tom-tomed so madly that there will be nothing to do but to bring back the minuet. Once the feminine anatomy has been entirely denuded, no girl will become alluring except by wrapping it up again from chin to toe. Since always the first duty of young men is to be wholly different from their fathers, every baby boy of to-day must inevitably grow up to be as decorous as a Scotch Covenanter.

MENDING MEN IN PENNSYLVANIA

BY ALLEN SANGREE



JOSEPH MEEHAN
LOST HIS RIGHT
LEG ABOVE THE

KNEE AS SHOWN IN THE RIGHT-HAND PICTURE. THE BUREAU OF REHABILITATION PROVIDED HIM WITH AN ARTIFICIAL LEG AS SHOWN IN THE PICTURE TO THE LEFT. TO HIS DELIGHT, HE FOUND HE COULD PITCH A BALL AS ACCURATELY AS EVER. HE PITCHED TWELVE GAMES LAST SUMMER, WINNING TEN. HE TAKES HIS TURN AT BAT, TOO, AND MANAGES TO RUN TO FIRST AT A BRISK CLIP



THE best of baseball pitchers are likely to get rattled and lose their heads; but for a pitcher to lose a leg is a tragedy. Joseph Meehan, aged nineteen, lost his right leg above the knee. He also lost all hope of ever being able to pitch another game of ball. At this unhappy point in his career the Bureau of Rehabilitation of the State of Pennsylvania stepped in and put him back on his feet, providing him with an artificial leg and entering him in a business training course. He lost no time in becoming manager of an amateur baseball team in his neighborhood, and, greatly to his delight, discovered that he could pitch a ball as accurately as ever.

He pitched twelve games last summer, winning ten for his team; one game in which he played throughout wound up in a tie score after nineteen innings. He not only occupies the pitcher's box, but takes his turn at the bat and manages to run to first at a brisk clip.

The story of Pennsylvania's Bureau of Rehabilitation is a story of unusual human and industrial interest. It occupies an increasingly important place in a State whose industrial pay-roll totals \$4,400,000,000, although its population is less than nine million. A total of 152,544 accidents was reported in 1919, of which 2,569 were fatal and 38,942 were serious; 768 of these accidents oc-

curred to persons under sixteen years of age. The number of working days lost through accidents totaled over two million, with wages lost totaling over \$8,000,000. More than 91,000 of these accidents occurred to married employees.

Governor Sproul signed the act establishing Pennsylvania's Bureau of Rehabilitation in 1919. The work is in charge of Clifford B. Connelley, Commissioner of Labor and Industry, and S. S. Riddle. These two men were confronted with a big job and with an appropriation of only \$100,000 to work with. Their headquarters are in Harrisburg. They have managed to add ten field workers to their staff, and have aston-

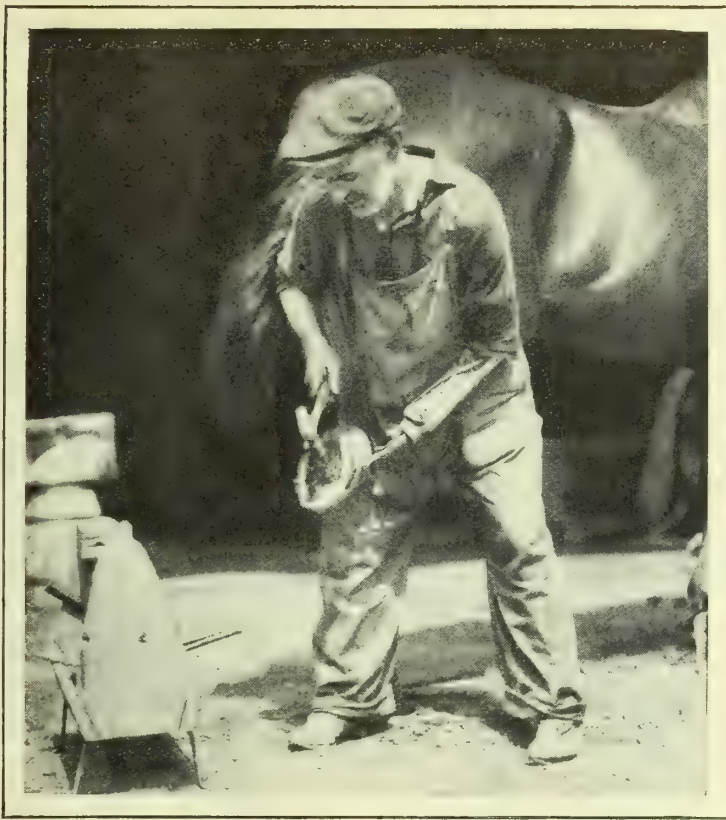
ished the State by their quick action in maintaining victims of accidents while they learn a trade or obtain an academic education.

"There must be no politics in this, only a supreme effort to serve," declared Commissioner Connelley when he started in on this work. He was himself compelled to drop out of school at the age of eleven while a boy in Pittsburgh, but this did not prevent him from learning the pattern-making craft nor from becoming an authority on labor, industry, and vocational and educational training. This announcement of his is found posted throughout the State of Pennsylvania:

"All residents of Pennsylvania whose capacity to earn a living has been destroyed or impaired through an industrial accident occurring in Pennsylvania are urged to write at once to the Bureau of Rehabilitation, Harrisburg, as the service of the Bureau is without cost to injured persons. Co-operation of employers and employees throughout the State is essential and wherever it is believed that a disabled one could be employed in suitable work the Bureau of Rehabilitation asks that it be so advised."

During the first six months of its activities the Bureau offered its services to 971 victims located in 59 of Pennsylvania's 67 counties; 105 of the people who had suffered injuries were over fifty years of age and 99 were under twenty-one. Of these people 167 had lost legs, 178 hands, 109 arms, 61 feet, and 48 were blind.

Harry Craig, for example, a sixteen-year-old, who lost his left leg as a result of injuries while employed chopping timber, was taught armature winding and the repairing of electrical equipment. Albert Thomas, with a wife and seven children to support, lost his sight, part of his hearing, and the use of his left shoulder through an explosion in a



EDWARD V. RAWHAUSER CLAIMS TO BE THE ONLY ONE-ARMED BLACKSMITH IN PENNSYLVANIA. THE BUREAU OBTAINED FOR HIM AN ARTIFICIAL HAND SUITABLE FOR BLACKSMITHING, AND HE IS OPERATING HIS OWN HORSESHOEING ESTABLISHMENT

clay mine. The Bureau induced the Workmen's Compensation Board to allow him a lump-sum payment of his compensation award adequate to obtain a small home and to buy a loom to weave rag carpets. They sent him to Pittsburgh's Workshop for the Blind, where he is learning to weave carpet, and upon the completion of his course he will operate his own loom in his home.

Edward V. Rawhauser claims that he is the only one-armed blacksmith in Pennsylvania. At the age of fifty-seven he lost his left hand; the Bureau obtained for him an artificial hand suitable for blacksmithing, which had been his trade prior to his injury, and he is to-day successfully operating his own horseshoeing establishment near York, Pennsylvania.

The present high cost of artificial arms and legs, it appears, makes these a luxury well beyond the reach of most victims of serious accidents, and the Bureau has enabled many who would otherwise have had to go about with empty sleeves or trouser legs to be equipped with artificial limbs.

Letters and telephone and telegraph messages are now pouring into the main office of the Bureau, asking aid on behalf of victims of accidents. Vigorous co-operation is being extended to the Bureau by employers, the Workmen's Compensation Board, insurance companies, physicians, the Red Cross, social

welfare workers, hospitals, public-spirited citizens, and field workers or adjusters.

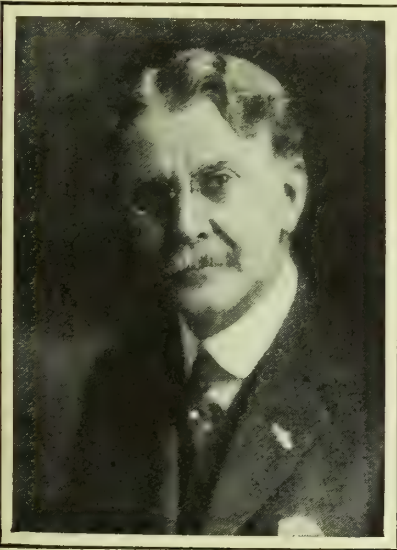
Visitors at the headquarters of the Bureau are refreshed by the cheering atmosphere, which is unlike the emotionless, humdrum routine of departments where politics holds sway.

"Hello, chief," one may hear "Si" Riddle say as he waylays the busy Commissioner; "we got that steel-worker fixed up to-day—lost his right leg in the steel mills. Yep, the leg will cost \$150, but we pay only two-thirds. His future employer goes security for the balance at \$10 a month and five installments."

"Great!" replies the Commissioner. "How's that big Pole with the new arm?"

"Got a good job for him in Cambria County," answers Riddle. "He sent for his wife to come over from Poland. They're farm tenants now."

The Bureau's field workers have established stations at Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Wilkes-Barre, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Altoona, and Du Bois. One of these workers has had experience in newspaper work, medicine, and school-teaching; another was in the Tank Corps; a third has been a dentist, doctor, and president of a school board. These men quickly get into contact with every case reported, and from the mass of their data the Bureau will eventually be able to determine more definitely what Pennsylvania's rehabilitation problem is and how it should be met.



CLIFFORD B. CONNELLEY, COMMISSIONER OF LABOR AND INDUSTRY, IS ONE OF THE TWO MEN IN CHARGE OF PENNSYLVANIA'S BUREAU OF REHABILITATION

SEEING WESTERN AMERICA FIRST

PICTURES FROM OUTLOOK READERS



From Walter T. Starr, Socorro, New Mexico

A PUBLIC CAMPING GROUND FOR AUTOMOBILE TOURISTS IN NEW MEXICO

The town of Socorro maintains an auto camping ground where tourists arriving late in the day can camp out for the night if they do not wish to make the drive through Blue Canyon and on 25 miles to the next town west. It is a common and very interesting sight, we are told, to see from twenty to forty cars from all over the country parked for the night, with camp-fires burning and preparations for supper going on. On some days during the height of the season, August-October, a hundred cars a day pass through Socorro on the Scenic Division of the National Old Trails Highway



From Katharine B. Rogers, Trenton, N. J.

A VIEW IN ONE OF OUR GREAT NATIONAL PARKS

The party seen here are inspecting beaver dams in Estes Park, Colorado, under the guidance of Mr. Enos Mills, author and nature lover. Long's Peak is at the extreme left. Estes Park is one of the most beautiful of our National Parks, and the number of visitors to it is steadily increasing

THE BOOK TABLE

RUSSIA IN SUN OR SHADOW?

BY IVAN PETRUNKEVITCH

HONORARY PRESIDENT FOR LIFE OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL
DEMOCRATIC PARTY OF RUSSIA

H. G. WELLS speaks of "Russia in the Shadows,"¹ and thinks that not a beam of light, not a ray of hope, will penetrate it. Indeed, the powder smoke of war has enveloped Russia since the moment when Germany, feeling too crowded, decided that her neighbors should draw closer together to give her room and began to exert force against them. France and Belgium have greatly suffered from their powerful enemy. Yet, being richer, more civilized, and better armed than Russia, they have finally overcome their enemy with the aid of England and America and with the approval of almost the entire world. They taught Germany a wholesome lesson. But Russia, weak, badly armed, and still worse governed, got into the clutches of the Bolsheviks and lies prostrate, battered, exhausted, and disarmed, yet still alive, still struggling. Those whom Wells calls adventurers and brigands are in reality true representatives of the unconquerable spirit of the people, the champions of freedom and of the Revolution of March, 1917, not of Czarism or of the old régime.

States do not collapse as suddenly as do badly built houses. Similarly, a people with a history stretching over a thousand years, having just overthrown autocracy, certainly have not done this merely to accept a new tyranny and then to die. We Russians do not doubt that the struggle will go on, whatever reverses we may suffer, since no defeats can change our belief that sooner or later victory will be on the side of the people and not on the side of the usurpers.

If Bolshevism crushes Russia, it will be a *memento mori* to Great Britain and America. The spiritual bareness of Bolshevism is best expressed in the words of one of its prophets: "If three-quarters of the population of Russia should perish of hunger and cold, then one-quarter will remain which will achieve the glory of the world revolution." Only such glory, only such new happiness, can Bolshevism promise humanity hoping for the regeneration of the world.

The existence of Russia, the Russian problem in its full scope, is at present the foremost problem of international policy for all countries. No country can settle it from the point of view of its own interests alone without taking into account the interest of other countries as well.

The Russian problem in its world significance has found a lucid interpreter in the person of John Spargo, who

¹ Russia in the Shadows. By H. G. Wells. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company.

follows untiringly the evolution of Bolshevism in Russia and who is a profound student of Russia. In his address before the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce some time ago Spargo denounced Bolshevism as the chief cause of Russia's ruin. He holds that every country into which Bolshevism penetrates will suffer the same fate as Russia. The same opinion is held by the best minds of Europe.

The vacillating attitude of England since the proposal of the Prinkipo conference leaves little hope that she will agree with Spargo. Unquestionably the internal diffi-



IVAN PETRUNKEVITCH

culties of England are great. The Irish question and the triple union of workers cause heavy disturbance in her life. Yet every thinking Englishman knows that the Irish question, being more a problem of geography than of politics, is beyond the power of either Englishmen or Irishmen to solve. As for the labor problem, the advanced political development of the English people serves as guaranty for the inviolability of parliamentary rule and Constitution as long as the madness of Bolshevism will be kept powerless to fetter the will of Englishmen as it has fettered H. G. Wells. Lloyd George's Government has seemed ready to sacrifice England's traditional pride, ready to forget all the epithets by which it has characterized the political and moral features of the Moscow usurpers, ready to forgive all the crimes against Englishmen in Russia. It has been ready to do all this in order to rejuvenate English trade, dispose of English goods, and give work to the unemployed. The English Government knows that the trade agreement with Soviet Russia will not bring England either

raw products or other advantages, but hopes that it will thus deprive the Opposition of one of the weapons used against the Government. The act of signing a trade agreement by England will have served as a signal for similar action by many other countries. It is a new and heavy blow to the Russian people.

The Moscow Soviet Government has placed both itself and the country in a hopeless situation; it finds itself without means of transportation, without bread or clothing. All complaints against and references to the blockade lack foundation because Russia has never existed on imported grain, nor can she buy clothing if she has no bread for export. Bolshevism has recklessly squandered the national wealth, and in complaining of the blockade is only attempting to shift the guilt from its own shoulders to those of foreigners. Bolshevism more than any blockade has destroyed Russian industry.

As a losing gambler, Bolshevism has sought material support in western Europe and in America because any help would prolong its existence; it would, in the words of Lenine, give a temporary respite, which has been already more than once its salvation. A splendid example of this policy is the Riga peace with Poland. Bolshevism does not doubt that the world revolution will wipe out all assumed responsibilities and destroy the existing order.

We would not consider ourselves entitled to protest against the ending of the political isolation of the Soviet Government by foreign countries if that Government had the sanction of the Russian people. We protest because the idea of the sovereignty of the people forms the foundation of modern constitutional law and is recognized by all countries. The Soviet Government has denied the people the very right to sovereignty. It seems that outside of Russia many are thinking that the revolutionary origin of the Soviet Government does not differ materially from the origin of the First Provisional Government, which came into existence after the March Revolution, just as the Soviet Government did in November. Yet their respective positions differ greatly. The Provisional Government, having deposed the Czar and proclaimed the Republic, issued an electoral law never surpassed in democratic spirit. It considered its mission to be fulfilled when the Constituent Assembly elected by the people should have taken over the reins of government. The temporary character of the Government was accepted by every one. The Soviet Government, having overthrown the Provisional Government, dispersed by armed force the Constituent Assembly on the first day of its opening, when it became clear that the Government did not possess a majority. The Soviet Government declared that the dictatorship of the pro-

letariat does not require recognition by the people. Therefore, whereas the Provisional Government, having deposed autocracy, transferred the sovereignty to the people, the Soviet Government denied the people their sovereignty, denied to them the right to arrange their own affairs, and established the autocracy of Lenine and Company. The Bolshevik Government has been conscious of the illegality and uncertainty of its own existence. It has held out only through its barbarity, its cruelty, its shameless dishonesty. The cruelty and stupidity of the Czar's régime called forth the just indignation and condemnation of the European and American democracies. But the sympathy of the same democracies for a régime the wickedness and absurdity of which cannot be excused by any reasons of a political or commercial nature is beyond comprehension. What shall the same democracies feel and say when they find that in demanding of their Government recognition of the Soviet Government they have lent support to adventurers, and thus helped to kill, torture, plunder, and ruin, not only capitalists alone, but the most genuine democracy—the Russian peasants—as well?

Wells does not know Russia. He knows Russia no more than he does the Martians. He has visited Russia only twice, the first time before the war and the second time in the autumn of 1920, when he spent in Russia only fifteen days. Both times he has seen only Petrograd, possibly its surroundings, and Moscow. Could he behold Russia from there? Could he see the Russian village, the peasants, and country priests of whom he speaks? I think that Spargo is right when he says that Wells could see them only from the window of the train, and, I may add, only over a comparatively short stretch of country.

Yet Wells asserts that Russia possesses no elements for the creation of a government except those very Bolsheviks who ruined Russia. "The peasants are absolutely illiterate," writes Wells, "and collectively stupid, capable of resisting interference, but incapable of comprehensive foresight and organization. They will become a sort of human swamp in a state of division, petty civil war, and political squalor, with a famine whenever the harvests are bad; and they will be breeding epidemics for the rest of Europe. They will lapse toward Asia."

"The collapse of the civilized system in Russia into peasant barbarism means that Europe will be cut off for many years from all the mineral wealth of Russia and from any supply of raw products from this area, from its corn, flax, and the like. . . .

"Their cessation certainly means a general impoverishment of western Europe."

Wells the democrat who feels contempt for the masses, Wells the Socialist who clears the way for adventurers, Wells the champion of civilization for Europe and of Bolshevik communism for

Russia, so characterizes the peasantry, which represents eighty-five per cent of the population of Russia. I cannot accept his judgment of the Russian peasantry. It is true that Wells is equally merciless toward the other classes of the Russian people—the clergy and the intellectuals; but these classes are insured against the scorn of the celebrated English writer by the fact that they have produced representatives of Russian literature, science, art, etc., no less celebrated than their severe critic. But the peasantry remains unprotected, and I think that I am better acquainted with my derided fellow-citizens than Wells is, because more than half of my long life has been spent in the country in close touch with the peasantry, and I can say a few words in their defense.

Undoubtedly the Russian peasants, like peasants in all other European countries, represent the least educated class. But, like every other class, it contains men differing from one another in mind, character, and moral principles. To judge them wholesale, as Wells does, deprives that judgment of all value. If Wells were also better acquainted with Russian literature, which to all appearance interests him but little, he would know that the mass of Russian peasants possess intelligence, talent, religious feeling, and kindness. Their shortcomings are caused by their former serfdom and their lack of education. The former was abolished only in 1861, and literacy has been increasing among the peasants very rapidly ever since. Only old people remain illiterate. Men of middle age and younger people have mostly passed through the *zemstvo* or town schools. Wells has seen only two schools in Petrograd, one of which apparently is being specially used to acquaint distinguished foreigners with the progress of education under the Bolshevik régime. If he desired to learn the standard of literacy among peasants, he should have gone to villages far from the capitals, as in the wilds of the government of Perm or Viatka. There was no nobility there; it was the country of the peasantry, yet school education was very well developed. The Russian peasant created long ago, in his serfdom, the village commune (*obshtchina*), with redistribution of land in accordance with the increase in the number of the family and consequent working capacity. He created the *mir*, or peasant assembly, for the settlement of the peasants' own communal affairs. *Obshtchina* and *mir* saved the peasants from complete tyranny under serfdom. One of the greatest Russian writers, A. I. Herzen, saw in these institutions the nucleus of Socialism. Premier Stolypin fought them, but could not vanquish them. One cannot doubt that the peasant *mir* is much more stable and sagacious than the Bolshevik communism rejected by the peasants.

Probably Mr. Wells does not know either that, following upon the reactionary reforms of 1890 involving local self-government and limiting peasant

representation, the peasants began gradually to form co-operative associations. Up to the Bolshevik overthrow there were about thirty-five thousand co-operative associations in existence, numbering some twelve million members, or some sixty million participants if the families of the members are taken into account. The majority were peasants. Unquestionably the peasants need the help of intellectuals, but they understand also how to value this help better and more wisely than the communistic Government which sends professors and engineers to clean cesspools and streets, while ignoramuses run universities and factories. The co-operative associations flourished before their destruction by the Bolsheviks, while the Bolshevik communist system of the preference of ignorance to knowledge has killed the universities, factories, and industry. The peasantry constantly produced from its midst men who entered the ranks of the intellectuals. When Russia became for the first time a constitutional country of the European type, the peasants sent so many representatives to the First Duma that their party was the next strongest after the Constitutional Democratic party, which consisted of educated people who directed the policy of the first Russian Parliament.

What would Wells say if he had heard on the floor of the First Duma a country peasant arguing in defense of freedom, right, and European civilization with full understanding of these matters? Would he then have said that the Russian people can furnish no backbone to support the state and that they need such experienced political builders as Lenine, Trotsky, and Company? The overwrought imagination of Wells bowed before the audacity of Lenine's thought and the boldness of Trotsky's action. He was interested to learn, not Russia—this would require too much time—but the plans of Lenine, which appealed to Wells by their immensity and far surpassed in originality his travels to the various planets of the solar system. A fortnight's sojourn in Petrograd was needed as a stage for the encounter of the two reformers of a world awaiting its fate. One of the two rebuilt the world only in imagination, the other put his dreams into reality, having subjugated one hundred and fifty million men to his will. The conversation did not last long but ended in full agreement. Wells remembered his own dreams about Mars and decided to help Lenine in his plans by recommending European Powers to recognize the Soviet Government and to intrust them with the salvation of Russia, as otherwise Russia would perish not later than in a year and Europe would forever lose her source of raw products and become, therefore, impoverished.

It seems to me that by his trip to Russia Mr. Wells has given himself the pleasure of meeting and talking with Lenine, but has added nothing to what he could have written without leaving England.

THE EDITORS' MAIL BAG

THE IMPORTED GROUCH

I NOTICE in The Outlook of March 2 an article entitled "A Russian Jew and the Christian Churches," by Isaac Don Levine.

I am a member of a Jewish congregation, but have heard many sermons by Christian clergymen, and number some of them among my best friends. Never have I heard one of them express any such sentiment as Mr. Levine alleges from one of them. Time and again I have heard the very opposite expressed. He must have run across some freak of a preacher, possibly the only one in America. It would certainly be most unfair to judge any church by the act or word of one misguided man.

We have in this section many Jews of Russian descent who are making splendid citizens. Unfortunately, those that are crowded together in cities like New York do not have the opportunity to meet and understand the real American, nor do they get the correct idea of our institutions. Some of them, owing to this ignorance, are food for agitators who are preaching the doctrine of discontent and seeking to destroy the foundations of society. I presume that this same condition would apply to any other foreigners who are grouped together in our larger cities and do not speak our language in their homes. If these foreign groups could be scattered about the country, the question of Americanization would settle itself in a few years. They would naturally mix with other people and acquire the American idea, and lose that imported grouch. While they stick together they constitute a menace to democracy.

El Paso, Texas. S. J. FREUDENTHAL.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF A DREAMER

History will soften the verdict rendered by the voters last November on the Administration of Woodrow Wilson, but is not likely to reverse it.—*Editorial in The Outlook on "The Wilson Administration."*

THE matured judgment of mankind seems to be rather with Aristides and not Athens. I have faith in the triumph of the ever-balancing moral sense of humanity, whatever the transitory passions of the time may be.

The thoughtful reader will immediately inquire why the impractical dreamer happened to have credited to his Administration such practical accomplishments as are mentioned in this article: the Federal Reserve Act and laws providing for an income tax, a Tariff Commission, a Federal Trade Commission, an Anti-Trust Act, and a Federal Workmen's Compensation Act. Besides all this, making itself an active agency in the creation of that moral spirit and loyalty of the American soldier and the American people that made the world wonder

I comprehend nothing
that I read; I must
turn to my writing.

—Madame de Staël.

and brought the war to a speedy conclusion.

Only in one supreme undertaking has Woodrow Wilson seemed to fail—the accomplishment of the purpose of the League of Nations. The only obstacle, apparently insurmountable, which stands in the way of its attainment is the materialism of an influential element of the Republican party.

This same sort of materialism was the actuating motive behind the words of the sons of Jacob when they saw Joseph afar off: "Behold, this dreamer cometh. Come now therefore, and let us . . . cast him into one of the pits, . . . and we shall see what will become of his dreams." Bible readers will recall that Joseph's seeming present affliction was only God ruling as destiny that the dreamer might at some future evil day serve his materialistic brethren and save them from their distress.

Of course I am a Southerner and a Democrat spelled with a capital D. My indignation at your view bespeaks this. As a counter-balance to my Democracy I have read The Outlook for some years.

At present, being disillusioned on account of my privilege of listening to the arguments of Senators for and against the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations, wherein, to express it only a little extravagantly, the majority of both Democrats and Republicans seemed to stand more for a party than the state, I have felt an added concern and sorrow that your great publication has chosen to disfigure itself with partisanship rather than to transfigure itself with patriotism in these lean times.

Washington, D.C. LEILA SELLERS.

SELF-DETERMINATION

YOUR review of Mr. Wilson and his Administration is, to my mind, a masterpiece. Possibly I am egotistical in assuming to say what a masterpiece is. It is very comprehensive, eminently just, and sufficiently human to make it understood by any open-minded reader.

One essential, however, seems lacking. Lord Dufferin in one of his oratorical flights said that even the sun was not free from spots and blemishes. This omission is entitled to an editorial comment in itself, namely, "Self-determination." It has cost blood and blood and will cost blood among nations. It's the most evil word ever delivered by any statesman, and particularly Wood-

row Wilson, who commanded such power and world hearing when it was uttered. Let us have an Outlook editorial on it.

Washington, D.C. ELIJAH E. KNOTT.

THANKS FOR A TROUNCING

A THOUSAND thanks for the thorough trouncing given wicked old Germany in the last Outlook [for March 16]. She has dragged the world back into the savagery of the Middle Ages. Her just due is dismemberment and reduction to absolute helplessness up to the very point of her ability to pay the last groat of her indemnity. May The Outlook keep up the fight till some of our mawkish sentiment is shamed out of us!

Augusta, Maine. JAMES H. ECKO.

"ENGLAND'S CRIMES" IN INDIA

HAVING been a missionary in India nineteen years, exclusive of furloughs, I perused with keen appreciation the article in your issue of January 5 entitled "British Rule in India." It was with corresponding regret I read in The Outlook of February 16 a letter headed "England's Crimes." I have not words to express my disapproval of the sentence, "English rule in India is a blot on Christian civilization." On the contrary, I have always considered English rule in India the most beneficent possible, and a model for all nations having foreign dependencies.

I do not know of a single American missionary in India who would voice other sentiments. Only recently a returned missionary said to me, "My blood boils when I hear the unjust accusations against the Indian Government." It is because I am "pro-justice" that I have laid aside important work to write this letter.

In thinking of India it is always the exceeding justice of her government that stands out pre-eminently in my thought. I remember my husband and I were once entertained together with the English magistrate of our district by a wealthy native gentleman. Such a magistrate is termed a "collector" in the Northwest, or "deputy commissioner" in other parts of India. After refreshments, a servant brought in a tray upon which were two beautiful silver filigree necklaces. He first presented it to the collector, indicating the handsomer of the two necklaces as the one meant for him. The official promptly, though courteously, declined to take it. I was about to do the same, when my English friend said: "I wish you would please take it. According to Hindustani etiquette, it is very impolite to refuse, but my official position makes it impossible for me to accept even the smallest gift, much less this handsome necklace."

Some months later I was at the home

of this gentleman's successor, when some villagers attempted to decorate him with a simple necklace made of straw, but even this was kindly refused, and with the same explanation.

On another occasion the commissioner from Agra was trying a case in our Muttra court. It was against three of our village Christians, whom their heathen neighbors, out of religious hatred, had maliciously accused of a murder committed in that vicinity. My husband was away at the time, and it seemed as if the poor converts were defenseless. Their enemies had money and influence and would leave no stone unturned to have them executed. The morning of the trial, the relatives threw themselves at my feet and begged me to write a letter to the "Commissioner Sahib" explaining the case. This I did, but in a short time my note was returned *unopened*. Although I did not know the commissioner personally, this conduct was inexplicable in an English gentleman, and I could not but feel quite offended. Toward evening the accused villagers came tumultuously into my bungalow, casting themselves before me and literally kissing my feet, declaring my *chitthi* (letter) had cleared them. I assured them I had had nothing whatever to do with the case, and that they must thank God and the judge. They told me that they themselves had not only been fully exonerated, but their wicked accusers had been exiled to the Andaman Islands for perjury and conspiracy. Later the commissioner himself called to apologize for his seeming discourtesy. He said that when he was trying a case he never received communications from either side, except through the regular witnesses, so that he might be entirely unprejudiced in his decisions.

Many such instances came to my notice, giving me the highest respect for English officials and the greatest confidence in the justice of their courts.

One more illustration, and I close.

There was an English cavalry regiment in Muttra. A grass farm, supplied green fodder for the horses, as hay cannot be kept in India. This farm was in charge of a sergeant-major, who lived by himself in a little bungalow. One night this man was found brutally murdered in bed, and the strongest circumstantial evidence pointed to his native "bearer" (head servant), whom he was about to dismiss. Though everybody believed this native was the murderer, yet he was acquitted, simply because the evidence was circumstantial, and no one in India can be convicted of a capital offense on such evidence.

During the years of my missionary life multiplied instances came to my notice like the above, and *never a single case of oppression or injustice on the part of British officials*. I feel it would be criminal for me to withhold these facts when the Indian Government is so unjustly accused.

EMMA MOORE SCOTT,

Formerly Missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Northwest India. Moundsville, West Virginia.

THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY¹

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

More Power to the Y

RECENTLY a Nationally prominent American banker asked a group of young Americans in what they would invest a billion dollars if they had it and desired to do the greatest good for America. Some thought it would be best to invest it in the oil business, others in Americanizing foreigners, and still others in our public educational institutions. Would it be best to invest a spare billion in such activities as these young Americans named or in the kind of work that Mr. Rogers describes in his article found on another page? Discuss your answer.

Do you know of any industrial troubles that were due to misunderstanding? If so, how, in your opinion, could they have been avoided. Who, in the illustrations you select, were most responsible for the misunderstanding?

Do you appraise the foremen's clubs movement as highly as Mr. Rogers does? How important are foremen?

If you were to work under a foreman, what characteristics and aptitudes would you want him to possess?

In what ways could employees help to lessen industrial troubles?

Workers, foremen, and employers would do well indeed to read the following books: "The New Industrial Unrest," by R. S. Baker (Doubleday, Page); "The Case for Capitalism," by Hartley Withers (Dutton); "Readings in Industrial Society," by L. C. Marshall (University of Chicago Press); "How It All Fits Together," by Leonard Alston (Dutton).

Revolt in the Red Army; Russia Still Bolshevik; Compounding With Government by Murder

Various aspects of the present situation in Russia are described and discussed in the several different articles in this issue of The Outlook. The question of Russia is of such importance as to make a reading of these articles and comments a duty.

Do you understand what the beliefs, teachings, and the practices of the Russian Bolsheviks are? Should American citizens understand these things before coming to a conclusion as to whether our Government should establish trade relations with Russia?

Would it be right to say that the Soviet Government in Russia is in any respects democratic?

For what reasons is Lenine regarded as an autocrat by most people?

Is belief in the institution of private property essential to national prosperity?

¹ These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—The Editors.

Has the right of private property had a fair trial? Has it justified itself?

There are those who believe that trade relations between Russia and the outside world must be established before Russia can begin to produce goods. Others believe that Russia must produce goods for export before other nations can establish trade relations with her. In which theory does Lloyd George believe? Secretary Herbert Hoover?

What is your explanation of this statement made by Secretary Hoover: "Europe cannot recover its economic stability until Russia returns to production"? Can it be that Europe is dependent upon Russia to such an extent as this?

Would you personally oppose the opening of trade relations between the United States and Russia at the present time? State your reasons briefly?

Define the following expressions: *Third Internationale, communistic government, oligarchy, intelligentsia, Constituent Assembly, chaos, proletarianism, presage*.

In his book entitled "Bolshevism: Theory and Practice" (Harcourt, Brace & Howe) Mr. Bertrand Russell explains why he opposes Bolshevism, and describes Soviet Russia's present masters. Have you read this book? "Sovietism," by W. E. Walling (Dutton), is a book that contains the Soviet Constitutions and decrees, a number of Lenine's speeches, extracts from the Bolshevik press, and comments by the author. If the reader cares to decide for himself as to what Bolshevism and Sovietism really mean, he will do well to read this book. Mr. H. G. Wells, in his book called "Russia in the Shadows" (Doran), describes Bolshevik Russia and tells why the stabilized nations must accept the present Russian régime or let Russia collapse utterly and drag the whole Western civilization down with her. Read the review of this book found in this issue and the book itself.

A Significant Mass-Meeting

What, does it seem to you, was the purpose of the "Horrors of the Rhine" meeting recently held at Madison Square Garden, New York City? Could Mayor Hylan have prevented the holding of this meeting? Would he have acted wisely had he prevented it? Does history show that it is unwise and futile to attempt to suppress opinion? Can you illustrate your answer?

What is one hundred per cent Americanism? Does it allow any sympathy for Germany? Is it consistent with helping Germany to become a prosperous nation?

Are, or are you not, of the belief that "it would have been well for the world if the American troops and their allies had marched into Berlin and made a Potsdam Peace instead of a Paris Peace?"

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

HAROLD E. SCARBOROUGH is a member of the New York "Tribune's" European staff, and has been covering the Irish question, getting his material at first hand.

THE AUTHOR of "Eleven Men and One Woman" lives in Cleveland, but prefers to hide her identity in anonymity.

ALLEN SANGREE writes from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Years ago, as a reporter on the New York "Times," he frequently covered Dr. Lyman Abbott's sermons. "Dr. Abbott was kind enough sometimes to bother with going over the text so as to help me get it accurately," writes Mr. Sangree. "Doubtless he will not remember the lanky reporter of that past day, but this acquaintance and the weekly perusal of The Outlook have prompted me to submit the inclosed."

IVAN PETRUNKEVITCH is honorary president for life of the Constitutional Democratic party of Russia. He is at present a refugee from Russia, living in New Haven with his son, Alexander Petrunkevitch, Ph.D., Professor of Zoology at Yale University. Ivan Petrunkevitch was born November 22, 1843, in Russia, of noble Russian parents. His father was president of a supreme court of a province and a man of great esteem among subordinates. Ivan Petrunkevitch studied law at St. Petersburg, was for a while justice of the peace and a member of the Zemstvo at Tchernigov. He was the first man in Russia to demand in 1879 the convocation of a Constituent Assembly. For his activities he was exiled by Alexander II to a small village near the Siberian border, and had later to live under police surveillance in various cities until he was once more allowed to become a member of the Zemstvo, this time in the province of Tver. He is one of the founders of the Constitutional Democratic party, of the Executive Committee of which he was the president until 1915. In the First Duma he was the floor leader of the majority, but his participation in the Vyborg manifesto prevented him from taking any further part in the work of the Duma. He was for many years editor and member of the Publishing Association of the Petrograd newspaper "Retch." During his long life he has been several times in prison. In 1915 he left Petrograd for the Crimea on account of ill health. In 1917, on the day when the Czar was deposed, he sent a telegram to Petrograd advising the establishment of a republic. In the Crimea he took part in the meetings of the Crimean Government and left the Crimea with the members of that government when the Bolsheviks temporarily overran the Crimea. He is now writing his Memoirs. He stands for democracy and a republican form of government and does not believe that monarchy can be re-established in Russia.

WINFRED KIRKLAND contributed "Sense and the Psychic" to The Outlook for December 1, 1920. She is a graduate of Packer Institute, Brooklyn, and of Vassar. She has contributed to the "Atlantic Monthly" and other periodicals. Her home is in Asheville, North Carolina.

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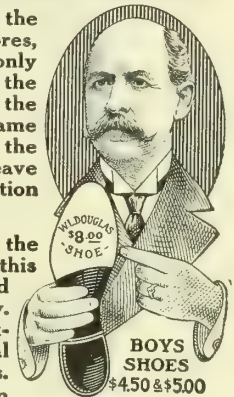
They are the best known shoes in the world. Sold in 107 W.L. Douglas stores, direct from the factory to you at only one profit, which guarantees to you the best shoes that can be produced, at the lowest possible cost. W.L. Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom of all shoes before they leave the factory, which is your protection against unreasonable profits.

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EXPERIENCED young woman of culture and refinement having attractive personality desires permanent position as companion or chaperon. References given, showing highest qualifications. 9,620, Outlook.

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REFINED young American woman desires position as companion. Country or travel. Summer. 9,624, Outlook.

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COLLEGE graduate, seminary student, desires position; counselor in boys' camp or tutor in private family for summer. Experienced in handling boys. Musical. Athletic. 9,610, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 44 West 22d St., New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—Invalid attorney desires financial help to publish small tourist guide-book and industrial almanac on Southern California, 50-50 basis. Address Barnard, Box 345, Whittier, Cal.

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WANTED—Young woman owning own car to drive for small family during summer. Would be member of family living in attractive house in beautiful New England village. Good salary, luxuries, and independence. 9,599, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

INVALID or nervous patient cared for in physician's suburban home. Wife professional nurse. 9,535, Outlook.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will send things on approval. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

WANTED—Defective persons to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

BOYS wanted, 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

WILL take two boys for the summer to cottage at seashore, Spring Lake, N. J., with my own two boys. Terms reasonable. References exchanged. 9,603, Outlook.

SEE INSIDE OF BACK COVER PAGE

As the number of copies of The Century Cyclopedia of Names that are available is limited, return this coupon at once

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Please send me, charges paid by you, The Century Cyclopedia of Names, printed on India paper. A week after it comes, I will either return it by express, charges collect, or send you, in payment, both for the book and for one year's subscription to The Outlook, the amount indicated below (indicate whether new or renewal and method of payment by putting an X in the two appropriate squares).

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Do you wish to sell or rent this spring? If so, we suggest an inexpensive advertisement in the

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Send us information concerning your property and we will submit a suggested advertisement for your approval.

This issue will carry your advertisement at the height of the buying and renting season.

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BY THE WAY

SHIPS at the bottom of the ocean will probably remain where they are, "Shipping" says, though many daring schemes for raising vessels were developed soon after the armistice, including even several for raising the Lusitania. The reason for the abandoning of these schemes is, it is said, the great fall in the values of ships, which have receded to a point where the disposal of the salvaged property could hardly be effected at any profit.

This is quoted by London "Punch" as coming from a Canadian paper:

"Any effective plan to replace the hewn woodlands of Ontario must come from experienced lumbermen of whom Hon. E. C. — is emphatically not one of which."

A report published in the "Railway Age" says that the number of deaths from railway accidents last year was less than that from automobile accidents. The fatalities from railway accidents are placed at 6,978, while those from automobile accidents approximated 8,000.

The rural correspondent of the county paper is often responsible for queer statements, a subscriber says; and offers in proof the following item: "—, who lives north of our village, died suddenly Friday night. He complained of pains around his heart; he was never married."

Another subscriber sends in a headline from a local paper which "qualifies" for a wider circulation: "Rabbi Levi-nowsky Here. Noted Jewish Rabbit Speaks in Chapel."

The "footprint" system of identification for babies, mentioned in a caption in The Outlook for February 23 as having been used in the Jewish Maternity Hospital in Philadelphia recently for the first time in this country, has been in use at the Chicago Lying-In Hospital and Dispensary, we are informed, since late in the year 1914. Philadelphia medical papers please copy!

The interest in the sea serpent recently manifested by several of our readers may make the following extract from the "Bombay Chronicle" about a stranded sea-monster worth publishing:

This evil-looking monster measures, as it lies stranded, 25½ feet from "stern to stem." The huge face has something of the human in it. The mouth runs inwards for over three feet and the well-preserved rows of teeth are as sharp as spikes. Should the mouth be fully opened, it would probably disclose a capacity to swallow three men at a time. Its small twinkling eyes resemble those of an elephant and likewise its fin the ear of an elephant. It has appeared mysteriously, and the marvel is that, though looking sick and sorry, it is alive and keenly sensitive to the interest taken in its unfamiliar position. The fishermen in the neighborhood and a great many others believe it is an omen of dire portent. It lies stranded on the Jehu Sands, ten or

twelve miles from Bombay, and fully ten thousand people have been to see it.

Illustrating the loyalty of the Jew to his race, General O'Ryan recently told this story: A brave Jewish soldier became ill and reluctantly went to the rear. The hospital doctor diagnosed his illness as a bad case of smallpox, which would probably terminate fatally. He felt it his duty to inform the man that he was fatally ill. "All right," said the soldier; "then you'd better send for the priest." "The priest! you mean the rabbi, don't you?" "No, sir, the priest; do you think I'd want to pass on the smallpox to the rabbi?"

Years ago the compiler of "Beckwith's Almanac", lived in New Haven. The white tall hat which he wore made him a conspicuous figure, and his portrait in this white hat adorned the "Almanac's" front cover. It is from this publication that a reader has selected the following rhyme under the question "Can you answer?"

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?

Or a key to the lock of his hair?

Can his eyes be called an academy

Because there are pupils there?

In the crown of his head

What gems are found?

Who travels the bridge of his nose?

Can he use when shingling the roof

of his house

The nails on the end of his toes?

Can the crook of his elbow be sent to

jail?

If so, what did he do?

How does he sharpen his shoulder

blades?

I'll be hanged if I know, do you?

Can he sit in the shade of the palm

of his hand?

Or beat on the drum of his ear?

Does the calf of his leg eat the corn

on his toes?

If so, why not grow corn on the ear?

In a recent number of the magazine "Asia" an article entitled "A Camera Man in Borneo" contains a picture of some Tenggara women who are described as feminists, apparently because they smoke cigarettes and do all the work of the village. Can feminism be more tersely and accurately symbolized?

Apropos of the possibilities of obtaining beer by prescription, the "Arizona Phoenix" has this: "Are you Dr. Smith?" "No, but I know where we can get some."

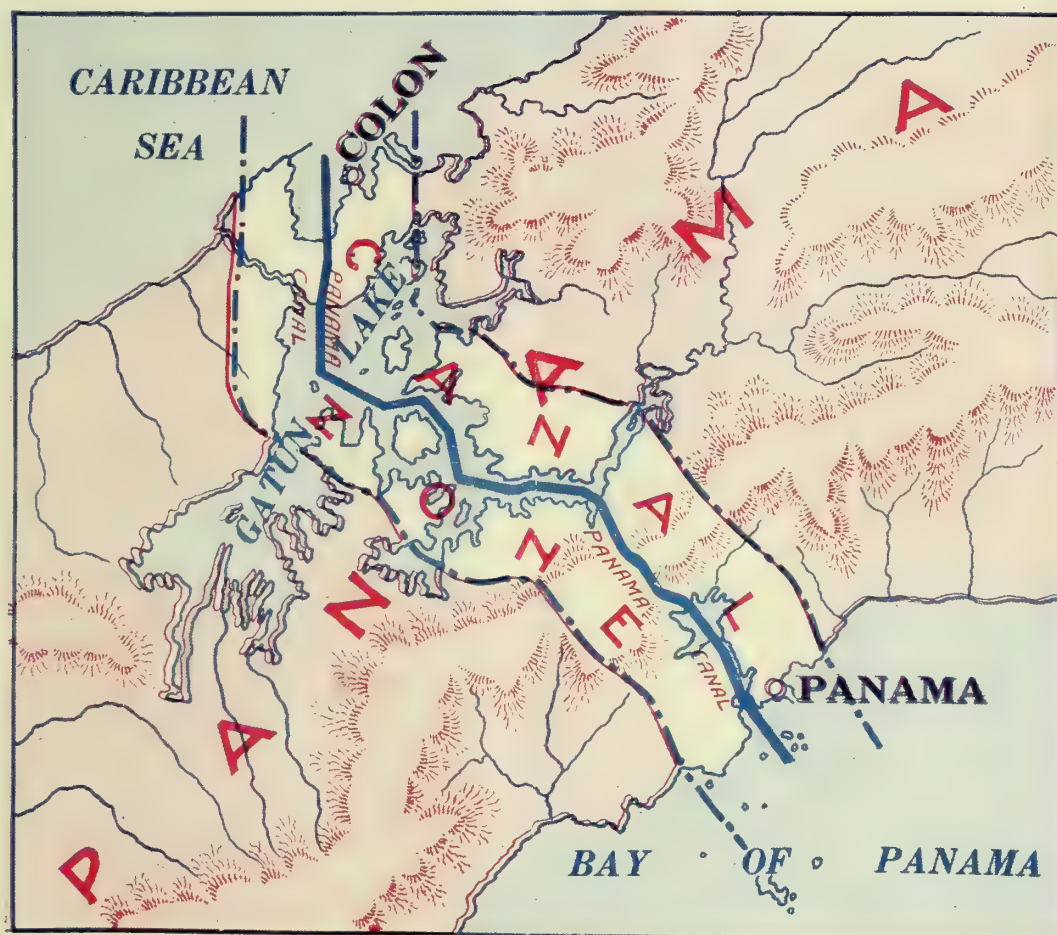
The photograph used as a heading in the article "Vendettas of the Marsh," by Archibald Rutledge, in The Outlook for March 9, was inadvertently published without the credit "Copyright, 1898, George Shiras 3d." The picture was taken by Mr. Shiras by flashlight and was awarded a gold medal at the Paris Exposition and at the St. Louis World's Fair. The rights under the copyright are now owned, we are informed, by Mr. D. Fred Charlton, of Marquette, Michigan.

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The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life



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FELONY SHE DID NOT COMMIT
OR PAY DAMAGES
AND REFUSE TO CONFESS?

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ARTICLE ON THE PROPOSED COLOMBIAN TREATY
IN THIS ISSUE



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THE PUBLISHERS are deeply interested in the preferences of readers of The Outlook and would appreciate any answers to the question at the top of this column addressed to The Advertising Department of

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
681 Fifth Ave., New York

The Outlook

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Vol. 127 April 6, 1921 No. 14

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BY SUBSCRIPTION \$5.00 A YEAR. Single copies 15 cents each. For foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union, \$6.56.

Address all communications to

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381 Fourth Avenue New York City

THE OUTLOOK, April 6, 1921, Volume 127, Number 14. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Subscription price \$5.00 a year. Entered as second-class matter, July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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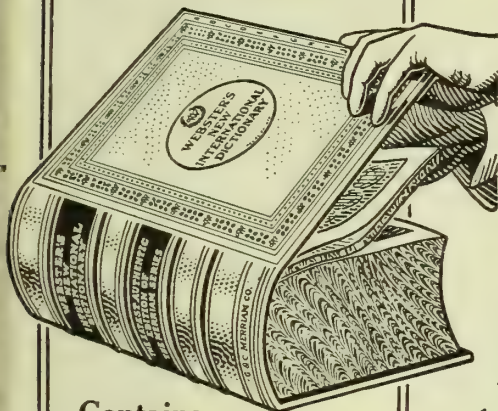
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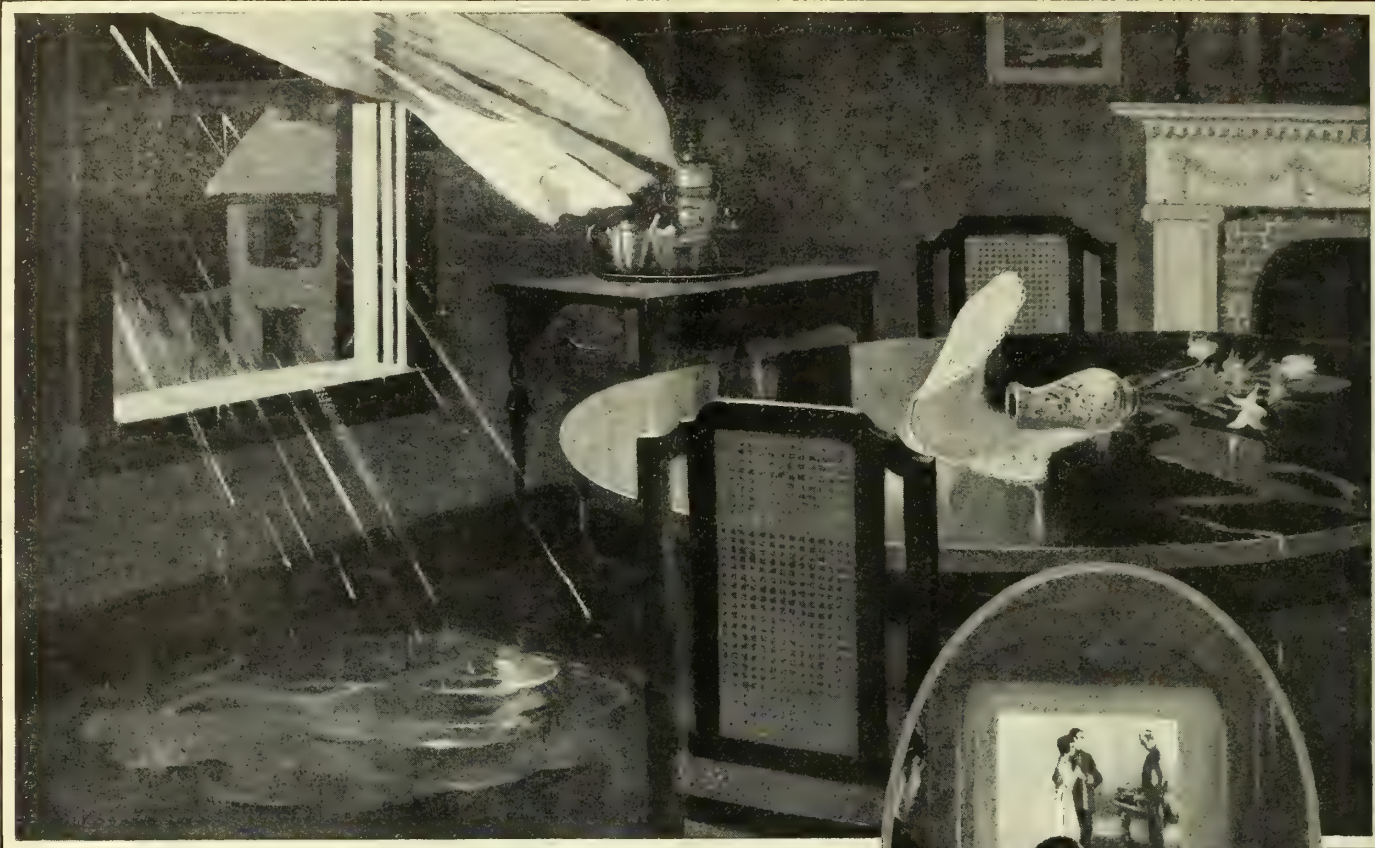
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Out. 4-6-21

The Outlook

APRIL 6, 1921

ARMED COMMUNISM IN GERMANY

THE recent outbreaks in Germany have been variously described as industrial, Communistic, and Bolshevik. The fact that the police are everywhere scrutinizing the passports and papers of foreigners in Germany, and especially seeking for Russian agitators, is pretty strong evidence that the authorities believe that Russian Bolshevik propaganda is back of the outbreak.

So far—that is, up to March 29—the police, aided in some places by the Reichswehr troops, have put down the revolts, but it is characteristic of the movement that disorder appears in one place about as fast as it is put down in another. Thus we read of strikes in many distant places; of agitation and violence in the Elbe Valley; of actual fighting on what seems to have been a rather large scale at Hettstedt, where, by the way, one poster of the Red agitators is quoted in despatches as saying, "We slaughter *bourgeoisie* without distinction of age or sex;" disturbances at Halle, at Bitterfeld, where looters are said to have disarmed the local police; at Sangerhausen, where bandits (or, as one despatch says, workmen) operated an armored train.

These names of towns and mention of disturbances are symptomatic of what has been going on in a large number of places. It is impossible at this writing to speak confidently either of the causes or the probable results of this scattered attack on the Government. It may be noted, however, that the Berlin papers, according to Associated Press despatches, assert that the German Government's view is that there is an attempt to provoke a general strike and outbreak, and that this is "a determined and systematic plot, the inspiration of which is directly traceable to Moscow, and whose single purpose is the establishment of a German soviet republic."

KAISER WILHELM, TAKE NOTICE!

THE German Emperor, as well as the present rulers of Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Turkey, are invited to note the following statement by the present ruler of Bulgaria.

The "Secolo" of Milan has published an interview with young King Boris in which he says:

Badly counseled and deceived, Bulgaria was guilty of an error in 1915.



(C) Kadel & Herbert

BELGIAN TROOPS MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS OF DÜSSELDORF, WITH THE BISMARCK MONUMENT AT THE RIGHT

Repentant, and desirous of effacing her black page, she is to-day sincerely desirous of submitting herself to the most drastic requirements of the Treaty of Peace. Such loyalty ought at least to aid her in regaining the confidence of Europe. . . .

Disarmed, amputated, stifled within her reduced frontiers, Bulgaria is at this hour a great broken body. Despite this, she remains an element of order and continues to guard civilization in view of the troubled Orient.

The above indicates, at least, that Bulgaria now understands on which side her bread was buttered!

ADMINISTERING GERMANY

THOUGH many Germans seem to be under the impression that Germany did not lose the war, there is some evidence to the contrary. Four years ago Germany was deporting Belgians with a view to replacing them with Germans and making Belgium a German province. Now pictures are coming into this country showing French and Belgian troops marching unopposed through the streets of German cities and past statues of Bismarck and Frederick the Great. Four years ago the Germans were making of parts of Poland a wilderness. Now an Inter-Allied Commission is occupying Upper Silesia, and British, French, and Italian troops have been guarding this area while its inhabitants have been deciding whether they wish

to be detached from Germany and be made a part of free Poland.

As announced by the Inter-Allied Commission, the vote was 716,408 in favor of Germany, 471,406 in favor of Poland. Thus the majority in all of Upper Silesia in general is pro-German, but a considerable part of this majority consisted of natives who had gone to live elsewhere but had been imported for voting purposes. When the vote is examined, moreover, that part of the province which is worth the most because of its mining resources proves to be largely Polish. In the vital part of it the Polish vote exceeds the German.

The vote will not of itself determine the destiny of Upper Silesia. The boundary-line, the Versailles treaty stipulates, is to be drawn by the Allies, with regard "to the wishes of the inhabitants shown by the vote, and to the geographical and economic conditions of the locality" involved. This means, for example, that a settlement of mine workers should not be separated from the mine where they work or a dependent country district from its city outlet. The plebiscite is not going to satisfy anybody, and may cause a great deal of discontent with the final decision, whatever it is.

Meanwhile the Inter-Allied Commission has opened courts martial to try persons accused of inciting disorder. The



(C) Underwood

THE POLISH ENVOY, PRINCE LUBOMIRSKI, DECORATING AMERICAN AVIATORS FOR SERVICE IN POLAND

Left to right: Robert Lansing, Ignace Paderewski, Prince Lubomirski, Captain Harmon Rorison, Lieutenant Kenneth Shrewsbury, General Pershing

wonder is that there was not more disorder reported. The Allied troops apparently guarded the area well.

THE POLISH CONSTITUTION

AFTER a long delay the Polish Diet has passed the Polish Constitution, which now becomes the fundamental law of the land.

It provides for a Parliament, consisting of a House and a Senate. There was a long fight in the Diet concerning the creation of a Senate; the result is a distinct victory for ex-Premier Paderewski, who advocated it. The members of both houses are to be chosen by popular vote. Men and women twenty-one years old are eligible to the franchise.

The executive power is vested in a President and a responsible Cabinet. The President is to be elected for a term of seven years by a National Assembly, composed of the members of the House and Senate. As equal rights are accorded to all religions, the President may be a Catholic or a Protestant. In Poland the Catholic Church is a separate institution from the Government, just as it is here or in France. The fact that a Protestant can become President shows the liberalism of the Poles, since the Protestant element in Poland does not amount to more than two per cent of the total population.

The President is Commander-in-Chief of all the military forces in time of peace, but in the event of war the responsibility is to shift to the Minister of War, who is empowered to appoint the Commander of the army. This is a re-

markable provision when one considers the dominant character of the present President, Marshal Pilsudski.

The Constitution provides for free compulsory education in district and municipal schools. As every citizen has the right to the use of his own language and as the free development of minority nationalities living in Poland is assured, the different nationalities may have their own schools and teach their own languages under Government supervision and with partial support by the state.

Land reforms restrict the individual ownership of large tracts and all classes are to receive as nearly equal rights in this respect as possible. This provision is not quite satisfactory to many Poles, who protest that to divide a piece of land into small parcels and to distribute it among the peasants might bring about a condition in which every peasant would cultivate on his share of land only the necessary products for the support of his family and his immediate neighbors. A similar situation already exists in Russia, where the peasants have food but where the city people starve. It is notable that the agrarian provision passed the Polish Diet by the majority of one vote, that of the present Prime Minister, Vincent Witos, a peasant.

Finally, the care of orphans by the state is provided for, and night work by women and by children under fifteen years of age is prohibited.

Thus the new Polish Constitution should, in general, make for both political and social justice.

THE BERGDOLL CASE:

"WHO WON THE WAR, ANYWAY?"

BERGDOLL is a name that is likely to have a place in American history. Future generations are not likely to envy its eminence. The young man who has done injury to this name, Grover Cleveland Bergdoll, has gone to his own place—Germany. Convicted and in custody for desertion, he told a story of buried money and was allowed to go to get it under guard. His escape, for which real responsibility has never been fixed, was a scandal. When next heard from, he was in the enemy's country.

The sequel is an ironical farce. The two American soldiers, Neuf and Zimmer, who were on the point of apprehending him when they were arrested by German police, have been found guilty in a German criminal court. Their offense was "an illegal assumption of power;" and now newspaper despatches tell us that the helpless American Government can do nothing with the German Government except to plead with it for pardon.

Americans who did their duty in the war, fought for their country, and thought that they had won a victory are naturally bewildered. On behalf of the American Legion, John T. Taylor, Vice-Chairman of the Legislative Committee, has sent to the Secretary of War a letter in which he says:

The Bergdoll case as it now stands is a disgrace to the Government of the United States and is a cruel and undeserved insult to the five million men who served America in the World War. While Bergdoll, the slacker, army deserter, and criminal refugee from justice, speeds at will over the roads of Germany in a high-powered automobile, two young American boys, sergeants in the American Army, are this very day on trial before a German court at Mosbach, Germany, because, single-handed and alone, they placed patriotism before personal danger and, seeking to vindicate the honor and good name of America, attempted to bring Bergdoll to the justice he so richly deserves.

If the Government continues to sit supinely by and allow these two red-blooded American sergeants to languish in a German prison, at the same time raising not so much as a finger to get Bergdoll back, not only will a blush of shame cover the faces of those of us who served, but the very bones of our dead from Château Thierry to Sedan will turn to ghostly question marks, shouting to us, "Who won the war, anyway, America or Germany?"

A CRIMINAL'S JAUNT TO WASHINGTON

THERE have been two kinds of criticism as regards the journey of Eugene V. Debs from his prison in Atlanta to Washington, where he had an interview with Attorney-General Daugherty,

A FEW JOBS FOR THE PRESIDENT

AS SEEN IN CARTOONS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

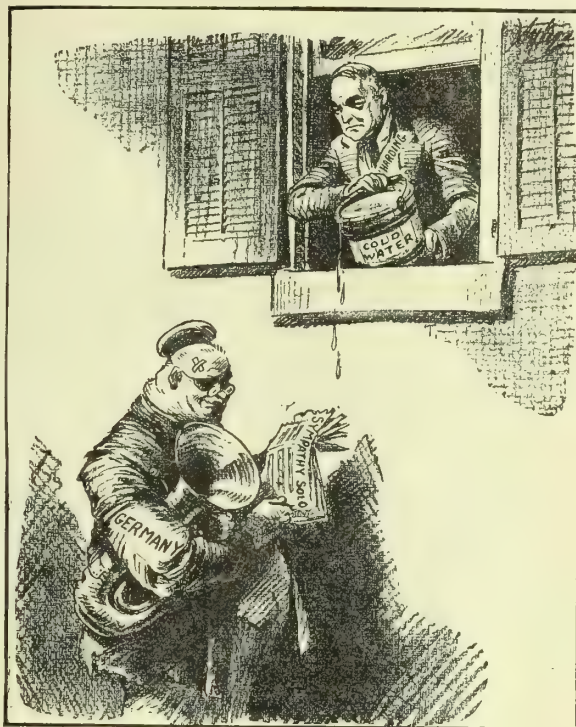
Bronstrup in the San Francisco Chronicle



SURPLUS LIVE STOCK

From Mrs. Frank Ellsworth, Turlock, Cal.

From the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger



DO IT NOW!

From Charles E. Clark, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.

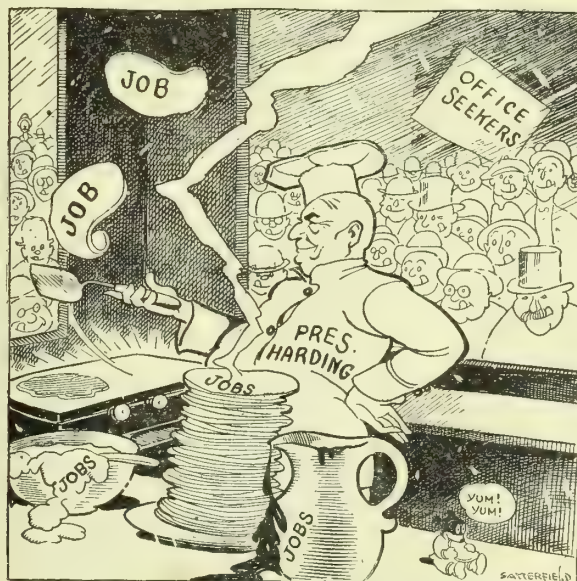
Armstrong in the Tacoma News Tribune



WAITING TO SEE THE DOCTOR!

From Mrs. Abbie A. Eells, San Diego, Cal.

Satterfield in the South Bend News-Times



HOT CAKES AND MAPLE SYRUP

From W. S. Schmidt, Mishawaka, Ind.

presumably for the purpose of presenting a plea for release. One form of criticism, which has been emphasized strongly by one of the American Legion departments, is that it is wrong that special privileges should be given to one convict that are not and would not be accorded to others. This refers to the fact that Debs was allowed to make this journey under his personal parole of honor and was not accompanied by any officer. It is urged that to give such privileges to a man who was justly convicted for publicly denouncing the war in which this country was engaged and for advising American citizens to oppose and hinder this war is an insult to the American soldiers who fought that war for the safety of the world and for the American people who loyally and patriotically supported the soldiers in the field.

The other form of criticism is that to take this special course with any convict under the Espionage Act while technically this country is still in a state of war with Germany is wrong, that all offenders of this kind should serve out their sentences, or at least that even if a pardon should be granted in the future it should not be at this stage of international affairs.

Eugene V. Debs is serving a sentence of ten years in the Atlanta Federal prison. He was the candidate of the Social Democratic party for President in 1900, and was candidate of the Socialist party for President in 1904, 1908, 1912, and finally was once more candidate in 1920, while he was a convicted prisoner in the penitentiary.

He is a man of considerable intellectual ability, but his Socialism is of a radical and revolutionary type and his loyalty did not stand the test so finely met by many Socialists, such as John Spargo, to mention one only. This is not the first time that Mr. Debs has been incarcerated, for he was sent to jail in 1894 under the charge of violating an injunction relating to a railway strike. That sentence was presumably legal, but opinions might fairly differ as to the desirability of criminal prosecution in such a case. There can be no question whatever, on the other hand, that open opposition to the will of the country when it is fighting for its life against autocracy is an offense that cannot be passed over unpunished by any self-respecting government or people. The offense charged was not "political;" it was criminal.

JERSEY JUSTICE

ON March 12 an unspeakable tragedy took place at Perth Amboy, New Jersey. Two days after his crime the Negro assailant of his woman victim was

arrested. Four days later he was indicted. Five days later the trial began. It took five hours and forty-eight minutes. The elapsed time from crime to conviction was eleven days and twelve hours.

In the course of this swift justice all the legal rights of the Negro were preserved; no common law protection was denied him. He was condemned to death.

The attention of other States should be directed to this case—States where there have been lynchings and States where there have been delays in bringing prisoners to trial, delays in arriving at verdicts, and more delays through appeals to higher courts on technical questions of law.

TEACHERS' SALARY SHORTAGE

IT has been impossible heretofore to find reliable data which would enable one city to compare its school conditions with those of other communities of its class. A comprehensive school survey has been carried out with the object of collecting authoritative data from all sections of the country. Upwards of four hundred cities with populations of eight thousand, or about one-half of the cities of the country, are included. The survey has been conducted by the National Committee of Chambers of Commerce co-operating with the public schools. By eliciting and organizing the interest of the Chambers of Commerce in four hundred cities, it is believed that an important forward step has been taken in solving the present educational problem.

The survey discloses the fact that the average increase in the salaries of public school teachers since 1913-14 has been sixty-one per cent. Even before the war it was generally recognized that the pay of teachers was wholly inadequate. During the war period the cost of living, as all the world knows, has increased over one hundred per cent. With the decreased purchasing power of the dollar, the average school-teacher is therefore considerably less well off than before the war. The innumerable campaigns throughout the country in the interest of the school-teacher have resulted in relieving the situation of the teacher of the elementary school and of the school employees, but relief has stopped there. In the pre-war period less than ten per cent of the teachers in the cities throughout the country received salaries under five hundred dollars a year. Today such salaries are received by less than one-half of one per cent. Before 1914 twelve per cent of the elementary school teachers of the country received as much as one thousand dollars a year, while the close of the war period found

this proportion raised to seventy-one per cent.

The American teacher above the elementary grade has not shared in this increase. The conditions are especially disturbing concerning the school superintendent, his assistants, and the teachers of the higher grades. Although the clerical force of the schools have had their salaries raised seventy-eight per cent, the school superintendent has been raised but forty per cent, and the assistant twenty-four per cent. The school superintendent fills a position of high responsibility in the community, demanding not only adequate academic training but the highest executive ability. His salary, however, in most American cities is less than that paid even to the unskilled mechanic.

As the salary of the school-teacher is held down, the amount of training of the school-teacher is inevitably lowered, with disastrous results. In most American cities the Boards of Education require the teachers in their elementary schools at least to be graduates of a standard normal school. In other words, they should have received two years' professional training after having graduated from a high school course of four years. One-third of the public school teachers in our American cities have had less training than even this low standard, while in the country about two-thirds of all the teachers are equally deficient. It comes as a shock to learn that there are many thousands of teachers actively engaged in the elementary schools of our American cities who have had less preparation for their work than that afforded by a four-year high school course, while the condition in the rural districts is much worse.

KING ALBERT'S TROPHY

KING ALBERT of Belgium has offered a trophy for an international transatlantic yacht race, to be held during the summer of 1921. The race is scheduled to begin on July 4, and the entire arrangements for starting the voyagers off have been left in the hands of a committee representing three of the leading American yacht clubs. The race is open to sailing yachts of every size. There will be no postponement—even if there is a twenty-five-knot breeze on the day set for the start!

With memories of the disappointing races between the Shamrock IV and the Resolute still fresh in the mind of the yachting world, this race for real sea-going vessels ought to occupy a leading place among the sporting events of the coming year.

The last transatlantic race was sailed in 1905. It was won by the three-masted schooner Atlantic, a picture of which

appears on this page. This race was for a trophy given by the erstwhile German Emperor. During the war the trophy, supposed to be of solid gold, was given as a contribution to the Red Cross. When it was broken up, it was discovered that, instead of being of solid gold, it was only plated.

This characteristic sham, however, detracts in no way from the splendid record made by the Atlantic. She sailed from Sandy Hook to Bishop's Rock, Scilly Islands, a distance of just over three thousand miles, in eleven days sixteen hours and twenty-two minutes. She reached the Lizard, on the coast of Cornwall, in twelve days four hours and one minute.

Even in the days of the clipper ships such a passage would have been phenomenal. The fastest similar trip of a sailing vessel was made by the Red Jacket in 1854. The voyage between America and England was made by this vessel in thirteen days and one hour.

THE RED WOLF IN RUSSIA

IT is refreshing to find that our new Secretary of State has a clear-headed view of the Russian situation. Mr. Hughes's note to the Soviet leaders is free from that distorted vision which has had too much vogue in England. Those obsessed by that deplorable idea seem to hug the illusion that if friendly trade relations are established between Russia as it is and the other nations the result will be moral and political regeneration in the hearts of the Bolshevik terrorists.

"Feed and pet the wolf," say the advocates of this view, "and he will grow so kind and gentle that all your lambs will be safe." That is not the nature of a wolf; and it is not the nature of the despotism now existing in Russia—a despotism that hardly pretends to have the support of a majority of the Russian people and which has no democratic or constitutional base whatever. Let us not reward Lenine for strangling democracy nor substitute the despotism of a Ulianov for that of a Romanov. If the Reds of Russia are tame, let their leaders show their conversion to humane and honest political principles by calling for such a Constitutional Assembly as that which they threw out of doors (literally) when they overcame the Kerensky Government. That, and only that, will satisfy the world that representative government—call it what you will, democracy or Socialism—and not proletarian autocracy, is to govern in Russia.

Secretary Hughes accords perfectly

with Secretary Hoover in the latter's recent statement. Mr. Hoover had pointed out that America cannot trade with Red Russia because the latter has nothing to offer in exchange. Mr. Hughes declares much the same thing when he says:

"There is no assurance for the development of trade, as the supplies which Russia might now be able to obtain would be wholly inadequate to meet her needs, and no lasting good can result so long as the present causes of progressive impoverishment continue to operate."

Even better than this is Mr. Hughes's direct declaration that "production is conditioned upon the safety of life, the recognition of firm guaranties of private property, the sanctity of contract, and the rights of free labor."

If any one should doubt the application of this positive utterance, he will find it in Mr. Hughes's further statement to the effect that our Government will welcome convincing evidence of such changes, but that such evidence has not yet been supplied, and until we have it we cannot see any proper basis for establishing trade relations with Russia.

The Red Wolf of Russia is not just yet to be recommended as a friendly

playmate for the American business man.

A MAMMOTH MOVIE BUT A TAWDRY MELODRAMA

THERE could hardly be a better example than Mr. D. W. Griffith's remarkable moving-picture play called "Way Down East" of the assertion in Mr. H. T. Pulsifer's recent article in The Outlook called "The World's Worst Failure" that the movies "have ransacked the granaries of drama and fiction and borne off more often the chaff than the wheat." It is all the better as an illustration because this play is not immoral; there is very little in it that would offend even fastidious taste; and it has a good theme in its picture of the life of plain New England people. But to the lover of the art of the drama it is in plot, incident, and substance the cheapest kind of what we used to call Bowery melodrama.

In such plays virtue always triumphs and the villain "gets his." Think of it; to produce this play hundreds of thousands of dollars were spent, months of time were consumed, the pictorial effects were worked out under the skillful di-



Levick

THE ATLANTIC, WINNER OF THE LAST TRANSATLANTIC RACE



LILLIAN GISH AS "ANNA MOORE" AND RICHARD BARTHELMESS AS "DAVID BARTLETT" IN "WAY DOWN EAST"

rection of probably the best producer in the country. The management boasts: "This is the most expensive entertainment since Cæsar plated the arena with silver for the citizens of Rome." Yet we find in plot and incident old material utilized from time immemorial in scores of cheap appeals to audiences of the least cultivated dramatic taste. Once more stale stage incidents are put in motion; we see the mock marriage, the deluded innocent girl, the poor little baby that dies, the awakening of the mother to her undeserved shame, her efforts to get work, the evil scandal-mongers pursuing her in her honest attempt; the turning of the poor girl out in the cold, cold snowstorm, and, of course, her final rescue and happy marriage.

Perhaps this melodramatic character of the play is more evident in the moving picture than it was in the original play, and the comic part also may well be cheaper in its appeal than in the play itself.

Looked at thus baldly, apart from the scenic effects, what could be less valuable as art? One feels that there has been a tremendous expenditure of effort and skill in producing something which is worthless. It is but fair to add that from the scenic point of view alone "Way Down East" is extremely well worth seeing. There are charming pictures of New England country life, out of doors and indoors; a quite remarkable, reticent use of color in some of the pictures; while the effects of storm, of the breaking up of great ice fields, and especially of the crashing and fall of ice masses over a dam, are perhaps unequalled in the history of moving-picture production in this country.

A SOP TO COLOMBIA'S FEELINGS

WE earnestly hope that all those who are not acquainted with the history of the transactions in 1903 between the United States, Colombia, and the newly formed Republic of Panama will read with care the article in another part of this paper by Mr. O. S. Payne.

"A sop to her feelings," is the phrase used by this writer to describe the proposed payment by the United States to Colombia of twenty-five million dollars. The conclusion that the writer reaches is that to offer such a sop to Colombia would be a dishonor to the United States and also "that it would be dishonorable of Colombia to accept it, and that such action would endanger to both nations the respect and confidence, not only of the Pan-American nations, but of all the civilized nations of the world."

If this were a mere expression of opinion it would be of little value, but it is based on a thorough and exhaustive study of the history of the relations between the United States, Panama, and Colombia. This survey is historical in the fullest sense and it is written with moderation, restraint, and fair-mindedness.

It is probable that the question of ratifying the one-sided treaty which has more than once failed of consideration in the Senate will be one of the first things to be brought to the attention of the United States Senate in the special session of the new Congress. It is almost axiomatic that there should be full consideration of the history, not only of what was done and what was not done by this country in 1903, but of

the obligations and duties it assumed under previous treaties. As we have more than once pointed out, and as is made strikingly clear in Mr. Payne's article, the obligation of the United States was not to uphold Colombia in her claim of being the overlord of Panama nor to protect Colombia from internal dissension; our duty was to maintain peace and neutrality on the Isthmus, to insure safe transit across the Isthmus, and, if necessary, to protect both Panama and Colombia from attack by foreign Powers—that is, to maintain the Monroe Doctrine as we do with the other southern republics.

To carry out these obligations the United States had the right to interfere on the Isthmus or to refuse to interfere, and at different times it did both things, each with the object and purpose (and, we may add, with the complete and satisfactory result) of carrying out the obligations named above.

No more insulting and impudent attempt was ever made by one nation on another than that of Colombia to insist that the United States must uphold it against its own rebellious and oppressed revolutionists, that we should help Colombia in its planned purpose to drive the United States into paying an extortionate price for what Colombia had led this country to believe would be accepted at a fair price. A careful reading of Mr. Payne's article will bring out startlingly the fact that Colombia, after having technically refused to ratify the Hay-Herran Treaty at a juncture when it seemed to her that we would have to yield to newly formed demands for money, later showed herself perfectly willing to accept what she could get. This has been called international blackmail, and if such a phrase means anything it applies here. Mr. Payne puts the matter very quietly and moderately when he says:

Certainly this record does not give Colombia the title of having acted according to true friendship in the light of the definition given. On the other hand, it can be said with equal force as regards the United States that confidence and respect could hardly be felt for it, having the strength to defend itself, it supinely gave in to another nation when that other nation refused to live up to its agreement simply because it felt it could obtain more money by not doing so.

To pay money to a foreign country for no reason is to subject the United States to the suspicion of paying it for a bad reason. There is no evidence that the United States has received or is going to receive from Colombia twenty-five million dollars' worth of anything. The payment of such a sum would be a misuse of public funds and would be a sign of a feeble will.

CARDINAL GIBBONS

I—CHURCHMAN AND CITIZEN

AN ESTIMATE
BY LYMAN ABBOTT

IN 1898, a few weeks before our declaration of war against Spain, I was invited to meet Cardinal Gibbons at dinner in Baltimore. I had just before met President McKinley at Washington, and he told me that he was still praying for peace. I could not join with him in that prayer, for I had been told the substance of Senator Proctor's forthcoming report on conditions in Cuba, and I was convinced that neither could we allow those conditions to continue nor could we put an end to them except by military intervention. I could pray for justice, but not for a peace founded on our acquiescence in injustice. I felt strongly, and I remember cautioning myself as I went to the dinner to be prudently silent. In a war between Protestant America and Roman Catholic Spain I assumed that the sympathies of the Cardinal would be with Roman Catholic Spain. I found, to my surprise, that he was as eager for the emancipation of Cuba as I was, though he still entertained the hope that some mediation might be arranged which would give liberty to Cuba but not independence, and so would secure the just rights of our neighbors without humiliating the sensitive pride of the Spanish people. I could not share in his hope, as I could not share in President McKinley's prayer, because it was very clear to me that Cuba could not trust any guaranties of constitutional government which Spain might offer, and that the not too stable Government of Spain could not consent to the independence of Cuba without facing the peril of a revolution at home.

But that evening gave me the key to Cardinal Gibbons's character, and probably inspired me to write during the anti-lottery campaign, in which he took an influential and I a humble part, the following tribute to him, uttered, I am glad to say, while he was still living—a tribute which I had forgotten but which I find included by the New York "Times" with recent tributes to his memory:

Thank God for Cardinal Gibbons! Long may he wear his red cloak and his red cap; and, if there should be an election now, and you and I could vote, I would vote to make him Pope. His word, flung out with courage and with strong significance, has done more than any other word in this country, by press, by politician, or by

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS

Born in Baltimore, Maryland,

July 23, 1834

Died in Baltimore,

March 24, 1921

CARDINAL GIBBONS was of Irish parentage. As a child he was taken for a time to Ireland, where he began his education. He returned to the United States and lived with his family in New Orleans. He entered St. Charles's College, Maryland, in 1855, but transferred two years later to St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore. He was ordained a priest in 1861. From that time until 1866 his life was bound up with the city of Baltimore and was marked by a succession of promotions within his Church. In 1886 he was made a Cardinal. For many years he was the only Prince of the Roman Catholic Church in America.

The news of Cardinal Gibbons's death brought sorrow to Americans of every faith. We publish here two tributes to the double service which he rendered America—his service as Churchman and as citizen. One of these tributes is by Lyman Abbott, Editor-in-Chief of *The Outlook*, who long followed with admiration the public phases of Cardinal Gibbons's career, and the other is the work of the journalist Mr. Charles Henry Meltzer, one of the Cardinal's personal friends.

preacher, to make the leaders of that Louisiana abomination call a halt.

Cardinal Gibbons was both a loyal Catholic and a loyal American, true alike to the principles of his Church and the principles of his country. Throughout his long career he was a lover of liberty—not a gentle and quiet lover of liberty in the solitude of his closet, but an active and aggressive soldier of liberty.

Against powerful ecclesiastical influence in the Roman Church, he stood for the right of laborers to organize in "unions" for the protection of their rights and the promotion of their interests, and he prevented a proposed ban against the Knights of Labor; not because he approved of all the methods pursued by that no longer existing organization, but because he believed in the right of laborers to make what or-

ganization they deemed best so long as it employed lawful and peaceable measures. But he vigorously opposed that form of Socialism which denies the rights of personal property and individual action, and proposes to substitute the despotism of a mob for the despotism of a czar. He asked for his own Church in America no favors, no special patronage, from the state; he asked for it only freedom and protection, the same freedom and protection which America extends to all lawful and peaceful organizations. He was therefore a firm believer in and a warm advocate of the separation of Church and State. "I belong," he said, "to a country where the civil government holds over us the ægis of its protection without interfering with us in the legitimate exercise of our sublime mission as ministers of the Gospel of Christ." He sympathized with Ireland; not because he wanted "the Irish vote," nor because he approved of all the vagaries of theory or of any of the acts of lawlessness of certain of the Sinn Feiners, but because he did not believe that repression is remedy, and he did believe that it was the duty of the present English Government to find a remedy for the chaos in Ireland or resign the task into other hands, a conclusion toward which American public sentiment is rapidly turning. He did not support National prohibition. This was not because he had any sympathy with the drink traffic in this country. That traffic has been severely condemned by the Roman Catholic Church in America, and in that condemnation, if I am not mistaken, Cardinal Gibbons took a prominent part. But as a Christian minister his prime interest was in promoting temperance—that is, self-control—as a personal virtue, and for that self-control he thought prohibition no substitute and a doubtful ally.

When the purposes of militaristic Germany to destroy the liberties of the peoples of other lands were revealed by the unprovoked attack on Belgium and France, he was from the first identified heartily with the forces of liberty, law, and justice.

A single fact is worth a volume of theory. If any controversial Protestant is inclined to say, as some have said, that no Roman Catholic can be a true lover of liberty, the conclusive answer

is—Cardinal Gibbons. Churchman and patriot, ecclesiastic and democrat, all the more loyal to his flag because loyal

to his altar, servant of God, servant of his fellow-men, his character and career reveal not only to his own communion

but to all his fellow-citizens of every faith the true ideal of a Christian priest.
LYMAN ABBOTT.

II—PRELATE AND FRIEND

REMINISCENCES BY CHARLES HENRY MELTZER



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CARDINAL GIBBONS'S PORTRAIT AUTOGRAPHED FOR MR. MELTZER

FOR five-and-thirty years it was my privilege to have the good will and, I think, the kindly friendship of the late Cardinal Gibbons. He helped me many times in my adventures as a special correspondent, not only with advice and information, but also with important commendations to high Catholic dignitaries.

I found him always, as all those who knew him did, a gentle, honest, wise, and studious man; a shrewd observer of his fellow-men; a loyal friend. He inspired in me a feeling of affection, born of respect and gratitude and something deeper—the fondness men might have for their own fathers. When I was very young, I met him first in Rome, where I was acting for the New York "Herald." And there I interviewed him, rather searchingly. He said afterwards that, though as a rule he fought shy of journalists, he had been gratified by his experience of me.

In later years I was sent back to Rome. Once (at the Cardinal's suggestion) to see him "get his hat" and to describe his enthronement. I stood near him when he took possession of his great titular church in Rome, Santa Maria in Trastevere. He looked very pale and wan, and solemn too, as he sat silent in that dark and mellow fane. A mild, benignant figure, then, as ever, pious and steadfast and yet very human.

An American monk with a German name who stood next to me seemed less impressed than I was at the time. He turned to me and said: "Well, well. There's Jim!"

Next to his own Cathedral, which meant more to him than the Lateran and St. Peter's, Cardinal Gibbons loved his ancient Roman church. He loved it for its warm, strange tones and beauty, its history, and its place in his own life. But Rome spelled less to him, I know, than Baltimore. And though at times

they talked of him as a *papabile*, he would not have exchanged his modest Charles Street house for the vast spaces and the art of the whole Vatican. Nor was he fitted for the duties of a Pontiff. He knew America by heart, its ways and people. But he knew very little about cosmopolitan statesmanship, which Popes must master if they wish to rule. I often fancied he was ill at ease amid all the intrigues of the Roman Curia. He had to visit and revisit the Eternal City; but he seemed rather glad when he had done with it.

Yet time was when he played a mighty part in Rome. And I say this with the knowledge of a man who was mixed up with him in a small way and who was honored very often by his confidence. It was the time at which he had been called from Baltimore, not only to receive the "hat" awaiting him, but also to convey to Leo XIII and to five cardinals a confidential document concerning labor issues. He had been bidden before this to make inquiries into the then vexed question of the Knights of Labor. That forerunner of the existing Federation included in its ranks a host of Catholics. It was distrusted, and indeed forbidden, not because it was a labor organization, but because it was a secret society. The Propaganda Fide, the department charged with the administration of the so-called missionary countries, had been considering the enforcement of its rigid rule. It seemed about to go to the extreme by refusing to all Catholic Knights of Labor the benefits of the Sacraments.

Cardinal Gibbons had, however, been instructed by the Propaganda, speaking for Leo XIII of course, to first ascertain the views of every archbishop and bishop in the United States, to sum these up, and add to them his own. I had been seeing a good deal of him just then; but of a sudden he seemed inaccessible. In point of fact, he was then writing the report which was to guide the Vatican.

I managed somehow, thanks to certain influences, to get the first proof of this secret document. And, much against my will, I had to cable it—unknown to the Cardinal—to the New York "Herald." The incident stirred up a Roman scandal. For three years after that I had no access to his Eminence himself, who had been accused of having given me what I had published. By then, though, it had grown quite evident that my indiscretion had not harmed, but helped, his Church. For the report had strongly counseled Leo XIII (through the Prefect of the Propaganda) to keep its hands off labor—not to fight it. And Rome was wise enough to heed our Cardinal. The Knights of Labor were

not interfered with. The "Moniteur de Rome" reprinted the report. Yet that same day, though not a Catholic, I got the Papal blessing.

The effect of the report was to promote the strength of what in Rome was just then called "Americanism." It helped for possibly ten years or so to broaden and democratize the Papal policy. It surely made the Roman Catholic Church more popular in the United States. Then, as the Pope grew old, the pendulum swung back again, thanks largely, as I now recall what happened, to the influence—which was hostile to Cardinal Gibbons and his ally, Archbishop Ireland—of Archbishop Corrigan.

Among my most valued autographs I have a letter from the Cardinal in which he speaks, after three years of stern displeasure, of the joy with which he looked back to all that happened. It opens with "Haec olim meminisse iuvabit." It wiped out all my newspaper delinquencies. It showed that I had regained the Cardinal's friendship. I have many other letters of his Eminence (as, from habit, I would call him, though he cared nothing for such courtesies) in my possession. One is an answer to a question I had put him, as a dramatic critic, as to the possibility of an incident in a play by Henry Arthur Jones entitled "Breaking the Seal," or something of the kind. It ran as follows:

In reply to your esteemed favor of yesterday, I beg leave to say that I do not know of any instance under my own observation, nor of any recorded in ecclesiastical history, when the seal of the confessional was ever violated. This fact can be affirmed not only of those priests who have remained faithful to their sacred calling but even of those also who from time to time have proved unfaithful. This inviolability may without presumption be regarded as an additional proof, not only of the divine institution of the Sacrament of Penance, but also of the special protection of God over those who are charged with the important duty of hearing confessions. . . .

Faithfully yours in Christ
J. CARD. GIBBONS.

One of the episodes which marked the period of "Americanism" at the Vatican was the appointment, in a hot, impulsive moment, after some waverings, by Pope Leo, of the Papal delegation to this country. It was, to some extent, a consequence of the attitude of the then New York Archbishop toward the authority of Rome. Cardinal Gibbons, I remember, had not greatly favored the new move. He feared it would be misinterpreted by people who might not perceive the difference between a political nuncio or legate—an ambassador to a court or government—and a delegate, a link between the Church in Rome and the Church elsewhere. The late Cardinal, though he obeyed the Vatican, believed in letting well alone where that was possible.

He had no liking for extremes of any kind. And for that reason he did not love prohibition. Nor did Pope Leo, who drank wine in moderation, like almost all the priests and prelates I

have known in Rome. The Cardinal preached nothing more than temperance. He had much sympathy with poor and frail humanity. I have had many a good glass of wine—real wine—with him abroad in Catholic colleges and at monkish boards. In other days I often dined with monks. And there was always wine of some sort at their meals.

To know the Cardinal and understand him truly one had to meet him in his simple Charles Street home. There he unbent and showed one his big heart. Some of your readers may have seen the Cardinal's residence, which was, and is to-day, a local landmark. A plain, small, mid-Victorian sort of house, with a high flight of steps that lead up to the entrance. The reception-room on the first floor resembles all ecclesiastical reception-rooms. A prim, cold, cheerless waiting chamber, adorned with paintings (rather poor ones) of its owner and the reigning Pope. But on the floor above, if you were fortunate, the Cardinal would greet you in his sanctum. A dark and crowded, cozy, homelike spot, lined round with books, and warmed in the old way with a big open fireplace. The center of the room was occupied by a

flat desk, at which he worked. And there, one evening in the long ago, I sat with the good Cardinal and helped him, to the best of my ability, to shape his impressions of Pope Leo for my paper—then the New York "World." At his request I later sent the Pope a copy of his memorable article, which was in due course reproduced in Rome as "the beautiful words of our American Cardinal."

I wonder what his well-loved Baltimoreans will do now that the hand of death has taken from them their most famous citizen. He was for countless years a glory of the place. His frail form and ascetic, wasted face were dear to all. There was something touching in his dress—his ill-brushed hat, his scarlet tie, his long black coat. He did, to be quite frank, dress rather carelessly. So did another Cardinal I knew in the dim past—Cardinal Manning.

But there was nothing careless in his life or thought. His conscience held him tightly, with a grip of iron. It seems but yesterday that we were all congratulating him on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee. And now—he has passed on, to join the just.

This inviolability may without presumption be regarded as an additional proof not only of the divine institution of the Sacrament of Penance, but also of the special protection of God over those who are charged with the important duty of hearing confessions.

I would prefer not to respond to the other matters contained in your letter, until some time later on.

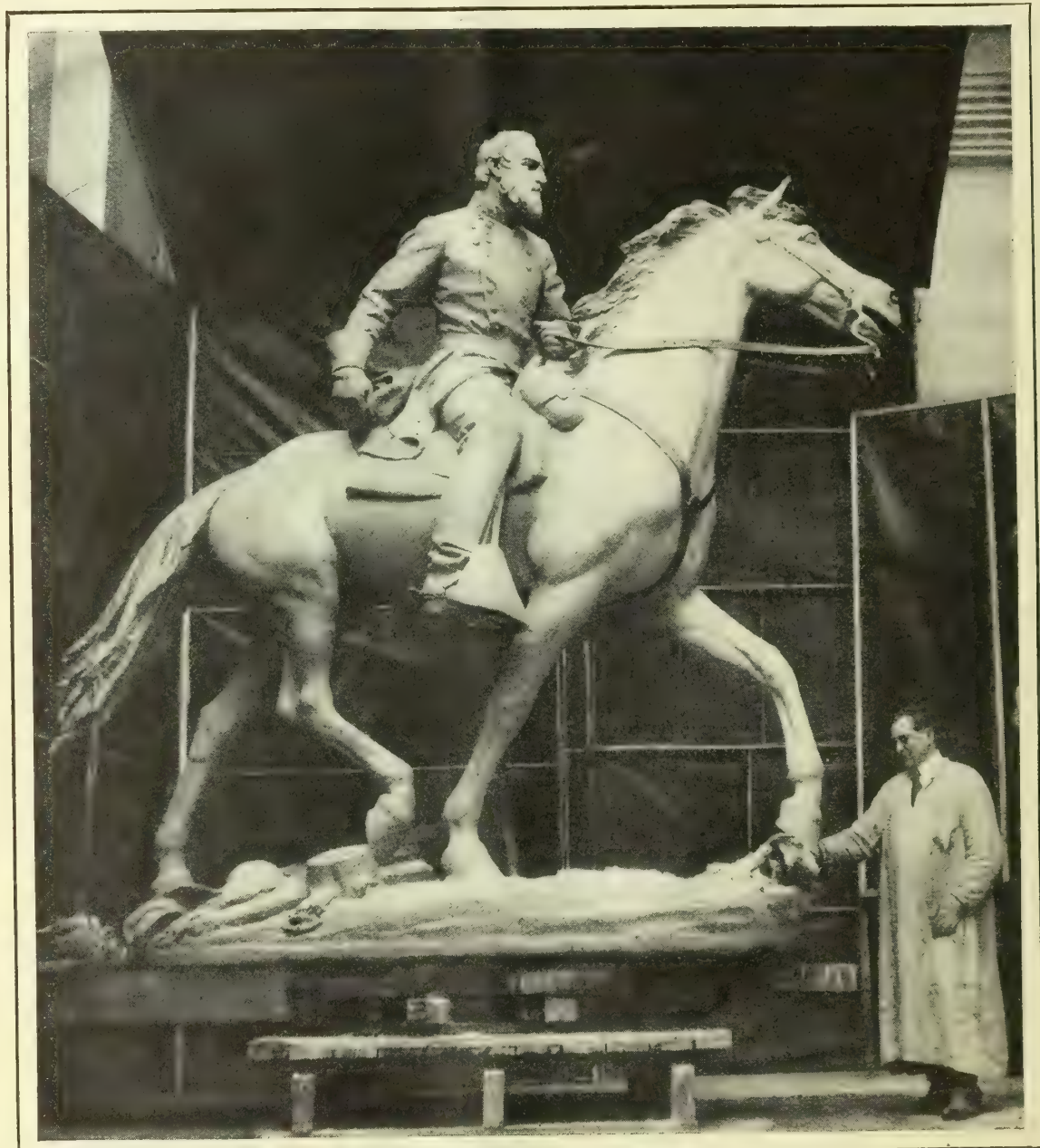
Faithfully yours in Christ

J. Card. Gibbons.

Mr. C. H. Meltzer.

PART OF CARDINAL GIBBONS'S LETTER TO MR. MELTZER

A GREAT AMERICAN SOLDIER



Wide World Photos

STATUE OF THE FAMOUS CONFEDERATE LEADER GENERAL "STONEWALL" JACKSON

This statue, by Charles Keck, of New York City, will be erected in Charlottesville, Virginia, and will probably be unveiled during the coming fall. The sculptor has, we are informed, modeled the figure of General Jackson from photographs and from descriptions by his contemporaries, and he has similarly studied the horse on which General Jackson is mounted. Mr. Keck's other statues include one of George Washington in Buenos Aires, Argentina, and of Lewis and Clarke, the explorers, also erected in Charlottesville. He has in preparation a statue of Booker Washington to be erected in Tuskegee, Alabama. Mr. Keck is a member of the New York City Art Commission. He is a graduate of the American Academy at Rome.

AN EMINENT EASTERN PRELATE

DOROTHEOS, ACTING PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE, IN LONDON AT THE MEETING OF THE ALLIED PREMIERS

The arrival of the Patriarch in London was a historic event, for this was the first time, it is announced, that the head of the Greek Church has visited London officially. He came to plead before the Allied Conference for the millions of Christians included in the Greek Orthodox Church.

From the sixth century of our era the Patriarch of Constantinople has been the "Œcumenical Patriarch;" not only the "universal" patriarch, as the name would imply, but, in particular, chief among the four patriarchs of the Greek Church, the others being at Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem. With all these patriarchates the Russian Church, an offshoot of the Greek, maintains the relations of a sister Church. The Russian Church has its own patriarchate at Moscow. After the reign of Peter the Great the patriarchate of Moscow was represented by the Holy Synod, but under the Kerensky Government the patriarchate was revived, its first incumbent being Archbishop Tikhon, formerly of the Russian Cathedral in New York City. When the Bolsheviks obtained power, disestablished the Church and appropriated its property, the Patriarch fell into their hands, and has since been imprisoned and tortured by them in their efforts to obtain from him some recognition of the Bolshevik Government.

With the break-up of the old Empires of Russia and Turkey millions of communicants in the Eastern Church have but exchanged one governmental yoke for another. On behalf of all these, Dorotheos, Acting Patriarch of Constantinople, is spokesman. In an interview published in July, 1919, in *The Outlook* he said, for instance, of Russia: "Between Christianity and the present Bolshevism there can be no compromise. They are as different as white and black, as good and evil. There are millions of Russians who can never forgive the Bolsheviks for their persecution of the Church." He expressed at this time his faith in a league or union of churches throughout the world by which the various Christian faiths would be allotted particular fields for their activity



Wide World Photos

A DAY DREAM

BY DAVID MANNES

A LONG Fifth Avenue, on a cold, blustering day not long ago, I passed many churches, most of them with doors closed. The only information they gave to the passer-by was the bulletin-board on which were posted announcements of next Sunday's attractions and the texts of sermons, sensational in style and so obviously worded as to attract the unwilling church-goer.

I came upon one church that had an air of usefulness about it; for people in every walk of life were quietly going up its few stone steps in seriousness of purpose, with none of the manner of the conventional Sunday church gathering, which is more or less interested in the clothes and behavior of others. The doors were wide open; a notice on the usual bulletin-board said, simply:

"An hour daily for rest and meditation from 12 to 1."

I went in also. The first view of the vestibule was startling, for in spaces along the walls between the entrance doors were many book-shelves with books in every conceivable color and binding. Partitioned off in groups was this library of philosophers. There were works of Confucius, Buddha, Mohammed, Aristotle, Plato, and, of course, various editions of the Bible. There were also the writings of the poet-philosophers—Shakespeare, Browning, Walt Whitman, and others. People were choosing these volumes without the assistance of a librarian, and, in fact, no attendant or guard was in sight. The people would take the books of their choice into the church proper to read. During my stay in the foyer I felt and heard the power of a glorious organ playing something I did not know, perhaps an old Bach choral. Then, as I went in quietly with others, I saw, to my amazement, that nearly every pew was filled with what I should say represented a cross-section of the human life of the great city. Men and women head-workers and manual laborers of every race and creed sat silently, some bent over books, others resting their heads on the back of their pews in utter relaxation and in utter individualism, consciously alone, but unconsciously taking part in unified thought. There was no sign of movement in the chancel, only the sound of the organ. This music, without programme, impersonal, unsensational in its finer and subtler sense, was sensational in its quieting effect on the spirit. Contemplation reigned supreme.

I saw that it was 12:45 o'clock. People were leaving quietly, and very soon there remained only a few, evidently those who could afford the time to stay and rest. At one o'clock all was silent. I went forward, intending to find out, if possible, the origin of this most wonderful service. In the organ-loft I saw the organist closing the console of the organ, preparing to leave.

"Are you here every day at this time?" I asked him.

"Yes," he replied, "every day throughout the year."

"Whose idea is this? Who ever thought of doing this wonderful thing?"

"It's everybody's idea. Everybody wanted it. I wanted it," he went on, "perhaps more than many. I simply had the opportunity to put a dream into actual life. After all, most beautiful dreams come true. We are the creators of existence; we make life what it is. We make all the awful mess of it, the lying hypocrisy, the war—oh, the war of it! We could make our dreams come true; instead, we make our worst terrors come truer than terror itself, just because we do not believe."

"Believe in what?" I asked.

"Just believe. No human being believes in horror. No, no one. And it is only our faint-heartedness in our first and finest convictions which allows the destruction of reverence for each other and reverence for the nobility in ourselves. When that goes, little by little, through trading our birthright of divinity for this wreck we have made of our existence, we must have recurrences of inflammation of the worst in us, and war, more fearful, more horrible, than imagination can picture, will be the outcome."

"How can you, a young man, feel all this?" I asked him curiously, for he seemed merely a boy, though he must have been twenty-seven or twenty-eight, slim, with regular features, short brownish hair, and dreamy, far-seeing eyes.

He was quiet for a moment, looking off somewhere not in the line of actual vision.

"As an organist I came to this church in 1913," he began. "I had studied the organ here, and later in France with a wonderful master. I played and conceived my duties here as a professional organist and life was good to me. As a very young man I neither felt deeply nor thought deeply, although I imagined I did. I held my rehearsals, I conducted the musical part of the service in strict accordance with what I conceived to be my professional duty. I was quite satisfied with everything, just as we all are when things go smoothly."

"Then, in 1914, Belgium was invaded; Louvain was sacked; cathedrals were destroyed and homes ravaged. I woke up from a selfish dream, waited and waited for my country to declare war. I waited until I could delay no longer, and then enlisted as a private in the British service, fought in France, was wounded, and fought again. And then I knew—knew so well—that our philosophy of living was wrong, wrong as the devil in us is wrong, and I knew that even the Church had failed, miserably and completely, for it was not human, it was not liberal, and it was not universal. It was professional—I mean commercially professional—and this, like the

same poison in the practice of medicine, law, education, or music, could only make progress lag behind. For behind our dreams there must be a universal and a practical understanding between one individual and another. This Tower of Babel, professionalism, increasing in height to the sky, could only in time blot out the sun of understanding forever. The Church is a symbol, and the very fact that it was worshiped as such was proving that the power of its mind had departed through atrophy of its vital parts, brought about by lack of exercise of the liberty of its intangible freedom. There must be, and there was to be, the link at hand, this bond of love between all the inhabitants of the earth—music. And music, like the Church itself, must be harnessed to its real load and rid itself of intellectual snobbery and professional short-sightedness. We musicians are much to blame. I have sinned, and am only trying to do penance."

All this time there had been no word of the Redeemer, and yet here was one who was following, afar off, this very old and very cold trail.

"How did this church allow you to do this?" I asked.

"Since 1918 I have pleaded and pleaded for the privilege, and at last I was allowed to do this without announcing the fact other than by the small notice you saw outside. At first a few came, out of curiosity. The gathering you saw to-day is of two months' growth. In a year other churches must follow. And then, think of it! To know that at noon-time, between twelve and one—every day—all our churches are filled, and the synagogues, too! Wouldn't that be a wonderful thought? Then we would know that our material investment in the churches was bearing a divine (and when I say divine I mean human) interest which will compound itself so wonderfully that, well—" and here he suddenly stopped.

Finally I broke the silence: "And the books outside, in the foyer?"

"Oh," he said, "I put a few there myself; then I was given gradually, week by week, many others from people who possessed them but never read them."

"Are they ever stolen?"

"No," he replied. "Sometimes they disappear for a week or two. Then they come back. I am glad when this happens, for then I know that they are cared for."

"Doesn't the music interfere with the reading?" I asked.

"Yes; but it should, for a line of the philosophers is enough for contemplation for some time. And those with whom music interferes in prolonged reading—but then, look!"

And I saw, through the grille of the choir screen, dotted here and there, about fifty people reading.

"Sometimes they remain like that for hours," he explained. "We never close the doors."

COLOMBIA'S TWENTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLAR DELUSION

A HISTORY OF THE RIGHTFUL OWNERSHIP OF THE PANAMA CANAL ROUTE, AND THE REASONS WHY NEITHER RESTITUTION, NOR APOLOGY, NOR MONEY PAYMENT IS IN ACCORD WITH INTERNATIONAL LAW OR INTERNATIONAL HONOR

BY O. S. PAYNE

OF late there has been a renewed agitation in behalf of a treaty which has been lying dormant since 1914. This treaty provides for making a payment to Colombia of \$25,000,000 as indemnity for our having built a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. The motives for bringing this proposal again to the fore are more or less comprehensible, such as that the United States has large commercial interests in Colombia which are being jeopardized; and that if the treaty is not put through by the United States a revolution will ensue in Colombia, although just what bearing an insurrection in Colombia could have on the moral obligations of the United States is not explained.

The principal reason, however, advanced for making such a reparation to Colombia is that the reputation of the United States will otherwise remain impaired among Latin-American nations to the detriment of Pan-Americanism, and the principal charge brought forward to support the contention that the United States has done Colombia an injury is put thus by the editor of a prominent New York daily: "But the fact remains, qualify it as we may, that the United States shared responsibility for the revolution which set up a new state on the Isthmus when Colombia refused to ratify a treaty with the United States," etc.

Secretary of State Colby is reported as having said recently in Buenos Aires that the payment provided for in the treaty "would represent the frank and unconcealed efforts of the United States to assuage the feelings of Colombia, toward which the United States entertains the friendliest feelings."

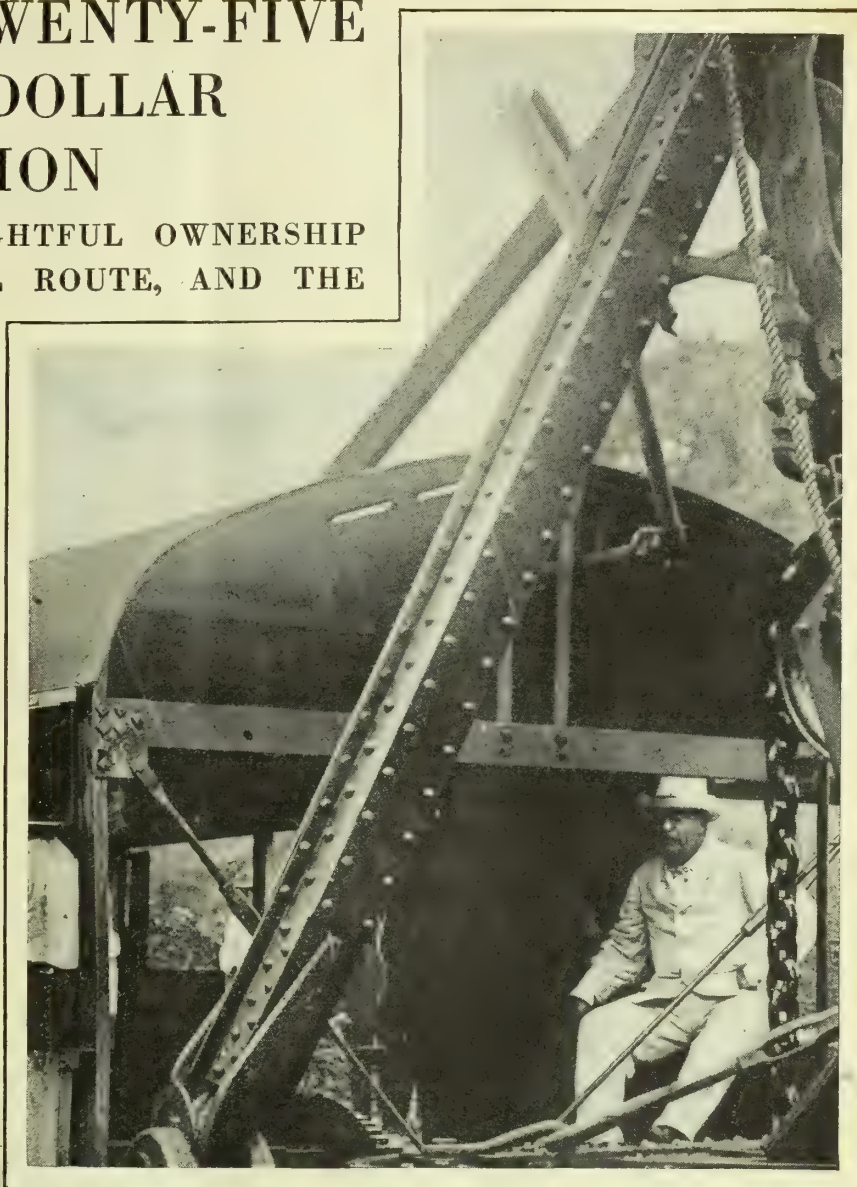
The object of giving these various quotations and comments is because they represent opinions on the matter largely held by people who have inter-

ested themselves in the question. Some years ago, when the treaty was first drawn up and brought under discussion in Congress, one of the principal objections made against it was that it contained an apology. The opposition to the apology was so strong that it was eventually deleted and the reparation was left to consist principally of a payment of \$25,000,000, the fact being entirely ignored that if we had done Colombia a wrong the very first thing we owed her was an apology, and that the payment of money to her should be put more in the light of our asking her to accept it to make up for a definite material loss she might be considered as having sustained. Merely to hand over a sum of money to a nation which had very forcibly expressed itself as having been wronged (see General Reyes's statement of grievances to Secretary Hay, December 23, 1903) would be nothing more than heaping insult on injury.

In view of our often-expressed purpose and desire to foster and build up Pan-American friendship, it can scarcely be supposed that we would wish to insult Colombia by offering her money and withholding an apology if it were due. In other words, in this case the apology is a corollary of the money reparation. Therefore, by direct reasoning, if the apology was not due Colombia, neither was a money payment.

THE QUESTIONS OF RIGHTFUL OWNERSHIP

All the facts in the matter of the Panama Revolution and the acquisition of the Canal Zone are subjects of record, and the whole story can be distinctly and clearly traced, leaving no ground whatsoever for loose and unfounded accusations and their consequent conclusions. In order to come to a true judgment as to whether the United States has done Colombia a wrong, and therefore owes her a financial reparation and



(C) Underwood

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, THE CREATOR OF THE PANAMA CANAL, ON HIS VISIT OF INSPECTION TO THE CANAL ZONE WHILE HE WAS PRESIDENT

also an apology, the following three questions must be clearly settled:

1. Was Colombia the rightful owner of the territory through which the Canal has been built at the time the United States acquired the Canal Zone and the right to construct the Canal?

2. If Colombia was not the rightful owner, who was?

3. Did the United States in acquiring the Canal Zone and the right to construct the Canal obtain the same in a legal manner and to the satisfaction of the said rightful owner of the territory?

The answers to the second and third questions hinge directly on the answer to the first; therefore if the first question is answered in the affirmative it will definitely show that the United States has done Colombia a wrong, while if the first question is answered in the negative it will prove that no wrong has been done to Colombia. To answer the first question it will be necessary to show whether the title to the territory rested with Colombia, viewed in the light of the events which occurred and their interpretation by international law and custom.

THE HISTORIC AUTONOMY OF PANAMA

In 1819 the states of Venezuela, Colombia, and Bolivia declared themselves free of the sovereignty of Spain and assumed the title of the Republic of New Granada. At this time the Central American Isthmus still remained under the rule of Spain, and it was not until two years later, in 1821, that the two states comprising this territory, Panama and Veragues, broke away from the Spanish yoke. These two states, after due deliberation, decided to join them-

selves to the Republic of New Granada, as distinct and self-governing communities of that Republic. This principle of self-government was further recognized in 1855, when the Congress of Bogota amended the Constitution, defining Panama as an autonomous state under Colombian sovereignty. A treaty between Panama and Colombia (United States of New Granada) was concluded September 6, 1861, by which "Panama joins the Colombian federation, reserving the right to approve or disapprove the compact if it considers the autonomy of the several states as violated, or if the neutrality of the Isthmus guaranteed by the treaty with the United States of 1846 is not recognized in case of international war or domestic troubles."

In 1830 the Republic of New Granada separated into the units of Venezuela, Bolivia, and New Granada. Panama, being directly adjoining the territory of New Granada, remained a part of that state and stayed under its sovereignty when it assumed the present title of the United States of Colombia. Therefore, with the exception of various revolutionary periods during which the federal authority was disputed, Panama had been a part of what is now Colombia from 1821 until the revolution of November 3, 1903. This period was anything but a peaceful one, as is shown by President Roosevelt in his annual Message to Congress of December 7, 1903, in which he states that there is a definite record of fifty-three revolts and revolutions during the course of fifty-seven years. These facts are merely cited to show that Colombia's hold over Panama was weak from the very beginning, and that she was unable to main-

tain order on the Isthmus; while maintaining order is one of the obligations of sovereignty.

THE UNITED STATES' TWO OBLIGATIONS

In 1846 Colombia, then called New Granada, made a treaty with the United States, granting her a line of transit across the Isthmus, which line of transit was to be open and free to the citizens of the United States and their goods on the same basis as to the citizens of New Granada.

In return for these privileges, the United States made certain guarantees to New Granada which are given in the Thirty-fifth Article of the treaty, which recites in part: "and in order to secure to themselves the tranquil and constant enjoyment of these advantages, and as an especial compensation for the said advantages, . . . the United States guarantee positively and efficaciously to New Granada by the present stipulation, the perfect neutrality of the before-mentioned Isthmus, with the view that the free transit from the one to the other sea may not be interrupted or embarrassed in any future time while this treaty exists, and in consequence, the United States also guarantee in the same manner the right of sovereignty and property which New Granada has and possesses over the said territory."

Thus it will be seen that by the Treaty of 1846 the United States solemnly binds itself to two very important obligations: first, to guarantee the "perfect neutrality" of the line of transit over the Isthmus; second, to guarantee to New Granada "the right of sovereignty and property" in the said territory.

THE OBLIGATION TO PROTECT AGAINST—NOT INSURRECTION—BUT OUTSIDE AGGRESSION

Let us examine how these two obligations have been construed in the light of diplomatic intercourse between the United States and Colombia. We will start with the second obligation, calling or a guaranty of Colombia's sovereignty, as an understanding was early reached on its significance. Secretary of State Seward defined it to the effect that "the purpose of the stipulation was to guarantee the Isthmus against seizure or invasion by a foreign Power only."

On September 14, 1866, the Colombian Minister of Foreign Affairs at Bogota states in a note to the Minister of the United States his understanding "that the United States will act to preserve such sovereignty only when there is danger of transfer of such sovereignty to a foreign Power, but not when the disturbances are confined to citizens of the Republic."

This understanding is further defined by Secretary of State Hay in his note to General Reyes dated January 5, 1904: "The guaranty by the United States of the neutrality of the Isthmus and of the sovereignty and property of New Granada thereover was given for the conservation of precisely this purpose. . . . To this end the United States undertook to protect the sovereignty of the Isthmus from attacks of for-

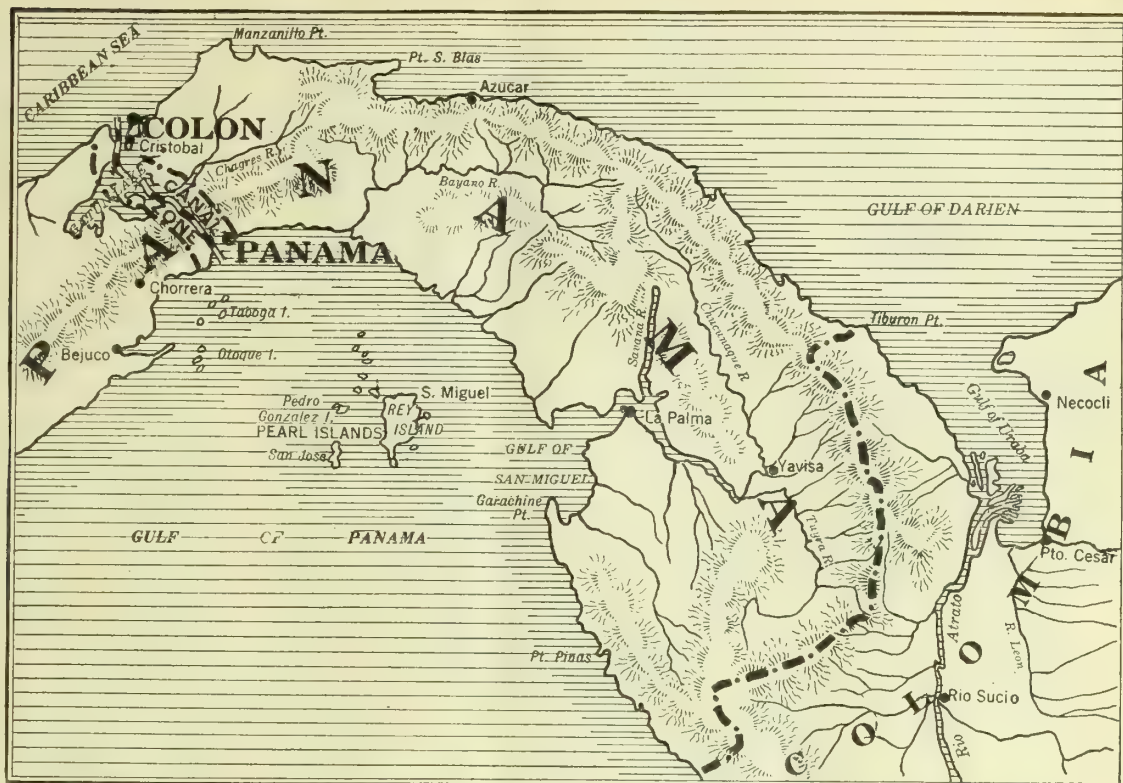


From "Four Centuries of the Panama Canal" by W. P. Johnson. Courtesy of Henry Holt & Co.

FOUNDERS OF THE REPUBLIC OF PANAMA

From left to right, standing: N. A. de Obarrio, Manuel Espinosa B., C. C. Arosemena, Tomas Arias, Ricardo Arias. Seated: J. A. Arango, Manuel Amador Guerrero (the first President of Panama), Federico Boyd

"All the facts in the matter of the Panama Revolution . . . are subjects of record, and the whole story can be distinctly and clearly traced"



PART OF
THE
REPUBLIC
OF PANAMA,
SHOWING
ITS RELATION
TO THE
CANAL AND
TO COLOMBIA

Panama broke from Spain independently of Colombia, and afterwards when it joined itself to Colombia reserved the right to disapprove the compact if the guaranteed neutrality of the Isthmus was not recognized in case of either international war or domestic troubles

eign Powers. . . . The theory on which the 'statement of grievances' proceeds, that the treaty obliged the Government of the United States to protect the Government of New Granada against domestic insurrection or its consequences, finds no support in the record, and is in its nature inadmissible."

Thus we see that the intent of this second obligation was clearly to take effect only as a part of the policy of the Monroe Doctrine in protecting Colombian territory from outside aggression.

THE OBLIGATION TO KEEP TRANSIT UNDISTURBED

We pass now to the first obligation under the Treaty of 1846, that of maintaining the neutrality of the line of transit across the Isthmus. President Roosevelt in his annual Message to Congress of December 7, 1903, said: "In 1856, 1869, 1873, 1885, 1901, and 1902 sailors and marines from United States warships were forced to land in order to protect life and property and to see that the transit across the Isthmus was kept open. In 1861, 1862, 1885, and 1900 the Colombian Government asked for the landing of troops by the United States Government to protect its interests and maintain order on the Isthmus." The traditional policy of the United States since the coming into force of the Treaty of 1846 has been the guaranteeing of the strict neutrality of the line of transit across the Isthmus. Nothing more clearly defines this policy than the telegraphic instructions from Secretary of the Navy Moody to the U. S. S. Ranger, dated September 12, 1902: "United States guarantees perfect neutrality of Isthmus

and that transit from sea to sea be not interrupted or embarrassed. Any transportation of troops which might contravene these provisions of treaty should not be sanctioned by you, nor should use of road be permitted which might convert the line of transit into a theater of hostility."

On November 2, 1903, when it was evident that an outbreak was coming, and, in fact, as was proved later, the very day before the revolution took place, instructions were sent to the U. S. S. Nashville, Boston, and Dixie, then in Southern waters, which read in part: 'Maintain free and uninterrupted transit. If interruption is threatened by armed force, occupy the line of the railroad. Prevent landing of any armed force, either Government or insurgent, within fifty miles of Panama. Government force reported approaching Isthmus in vessels. Prevent their landing if, in your judgment, the landing would precipitate a conflict.'

THE UNITED STATES OBSERVED THESE OBLIGATIONS EXACTLY

We thus see how the two obligations of the United States under the Treaty of 1846 were defined by diplomatic correspondence and Governmental action. When on November 3, 1903, forty sailors and marines were landed from the U. S. S. Nashville at Colon, for the purpose of protecting the lives of the American inhabitants which had been threatened by the commander of over four hundred Colombian Government troops and for the purpose of maintaining the neutrality of the line of transit, the United States was simply acting in accordance

with its first obligation under the Treaty of 1846.

The events which occurred from November 2, 1903, until November 4, the day when the Republic of Panama was declared an accomplished fact, have been completely reported by Commander Hubbard, of the U. S. S. Nashville. This report shows beyond a shadow of a doubt that the United States maintained a strictly correct attitude in compliance with her treaty obligations. No troops of either side were permitted to be transported by the Panama Railroad, although the revolutionists in Panama City, having good reason to believe that the Government troops in Colon would take sides with them, as had those in Panama City, requested the American authorities to permit these troops to be transported across the Isthmus.

Thus in refusing to allow the Colombian troops at Colon to join the revolutionists in Panama the United States was in effect hampering the latter party. The commander of the Government forces, apparently realizing the danger of defection among his troops, embarked them on a passenger vessel and set sail on November 5, 1903, for Cartagena. This left the Isthmus entirely unoccupied by Government forces, as of the three warships in the harbor of Panama City two had gone over to the side of the revolutionary government, while the other, after demonstrating a hostile attitude, had been driven away by gunfire from the shore batteries, and never returned.

COLOMBIA UNABLE TO ASSERT SOVEREIGNTY

Two points should be particularly noted here: first, that the Colombian



From "The History of the Panama Railroad," by F. N. Otis

A
SECTION
OF THE
PANAMA
RAILWAY

This railway necessitating expense of double transshipment was the best means of transit for international trade across the Isthmus before the Canal was completed

Government forces withdrew from the Isthmus of their own free will, and under no duress by the United States forces, who were outnumbered ten to one; second, that, although the United States was obligated by its responsibility under the Treaty of 1846 to maintain the neutrality of the line of transit, and therefore prevent any disorder within the vicinity of this line, it did not attempt a show of force on any other part of the Isthmus, notwithstanding which the Government of Colombia made no attempt to subjugate any other part of this extensive territory. From these two facts only one logical deduction can be made, and that is, that the Colombian Government found itself too weak to support the vantage-points it already held on the Isthmus and dared not take the offensive even where it was unopposed.

That this view accurately gauges the facts in the case is definitely proved by the subsequent action of the Bogota Government, which immediately after the revolution by which Panama obtained its independence made another request of the United States to land troops to preserve Colombian sovereignty. This request was made through General Reyes, afterward President of the Republic. President Marroquin (the then President), in making the request, offered, if we would grant it, "to approve by decree" the ratification of the Hay-Herran Treaty as signed, acting thus "by virtue of vested constitutional authority," or, if the Government of the United States preferred, to call an extra session of Congress, "with new

and friendly members to approve the treaty."

These facts were brought out by President Roosevelt in his annual Message to Congress of December 7, 1903. This request is not only an admission on the part of the Colombian Government that all along she had within her power the means to ratify the treaty, but in view of the fact that the request was sent on November 6, 1903, the day after the voluntary withdrawal of the Colombian forces, is also a positive confession of her inability to regain her sovereignty through her own exertion.

INTERNATIONAL LAW ON RECOGNITION OF
NEW STATES

The recognition of a new state is a matter of national policy. This policy, however, has been guided more or less by circumstances and the principles enunciated by leading authorities on international law.

Oppenheim says: "The granting or the denial of recognition is not a matter of international law but of international policy. . . . Since, however, the granting of recognition is a matter of policy, and not of law, nothing prevents an old state from making the recognition of a new state dependent upon the latter fulfilling certain conditions. . . .

"In spite of the importance of the question, no hard and fast rule can be laid down as regards the time when it can be said that a state created by revolution has established itself safely and permanently. The characteristic of such safe and permanent establishment may be found either in the fact that the

revolutionary state has utterly defeated the mother state, or that the mother state has ceased to make efforts to subdue . . . or even that the mother state . . . is apparently incapable of bringing the revolutionary state back under its sway."

On the same subject Wheaton lays down the principle that "when a sovereign state, from exhaustion or any other cause, has virtually and substantially abandoned the struggle for supremacy, it has no right to complain if a foreign state treat the independence of its former subjects as *de facto* established."

THE COURSE OF THE UNITED STATES
IS SANCTIONED

That the action of the United States received general approval among the great nations of the world and many of the lesser ones is demonstrated in Mr. Hay's note of January 5, 1904, to General Reyes, when he states that the following nations had already recognized the Republic of Panama: France, China, Austria-Hungary, Germany, Denmark, Russia, Sweden and Norway, Belgium, Nicaragua, Peru, Cuba, Great Britain, Italy, and Japan. It is interesting to note that three of these early recognizers of the new American state were Latin-American countries.

When in 1836 Texas won her freedom from Mexico and was later recognized by the United States, the same charges of having instigated the revolt were made against President Jackson as were later made against President Roosevelt in the recognizing of Panama. Von Holst, in his "Constitutional and Political History of the United States," wrote with regard to the recognition of Texas: "It has been objected that at this time it was not yet certain that Texas would be able to perform the duties of an independent state, but the same was true of the United States in 1778 and of the Spanish-American republics when we recognized them, and evidently must often be true in such cases." Does any one to-day think that France should make reparation to Great Britain for having recognized the United States, or that we should make reparation to Spain for having been the first country to recognize the independence of the Latin-American republics, or to Mexico for having recognized Texas after that state had captured the Mexican President and thus gained its freedom?

GENERAL INTEREST VERSUS SPECIAL
INTEREST

We have thus established on the grounds of international usage and precedent as practiced by the so-called Society of Nations and by its treaty obligations the correctness in attitude and action of the United States in recognizing the new Republic of Panama.

This position is supplemented by a principle in national and international relations which by itself would be sufficient to substantiate the justice of our Government's action with regard to Panama; the great principle which holds that the good of the mass supersedes that of the individual, the principle on

which is founded the doctrine of eminent domain in our National and municipal laws.

This doctrine was ably expounded by Secretary of State Cass when he said in 1858, in speaking of the Central American countries: "Even if administered with more regard to the just demands of other nations than they have been, [they] would not be permitted in a spirit of Eastern isolation to close the gates of intercourse on the great highways of the world."

THE RIGHTFUL OWNER

Thus when the Hay-Bunau-Varilla Treaty, signed November 16, 1903, and ratified February 26, 1904, gave the United States the right to acquire the Canal Zone and to construct a canal through it, the owner of the territory in which these rights were given was not Colombia, but the Republic of Panama.

The fact that Panama was satisfied and that the bargain made was legal is witnessed by her prompt ratification of the treaty.

Our three questions have been answered. And by the answers the question as to whether we have done Colombia a wrong, and consequently owe her a money reparation and an apology, has in turn been clearly answered in the negative.

IS FRIENDSHIP FOR SALE?

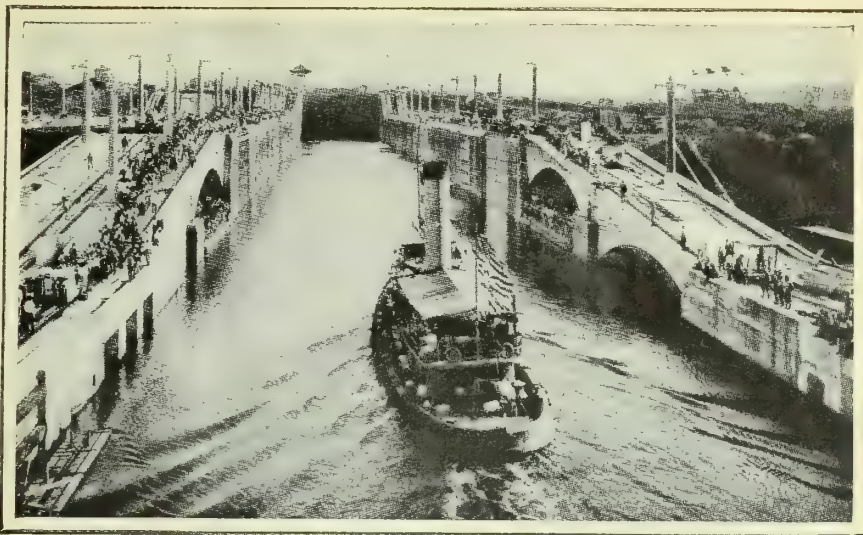
With regard to the definitive settlement of the Panama matter, another side of the question might be expressed as follows: Although the United States has done Colombia no wrong, and consequently owes her no apology, would a payment of money made to her in recompense for a loss due entirely to her own actions increase true friendship between the United States and Colombia and between the United States and all other Latin-American states?

True friendship between nations might be defined as a feeling of confidence and respect, which engenders a spirit of international co-operation.

History affords us a clear record of the actions of Colombia in refusing to ratify the treaty which she had agreed to through her accredited representative, Mr. Herran.

Although the reason given by the Colombian Senate for its refusal to ratify the treaty was because it was felt that Colombia would thereby lose sovereignty over a narrow strip of territory across the Isthmus, the real reason is known to be that she decided she wanted more money than the Hay-Herran Treaty allowed her. This has been definitely proved by the course she took when it was apparent that the United States would not accede to an amendment of the treaty.

The next best thing that suggested itself was to attack the French New Panama Canal Company, which had already signified its willingness to sell to the United States its rights and property on the Isthmus for a certain sum.



From "The Panama Canal," by F. J. Haskin. Courtesy Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE FIRST BOAT GOING THROUGH THE GATUN LOCKS

This tugboat marked the opening of the first direct route westward from Europe to the Far East, which had been the dream of navigators and merchants from before the days of Columbus, and was made possible in spite of the obstructive tactics of Colombia

The resident agent of the company in Bogota was informed on June 10, 1903, that it would be necessary to pay Colombia \$10,000,000, otherwise the treaty would not be ratified, the Canal would not be built, and the holdings of the company would consequently not be bought by the United States.

The New Panama Canal Company with praiseworthy spirit refused to give in to this demand, whereupon a report was submitted, October 14, 1903, to the Colombian Senate suggesting the cancellation of the last extension of time which had been granted, April 26, 1900, to the New Panama Canal Company under the Wyse Concession, and for which the company had paid Colombia a bonus of 50,000 shares of stock valued at \$1,000,000.

This would have the effect of causing the company's rights to lapse the following year, at which time they, together with all property owned on the Isthmus by the company, would automatically revert to Colombia. This country would then be in a stronger position to bargain with the United States and could expect to obtain the sum of \$40,000,000 which was to have been paid by the United States to the New Panama Canal Company together with the sum named in the Hay-Herran Treaty.

The conclusive proof that Colombia's purpose in withholding ratification was to get a higher price is brought to light in her offer to the United States immediately after the declaration of independence by Panama to ratify the treaty, as it showed beyond a shadow of question that the Colombian administration had had it always within its power to effect ratification.

Certainly this record does not give Colombia the title of having acted according to true friendship in the light of the definition given. On the other hand, it can be said with equal force as regards

the United States that confidence and respect could hardly be felt for it if, having the strength to defend itself, it supinely gave in to another nation when that other nation refused to live up to its agreement simply because it felt it could obtain more money by not doing so.

A SOP OF DISHONOR

The principle of obliging individuals to abide by their agreements is upheld within our country by the contract laws of the different States. This principle in this case is upheld with forceful lucidity by President Wilson when, in replying to an attack made by Colonel Roosevelt on the Administration bill proposing a payment of \$25,000,000 to Colombia, he said: "I would be ashamed of this flag if it ever did anything outside of America that we would not permit it to do inside America."

The record clearly shows that the United States has steadfastly abided by its international agreements, while it equally shows that Colombia wished neither to abide by her agreement with the United States under the Hay-Herran Treaty nor to abide by her agreement with the New Panama Canal Company.

The opinions of the Latin-American nations on the justice of the position maintained by the United States was shown in their early recognition of Panama as an independent state.

Bearing all these facts in mind, the only just conclusion that can be arrived at is: That it would be a dishonor to the United States under the circumstances for it to offer a sum of money to Colombia as a sop to her feelings, that it would be dishonorable of Colombia to accept it, and that such action would endanger to both nations the respect and confidence, not only of the Pan-American nations, but of all the civilized nations of the world.

OUR MOTHER'S PASSION

"She smiled when a Sabbath appear'd."—Cowper

BY JEAN CARTER COCHRAN

AUTHOR OF "FOREIGN MAGIC," "OLD JOHN," "NEIGHBORS," AND OTHER STORIES

CERTAIN good people go to church from a sense of duty; others, a little less worthy, perhaps, go from habit; but the elect go because they love it. Our mother belongs to this last class, which I am sure I can prove without much difficulty.

It is as well to explain that I speak advisedly when I say "our" mother, rather than "my" mother, for there are five of us, and we have been brought up with such a fine impartiality that it would be arrogance on my part to insinuate for a moment that the other four did not have an equal part in her. We are fortunate in being so united that we share our possessions, our friends, our relatives, and our memories in common. While this necessary explanation was being made our mother has been left—in slang parlance—at the church.

It would be an interesting study to determine whether our mother's passion for church-going is the result of heredity, environment, training, or an innate love of spiritual things. I am inclined to think that all these influences enter in, for in reading our family tree I find that in the seventeenth century certain of our ancestors were hunted over the hills of Scotland as Covenanters; that, being hard pressed by the followers of Claverhouse, our great-great-great-great-grandparents took refuge in a marsh where the water reached to their necks, while a kindly bush protected their heads from sight.

"I am going to scream," huskily whispered our great-great-great-great-grandmother.

"If you do, I will choke you," firmly, if not gallantly, replied our great-great-great-great-grandfather, and, as it was before the days of woman's suffrage, she instantly held her peace.

The blood of such ancestors—who sacrificed so much for the sake of going to church—coursing through our mother's veins must surely have been one element in developing our mother's character. As for environment and training, her father and his two brothers were all elders in the old Scotch Church; thirteen members of the family had pews in the same church; one attended regularly or was asked the reason why. Lastly, at that period church-going was considered a privilege, not a burden. Modern thought lays stress on the power of mental suggestion particularly in the training of children; our grandparents used it, emphasizing it sometimes with the point of a slipper.

I would not perjure myself by affirming that at the early age when our mother was first conducted to church she sat entranced by the firstly, secondly, thirdly, fourthly, and finally, my beloved brethren, of the eloquent Scotch

theologian in the pulpit. Like the taste for olives, love for church grew with the sampling. Our mother now confesses that her attention often wandered, so, to pass the weary moments, she named the family who sat in front of her Mr. and Mrs. Sippi and Miss Ourri; this game became so real that in after years she learned with surprise that they had some quite ordinary name, like Smith or Brown, and she was proportionately disappointed.

Brought up in the midst of such surroundings, what was more natural than that she should marry a minister? No mere man could resist the subtle charm of such a listener, who was wont to say with David, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of the Lord." For fifteen happy years our mother lived under the shadow of the church on the hilltop, and only illness or the care of a young baby kept her from regular attendance there. In those days church-going became a duty, a habit, and a pleasure, so that instinctively she felt for her hat-pins at the first peal of the church bell.

When the home in our village was broken up and our mother was forced to go out and meet the world with her fatherless children, one great principle was adhered to in our training: illness was the only excuse that was allowed to keep us from church. No matter where we were—in Europe, Asia, Africa, or the islands of the sea—to church we went, and if any recreant sea captain failed to read the morning service on one Sunday he did it the next, and did it willingly. I would not for a moment infer that our mother is one of those managing women who fifteen minutes after they enter a hospital or ocean liner attempt to show those who are in charge how it should be run. Hers is a timid, retiring nature, but when one of her principles is involved she becomes as bold as a lion and her manner of asking is so pleasing, so convincing, that her desire is quickly accomplished.

Thanks to her habit of church-going, our mother has given to us a store of recollections that the large majority of travelers never gather. Who that has attended the military service at St. Giles's Cathedral in Edinburgh, or heard the even-song at Canterbury in the twilight, when the arches spring upward into the darkness and the organ rolls forth its great chords, or seen a mass held in Notre Dame with its incense and its candles, or wended his way through the meadows blue with forget-me-nots to the little church at Chamonix under the shadow of the snow-crowned monarch, or sought out the primitive church at Athens which looks upward to the Acropolis, can ever forget it? If these

associations are pleasant, what about the more sacred ones in the Holy Land when on the shores of the Sea of Galilee a little handful of Christians turn their thoughts backward to the first perfect sermon preached to waiting expectant crowds? What a contrast in India to go down to the Ganges and see the burning ghats, the bathing lepers, the pilgrims drinking beside them, the filthy mire of the Golden Temple, and then to attend the orderly, dignified service held in the English Church; in China to brush against the ragged, dirty mobs that crowd the narrow street and be ushered into a clean although plain building, where the very expression of the worshipers seems to set them apart from the throng outside; or in Japan to sit on the hard benches that serve as pews and listen to the roar of the river as it rushes past the statues of the hundred Buddhas or the music of the bells as they boom forth from the temple court near by, and then hear the voice of the clergyman repeat, "Be still and know that I am God." Yes, thanks to our mother, we have many beautiful memories.

All this is true, but it does not prove the point that our mother goes to church because she loves it, and not from habit or a sense of duty. I must turn to still another rustic church to do that.

Years ago we were accustomed to spend our summers at an attractive mountain village in New England. We stayed at a farmhouse situated on a gem of a lake surrounded by lovely wooded hills. The village where the tiny church stood lay on the far side of the lake and could be reached most directly by a boat or more circuitously by a pretty road that bordered the water. Our mother held, as always, to the belief that it was right to attend not only church but Sunday school, for she felt in this way we could encourage the efforts of our country friends, who were having a hard struggle to keep up the services.

On the last Sunday of our stay, one matchless autumn day when the foliage was at its height and all nature lured one into the open, our brother dutifully asked our mother if he could take her to church in the canoe. She jumped at the chance and, arrayed in her best, walked down to the wharf, where our brother was waiting in his canoe. No one ever knew exactly how it happened, but as our mother stepped on board the canoe slipped aside and she sat down quickly, not in the canoe, but in the chilly water. Fortunately, it was not deep, and she was able to walk to shore, but in such a state that it was impossible for her to proceed. After seeing that she was safe, our brother, being absolutely sure in his mind that her ardor for church was thoroughly damp-

ened for one day, paddled gayly off in order not to be late. At the church door he explained what had happened, and we filed in, certain in our minds that the incident was closed. But it was not, oh dear, no! Just before the sermon there was a stir in the back of the church, a well-known step was heard coming up the aisle, and before our astonished eyes our mother walked into the pew. She had changed her raiment from head to foot and then, late as it was, walked the distance around by the lake. If ever any woman had an excuse for staying home from church, our mother had that day. When she did not avail herself of it, we were finally and forever convinced that she went to church because she loved it.

The day had a fitting climax, as some days do.

"I am going to put a five-dollar bill in the collection," our mother announced to us before Sunday school. "I feel that they are a struggling, worthy people and they need encouragement." Our mother sometimes found it necessary to announce moves like this in advance, for her hilarious offspring, if taken unawares, were apt to nudge each other or cough or otherwise draw undesirable attention to the modest lady's deeds of charity.

All went well; but when the collection was taken up I, for one, could not forbear watching what happened. After the bill had been placed in as inconspicuous a place as could be found on a very bare plate, the usher proceeded up the aisle, and in each class where he stopped there was a pause and then a stir. When the time arrived for the counting of the offering, I saw the heads of the treasurer, secretary, and superin-

tendent close together in earnest conversation. At length the moment came to announce the amount.

"The collection to-day is five dollars and sixteen cents," proclaimed the superintendent in a ringing voice.

"P-H-E-W!" came in a low whistle of surprise from the entire infant class.

"I think it would be a desirable thing to give a vote of thanks to our city visitors who have helped us so much this summer," he continued.

The vote was taken, all hands going up except, of course, those of the blushing summer visitors.

"The vote is almost unanimous," the worthy superintendent announced.

I do not know what happened after that or how we got down the aisle or out of the church without disgracing ourselves. It required more self-control than we have used before or since, but when we reached the quiet wood road, free from hearers of our unholy mirth, the forests rang. Throughout the day whenever our laughter had subsided for a few moments all one had to do to bring it on again was to murmur quietly, "The vote was almost unanimous."

In reviewing our mother's passion what has impressed me most is the fact that it has increased with her years. She might allow her children to remain at home on the plea of ill health, but never herself; and it has required threats, entreaties, and sometimes even tears to keep her from church when she ought to have been in bed.

This last summer has given a forceful illustration of this fact. One July Sunday she dressed early for church, as is her wont, and, looking very sweet in her gray dimity, she sallied forth with her

granddaughter as her companion. At the top of the porch steps her foot slipped and she fell headlong, hanging there head downwards until she was rescued by the frightened household. They helped her up and placed her in a chair, sending a messenger for her son, who is a surgeon, to come at once. He was there almost on the instant, and found her an alarming spectacle. A large bruise was fast closing one eye, the blood streamed down her face from a cut on the nose that had gone through to the bone, and her arm was also cut and bruised almost to the bone. Not a groan did she utter while her wounds were being dressed, but when she pulled herself together she looked anxiously up into her son's face.

"You will let me go to church, will you not?" she pleaded.

"You wouldn't want to go, mother, if you could see yourself," was the reply. When she had looked into a mirror, she didn't.

"Your mother is a good sport," is how our brother-in-law, in his terse British way, summed up the situation.

Yes, she is that, and a great many other things as well. She is the haven of refuge for all who are in distress; no one ever comes to her for comfort and turns way unsatisfied. I do not want to be pedantic nor a dry moralist of the ancient order, and yet there is something in me that somehow knows that the strength and encouragement that my mother gives so freely to others she gets herself in the quiet hours spent in church, where she so dearly loves to go; and I am sure that William James himself—if he could be consulted—would concur in this opinion.

HIDE YOUR B.A.

BY EDITH DANA WEIGLE

I HAD heard a good deal about the world's contempt for the young college graduate, but not until I was actually hunting my first position did I see the picture clearly and in focus. I even smiled as I walked down C—Street at a cover of the "Saturday Evening Post" depicting a terribly young, slender boy wearing a cap and gown and a supercilious expression as he placed one possessive hand on a globe of the world beside him, and the other on his hip.

"All mine," he seemed to be saying. But I smiled simply because the picture was so untrue that it was funny. "Surely people don't think that because we have spent four years training our minds and earning our degrees we are therefore conquerors of the world, in our own estimation," I thought. But I was soon to learn.

And, oddly enough, the first place to show me was an employment office for college women. Here advice was given me by a very clever white-haired, young-eyed woman. And the gist of the advice was simply that I would find it

difficult to get a job in the business world if I said anything about my B.A. I was to try, first of all, to sell my services; last of all to mention the fact of my four years' study in college. I was told the story, which I had heard many times before, of the antagonism aroused by the young person who thinks he knows it all, who wants to begin at the top, who is overconfident and bold and tactless because of his degree. This person always had interested me, because I had never met him. I have not met him to this day. Where is he?

I accepted the advice and acted accordingly. Never a bold, brazen pirate in any case, as an observer with half an eye could see, I now concealed my B.A. as though it were a bomb. And after I had had a few conversations with business men and employers I concealed it as though it were two bombs! A convict couldn't have kept his four years in Sing Sing in the shadow of silence any more than I hid my four years in college. And I got my job.

Leaning back in his swivel chair, Mr.

Jones surveyed me. The deal had been closed. I was to report on Monday. Gripping my courage to the sticking point, I said: "Mr. Jones, there is one thing I ought to tell you."

"What is it?"

I dropped the bomb. "I am a college graduate."

He frowned and asked me to be seated once more.

"I would like to tell you a little story," he began. "It may be useful to you. I knew a young fellow once. Just out of college. Thought he knew about all there was to know. Looked around to select the profession he would honor by his toil, and finally chose the lumber business because he knew a man in it who was making millions. He went to this man and told him he'd consider taking a job in his plant. Told him all his qualifications, saving his greatest attraction for the last. Said, 'Besides all this I am a college graduate. I've just finished R—.' The lumberman was silent for some time. Then he said: 'I'll hire you, anyway, my boy. You may

live it down.' Now," Mr. Jones's piercing blue eyes met me, "you can take that for what it's worth."

"Mr. Jones," I said, "are there any college people in your employ at present?"

"Why—yes."

"How many?"

"Five."

"What sort of work do they do?"

"They do the most intelligent work in the office. Two of them are the heads of departments. All are women. Oh, I

have nothing to say against a college education. Nothing at all."

Then why didn't he tell me the story of those women instead of the hackneyed tale of the overconfident boy?

I began to realize that the world believed in that "Saturday Evening Post" cover, after all.

Another case in point is that of a girl who told me that she was going to try newspaper work in New York.

"But I sha'n't mention my B.A.," she

said; "I know enough to keep it hidden."

Is it too much to ask the business man to forget the old boggy of the know-it-all young graduate, and to give the present-day eager, rather humble, young person a chance? Don't put us all in one class and condemn us unheard. We are really not such a bad lot, after all. You yourself admit that we render you invaluable service after we are once started. Please give us a chance!

LULLABY

BY ELIZABETH BERTRON FAHNESTOCK

HUSH, little heart of me,
Cradled so far;
Heaven is dark to-night—
I'll set a window light
Here, for your star.

Sleep, little heart of me,
Under the rain.
God, while my candles glow,
That little dream you know—
Grant it again!

THE TURBULENT ISLE

FURTHER CORRESPONDENCE FROM IRELAND¹

BY HAROLD E. SCARBOROUGH

IN Ireland it is war, with all the redeeming features left out. It is a sordid and dirty business of butchery, made worse because it is a struggle between an army and a quasi-civilian population wherein women and children and innocent men suffer along with the combatants.

I

Officers who have seen service in twenty years' warfare have told me that never had they engaged in so distasteful a task as that of Irish service. This feeling is epitomized by an interview with General Strickland, Military Commander of Cork, which was printed in the Manchester "Guardian" of January 21, and of which this is the conclusion:

He wanted peace in Ireland, he said, as much as any republican, and he described the work on which his division is at present engaged as the most unpleasant that a soldier could be called upon to perform.

The military in Ireland is rated as being on active service. Yet there is not, as there is in war, an actual dividing line between the combatant parties. One can point out no line of trenches and say: "Beyond that line are enemies; on this side are friends." Every one's neighbor becomes a potential friend or foe; and both sides are continually increasing the number and efficiency of



International

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY AUXILIARY DIVISION

"There was created the Auxiliary Division, composed entirely of ex-officers, and drawing £1 a day each—far more than the Constabulary or the military"

their spies. The Government has been building its intelligence system from the ground up. It is a good one, and it is getting better. Sinn Fein's Secret Service is one of its greatest achievements. It is doubtful if a better intelligence organization exists in the world to-day. With half its leaders jailed, in exile, or in hiding; with a hundred thousand armed Britishers in the country; with the cordon of military repression daily being tightened, Sinn Fein nevertheless knows just about everything that is going on in Ireland to-day. It has the inestimable advantage of terrain; it knows the country, its agents are among friends almost every time they choose to slip into a house. And they are moved by fanatical devotion to a cause.

One is careful what one says in Ireland. One does not write frank letters; both Sinn Fein and the Government occasionally tamper with the mails.

With all this builded on the natural friction between an army of occupation and a civilian population, with both English and Irish fighting fair sometimes and sometimes fighting foul, with no man's life and property safe from day to day, there is little wonder that conscientious officers do not like their task.

II

It appears to an onlooker that if the new Royal Irish Constabulary and the Auxiliary Division were better disciplined the Irish war might be kept on a better plane. The old Royal Irish Constabulary was a force somewhat analogous to the Pennsylvania State

¹That the English public is not interested in Ireland, that British methods in Ireland are not typically British, that experiences in Ireland tend to make everybody's nerves taut, and that many things happening in Ireland which cannot be extenuated can be explained were some of the conclusions Mr. Scarborough reached from his observations reported in his correspondence printed last week under the title "The Most Distressful Country."—The Editors.

Constabulary. It was composed largely of Irishmen who knew their people and, on the whole, behaved themselves well.

Go back for a moment to the 1916 rising—something of which the majority of Irishmen now speak with a curious mixture of regret and defiance. After that abortive movement, which never had a chance of success and which was rushed to a climax by a handful of extremists, executions followed. Many Irish now realize that Britain was engaged in a life-and-death struggle; that it was not playing the game to stab her in the back, nor to ally themselves with Germany. There are others who to-day assert that any weapon is justifiable against the "English oppressor."

But, at any rate, the bitterness engendered by the rebellion seemed superficially glossed over when there came the election of December, 1918, in which Sinn. Fein, although it polled some 20,000 less votes than its combined Unionist and Nationalist competitors, nevertheless swept the south of Ireland.

Following the Dail Eireann (the name of the Sinn Fein Parliament is pronounced "Doyle Erin") proclamation of the republic, there was an attempt to take over the administrative functions of the island. Some members of the old R. I. C. resisted the effort; the word was spread that they were giving information causing the arrest of persons suspected of complicity in the 1916 affair at Easter week, and finally direct attempts to disarm them and render them helpless were begun. Soldiers likewise were stopped and relieved of their arms, and on September 7, 1919, a soldier was killed in one such encounter. This was the first casualty suffered by the occupying forces since the 1916 rebellion. The first R. I. C. casualty was some months later—January 20, 1920—when a constable was fired at and wounded. The town of Thurles was looted that same night.

If any one asks, "Who started it?" with reference to Ireland, he must go back into the mists of antiquity for his answer; back to the time when the first Celt swatted the first Briton with the first blackthorn, or when the first Briton decided to settle in Ireland in opposition to the wishes of the local population. I am inclined, however, to date the present phase of disorder from the killing of that soldier at Fermoy.

Sporadic retaliation (including the sack of Fermoy on September 8) and counter-retaliation followed, until in the summer of 1920 the greater part of the old R. I. C. had resigned, leaving Sinn Fein virtually in complete control of the country from Dublin southwards. Then began the recruiting of the new R. I. C. from England, Scotland, Wales, and other points. (I met a man from Bisbee, Arizona, in it at Tralee.) There was created the Auxiliary Division, composed entirely of ex-officers, and drawing £1 a day each—far more than the Constabulary or the military. Then, late in the spring of 1920, the round of killings of police and reprisals (meaning

THREE MEMBERS
OF SINN FEIN
—COUNT

PLUNKETT,
JOSEPH
M'DONAGH,
WHOSE BROTHER
HAS BEEN
EXECUTED,
AND SEAN
MILROY, WHO
ESCAPED FROM
PRISON WITH
DE VALERA

"Sinn Fein's
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a separate entity"



Keystone

the burning of several houses or the shooting of a few civilians) began in earnest. Armed forces poured into Ireland on one hand, and fresh recruits joined the I. R. A. on the other.

Sinn Fein was driven underground only to become more dangerous. Meanwhile more and more innocent citizens were drawn into the millstones.

III

And Sinn Fein (pronounced, of course, "Shinn Fayne") is one of the real puzzles of Ireland to-day. In its essence Sinn Fein is a small body of idealists ready to wage war by fair means or foul upon the enemies of republican Ireland—which of course it translates as the British Empire. In its broader sense it is a name for a movement which is vastly popular among the people of southern Ireland.

Aside from the inner circles—the Dail Eireann Cabinet and a few other men—there is no mystery about the Sinn Feiners. The activists are young men imbued by an almost fanatical determination to win freedom for their country. They are totally fearless. There is not a doubt in the world but that they would storm Dublin Castle itself if they thought that there were anything to be gained from such an undertaking.

Sinn Fein's greatest achievement is not that it successfully took over the administration of a large part of southern Ireland during the summer of 1920; nor that it has disposed of some six hundred British officials by almost any means conveniently at hand. It is, as recognized in an editorial in the London "Times" of January 22, that it has oriented the Irish people into thinking of themselves in terms of a separate entity. Consider the response to the proclamation of martial law in Counties Cork, Kerry, Limerick, and Tipperary early in December, 1920. Possession of arms after that date rendered an Irishman in the martial-law areas liable to

the death penalty. Harboring rebels was an offense punishable with death. A mother who gave a bowl of bread and milk to her own son who might be "on the run" rendered herself liable to execution. Yet since the martial-law proclamation southern Ireland has been more troubled than ever, and Sinn Fein activity has doubled in intensity. Practically no arms have been surrendered and members of the I. R. A. still find asylum and shelter. Only the support of a united people could account for such tenacity. The southern Nationalist does not favor Sinn Fein politically; but, above all, he is an Irishman. When the issue is forced—as it has been forced—he casts his lot with Sinn Fein rather than with England.

IV

Present-day Ireland is not a country over which the casual visitor is likely to wax sentimental. For one thing, there is only one passably comfortable hotel in the country (so far as one may safely generalize from a knowledge of hostelries in every city of any size in Ireland), and that is in Dublin. The machinery of transit and communication creaks and wheezes. There are a very few taxis to be found in the larger cities; the common means of local transportation is the side-car, a two-wheeled jaunting cart upon which one sits in a cramped position and which careens and joggles fearsomely over the uneven roads. The Irish hotel servant is inefficient, slow, and oftentimes assertive to the point of rudeness. Restaurants generally are poor and give one an impression of slovenliness.

These things are superficial; but they tend to show that there is no local atmosphere which immediately enlists the sympathies of the chance visitor. Of tourists of course there are none. Empty hotels stand forlornly at such resorts as Killarney; the majority of those who pass through Ireland to-day



(C) Keystone

are newspaper correspondents and others having business there. Whatever feeling of pro-Irish partisanship may be awakened in them is certainly due to the natural distaste of the civilian for military rule, and not to any insidious propaganda put out by the land or the inhabitants thereof.

There is in parts of Dublin—for instance, in the quiet squares which have been unchanged since Georgian times—a certain Old World charm. But there are slums in Dublin which compare favorably with those which any European city has to offer. The Londoner shows one Limehouse and Vauxhall and Mile End Road with a certain melancholy pleasure, as if to say: "There, now! Can your East Side of New York beat that?" But in the mean streets back of the Custom House in Dublin, on the left bank of the Liffey, one knows that poverty and sheer hopelessness can go little further. Dublin, incidentally, has almost as many beggars to the square mile as has Naples.

Cork is very different from its sister city to the north. Cork is hustling and commercial; Dublin is (in normal times) placid and unruffled. Cork bears the same relation to Dublin, in so far as communal psychology is concerned, as Norfolk does to Richmond—the busy port and the capital city. Limerick is much like Cork, but without the meridional touch in the air. It is in Cork that one finds the most bitter, implacable, picturesque hatred of England. It is in Cork that the British Government forces have had the hardest task of all. The people of Cork are bitter-enders, *jusquaboutists*. They are like the most fiery of the irreconcilables of the Southern Confederacy after 1865. Incidentally, Cork is dirty and muddy.

One's memories of most of the smaller Irish towns are connected with tragedy. It seems so futile that in these (to an American) God-forsaken, provincial little hamlets the inability of man to live peaceably with man has brought death and destruction. Names come crowding to one's mind—Macroom, Killarney, Tralee, Listowel, Tipperary, Thurles, Foynes, Balbriggan, Mallow,

Blarney; into these and dozens of similar places have come passion and murder and arson.

V

Many vignettes stand out clearly in the mind of one who has known Ireland in its present throes. There is the memory of the village of Hospital, on the Limerick-Tipperary border. One finds its type the world over; a single street, a *soi-disant* hotel, a saloon or two, several stores, a church, and a few dwellings. Distinctively Irish are the police barracks, with the diamond design emblazoned above the door, and the creamery.

I saw Hospital for the first and only time one raw morning in December, 1920. A party of American and English journalists were traveling from Limerick to Tipperary in an open automobile. This fact in itself is remarkable; motor travel for more than a distance of twenty miles was strictly forbidden, and it was only after all sorts of formalities that the party was allowed to make the tour. It did not travel by rail because the railways were all virtually shut down at that time.

The automobile was halted at the first of the town's public houses, and the thoroughly chilled journalists, leaving one of their number to explain matters to the corporal's guard of soldiers which barred the car's way, filed into the convenient "pub" for refreshment. Some drank Irish whisky, and some Scotch. All were sorry immediately thereafter.

The soldiers, after a perfunctory glance at the party's permits, allowed themselves to be bought drinks. Then a member of the party expressed a desire to photograph the unusual spectacle of a sand-bag barricade, which jutted out from the front of an ordinary dwelling well into the street.

"Sure," said the Tommy. "Come 'nd see the officer."

"The officer" was a tall, blond youth, immaculately dressed, as is the manner of British subalterns, and thoroughly bored. Without the slightest display of interest, he consented to the photographing. Then he drawled:

ON THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY

"Of tourists of course there are none. Empty hotels stand forlornly at such resorts as Killarney; the majority of those who pass through Ireland to-day are newspaper correspondents and others having business there"

"What are you chaps up to? Hunting beastly atrocities?"

"Found one already," remarked an American.

The subaltern stiffened.

"Indeed? May I ask where?"

"Your local pub. It sells the worst whisky in Ireland."

"Oh, one can't drink that stuff!" said the officer, with a smile. "I have some real Scotch inside. Come and have some."

It was truly "real Scotch." During the ceremony of its consumption an English journalist, who had discovered that the officer had during the war served in his own division, remarked:

"I say, why all the warlike preparations? It seems dull enough here."

"It is," promptly assented the lieutenant. "When I came, I found the johnnies here had burned the local police barracks, you know. So to keep my men busy I had 'em fix me up my little fortress. . . . Deadly hole this. I'm fed up on it."

He thought for a moment. Then:

"In fact, I'm *bloody well* fed up, gentlemen!"

He seemed rendered rather breathless by his own profanity; and the journalists left him there, with his men, with fixed bayonets, outside on the friendliest of terms with the villagers. Ostensibly they were enemies; really they were merely a somewhat pathetic paradox.

VI

One remembers also conversations with "A. E." (George Russell), poet and mystic, in his workroom at Plunkett House, Dublin. Outside, the seemingly ceaseless rain blew against the windows; within, the old man, with his long white beard, sat and stared into the peat fire and spoke in his gentle voice of the Calvary of his country. One remembers Darrel Figgis, secretary of the Sinn Féin Commission on the Resources of Ireland, who, with his aggressive red whiskers and his boyish eyes, demonstrates to one the vast potentialities of Ireland if it were allowed to work out its own economic destiny. One recalls Erskine Childers, novelist and historian, who served during the war in the British navy; Desmond Fitzgerald, Sinn Féin propagandist and press agent *par excellence*, who at present is "on the run" and consequently to be interviewed only by a very few people. These men and hundreds like them are terrifyingly sincere.

And of the general run of the people?

The Irishman in Ireland does not differ radically from the Irishman anywhere else. The fundamental thing to be remembered about him is that he is a Celt and not an Anglo-Saxon. Quick-tempered, moody, imaginative, fundamentally unchanging but superficially a being of apparent instability and erratic temperament, he is firm in the conviction that no Englishman can ever understand him. He is fond of portraying the Englishman as slow, heavy, unimaginative, and stupid; and when one asks him why such a deficient race

should have held sway in his country for so many hundreds of years, he fails to see the absurdity of his estimate of the people in the neighboring island. He is sentimental, but certainly not to the extent that acquaintance with romantic Irish plays and ballads would suggest. He varies amazingly of course. In Galway there are families which believe firmly that the fairies will cast a spell over their children unless due precautions are observed; in Dublin there are men of culture and scientific attainments almost second to none in the British Isles.

But all of these people—rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief—believe fundamentally in the fact of Ireland's separate nationality. The Nationalists do not, as their name would imply, favor the Irish Republic; and the Unionists of course stand for close adherence to the United Kingdom. But they nevertheless recognize the psychology of their compatriots.

More and more Irishmen of all creeds are veering to the "killing no murder" fallacy. That is, they tend to credit what seems to me the weakest of Sinn Fein's claims: that a state of war exists between Ireland and the British Empire, and that the shooting down of unarmed British forces is a legitimate form of warfare. But if there ever was a vicious circle, it is the round of assassination and counter-assassination, outrage and reprisal, which devastates Ireland to-day; and he is indeed a man of admirable detachment who, residing in Ireland to-day, does not take sides one way or the other. One's perspective alters amazingly between Kingstown and Holyhead (the Irish and English channel ports); one journalist is credited with the saying that the Irish



(C) Keystone

REFUGEES LEAVING THEIR HOME IN TRALEE

"One's memories of most of the smaller Irish towns are connected with tragedy. . . . In these (to an American) God-forsaken, provincial little hamlets the inability of man to live peaceably with man has brought death and destruction. Names come crowding to one's mind—Macroom, Killarney, Tralee. . . . Into these and dozens of similar places have come passion and murder and arson"

Sea is wider than the Atlantic Ocean so far as it is a bar to national understanding. Nevertheless there remains that next-dooriness to England which keeps the Briton thinking of Ireland merely as a rebellious province.

VII

However, suppose—just suppose—that southern Ireland were to get what it wants. Not independence, of course; that is unattainable under present conditions, and even the most extreme republicans probably, in their innermost hearts, recognize it, although they would repudiate the suggestion that their ideal has been set too high for practical realization. But suppose that Ireland were to be accorded the widest possible form of Home Rule within the Empire: fiscal autonomy, control of customs and excise duties—in short, virtually all the prerogatives now enjoyed by Canada or Australia.

Ulster would stick out like a sore thumb.

Ulster lives in the present. Its people say that the south lives on memories of past wrongs and inchoate visions of future glories. Ulster is industrial, hustling, businesslike. It builds ships and it weaves textiles. And it worships Sir Edward Carson.

An Ulster Sunday-school teacher once put to her class the question, "Who made the world?"

"Sir Edward Carson," was the prompt reply from half a dozen children.

"No. Sir Edward is a great man, but he didn't make the world. Can't any of the class think who really did make the world?"

"God," timidly hazarded a small boy in one corner.

The rest of the class turned savagely on him.



(C) Keystone

A TWO-WHEELED TAXI IN DUBLIN

"There are a very few taxis to be found in the larger cities; the common means of local transportation is the side-car, a two-wheeled jaunting cart upon which one sits in a cramped position and which careens and joggles fearsomely over the uneven roads"

"Shut 'up, ye wee Sinn Feiner!" they chorused.

Ulster is one of the four ancient provinces of Ireland. As does each of the others—Connaught, Leicester, and Munster—it includes several counties. Six of Ireland's thirty-two counties are in Ulster, and, although there is in them a considerable Catholic Nationalist minority—as witness the bloody Belfast riots last summer—it is preponderantly Protestant and Unionist. It hates the rest of Ireland, but it fears it even though it now has its own Home Rule. It is ironical that Ulster, which was arming against Home Rule for all Ireland in 1914, now arms against the south, which doesn't want Home Rule—or the 1920 Lloyd George brand, anyway. Ulster doesn't particularly want Home Rule either. Belfast is not at all excited over the prospect of being the seat of the first Irish Parliament recognized by the British crown for over one hundred years. Ulster is firmly convinced that the south wants to raise customs barriers against it, to tax it out of existence, and that the slightest relaxation of its vigilance may prove fatal. In fact, Ulster views the south in much the same light as France now views Germany: for the moment in each case the former is ascendant, apparently secure; but in reality each is decidedly uncomfortable, like the small boy who doesn't believe in the terrors of the dark, but who, just the same, prefers the light.

It was after a trip to Belfast, a return to Dublin, and a final crossing to England that an American journalist reached the conclusion that, exciting as "covering" the Irish situation now is, it would be tame beside the task of being a war correspondent at the first All-Irish Peace Conference.

THE GREAT SHIP CANAL OF THE EAST

PICTURES TAKEN ALONG THE SUEZ CANAL BY AN OUTLOOK READER



NATIVE FREIGHTERS



ALONG THE SHORE—"SHIPS OF THE DESERT"



SUNSET ON ONE OF THE LAKES TRAVERSED BY THE CANAL

From P. C. Kuegle, Youngstown, Ohio

THE BOOK TABLE

A REMARKABLE PORTRAIT

SECRETARY LANSING PAINTS PRESIDENT WILSON

AS a tragic record of wrecked friendship and political ineptitude this book¹ is almost, if not quite, unique. Never, so far as I know, has the second highest officer of a great state in a great national and international crisis broken with his master and then appealed to the world for a verdict upon the injustice with which he has been treated. There is one possible exception. Clarendon broke with Charles II and wrote a vindication which was condemned by Parliament to be burned by the common hangman. Wolsey



ROBERT LANSING

broke with Henry VIII, but his only appeal from the egotism of his monarch is the famous phrase which Shakespeare puts into his mouth expressing the wish that he had served his God with half the zeal he served his king. Charles James Fox broke with George III, but left no portrait of the latter's incompetence. Halifax broke with James II and Shrewsbury broke with William of Orange. But it was Macaulay, and not Halifax or Shrewsbury, who painted the portraits of William III, of James II, the latter a ruler who, as another writer says, "showed firmness when conciliation was needful and weakness when resolution alone could have saved the day; moreover, though he mismanaged almost every political problem with which he personally dealt, he was singularly tactless and impatient of advice."

Feeling, perhaps, that there is little likelihood that a future Shakespeare or a future Macaulay may arise to deal with the Peace Conference and with its most outstanding personality, Mr. Lansing believed it to be his duty to interpret that personality himself.

The title of Mr. Lansing's book is "The Peace Negotiations: A Personal Narrative." It might as well have been named "Woodrow Wilson: A

Personal Portrait," for in every chapter and on almost every page there appears the hand, the face, the voice, the mental reaction of President Wilson. The origin of the book is found in the letter which President Wilson wrote to Mr. Lansing in February, 1920, requesting his resignation. Indeed, the first chapter opens abruptly with a quotation from the President's letter which would be comic in its pedagogic and dictatorial spirit if it were not tragic:

While we were still in Paris, I felt, and have felt increasingly ever since, that you accepted my guidance and direction on questions with regard to which I had to instruct you only with increasing reluctance. . . .

I must say that it would relieve me of embarrassment, Mr. Secretary, the embarrassment of feeling your reluctance and divergence of judgment, if you would give your present office up and afford me an opportunity to select some one whose mind would more willingly go along with mine.

Mr. Lansing assigns as his reason for this personal narrative the desire to learn from the American public whether his course of action, which led to his abrupt dismissal from his high office, was justified. He declares that he wishes to interpret, not Mr. Wilson, but himself. "To attempt to dissect the mentality and to analyze the intellectual processes of Woodrow Wilson is not my purpose." But, as a matter of fact, the reader gets a picture, not of Mr. Lansing, but of Mr. Wilson. The book gives a reflection of Lansing, but a very distinct and vivid outline of Wilson. It is only fair to say that after reading it the severest critic of the ex-President ought to be able to understand why Mr. Wilson might have wished almost any time since 1918 to ask for Mr. Lansing's resignation, for Mr. Lansing makes it perfectly clear by publication of notes which he had written to the President and of extracts from his own diary that for four years he had been unsympathetic with the President's point of view regarding world peace. The President's gross error, so far as his personal relations with the Secretary are concerned, was in asking for the resignation in the form and in the terms in which he couched his request. Mr. Lansing's error, which he admits himself, was in remaining in office so long when he found himself so clearly out of sympathy with the President's temperament, policies, and methods. He remained in office from patriotic motives—from a fear that his resignation during the war might have injured the cause of America, and, after the armistice, that it might have interfered with the rapid establishment of peace.

It was a difficult question for him to decide. It is not easy to see even now

whether his resignation in December, 1918, or January, 1919, would have been a detriment or an advantage to the political welfare of the country. It certainly would have been an advantage to Mr. Lansing himself, for he had to live and work for at least a year in a thoroughly anomalous position, which must have been exceedingly irksome to him and must have greatly interfered with his work. No man can do good work who is living in a continuous state of vexation of spirit and irritation of mind.

My sympathies are with Mr. Lansing, and they are increased by the courtesy, dignity, and candor with which he has written his book. It is by no means an attack upon Woodrow Wilson, and those



(C) Harris & Ewing

WOODROW WILSON

who buy it in the hope that they are going to find some spicy reading will be completely disappointed. He does not question the legality of the President's course in either going to Paris or in acting there as practically the sole representative of the United States. "From first to last he acted entirely within his Constitutional powers as President of the United States." But he does question very frankly the President's wisdom and good judgment in all his relations to the Peace Treaty. He did not approve of Mr. Wilson's going to Paris in person. He did not approve of his weaving the Covenant of the League of Nations into the Peace Treaty itself. He did not approve of making the League of Nations a military alliance based on Article X instead of an Association of Nations to establish judicial procedure for the settlement of international disputes. He did not approve of the Shantung settlement. He did not approve of the President's negotiations with the Russian Bolsheviks. He did not approve of the President's appeal to the country in 1918 to vote only for Democrats, an appeal which he calls an "injudicious and unwarranted attack upon the loyalty of his political opponents." But he pays a tribute to the President's dignity, courtesy, and moral convictions. It is apparent that Mr. Lan-

¹The Peace Negotiations: A Personal Narrative. By Robert Lansing. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

sing regards Mr. Wilson as temperamentally unfit for the duties of a great administrator in a democracy. He sums up his estimate of the President's administrative character in the following passage:

As I review the entire negotiations and the incidents which took place at Paris, President Wilson's inherent dislike to depart in the least from an announced course, a characteristic already referred to, seems to me to have been the most potent influence in determining his method of work during the Peace Conference. He seemed to think that, having marked out a definite plan of action, any deviation from it would show intellectual weakness or vacillation of purpose. Even when there could be no doubt that in view of changed conditions it was wise to change a policy which he had openly adopted or approved, he clung to it with peculiar tenacity, refusing or merely failing to modify it. Mr. Wilson's mind once made up seemed to become inflexible. It appeared to grow impervious to arguments and even to facts. It lacked the elasticity and receptivity which have always been characteristic of sound judgment and right thinking. He might break, but he would not bend. This rigidity of mind accounts in large measure for the deplorable, and, as it seemed to me, needless, conflict between the President and the Senate over the Treaty of Versailles. It accounts for other incidents in his career which have materially weakened his influence and cast doubts on his wisdom. It also accounts, in my opinion, for the President's failure to prepare or to adopt a programme at Paris or to commit himself to a draft of a treaty as a basis for the negotiations, which failure, I am convinced, not only prevented the signature of a short preliminary treaty of peace, but lost Mr. Wilson the leadership in the proceedings, as the statesmen of the other Great Powers outlined the Treaty negotiated and suggested the majority of the articles which were written into it. It would have made a vast difference if the President had known definitely what he sought, but he apparently did not. He dealt in generalities, leaving, but not committing, to others their definition and application. He was always in the position of being able to repudiate the interpretation which others might place upon his declarations of principle.

The question as to whether Mr. Wilson was justified in asking for Mr. Lansing's resignation, whether Mr. Lansing was justified in remaining in his post long after he had lost sympathy with Mr. Wilson, whether Mr. Lansing (as Mr. Wilson apparently thinks) is too legalistic to be a great or even an influential statesman—all these questions are ephemeral, although interesting. But what is to be Mr. Wilson's position in history as an American President, and what decision the civilized nations of the world shall come to with regard to an international association or league—these questions are not ephemeral. They are of real and lasting importance to human progress. Shall Mr. Wilson's

methods and policies be adopted as an ideal for democracy or shall they be avoided as indicating one of the pitfalls of democracy? It is important that intelligent men shall have some opinion on these points. Mr. Lansing's book is a very illuminating and valuable contribution to the discussion of these questions. It will be a source book or document which, I hazard a guess, future historians will consult with interest, and after they have read it will quote with confidence.

A word should be added as to Mr. Lansing's workmanship in the writing of this book. It is admirable. Quiet, calm, dispassionate, fair-minded, and even self-critical, speaking as he would speak in the Supreme Court on a question of fact or principle and not as a popular lawyer would speak to a jury in a sensational case of personal animosity and prejudice, Mr. Lansing has nevertheless, perhaps unconsciously, portrayed the person and character of Mr. Wilson in a way that might command the admiration of a Henry James among novelists or a Sargent among portrait painters. What makes Velasquez one of the greatest portrait painters of all times is his simple truthfulness; his depiction both of the charms and the defects of his subject; and his moderation in the use of color, which, while often vivid, is never lurid. It is qualities similar to these which make Mr. Lansing's portrait of Wilson more impressive the more it is considered.

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT.

THE NEW BOOKS

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

UNITED STATES AND LATIN AMERICA (THE). By John Holladay Latané, Ph.D., LL.D. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City.

This volume describes the political history of Latin-American countries from the time when the colonies began to revolt against European rule. In particular, it is an account of the diplomatic relations between the United States and Latin America. The author, who is now Dean of the College of the Johns Hopkins University, is already well known because of his previous volumes on Latin-American subjects.

MISCELLANEOUS

AMERICAN RED CROSS IN THE GREAT WAR (THE). By Henry P. Davison. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York.

PASSING LEGIONS (THE). By George Buchanan Fife. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York.

STORY OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS IN ITALY (THE). By Charles M. Bakewell. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York.

RED CROSS CHAPTER AT WORK (A). By Marie Cecil and Anselm Chomel. Illustrated. The Hollenbeck Press, Indianapolis.

Here are four volumes descriptive of Red Cross work. Mr. Davison's is a general description of the American Red Cross in the war; Mr. Fife's is a description of how the American Red Cross met the American army in Great Britain; Mr. Bakewell's is a description of the American Red Cross in Italy; and the book by Marie Cecil and Anselm

Chomel describes a particular Red Cross Chapter at work. This last-named volume is a narrative history of the Indianapolis Chapter, and Miss Chomel and her brother have done something more than to give us dry statistics. Of these four volumes, Mr. Davison's will doubtless be the one to which reference will most frequently be made. As Mr. Davison was Chairman of the War Council of the American Red Cross, his book carries with it its own authority. Its value will be a double one; first, for the wealth of accurate detail with which the ramifications of the work of the Red Cross are set forth, and, second, for its appeal to the American people for their continued interest in the Red Cross.

FUR TRADE OF AMERICA (THE). By Agnes C. Laut. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York.

This book's matter-of-fact title gives little indication of the world of romance that it unfolds. The haunts of the Indian trapper, the story of the great fur companies, the habits of the fur-bearing animals and the methods of hunting them and making their pelts into garments, the attempts to raise these animals on farms—all are described entertainingly and with full knowledge. In addition, complete descriptions of furs, dyed and undyed, are given, which will be helpful to every woman who buys or plans to buy a fur garment.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

ACROSS MONGOLIAN PLAINS. By Roy Chapman Andrews. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Sportsmen and lovers of wild life will revel in this book. Its author has purposely minimized the scientific aspects of his expedition and expanded the picturesque and adventurous elements. The illustrations, from photographs by Mrs. Andrews, are exceptionally good.

BOOKS RECEIVED

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

CHURCH AND LABOR (THE). Edited by John A. Ryan, D.D., LL.D., and Joseph Hunslein, S.J., Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York.

LIFE OF CHRIST (THE). By the Rev. G. Robinson Lees, B.A. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

MIND-ENERGY. By Henri Bergson. Translated by H. Wildon Carr. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

POWER OF PRAYER (THE). Being a Selection of Walker Trust Essays with a Study of the Essays as a Religious and Theological Document. Edited by the Right Rev. W. P. Paterson, D.D., and David Russell. The Macmillan Company, New York.

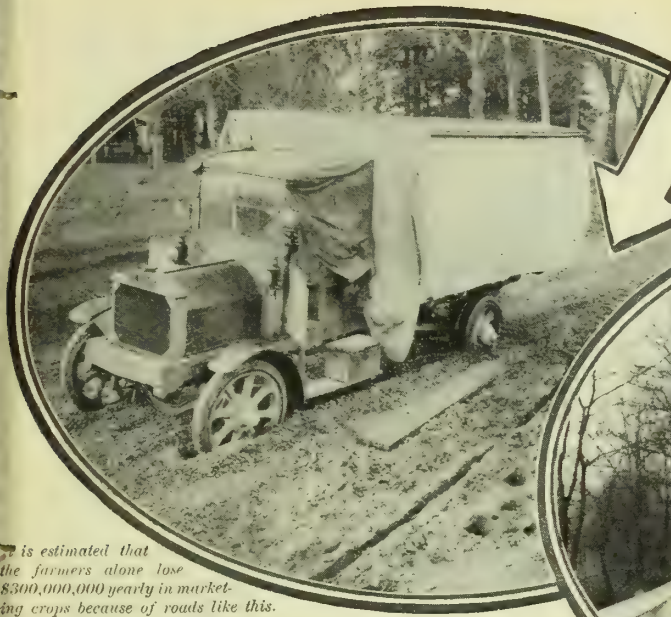
RELIGION AND BUSINESS. By Roger W. Babson. The Macmillan Company, New York.

RELIGION AND HEALTH. By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., Sc.D., etc. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

MISCELLANEOUS

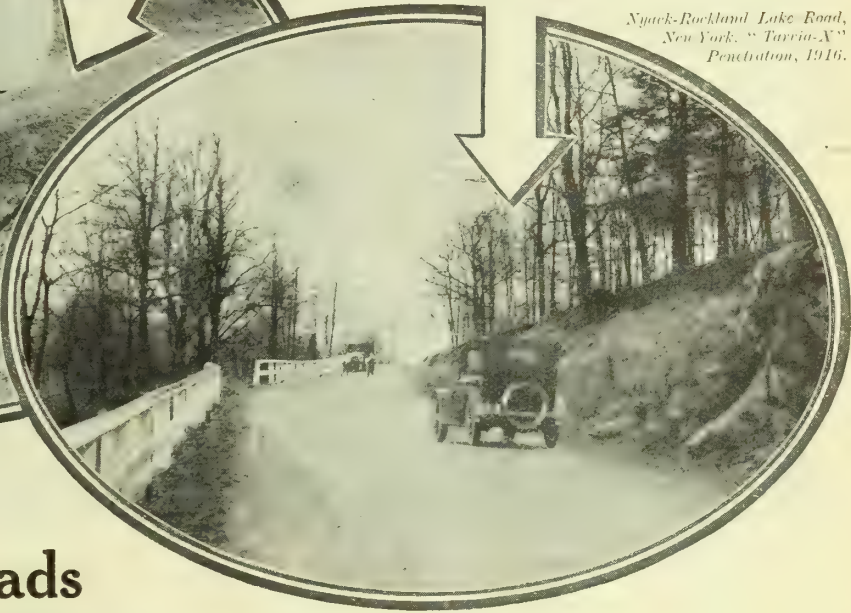
DEMOCRACY AND ASSIMILATION. The Blending of Immigrant Heritages in America. By Julius Drachler. The Macmillan Company, New York.

EVENING PLAY CENTRES FOR CHILDREN. By Janet Penrose Trevelyan. Preface by Mrs. Humphry Ward. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.



Like this?

Or like this?



Nyack-Rockland Lake Road,
New York. "Tarvia-X"
Penetration, 1916.

It is estimated that
the farmers alone lose
\$300,000,000 yearly in market-
ing crops because of roads like this.

How Did Your Roads Come Through the Winter?

THE annual Spring thaw is the "Waterloo" of thousands of miles of road throughout the country. For weeks in the Spring, when the frost is coming out of the ground, they are swamps of sodden mud—often impassable—always hard going.

To spend money year after year on unimproved roads, is to send good money after bad. For, at best, such roads are hopelessly inadequate for present-day traffic.

Look at the Tarvia road at the right. Isn't that the sort of road you need? A road that is dustless, mudless, frost-proof and traffic-proof 365 days in the year?

Good roads like that are not expensive. They are within the reach of every community.

Let us send you facts, figures and pictures of some Tarvia roads near you—roads that have come through the freezes and thaws, the rains and the snows of winter, smooth and firm—all ready for the heavy summer traffic.

Tarvia is a coal-tar preparation for use in building new roads and repairing old ones. It reinforces the road surface and makes it not only dustless and mudless, but waterproof, frost-proof and automobile-proof. Where the existing macadam or gravel road can be used as a base, the cost of a traffic-proof Tarvia top is extremely low.

Illustrated booklets descriptive of the various Tarvia treatments free on request.

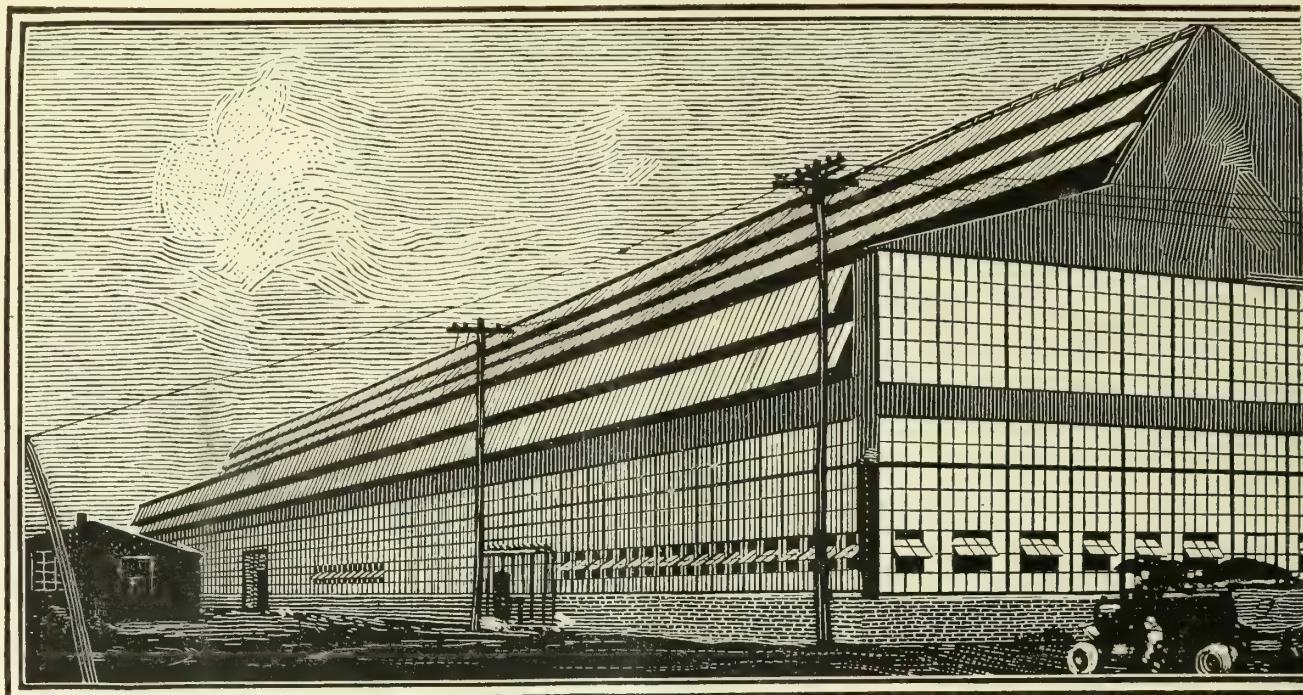
Tarvia

Preserves Roads-Prevents Dust

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems. If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking. If you want BETTER ROADS and LOWER TAXES, this department can greatly assist you.

New York	Chicago	Philadelphia	Boston	The Barrett Company	St. Louis	Cleveland	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh
Detroit	New Orleans	Birmingham	Kansas City		Minneapolis	Dallas	Nashville	Syracuse
Salt Lake City	Seattle	Peoria	Atlanta		Duluth	Milwaukee	Bangor	Washington
Johnstown	Lebanon	Youngstown	Toledo		Columbus	Richmond	Latrobe	Bethlehem
Elizabeth	Buffalo	Baltimore	Omaha		Jacksonville	Houston	Denver	
THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited:				Winnipeg	Vancouver	St. John, N. B.	Halifax, N. S.	
Montreal								
Toronto								



*Detroit Seamless Steel Tubes Company,
Detroit, Mich.*

How Continuous the Atmosphere Clear

Pure, fresh air, and clear atmosphere—in a mammoth steel working plant with its hot rolling and piercing machines, batteries of forges and annealing furnaces, and pickling vats, belching out smoke and gas and fumes.

This is the contrast which exists in the new plant of the Detroit Seamless Steel Tubes Company, makers of tubes for boilers, automobiles and other mechanical purposes.

How is this result accomplished? The course of the smoke as it arises from the furnaces furnishes the answer.

Fenestra Continuous Monitor Sash, row upon row of it, open the sides of the great valley trusses in the roof, and the upper portions of the sidewalls from one end of the building to the other. The contour of the roof guides the rising smoke directly towards these wide openings,

The plant of the Detroit Seamless Steel Tubes Company is really an immense one-room structure, divided for purposes of daylight and ventilation, into three bays, one 700 feet long, the others 500 feet long and each approximately 100 feet wide. Each bay is surmounted by a valley roof, equipped with the latest design of Fenestra Continuous Top Hung Sash, operated mechanically. These sash when opened, form a weather protected outlet which is the key to the whole ventilating system.

Exceptionally high sidewalls of Fenestra throw an evenly distributed light well into the center of the working floor, where it is augmented by the broad glass area in the monitors.

Detroit Steel Products Company

2250 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.

Canadian Metal Window & Steel Products, Limited, Toronto, Canada

Fenestra

Steel Windows

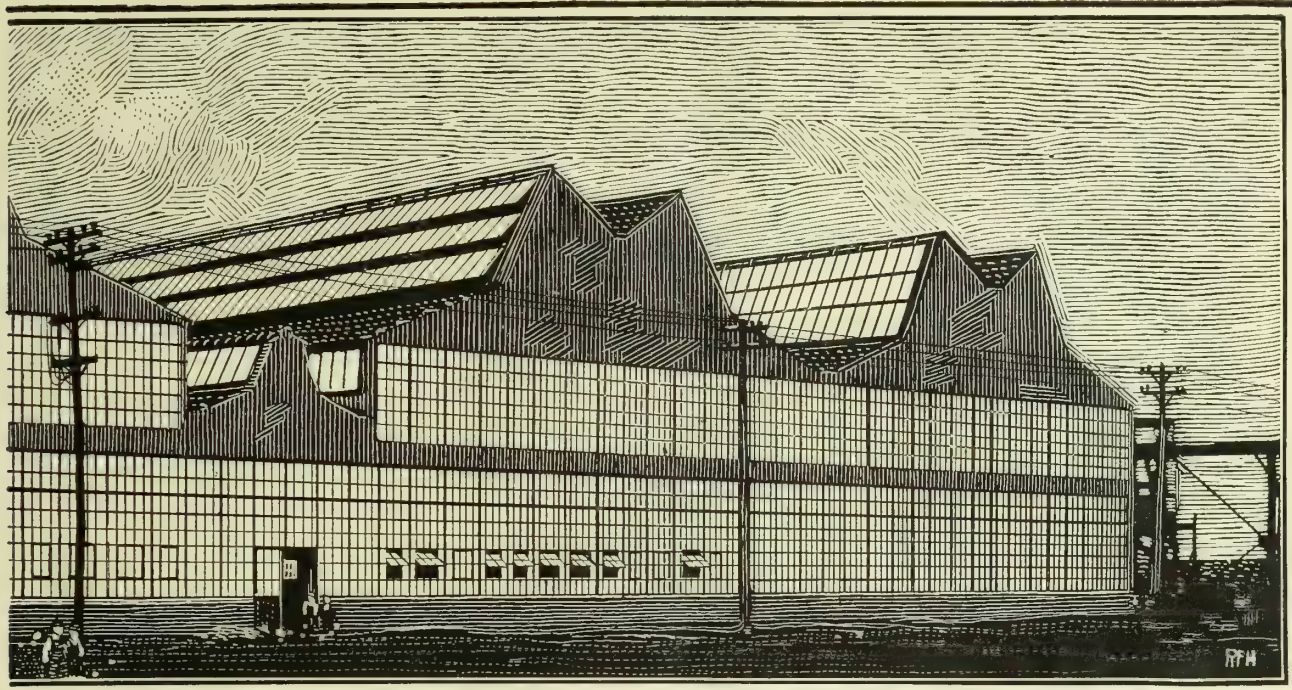
Sidewall Sash

Underwriter's Labeled Sash

Continuous Sash

Mechanical Operators

Counterbalanced Sash



Architect, Albert Kahn; Contractor, The Albert A. Albrecht Company
Sash Erected by Fenestra Construction Company

Window Walls Keep in a Steel Tubes Mill

through which it is sucked as from a chimney, while pure air enters through the ventilators in the sidewall sash near the ground.

"Our problem here was unique," explained the general manager of the plant. "We had to recruit our labor from men used to the clean, well lighted plants of the automobile industry, rather than the less favorable conditions of typical steel mill districts. We have used especial care to secure healthful working conditions, good light, and proper ventilation."

The plant is an interesting example of the way in which Fenestra cooperates with the architect and engineer—one of the reasons why it dominates the field of industrial window construction.

Detroit Steel Products Company

2250 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.

Canadian Metal Window & Steel Products, Limited, Toronto, Canada

Fenestra

Steel Window Walls

Sidewall Sash

Continuous Sash

Counterbalanced Sash

Underwriter's Labeled Sash

Mechanical Operators

Fenestra Continuous Sash, by its ventilating advantages, helps make working conditions pleasant in the following nationally known manufacturing plants:

Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Los Angeles, Calif. Contrs.—Hunkin-Conkey Construction Co.

Studebaker Corp., South Bend, Ind. Contrs.—James Stewart & Co., Incorporated

Oliver Typewriter Co., Woodstock, Ill. Archt.—A. S. Coffin, Contr.—Chas. W. Secord

New Departure Mfg. Co., Bristol, Conn. Engrs.—Lockwood, Greene & Co., Contr.—Turner Construction Company

Eaton Axle Co., Cleveland, O. Engrs.—Geo. S. Rider & Co., Contr.—Crowell-Lundoff & Little

Montgomery, Ward & Co., Springfield, Ill. Archt.—Lockwood, Greene & Co., Supervising Engrs. Contr.—Wells Bros. Constr. Co.

Duplex Printing Press Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Archt.—Austin Co. Contr.—S. B. Cole

Gilbert & Barker Mfg. Co., West Springfield, Mass. Archt.—McClintock & Craig, Contr.—Tucker & Lewis

White Motor Co., Cleveland, O. Contr.—Watson Engineering Co.

Singer Mfg. Co., Elizabethport, N. J. Contr.—Turner Construction Co.

Maytag Company, Newton, Iowa. Archt.—H. Raeder, Contr.—H. A. Peters Company

W. L. DOUGLAS

Retail Price \$8.00 SHOES Quality of Material and Workmanship Maintained

Reduced Special Shoes \$10.00 || Special Shoes \$6.00
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FOR MEN AND WOMEN

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THAT THE SHOES ARE ALWAYS WORTH THE PRICE PAID FOR THEM

YOU CAN ALWAYS
SAVE MONEY BY WEARING
W L DOUGLAS SHOES
SOLD DIRECT FROM FACTORY
TO YOU AT ONE PROFIT



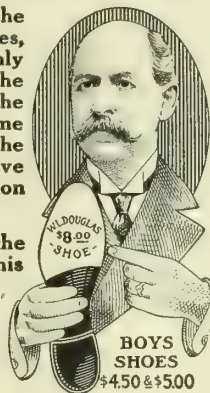
They are the best known shoes in the world. Sold in 107 W.L.Douglas stores, direct from the factory to you at only one profit, which guarantees to you the best shoes that can be produced, at the lowest possible cost. W.L.Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom of all shoes before they leave the factory, which is your protection against unreasonable profits.

W. L. Douglas shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. They are made of the best and finest leathers that money can buy. They combine quality, style, workmanship and wearing qualities equal to other makes selling at higher prices. They are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. The prices are the same everywhere; they cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

W. L. Douglas shoes are made by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

CAUTION Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole. Be careful to see that it has not been changed or mutilated.

W. L. Douglas shoes are for sale by over 9000 shoe dealers besides our own stores. If your local dealer cannot supply you, take no other make. Order direct from the factory. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes by mail, postage free.



W. L. Douglas
President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,
167 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY
OF CURRENT HISTORY¹

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Ireland

IN last week's Outlook, the issue of March 30, the first article in Mr. Scarborough's rather unusual correspondence from Ireland appeared. On another page in this week's issue we find further correspondence on the same subject. In answering the following questions both of these articles should be studied.

How do you interpret the following statement, found on page 505 of last week's issue: "If the turbulent isle were, say, as far away from Whitehall as Mesopotamia, it is very probable that some sort of settlement would long since have been reached?"

Who is Sir Horace Plunkett? What is his attitude on the Irish question? Compare his ideas on this question with those of Sir Edward Carson. What is your opinion of the position taken by each?

How old is the Irish problem? What relation had the following men to it: Henry II, Henry VIII, Cromwell, William III, William Pitt, Daniel O'Connell, Gladstone, Parnell, and John Redmond?

What is the substance of anti-Irish legislation on the part of Great Britain up to 1800? Can you show by numerous definite illustrations that England has experienced a change of attitude toward Ireland since 1800?

What was Fenianism? Who organized this movement? What comparisons can you make between it and Sinn Fein?

Could Ireland to-day be enjoying the benefits of constitutional self-government within the British Empire as do Canada, Australia, and New Zealand? If so, why isn't she?

An exceptionally fair-minded presentation of the Irish question may be found in Chapter XIV of "Modern and Contemporary European History," by J. S. Schapiro (Houghton Mifflin). A very readable and unbiased volume on the Irish problem is Turner's "Ireland and England" (Century). Stimulating reading on this question will also be found in "Red Terror and Green," by Richard Dawson (Dutton), and in "Ireland—An Enemy of the Allies?" by R. C. Esconflaire. (Dutton).

Cardinal Gibbons

What is the meaning of the word Cardinal? What is the function of the College of Cardinals?

What are the leading facts in the ecclesiastical record of Cardinal Gibbons?

In what respects did the Cardinal help Protestants and Catholics to understand each other better? How valuable do you consider this phase of his work?

Did Cardinal Gibbons prove that a

¹ These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—The Editors.

Any Boy or Girl Can Earn Money in Spare Time

IF there are boys or girls in your family, why not encourage them to become Outlook salesmen in your neighborhood? This outdoor work is good fun and is excellent training for a business career. We supply all necessary materials to start this work, and furnish complete suggestions as to how to proceed. No investment or experience is required. If a youngster is old enough to play marbles or spin a top, he is old enough to earn his own spending money selling The Outlook.

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We do not expect those who are hard of hearing to take our word that the Acousticon will make them hear clearly once more—No one's word should be taken for that. We do expect, however, that for their own individual satisfaction, before giving up in discouragement, they will permit us to loan them the

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man may be both a loyal Roman Catholic and a loyal American? What specific illustration can you give in support of your answer?

What outstanding characteristics and aptitudes did Cardinal Gibbons possess? Are such characteristics and aptitudes beyond the possession of ordinary people?

In what respects is America and the whole world poorer for the death of Cardinal Gibbons?

Book Table: "A Remarkable Portrait"

Do you find anything new in what Mr. Lansing tells us about President Wilson? If not, of what value do you consider Mr. Lansing's book?

Mr. Lansing was very much opposed to the Versailles Treaty and the French-British-American Alliance. Is he to be respected or condemned for signing these documents? Would Mr. Lansing have done himself more credit if he had resigned as a Peace Commissioner and thus have had no part in these arrangements?

There are those who gravely doubt the wisdom of Mr. Lansing publishing his book on the peace negotiations. Among other things, such believe that he should have waited for time and the official correspondence for the vindication of his attitude and action. Was it Mr. Lansing's duty to interpret his own action and President Wilson in his relation to the Peace Treaty?

A Criminal's Jaunt to Washington

Do you think Attorney-General Daugherty did right in allowing Mr. Debs to leave the Federal penitentiary and go to Washington?

What matters would you take into consideration if you were in position to grant pardons? Do any of these fit the case of Mr. Debs?

From the standpoint of expediency, is there anything to be said in favor of pardoning Debs?

If President Harding should pardon Debs, should anybody be forced to remain in jail?

The Red Wolf in Russia

What is your explanation of why Soviet Russia proposed that trade relations between itself and the United States be established?

Have we any right to dictate, or to suggest, what kind of government Russia shall have or what attitude that government shall hold toward private property? Is it any concern of ours whether the government to which the Russian people submit is a government that recognizes no law except its own or whether it regards itself bound by ordinary international relationships?

Is every American citizen now at liberty to ship goods to Russia? Have we a consulate system in Soviet Russia? Are consuls indispensable to international trade?

Two valuable books to read in connection with this topic are "Foreign Exchange Explained," by F. Escher (Macmillan), and "Free Trade, the Tariff, and Reciprocity," by F. W. Tausig (Macmillan).



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Lumber prices are down. This is the time to build. Enjoy freedom from further high rents. Every month's rent put into a home of your own is a permanent investment in economy, comfort, satisfaction.

Arkansas Soft Pine

is a building wood of extraordinary utility. It includes every item for frame and structure—it furnishes an interior woodwork of individual character and beauty.

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\$1,000 invested in
many classes of
high-grade Bonds
today will yield as
much as a \$2,000
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bonds and preferred stocks are offered in
the current list of The National City Company,
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OUR SERVANT— THE PASSENGER AUTO- MOBILE

BY ALVAN MACAULEY

THERE is an old proverb to the effect that you can "Give a dog a bad name and hang it." During the last few months the automobile industry has been more or less in the situation of such a dog, and one of the principal reasons has been that there has been given to it the bad name of "luxury." People did not like to see a "luxury," in these times of stress, absorbing the workmen, money, and raw material that have gone into the automobile.

This estimate of the automobile, however, while it was correct five years ago, has long since ceased to be true. The last five or six years have seen a complete change in the status of the passenger car. What was once a rich man's toy has now become one of the most valuable of our economic servants and one that is, if possible, giving greater service to the poor man than to the rich.

The best test of the service rendered by any man or any product from an economic view-point is whether it "earns its keep," whether it increases the productive power of the man who buys and uses it, whether it permits him to do enough more work to pay for itself and leave him a profit. No product that does these things is a luxury and no industry that supplies products of that kind is a parasite. The bigger the profit that is left above the cost, the greater is the utility of the industry and the greater are the amounts of public support, material, money, and labor which it pays the public to give it.

Those of us who have kept in close touch with the automobile industry have long realized that the passenger car has become, not a luxury, but an economic servant. There is no need of considering the truck in this discussion, for its economic utility is already recognized, but statistics recently compiled show that the passenger automobile itself is paying many times its cost on a pure dollar-and-cents basis.

These figures were gathered by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce through a questionnaire sent to thousands of automobile owners at random all over the country. They show several things.

In the first place, they indicate that the average passenger automobile has increased the working capacity of its owner by 56.7 per cent; and that the average man with an automobile has 56.7 per cent larger earning capacity, is worth 56.7 per cent more in economic value to the community. These figures, translated, mean that the eight million passenger cars in use in the United States in 1920 added the equivalent of more than four and a half million workers every day to the Nation's productive forces. This is hardly a luxury.

There were produced in America last year nearly two million passenger automobiles. Since they will increase the productive power of their buyers, it means that the industry contributed to America during the year the equivalent of a productive force of 1,140,000 men. Also, since these cars will last between

five and six years, it means that the year's production of automobiles gave America an increased productive power amounting to more than five or six million years of work. The total number of men employed in the automobile trade and all its branches is less than one million, so that in that year the industry paid back to the United States more man power than it absorbed, and the cars made during that year will eventually pay back perhaps four or five times as much more.

Every automobile pays for itself five or six times over, even if we include the few used for pleasure only. These figures of course do not include the value of the automobile in making life better, healthier, and happier for millions of people.

In the second place, the questionnaire showed that ninety per cent of automobiles are used chiefly in business. It showed also that sixty-four per cent of all mileage run by automobiles is for business purposes. And it should be noted that in 1919, the last year for which figures were available, passenger mileage traveled on the railways was 46,145,000,000 miles, while the automobile passenger mileage was at least three billion miles beyond that.

These figures prove in concrete form how fully the automobile is justified on a purely economic basis, how greatly it is contributing to our wealth and progress as well as our happiness. They give an intimation of how our progress will be checked if the old mistaken feeling that the car is a luxury should be permitted to stand in the way of a still more general use of passenger cars.

RATIONAL INTERCOURSE WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD

This was submitted in The Outlook's Prize Contest No. 1.—THE EDITORS.

FOR many years The Outlook headed the list of necessary annual subscriptions in our home.

When we left our college town and came West to cast our lot with the homesteaders who settled in this county, five years ago, The Outlook was on the reading-table of our log cabin, forty miles from a railway. Then came the inevitable pioneer trials—drought, hard winters, and unlooked-for losses. The Outlook was dropped.

Last winter our neighbor, the district teacher, told us she was an Outlook subscriber—the first one I had met since coming to the wilds! We at once became friends, and the beloved weekly was sent to our cabin as often as man or beast could cross the too-often impassable trails. In the spring we moved, and I felt keenly the lack of weekly rational intercourse with the outside world.

December 25, 1920, our faithful friend came back for a year, anyway, through the kindness of a relative, in response to her inquiry, "What weekly magazine would you like for Christmas?"

Through these *mit oder ohne* periods of the last five years I have gained a perspective on The Outlook I could not have had in those days when it came as regularly, and seemed as necessary, as our meals.

The size, print, illustrations, scope of

Manufacture in Seattle



"For years Mr. Harriman had been working to get into Puget Sound. Why? He was already in San Francisco; he was already in Portland. If he simply sought an outlet to the Pacific ocean he had two of the three most important gateways. The reason was that he sought the BEST. Puget Sound is America's greatest maritime asset. The conditions there for opening a great world port are beyond comparison."—Patrick H. W. Ross, President National Marine League of the United States.

SEATTLE

The Pre-eminent Industrial Opportunity

By C. T. CONOVER

No Pacific Coast city outside of Puget Sound in any way approaches Seattle as a railroad center.

Seattle's ships ply to every civilized port. Already Seattle is one of the great world ports in water borne commerce and in 1918 was second only to New York among American cities.

The Pacific ocean is to be the scene of the great commercial development of the future and Providence has willed that Seattle shall be the chief beneficiary among Pacific Coast cities by placing her several hundred miles nearer the teeming millions of the Orient than are California ports and by making her for all time the entrepot for Alaska, our great undeveloped treasure land.

Seattle's back country produces abundantly what the world most urgently needs—grain, fish, fruit, dairy products, timber, coal and minerals.

"Sources of Eastern fuel supply are fast waning—seventy per cent. of the coal and seventy per cent. of the water power of the United States lie west of the Mississippi river. When the East loses its cheap power it loses its industrial kingship." So said Alexander T. Vogelsang, former Assistant Secretary of the Interior.

Then make a note that one-sixth of the nation's water power is tributary to Seattle and one-third in her trade territory, plus a never failing supply of coal at her doors.

That Seattle is to become a great industrial center is as inevitable as it was that she was to be one of the great world ports.

Seattle's climate alone gives a twenty per cent. margin in manufacturing costs. Dr. Woods Hutchinson says: "If you do not know the climate west of the Cascades, you cannot imagine what the climate of heaven may be like."

The Seattle Spirit is invincible and an inspiration.

Seattle is the healthiest city in the world and the cleanest and best lighted.

If you are a constructive, red blooded American seeking opportunity, write and write fully and frankly.

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An artistic booklet with attractive illustrations and useful information for all who intend to build. The Romance of Brick, Extravagance of Cheapness, Comparative Costs, How to Finance the Building of a Home, are a few of the subjects treated. Your copy is awaiting your request. Send today.

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YOU can secure Robert Lansing's new book, "The Peace Negotiations: A Personal Narrative," at a great reduction by sending us at once a new subscription to The Outlook for one year at the regular yearly rate of \$5, with only 50 cents additional for this famous book.

The Book of the Year

The publication of this book is of world-wide importance. It contains the first inner story of the Peace Conference by one of the actual commissioners. It gives in frank detail the dramatic events that led up to Mr. Lansing's resignation as Secretary of State. It presents a vivid account of Mr. Lansing's differences with Woodrow Wilson, together with an engrossing analysis of Mr. Wilson's character and the decline of his leadership in Paris.

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Mr. Lansing's remarkable book retails at \$3. By special arrangement with the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company, we are able to offer it in combination with The Outlook for one year for only \$5.50. The subscription price of The Outlook alone is \$5 a year.

We can guarantee this offer only until May 1, 1921. It applies only to new subscriptions, sent to us direct. But present subscribers may take advantage of this unusual offer if they will send us at once the new subscription of a friend, with remittance of only \$5.50. If you wish, The Outlook will be sent to your friend's address and the book to your address.

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RATIONAL INTERCOURSE WITH THE
OUTSIDE WORLD (Continued)

news, and literary style seem to me beyond criticism. I like the enlargement of the book review section, though I long for more poetry, as you formerly had. The "Current History Outline" is a valuable improvement to your publication.

The one criticism that looms before me, and grows after an absence from this otherwise faultless friend, is the open and also veiled criticism of our Administration during the last two terms.

I realize that discrimination and analysis are essential for the advancement of truth and understanding, but in these times of universal faultfinding The Outlook could afford to pass up a few opportunities for exposing the faults and mistakes of our President. On all other subjects your criticisms show sympathy and constructive aims, but you have "harped" on Wilson's mistakes.

Even though your faults were legion, instead of *barely one*, I would revere your magazine for Lyman Abbott's ennobling articles.

CORAL DENNY.

Buffalo, Wyoming.

STANLEY, COLUMBUS, AND
MARK TWAIN

Not long after Mr. Henry M. Stanley returned from his first trip to Africa he came to America to deliver a course of lectures descriptive of his search for and discovery of Dr. Livingstone. His first lecture was given in Tremont Temple, at Boston, and my wife and I went to hear him. The hall was crowded, and we sat in the front row of the balcony, from which vantage-point the scene was panoramic.

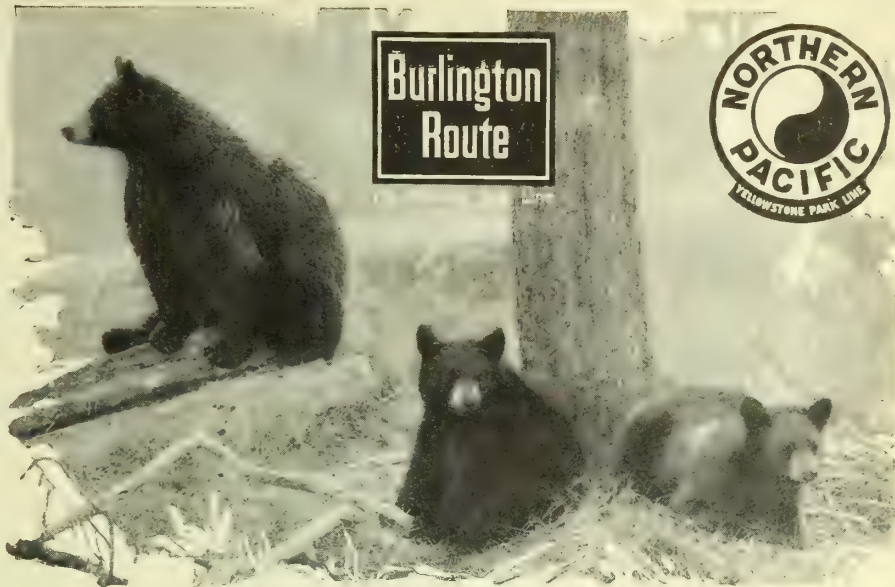
At the appointed hour a short, fleshy man appeared and crossed the stage to a chair. Following him came a tall, spare man with shaggy hair and white mustache, who sauntered leisurely to the front of the stage. It was Mark Twain. The silence was absolute. I turned to my wife and whispered: "That is Mark Twain, and these people do not know him or they would applaud. We shall see some fun."

In his gentle, drawling voice, Mr. Clemens began to talk: "I don't suppose you folks expected to see me here tonight, but I was round to the Parker House and met my friend Mr. Stanley, and he asked me to come in and say a few words of introduction for him."

Then he proceeded to compare Mr. Stanley and his achievements with Mr. Christopher Columbus and what he accomplished.

"Now, what did Mr. Christopher Columbus do? Well, he discovered a continent. He started sailing west, and this continent was stretching for six thousand miles directly across his path, and all he had to do was to sit right still and hold on to his tiller and he could not get by without hitting it somewhere. He had no charter to discover any particular part of it.

"Now what did Mr. Stanley do? Why, he found a man. Now some of you folks know how difficult it is to find a man sometimes, especially when he owes you anything." Then with a wide sweep of

See big game living its natural
life in Yellowstone National Park—take a Burlington-Northern Pacific Planned
Vacation to the Land of Eternal Wonder

Vast shambling elk herds, hundreds of ponderous bison, crinkled bighorn sheep, graceful antelope, and—the pranky bears! With perfect safety, you may see them living their old, wild life!

This year enjoy a *real* vacation in this most spectacular of all national parks, amid its unthinkable phenomena. Besides the animals, see the geysers, the Grand Canyon, painted terraces, fossil trees, and the thousand other marvels of Nature's Wonderland.

Enter at Gardiner Gateway—see Devil's Slide, Paradise Valley, Gate of Mountains,

and other magnificent features connected with this famous—northern—entrance.

Leave via Cody Road—motor 90 miles, through awe-inspiring Sylvan Pass, towering Shoshone Canyon, past the Government dam—twice the height of Niagara.

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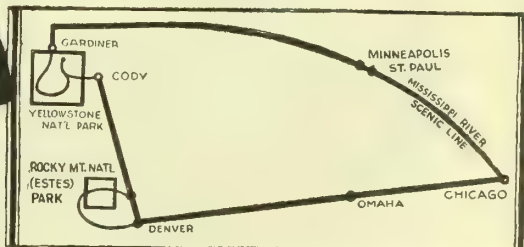
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"The Peace Negotiations: A Personal Narrative" reveals for the first time the inside story of what happened at the Peace Conference.

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See coupon on page 558. Act to-day, since we cannot guarantee this offer after May 1, 1921

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STANLEY, COLUMBUS, AND MARK TWAIN (Continued)

his arm, he continued: "There is that great slab of an Africa and there scattered all over it somewhere was a man, and Mr. Stanley found him."

This was Mark Twain's theme, and he developed it so irresistibly that he lifted that entire audience out of bounds, and he appealed to their emotions until they responded with shouts of laughter. The effect on Mr. Stanley was critical. Sitting there without any visible neck and with his ample figure embraced by both arms, he rolled about on his chair and laughed until he was purple in the face.

At the close of the lecture and while the people were leaving the hall a prominent professor of the Harvard Medical School came striding toward me over some intervening benches, and in an excited tone asked, "Who was that man?" I replied, "Mark Twain." "Well, that accounts for it," he said. "I have been wondering what man in Boston could do a feat like that and I never had heard of him."

A few days after this lecture Mr. Stanley was suddenly summoned back to England and was obliged to cancel the remainder of his lectures. On reaching London he made preparations for his second journey into Africa, which resulted in the discovery of the origin and course of the Congo River.

Boston, Massachusetts. **G. M. GARLAND.**

PUBLISHER'S NOTES

A JUSTICE of the Supreme Court of the State of Kansas was one of the first to enter The Outlook's second Prize Contest, which closed on March 31. The subject of this contest was "What the World War Did To Me;" and all manner of experiences, objective and subjective, have been recited. Some of the recitals are so intimate that, if published, the identity of their authors must be concealed behind pen-names. Judging from the returns, New York is the most introspective State in the Union, since New York contestants greatly outnumber those of any other State. As the contest drew to a close, California ran second, with Massachusetts, Illinois, Michigan, Pennsylvania, and Ohio ranged in that order. Forty-four States, Canada, and Mexico battled for the prize money.

LETTERS from subscribers depicting the journeys of The Outlook after leaving their hands are reaching our offices every day.

A Spokane banker sends his copy to his mother in Scotland, who in turn hands it on to a circle of readers.

A subscriber in Ridgewood, New Jersey, sends her copy of The Outlook to a friend in Brooklyn who no longer can afford to buy it; she in turn passes it on to a sister in the country, who lends the copy to numerous other readers.

HOWARD MURRAY JONES, the Wisconsin farmer who won first prize in the first of our letter contests, writes us: "The prize dollars and the complimentary copies of The Outlook knocked promptly at my door. They were welcome. Please accept my heartiest thanks. I think I was the most surprised of the four hundred entrants. Let me congratulate you on your good sportsmanship in handing the prize to a critic. We all knew, in advance, that neither compliment nor criticism would influence your decision. However, it is rather a happy outcome that a criticism (constructively intended) was successful. The fine spirit of fellowship in your comments wins us all. I shall be a most enthusiastic spectator at the coming contests, cheering every good play and player."

FROM Pine Grove, West Virginia, comes the kind of letter that makes it a pleasure to be in the publishing business:

"The Outlook is all right. Although there's a sort of 'heavy, heavy hangs over your head' feeling among working-men now—a fear lest they be laid off indefinitely—and a consequent tightening grip on money, I'll risk one of my few fives for the magazine another year.

"The contest letters were interesting. I depend on The Outlook for all National news and wonder sometimes if it couldn't tell me of more things happening throughout the Nation—say a column, or a page, of condensed news items of importance.

"The reviews of plays make one here in the woods hunger for New York. I'd almost starve a week to see 'The Green Goddess' after the write-up in your last issue.

"I'm glad I stumbled into a trial Outlook subscription."

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DAVID MANNES is one of the most distinguished of American musicians. The violin sonata recitals which he and his wife give are unique in the musical life of this country. He was concert-master of the New York

Symphony Society from 1902 to 1911, and director of the Music School Settlement. Of this school for the benefit of the children in the crowded East Side of New York Mr. Mannes said: "In this settlement they can forget the sordid environment of the slums in a blazing light of adoration that can be expressed through music."

EDITH DANA WEIGLE was graduated from Wellesley College, class of 1920. She is a product of Lafayette, Indiana, and has recently come to New York.

ELIZABETH BERTRON FAHNESTOCK (Mrs. Snowden A. Fahnestock) lives in New York City.

O. S. PAYNE is a new contributor to The Outlook. He is a graduate of the University of Virginia, and studied international law at Columbia University. He served two years as a pilot in the Army Air Service. Since the war he has been engaged in the export business both here and abroad.

ALVAN MACAULEY is President of the Packard Motor Car Company and lives in Detroit.

HAROLD E. SCARBOROUGH contributed "The Most Distressful Country" to last week's issue of The Outlook; he is a member of the New York "Tribune's" European staff.

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER was born in London and was educated in London and Paris. He was formerly Paris correspondent for the Chicago "Tribune" and correspondent at Paris, Rome, London, Spain, Berlin, and Cairo for the New York "Herald." He has been dramatic critic for the New York "Herald" and "World." For seven years he was New York correspondent for the London "Daily Chronicle." He dramatized Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment" as produced by Richard Mansfield. He is author of the English versions of several French and German plays.



JEAN CARTER COCHRAN lives in Plainfield, New Jersey. Her father was the Rev. Williams Cochran, a Presbyterian clergyman, and her mother was the daughter of Robert Carter, the publisher. She has traveled extensively in foreign countries; she spent a year visiting her brothers in China, where they were missionaries. She is the author of several books.



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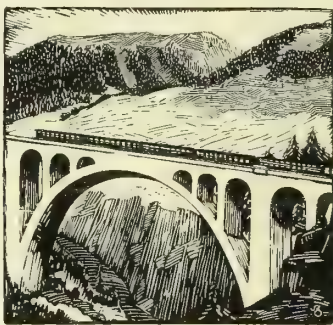
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Beautiful place, ten acres on State highway, seven miles from New London on a bold bluff overlooking and on the Thames River. Ten rooms, three baths, large veranda. Cottage for help. Three-car garage with bath. Pure spring water. Electricity. Boat house and wharf. Ice house (filled). Beautiful trees, flowers, and shrubbery. Apply W. S. CHAPPELL, 79 Green St., New London, Conn.

Norfolk, Conn. Summer home, charmingly furnished, in picturesque surroundings. For rent or sale. 16 rooms, 3 baths, garage. STOCKWELL, 1156 Madison Ave., New York.

MAINE

CAMDEN, ME. For rent, several high-class seashore cottages, fully furnished. Choice locations. Photos, plans, and full description. J. R. Prescott, Newtonville, Mass.

FOR RENT East Blue Hill, Me. Furnished Cottage facing shore. Six rooms, bath, near boat club house. Summer colony. Five miles Blue Hill fashionable colony. Reasonable rent. F. W. ADAMS, 31½ Exchange St., Portland, Me.



COAST OF MAINE

TO RENT: 16-room residence, \$900, and 11-room cottage, \$600, for season. Fine views over Penobscot Bay. Both furnished, ample plumbing fixtures and heating, telephone. Are in 22-acre private reservation of wild land with 2 miles of shore. Barn for automobiles, boathouse. Address

OLMSTED BROTHERS, Brookline, Mass.

Real Estate

MAINE

East Penobscot Bay Between Castine and Blue Hill. To let for summer season, attractive furnished home, eight rooms and bath, electric lights, fireplace, etc. 1,000 ft. shore frontage. Price reasonable. For further particulars address L. H. LANE, Sedgwick, Maine.

MASSACHUSETTS

FOR SALE—East Northfield, Mass.—Ideal Rustic Cottage, fully furnished, on hillside; pines, view, screens, running water, bath, toilet, large verandas, 6 bedrooms, oil, wood, coal and fireless cooking. "Y." Mr. HOWARD.

Ocean Front Estates at Rockport, Mass.

for sale, \$40,000 to \$75,000. Others with broad ocean view, \$10,000 up.

COTTAGES TO LET

HELEN THURSTON
20 Pleasant St., Tel. 80, Rockport, Mass.

FOR RENT AT STASCONSET, Mass., a house with six rooms and bath. For particulars apply to Miss HELEN MARSHALL, Norwich, Conn.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

White Mountains

Forest Hills, Franconia, N. H.

Three beautiful cottages for rent. Hot water, baths, fireplaces in every room, electric light, telephone. Three hundred acres, free golf, tennis, dancing; meals at delightful hotel that takes complete charge of bungalows. Reasonable rates. Finest view east of the Rockies. KARL P. ABBOTT.

NEW JERSEY

FOR SALE HIGHEST PART ORANGE MTS., SUMMIT, N. J., Attractive Corner House, five minutes' walk from D. L. & W. station. 9 rooms, foyer hall, modern plumbing, all conveniences. Address Owner, 302 Springfield Ave., Summit, N. J.

NEW YORK

ATTRACTIVE BUNGALOW
FOR RENT FOR SUMMER MONTHS
Located directly on Trout Lake, three miles by good road from Bolton Landing, Lake George. Entirely new. Built by present owner, who will rent for the entire season at moderate rental. Completely furnished throughout. Five rooms (three bedrooms) and bath. Kitchen with running water. Ice, wood, and rowboat included.
For full particulars address 4,511, Outlook.

A Country Home ADIRONDACK FOOTHILLS with access to a beautiful clear water lake. Fully furnished; moderate rental. John B. Burnham, 233 Broadway, N. Y.

Finest Summer Home

EAST LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.
FOR SALE—200 feet on lake front. Ten-room house, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, toilet, hot and cold water. First floor hardwood finish and open fireplace. Also bungalow of 5 rooms. Both houses furnished and have high-pressure spring water supply. New gasoline engine for electric light and other power. Two gasoline motor launches, four rowboats, two docks and cove. Ice house filled.
John H. Gleason, 25 North Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.

FOR RENT

FURNISHED SUMMER HOME
At Essex, N. Y.—Lake Champlain
Near lakeshore. On breezy hill overlooking lake and mountains; ten large, comfortable rooms; all improvements, electricity, garage; excellent bathing, boating, and fishing. \$600 for season. Address W. D. STOWER, 123 Chestnut St., Rochester, N. Y.

FARMS—33 STATES—\$10 to \$100
acre. Stock, tools, crops, often included to settle quickly. Write for full illustrated catalog. Strout Farm Agency, 150 BM Nassau St., New York City.

PENNSYLVANIA

For Sale—Very Desirable Home

Town of 12,000, of fine educational advantages. Preparatory school for girls, a woman's college in the town. Preparatory school for boys and two colleges for men within 25 miles. Good public schools. House 11 rooms, 3 baths, basement and attic. 3 acres of ground. Best residence section. Price low, terms reasonable. Address 4,539, Outlook.

VERMONT

Lake Champlain FOR SALE or To RENT Separately
Four modern, furnished houses, seven miles from St. Albans, Vt. Dock, bathing beach. Apply Dr. MELVILLE, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Real Estate

VERMONT

WOODSTOCK, VT.

To rent, small house, near inn. 7 rooms, 2 baths; old-fashioned furniture, open fireplace, screened piazzas, garage for 2 cars, garden plot. \$450 for summer. Apply to 1714 N St. N.W., Washington, D. C.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES MANUSCRIPTS

GENEALOGICAL RESEARCH. New England ancestry established. I traced the 439 Hetty Green heirs. William M. Emery, Fall River, Mass.

SPEECHES, lectures, and special articles prepared for all occasions. Prompt and careful service. 1,000 words, \$10. Sanborn and Pierce, Studio, 690 Shepard Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

FOR THE HOME

DOMESTIC SCIENCE correspondence courses. Good positions and home efficiency. Am. School Home Economics, Chicago.

LANTERN SLIDES

LANTERN slides made and colored. Highest grade work. 25 years' experience. Edward Van Alstena, 29 West 38th St., New York City.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

SECRETARY to superintendent of large Pennsylvania State institution. \$90 per month and maintenance. 9,613, Outlook.

WANTED—1,500 Railway Traffic Inspectors: no experience; train for this profession through spare-time home study; easy terms; \$110 to \$200 monthly and expenses guaranteed, or money back. Outdoors, local or traveling, under big men who reward ability. Get Free Booklet CM-27. Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

WANTED—Two farmerettes to work small farm run for home use. Furnished farm cottage with fine running spring water in house. Family of college-bred owners living on place. Address Mrs. James McKeen, Jewels Island, Cliff Island, Me.

Companions and Domestic Helpers
WORKING HOUSEKEEPER for large Pennsylvania State institution. \$75 per month and maintenance. 9,612, Outlook.

DIETITIANS, superintendents, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, social workers, and secretaries. Miss Richards, Providence, East Side Box 5. Boston, Fridays, 11 to 1. 16 Jackson Hall, Trinity Court. Address Providence.

MOTHER'S helper, supervise two school girls, plain sewing, and assist housekeeping. Permanent position, minister's family; Jersey suburb. References. 9,625, Outlook.

HOPKINS' Educational Agency, 507 Fifth Avenue: Manager country club, \$200 month; housekeeper, \$100; governesses, nurses, secretaries, companions, teachers.

WANTED at once, reliable nurse or mother's helper with small family in country. \$55 month. 9,641, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

FRENCH GOVERNESS, resident, Parisienne accent, diplomate, for two boys, five and eight years. References required. Address Mrs. Ludington, 271 Whitney Ave., New Haven, Conn.

WANTED at once, young college graduate, Protestant, to teach girl 15 Latin, algebra, and French, be companion and chaperon. Reference required. Good salary. Send photo. Box 15, Fairville, Chester County, Pa.

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

TEACHERS WANTED—College graduates for all departments of schools and colleges. September vacancies. Special terms for early enrollment. THE INTERSTATE TEACHERS' AGENCY, Machecha Building, New Orleans, La.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

POSITION WANTED by next September, experienced man, physical trainer and athletic coach. 9,645, Outlook.

REGISTERED nurse, near Rochester, N. Y., going Vancouver, B. C., will exchange services for fare. (Protestants preferred.) References exchanged. 9,653, Outlook.

Business Situations

EXECUTIVE position wanted for summer by experienced, capable, cultured woman. References. 9,585, Outlook.

SECRETARIAL POSITION, or as companion-secretary, in New York, desired by woman of refinement and education; trustworthy; typist; references. 9,623, Outlook.

YACHT CAPTAIN—Licensed master of steam vessels, 15 years' experience on steam and gasoline vessels, wishes position as captain of yacht. Best references. Address G. M. Squires, 411 Seventh St., Greenport, N. Y.

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY STUDENT, having comfortable new five passenger Stearns-Knight touring car, desires position as chauffeur for summer months. References given. Address C. S. Satterthwaite, Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

WANTED—Position as social secretary or chaperon, preferably in Washington. Social and business references. Address Chaperon, 503 West Franklin St., Richmond, Va.

UNIVERSITY student desires to travel West during summer. Chauffeur or companion for children. California preferred. 9,651, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers
WANTED—Position as matron or managing housekeeper in institution near New York City. In present position 9 years. 9,561, Outlook.

TRAVELING COMPANION—Summer—preferably France. Young lady, French, excellent musician, brevet, references. 9,576, Outlook.

COMPANION-secretary. Capable, cheerful disposition. Take entire charge of apartment or small house. Highest references. 9,600, Outlook.

SUMMER position wanted by French lady as traveling companion abroad. Highest references. 9,590, Outlook.

LADY desiring to go abroad or to NEW ENGLAND coast for summer will give her services in return for expenses. REFERENCES furnished if required. 9,631, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as useful companion with lady alone with pleasant surroundings. 9,632, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as traveling companion, secretary, or governess by young lady, abroad or California. 9,629, Outlook.

TRAVELING companionship. Summer. English lady having lived much in London, southern Spain, Morocco, speaking French and Spanish. 9,635, Outlook.

YOUNG woman with hospital training, desiring to go to England, offers services in return for part payment of voyage. 9,636, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, Virginian, desires position for summer months as chaperon to young girls. Will travel. References. 9,640, Outlook.

YOUNG Swiss woman, refined, capable, obliging, will render all necessary services as traveling companion to elderly person or as mother's helper with family going abroad this summer, on condition that she can spend at least a month with her family in Switzerland. She will serve in such capacity on steamer both going and returning without additional salary. References exchanged. 9,638, Outlook.

PROFESSIONAL MAN (doctor) wishes to act as traveling companion to several young men going to Europe for summer months. 9,639, Outlook.

SCOTCH nurse would take care of an invalid or elderly person. 9,647, Outlook.

SUMMER position as traveling companion abroad by French lady speaking English. References exchanged. 9,642, Outlook.

GRADUATE nurse, refined, sunny disposition, no relatives, will take intelligent care of lady or gentleman. Good traveler, finest credentials. 9,643, Outlook.

COMPANION, young woman. No objection to travel. References exchanged. Protestant. 9,650, Outlook.

AGREEABLE, cultured young woman as chaperon, companion, or home manager. Experienced and efficient. 9,658, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

COMPETENT FRENCH governess, experienced teacher, wishes summer position. Traveling no objection. 9,652, Outlook.

TEACHER of domestic science and art for school year 1921 and 1922. 9,627, Outlook.

YOUNG FRENCHMAN, university instructor, will tutor or be companion to one or two boys during summer. Experienced. Highest references. Would teach French. 9,633, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY graduate, twenty-eight, Protestant, officer, excellent rider, four languages, desires position as tutor or traveling companion for next summer. 9,648, Outlook.

COLLEGE professor, lady, French, German, history, wishes suitable summer position. 9,644, Outlook.

WELLESLEY graduate, experienced teacher, master's degree, wishes position to teach English school or college or to do literary research. New York or Philadelphia preferred. 9,652, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate, medical student, wishes position for summer as private tutor or companion. Experienced teacher, athletic, ex-lieutenant. 9,564, Outlook.

PRINCETON senior wishes position as tutor or companion during next summer. Accustomed to outdoor life and sports. 9,659, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

INVALID or nervous patient cared for in physician's suburban home. Wife professional nurse. 9,535, Outlook.

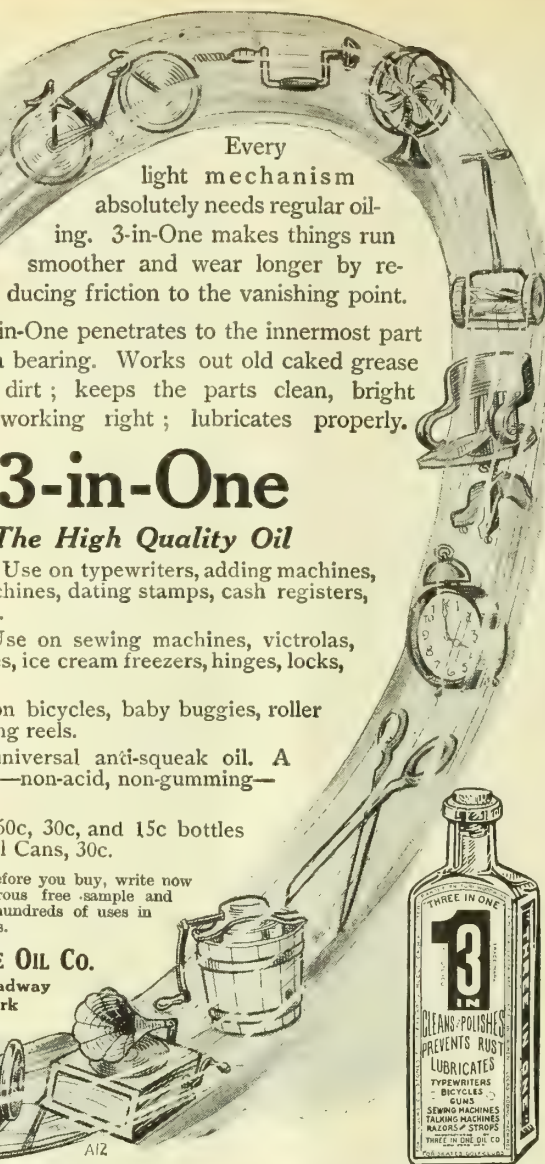
MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will send things on approval. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

WANTED—Defective persons to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

BOYS wanted, 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

EXPERIENCED educator, lover of children, will take into her summer home, seashore near New York, two normal children, one month or longer, after June 1. Simple, healthful living; training in self-reliance. 9,649, Outlook.

**Makes
things
go
'round**



Every
light mechanism
absolutely needs regular oil-
ing. 3-in-One makes things run
smoother and wear longer by re-
ducing friction to the vanishing point.

3-in-One penetrates to the innermost part
of a bearing. Works out old caked grease
and dirt; keeps the parts clean, bright
and working right; lubricates properly.

3-in-One

The High Quality Oil

In the office: Use on typewriters, adding machines,
duplicating machines, dating stamps, cash registers,
revolving chairs.

In the home: Use on sewing machines, victrolas,
washing machines, ice cream freezers, hinges, locks,
clocks, tools.

Outdoors: Use on bicycles, baby buggies, roller
skates, guns, fishing reels.

3-in-One is the universal anti-squeak oil. A
fine oil compound—non-acid, non-gumming—
won't dry out.

At all stores in 60c, 30c, and 15c bottles
also in Handy Oil Cans, 30c.

FREE To try before you buy, write now
for generous free sample and
Dictionary showing hundreds of uses in
office, home, outdoors.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
165 O. Broadway
New York



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When you notify The Outlook of a change in your
address, both the old and the new address should be
given. Kindly write, if possible, two weeks before
the change is to take effect.

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BRUSHES**
Make Smooth Surfaces
and Clean Kitchens
For highly glossed and
durable results with Paint,
Varnish and Enamel—
Always Use
Whiting-Adams Brushes
Send for Illustrated Literature
John L. Whiting-J. J. Adams Co.
Boston, U.S.A.
Brush Manufacturers for Over 110
Years and the Largest in the World

DEAF?

Send a post card for a new pamphlet filled with valuable facts
that every deaf person should know. If you are only slightly
deaf, don't let it go until it is too late! Or, if you are almost
totally deaf, there may be a chance of restoring your hearing
completely. This pamphlet will tell you. It also explains about a

NEW INVENTION

—The Mears De Luxe Ear Phone, and tells about our great
10-Day Free Trial Offer. Not a penny unless your hearing
is improved. But first write for the free literature, NOW,
before our supply is exhausted. Remember, there is no
cost or obligation of any kind. Mail card or letter TO-DAY
for this interesting pamphlet. Address:

MEARS EAR PHONE CO.
Dept. 124, 45 W. 34th St., New York, N. Y.

WHITE MOUNTAIN Refrigerators
"The Chest with the Chill in it"
Built on scientific principles and tested
by use "in over a million homes."
Easy to clean, economical, durable
and efficient. Sold in every city and
important town in the United States.
Send for Handsome Catalogues
and Booklets
Maine Manufacturing Co., Nashua, N. H.
Established 1874
Look for the name
WHITE MOUNTAIN
Cuts your ice bill.

BY THE WAY

THE "mother-and-daughter customers"
of a department store often present the
saleswoman's most difficult problem, ac-
cording to a book entitled "The Human
Side of Retail Selling." The young girl,
"commonly known as a 'flapper,'" the
book says, comes in with her mother
tries on a coat, pulls it off and says: "I
won't wear it. It makes me look like
a little girl." "Well, you won't get any
other," the mother says; "I know what
is suitable for a girl your age and you're
too young to wear any other style."
"Then I don't want anything," the girl
cries, with a flood of tears. Here comes
the tactful saleswoman's opportunity.
"Girls of this age usually have more con-
fidence in the saleswoman's opinions
than in that of their mothers. But in
winning over the daughter the sales-
woman must be extremely careful not
to offend the mother by questioning her
judgment."

Gunner Grubb was an English artil-
leryman who loved a cat. His story is
told in the London "Sphere." He called
his kitten Juicyball, which was his man-
ner of pronouncing Jezebel. "Her favor-
ite trick was to sit on the gun until the
breech was opened and then to pop in
and crawl along until her head protruded
from the muzzle, and from this point of
vantage to defy all efforts to extract her
until Grubb would requisition the clean-
ing rod." Grubb, sad to relate, jumped
out of his dugout one day, during a bom-
bardment, to rescue his kitten from an
exposed place, and both soldier and cat
were killed. Over Juicyball's grave, near
her soldier master's, a board was placed
bearing the inscription, "To Puss, Killed
in Action."

The Queen of the Belgians, we learn
from a recently published account of her
trip to America, is a remarkably skill-
ful quoit player. Some distinguished
fellow-voyagers hesitated to enter the
lists against her in this game. One of
these was General Jacques, who evi-
dently has a keen sense of humor.
While he was watching Queen Eliza-
beth's clever shots, some one asked him,
"Well, General, aren't you going to
play?" With a laugh, the hero of Dix-
mude replied: "What! I throw quoits?
You do not really mean it! It would
ruin my prestige!"

"I taught school among my own peo-
ple in the Tennessee mountains for sev-
eral years after I graduated from col-
lege," a Southern lecturer says, as
reported by a subscriber. "Funny things
happened. Hearing a boy say, 'I ain't
gwine thar,' I said to him, 'That's no
way to talk. Listen: 'I am not going
there; you are not going there; he is
not going there; we are not going there;
you are not going there; they are not
going there.' Do you get the idea?'
'Yessur, I gits it all right. They ain't
nobody gwine.'"

Advertisements often contain enter-
taining bits of information. Here is an
example from the announcement of a

furniture dealer in an English paper: "The Windsor chair is peculiar to the Southern Counties of England. The origin of its name is that George III saw a chair in a cottage near Windsor and was so pleased with it that he ordered a set to be made for royal use. It was largely copied in America, George Washington having a set at his house at Mount Vernon. Jefferson sat in a Windsor chair when he signed the Declaration of Independence in 1776. The backs of these chairs are very graceful and they are exceedingly comfortable chairs."

Under the head of "Spring Cold" the "Journal" of the American Medical Association prints these catarrhal verses:

By head ith achig subthig fierce,
By dose ith ruddig too,
Udleth by cold will thood ged well
I dote doe what I'll do.

I thdeethe ad thdeethe till I bost die,
The tears rud dowed by face,
I thig the way thad I catch cold
Ith bore thad a dithgrathe.

Movie devotees often wonder at the stunts depicted in scenes showing wild animals. The bears, lions, or leopards seem to do just what is required, with no fussing or urging. Sometimes, however, the camera men have their troubles in getting these pictures, as a despatch to a movie journal indicates. It reads: "Sennett's chief cameraman has returned from Truckee with his right arm in a sling; he was badly bitten by a motion picture wolf. 'Now,' he says, 'if that infernal hound had only tackled the hero the wolves were supposed to be after, what a fine piece of realism we'd have had.' The hero, however, doubts whether his devotion to art is great enough to make him yield up his right arm as a sacrifice."

A right arm in a sling is a sure enough tribute to art, but another paragraph in the journal above quoted tells of a movie actor who made the supreme sacrifice in his work: "Caught in the undertow off Redondo Beach, California, during the filming of a wreck scene for Mr. Gilbert Parker's story, 'The Money Master,' Morris Cohn was drowned, in spite of heroic efforts by a score of beach swimmers to save his life."

"Pickup" presents an old idea in this new form:

I hate to be a kicker,
I generally stand for peace;
But the wheel that does the squeaking
Is the wheel that gets the grease.

We are advised that the cover picture of our issue for March 16 really presents a view of the Rockies across the border, the Canadian National Park, instead of the Glacier National Park, in Montana. The scenery in these splendid mountain parks is not dissimilar, and negatives taken during trips to the two parks seem to have been mixed, as they were made before the days of "auto-graphic cameras"—a possible hint to tourists who may have the good fortune to visit either of the parks this summer.



© B & B 1921

No Corns Today

unless folks let them stay

Millions of people nowadays keep completely free from corns.

At the first sign of a corn they use Blue-jay—the liquid or the plaster. The pain then stops. In a little while the whole corn loosens and comes out.

People who pare corns keep them. People who use old treatments—harsh, unscientific—do themselves injustice.

There is now a scientific corn tender. A famous chemist perfected it. This world-famed laboratory supplies it through druggists everywhere.

It is at your call. A touch will apply it. Its use seals the fate of a corn.

At least 20 million corns yearly are now ended in this easy, gentle way. Apply it to one corn tonight. Watch what it does.

Plaster or Liquid

Blue-jay

The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto
Makers of B & B Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

Vapo-Cresolene

Established 1879

The time for Vapo-Cresolene is at the first indication of a cold or sore throat, which are so often the warnings of dangerous complications.

It is simple to use, as you just light the little lamp that vaporizes the Cresolene and place it near the bed at night.

The soothing antiseptic vapor is breathed all night; making breathing easy, relieving the cough and easing the sore throat and congested chest.

Cresolene is recommended for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Influenza, Bronchitis, Coughs and Nasal Catarrh. Its germicidal qualities make it a reliable protection against these epidemics.

It gives great relief in Asthma. Cresolene has been recommended and used for the past forty years. The benefit derived from it is unquestionable.

Sold by Druggists.
Send for Descriptive
Booklet 31.



Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated Throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us. 10c in stamps.
THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
62 Cortlandt St., New York,
or Leeming-Miles Building
Montreal, Canada

The Vapor
Treatment
for Coughs
and Colds

Quality First

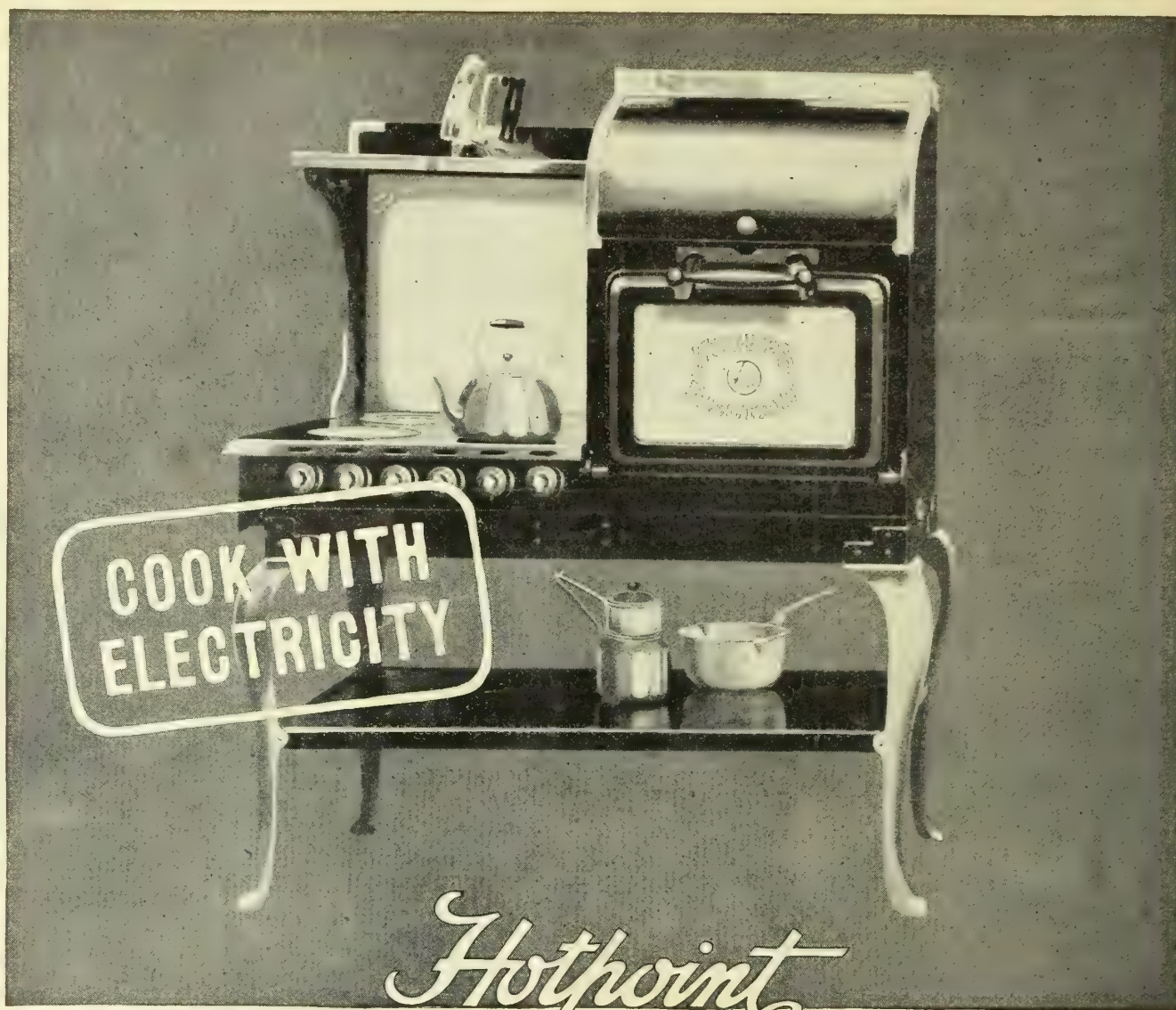
Boston Garter

New Style



You may be sure when you wear "Bostons," your socks will not only stay up but will look as though they were ironed into place. If you see some fellow reach down for a dangling garter strap, pass the good word along to him.

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, BOSTON
Makers of Velvet Grip Hose Supporters
for Women, Misses, Children and Infants



Copyright 1921, by Edison Appliance Electric Co., Inc.

Hotpoint HUGHES

EVERY time you drain the water from a kettle of cooked vegetables you are losing a large part of the natural flavor and nutriment of your food.

Every time you roast a piece of meat in the ordinary range oven you are losing, through evaporation, juices which carry away flavor, nourishment and actual poundage.

Vegetables cooked on the Hotpoint-Hughes Electric Range are steam-cooked—not water-cooked. This method retains flavor and nourishing values and keeps the food from being water-soaked.

Meat roasted or broiled in the Hotpoint-Hughes Electric Range is not subject to the shrinkage and

drying-out process which the ordinary range oven imposes.

Thus, cooking on the Hotpoint-Hughes not only makes food more delicious, more savory and more digestible, but it results in an actual food-saving as well.

And it is the clean way to cook: no soot, no fumes, no greasy odors. Experts of leading cooking schools also endorse electric cookery for the saving of time, and the uniformly good results which it makes possible.

More women cook on Hotpoint-Hughes Electric Ranges than on any other electric range. There is a "Hotpoint" dealer in your town who will be glad to show you the size and style of Hotpoint-Hughes Electric Range suited to your family.



EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE COMPANY, Inc., CHICAGO
NEW YORK ONTARIO, CALIFORNIA SALT LAKE CITY ATLANTA

Canadian Edison Appliance Co., Ltd., Stratford, Ont. Foreign Dept.: 120 Broadway, New York
Service Stations in All Principal Cities

851 R.Y.

The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life



(C) Underwood

GENERAL WOOD'S MISSION TO
THE PHILIPPINES

ARE THE FILIPINOS PREPARED
FOR INDEPENDENCE?

AMOK: A PHILIPPINE STORY

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1921
PRICE: FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY
FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR
381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Just as the Advertisement Said

BARKER MEMORIAL HOSPITAL IS PARTLY DESTROYED BY FIRE
 Estimate Damage at \$40,000
 —No Loss of Life.
 Nurses and Firemen Work Diligently to Save Patients.

SANITARIUM IS RAZED BY FIRE; PATIENTS SAVED
 No Panic While Nurses Rescue Ten Inmates During \$40,000 Blaze.

TWO WOMEN PERISH IN FIRE IN SANITARIUM
 Bay Minette, Ala., Nov. 14.—Mrs. C. J. Campbell, 68, and Miss Annie Byrne, 75, sister of Mrs. Campbell, were burned to death early today when trapped in the Campbell Sanitarium, which was completely destroyed by fire.



He took thought that before the night was over, fate would cast dice for this infant's life—would it be three hours or three score years and ten?

Maternity Hospital Near Worcester Burns
 WORCESTER, Aug. 16.—The Mt. St. Joseph Maternity Hospital, just over the Worcester line in Millbury, was destroyed by fire this afternoon. The fire broke out about 2:30 p.m., but the mother and prospective mother, who were being cared for by the Sisters of Providence, were removed without the slightest accident. The fire started from the top floor of the building, which was a three-story wooden structure, and spread rapidly. The building was completely destroyed, and the institution is far removed from the city and town.

GRINNELL COMPANY
 Complete Engineering and Construction Service on Automatic Sprinklers
 Industrial Pump, Motor and Power Equipment. Frigidaire, Ice, Vapor
 GRINNELL AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM—When the fire starts, the water starts

Fate — and a Baby's life
 HE little thought that before the night was over, fate would cast dice for this infant's life—would it be three hours or three score years and ten?
 Midnight—an alarm of fire—hours of heart-rending and nerve-racking work by heroic nurses, doctors and firemen.
 Another day. The little baby was safe, thanks to the nurse who thought more of its safety than she did of her own. The young mother lay at the point of death, her fight for life doubled by exposure and cold.
 Safe? Why had the father and the deluded public thought that hospital safe?
 Read—"Fire Tragedies and Their Remedy"
 This instructive booklet will wake you up to the penalty paid by those who have neglected to provide adequate fire protection. A penny for a postal is a small price to pay for human lives. Write for it now. Address, Grinnell Company, Inc., 278 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

DRAG SICK FROM HOSPITAL FLAMES
 Firemen Seize Patients, Some Just Operated On, From Beds. Few May Die.

TWO DIE IN FIRE AT MATERNITY HOSPITAL
 OTTAWA, Ont., May 13.—In a fire at a maternity hospital, two patients lost their lives and three persons were slightly injured. The dead are Mrs. D. Norris and Mrs. P. Munnell, both of this city.

DEAD, 19 SAVED AS BURLINGTON CO. HOSPITAL BURNS
 VOLUNTEERS CARRY PATIENTS DOWN STAIRS

Reproduction of an advertisement published last year in national magazines

If Not Here—Where?

IF not in a maternity hospital, where would you expect to find the best in fire protection?

And yet all the evidence shows that factories and stores are the places most carefully safeguarded against fire. Think of it! Money values almost universally get the best fire protection—automatic sprinklers—but babies' lives are often left to chance.

When the Mt. St. Joseph Maternity Hospital near Worcester burned on August 16, 1920, the Boston Post said: "Nothing could be done to save the building—the institution was far removed from the water supply of both city and town."

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But why go on? Look at the clippings.

The sad fact is that these reported conflagrations need never have occurred. For any institution can be made safe from fire with automatic sprinklers. They are the one means that offsets all fire dangers, old construction and careless employees included. The sprinkler-equipped hospital will never break into the newspapers with headlines like those shown above.

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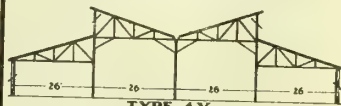
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How is this possible? Because Metropolitan is not owned by a trust, a syndicate or a paper company. It represents no "special interests," no group, no political party, no "ism." Its owner, editor-publisher is one man. There is no national magazine of any size and importance of which this is true except the Metropolitan. It believes its chief duty is to present important facts, not to sicken its readers with stale propaganda. If the facts are sometimes harsh and unwelcome, that is in the nature of things. The main thing is to have the courage to tell your story, and keep the public really informed. This policy explains the reputation of Metropolitan as being progressive. You will always find in Metropolitan editorials and articles that provoke thought about economic and social problems that are inevitably coming to confront us.

Metropolitan has become a great political force of widespread influence. Metropolitan is an opinion-making monthly, it is an interpreter of fighting questions—carrying a light it leads the way into the darkness of unsolved issues.

And yet Metropolitan is more than this. A magazine would not be a well-rounded family visitor unless it had entertainment also

—fiction. Your family needs information *and* entertainment. That is why Metropolitan is always about half articles and half fiction. The standard of fiction is high—we call it "real life" fiction. Each story is entertaining, yet each contains a contribution to life that will stay with you after you have laid the magazine aside. We like what the critics say about our "real life" fiction. Here is what one wrote about Metropolitan's fiction contributors—they are "people who write stories that other folks talk about and tell their friends about; stories with ideas big enough to make them remembered."

Another very prominent magazine review has just published this about Metropolitan "real life" fiction: "It will be hard to find another group of short stories so well calculated to hold the attention closely and afford a deal of entertainment."

Let us refer back to the opinion-making influence of Metropolitan. William Hard is now in Ireland solely representing the Metropolitan. The facts about Ireland are hard to get. No one yet knows them or has published them. We sent Hard to Ireland because he is the fairest, most honest, most penetrating journalist in the United States. He is adept at making complicated issues simple, human and understandable. He will do this for the Irish question.

You can read the *real* truth about Ireland in the May Metropolitan now published. Other articles by him on Ireland will follow. These Irish articles by William Hard are the most important now being published in American periodical journalism.

You can get the Metropolitan from your newsdealer—or any newsstand—for 25 cents. If you prefer, send us your address and \$3.00 and the Metropolitan will be mailed you for a year.

Metropolitan

H. J. Whigham, Publisher

432 Fourth Avenue

New York City

PUBLISHER'S NOTES

MORE than five hundred of our readers accepted our challenge to introspect appropriately and to enter the second of our prize contests, which closed March 31. The prize winners will be announced in an early issue. The contestants ranged from a rear admiral in the United States Navy to a Polish cobbler.

THE sense of editorial responsibility is intensified by the candor of such a letter as this: "I am one of those whose income did not increase with the increase in prices and really cannot afford to take The Outlook at the present high price, and do hope your cost of production will be reduced so you can reduce the price next year. I have not had a new summer suit in five years nor hat in four years, so you may see I have done without things; but I cannot do without The Outlook. Would rather have it than a new hat, so here is the \$5 enclosed. I think I owe more to Lyman Abbott for my spiritual life than any one unless possibly Henry Ward Beecher, who influenced my youth (I am seventy-one now), and as long as I live seventy-one now, and as long as I live I shall not give up The Outlook."

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, is noted for its graciousness and charm. An example of the Atlanta spirit is displayed in a letter to us from the State Capitol which reads:

"If I were requested to describe in one word The Outlook of March 9, 1921, I would collect a bunch of box-car letters and form the word

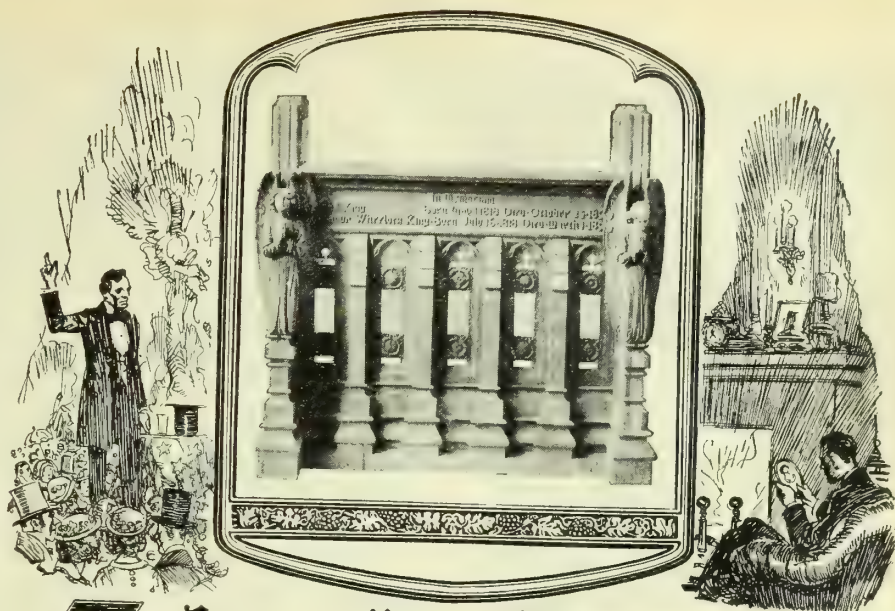
S U P E R B

"I doubt if you have ever issued a more complete, interesting, and instructive number than the one mentioned."

AREADER in Niagara Falls, New York, sends his copy of The Outlook each week to the Seaman's Church Institute, whence it is likely to sail for almost any port under the sun; thousands of sailors are now in port because of enforced idleness, and many of them are improving their time in the reading-room of the Institute at 25 South Street over pages of The Outlook.

A lady in Bristol, Vermont, sends The Outlook to three of her nephews as a Christmas gift. One nephew is a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, who declares that nothing could have pleased him more, as The Outlook is the only printed news from the "good old U. S. A." he sees, save now and then a bundle of old New York papers; as soon as The Outlook arrives he reports that it is "devoured" from cover to cover. Another of her nephews is a senior in the Medical College of the University of Vermont; he has no time to read the daily papers, but feels The Outlook keeps him in touch with the important developments of the times. The third of this distinguished trio of nephews was a member of the Lafayette Escadrille; he reports that The Outlook holds first place in his esteem.

An excellent and profitable form of outdoor sport during the spring and summer for the younger members of the family is to become Outlook salesmen in your neighborhood. Applications should be sent to the Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.



To Honor Her Memory

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, in the course of a famous speech, attributed solely to his mother his own greatness and success. In a few words, he immortalized her memory and the ideals by which he had been enobled.

How can we, today, fittingly express in some tangible form the gratitude which we all owe to those mothers of ours! How can we best acknowledge the infinite value of their early teachings, their countless sacrifices that we might some day stand, leaders among men.

Surely it were wise and just fittingly to perpetuate for future generations, that love and those ideals which have animated us.

What could be more appropriate, more peculiarly fitting, than a memorial carved from enduring wood—a memorial in her own church, harmonizing with it in design and spirit.



What a wealth of suggestion from which to draw! It can take the form of a Lectern of inspiring design, a Sedilia, substantial and artistic in form, a Pulpit with its possibilities for individual expression in detailed carving, or in an Altar of exalted beauty.

These few suggestions serve to emphasize how personal an expression of respect and honor can be made to those who have passed on and how eloquently and beautifully their aims and aspirations can be perpetuated to future generations.

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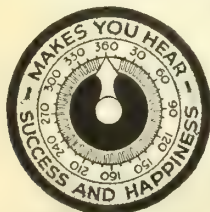
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The Outlook

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New York City

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The Outlook

APRIL 13, 1921

RENÉ VIVIANI

A BIG-BONED, thick-set, square-jawed man is Viviani. He is fifty-eight years old; he appears forty-eight, or even thirty-eight. As he sits in his chair and looks dreamily through half-closed eyes—which are very much alive, just the same—there comes to one a suggestion of his Corsican name and his Algerian birthplace. But as he gives you a strong hand-grasp later you remember only his ups and downs as Deputy, Cabinet Minister, Premier of France—he was Prime Minister at the outbreak of the World War and for fifteen months thereafter.

As he speaks to his auditors you feel as if listening to an actor at the Théâtre Français declaiming some classic text—such consummate use does he make of a language which, as he says, with characteristic gestures too, “flows like a brook and yet is strong as steel.” Such perfect power has he, as well, over his splendid voice; now in low, pleading accent; now in loud, thunderous tone. No living orator seems to have had the ability to inspire his hearers to higher emotion or to fire them to greater enthusiasm.

Such was the impression made by Viviani in his first public speech in this country on this, his second, visit here. It was at the annual meeting of the Alliance Française in New York City. Viviani's first visit occurred four years ago, in company with Marshal Joffre. They came here to tell what France was doing and to hear what America was going to do. Viviani comes here now with the same objects in view. As he said: “I am here to inform you and to inform myself.” The information he gives consists of such phrases as these, taken at random from his address to the Alliance Française on April 2:

In the war you supported France because you paid no attention to the calumny and lies about her. Because you had known France, you defended her.

Has she changed? Is she no longer herself? Has she forfeited your gratitude and friendly feeling and loyalty? . . . Look at her now that the war is over. Look at her, having lost a million five hundred thousand men killed. She is recultivating the soil where she has shed her blood. She has bravely taken up the burden of reconstruction. . . .

What does she want? She wants nothing but justice. What she asks is not to be repaid the huge expense of the war. But she does ask from Germany reparations—above all,

what is needed for her widows, orphans, and maimed. She does ask the amount required for the economic rehabilitation of . . . her territory destroyed. . . .

And she asks this because, looking beyond her frontier, she sees the German soldiers picking up the working tools they had left, the manufacturers

a condition of equilibrium while there is a wrecked France.

The information which M. Viviani received he referred to as follows:

This morning I read with joy in your newspapers what your Administration had to say about Germany's responsibilities and obligations. This news will cross the Atlantic to comfort us in the devastated districts.

MR. HUGHES SPEAKS

WHAT Mr. Viviani referred to was the report of a memorandum sent by Secretary Hughes in the name of this Government to the German Government, explicitly placing the United States beside the Allies.

On March 23 Dr. Simons, German Foreign Minister, had sent an “informal memorandum” to Mr. Dresel, American Commissioner at Berlin, comprising a statement of conditions and an appeal for mercy as regards war reparations. Mr. Hughes's short but emphatic note apparently accepts the German contentions at their face value when he says:

This Government believes that it recognizes in the memorandum of Dr. Simons a sincere desire on the part of the German Government to reopen negotiations with the Allies on a new basis.

But it is joined to this clear and far more pregnant sentence:

This Government stands with the Governments of the Allies in holding Germany responsible for the war and therefore morally bound to make reparation so far as may be possible.

Mr. Hughes also says:

The American Government is pleased to note in the informal memorandum of Dr. Simons the unequivocal expression on the part of the German Government of its desire to afford reparation up to the limit of German ability to pay.

The whole question is there. How is that ability to be determined? In our opinion, it is to be determined by the Reparation Commission acting under the Treaty of Versailles and administering Germany just as receivers would administer a bankrupt railway. In an editorial by the Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook this subject is discussed further on another page.

A SUCCESSOR TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AND JOHN HAY

IT has been officially announced at the White House that President Harding has decided to appoint Colonel George Harvey Ambassador to England, and



(C) Paul Thompson
RENÉ VIVIANI ON HIS ARRIVAL IN AMERICA

finding their factories intact, every German going back to a home that is still standing.

Look at the other side of the picture. Look at our six hundred thousand houses destroyed, at our mines made useless for five years, at our factories whose equipment has been carried into Germany. . . .

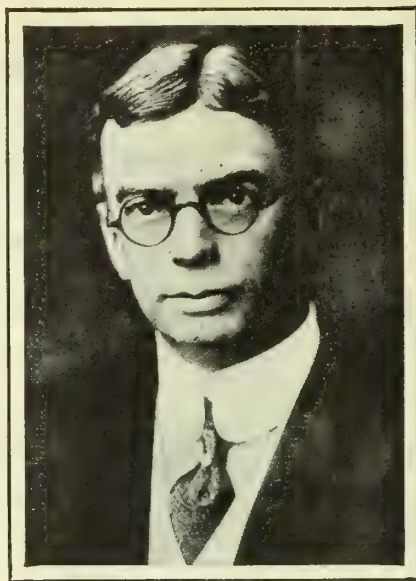
We want peace. We want the nations to become reconciled. But how can we help feeling bitter when at the end of two years and a half of peace we have received no payment for reparation? The world cannot be in

there is no reason to suppose that the appointment will not be promptly confirmed when the Senate convenes.

Colonel Harvey's military title does not indicate any special martial experience, since it was acquired by his honorary appointment some years ago on the staffs of two Governors of New Jersey and two Governors of South Carolina, and, as everybody knows, these gubernatorial armies have more dining than fighting to do. He was born in Vermont fifty-seven years ago; received an ordinary school education; and became a newspaper reporter at eighteen years of age. His ability in this particular field is indicated by the fact that he was appointed managing editor of the New York "World" when he was about twenty-seven. During the boom of the electric street railways in the late nineties he became associated with that industry, with considerable pecuniary success, it is generally supposed.

From 1900 to 1915 he was president of the famous publishing house of Harper & Brothers. While he was in that position "Harper's Weekly," at one time a great and influential periodical, became moribund, and is now defunct. In politics he was at one time a Democrat and a bitter opponent of Theodore Roosevelt, displaying a personal antipathy for that distinguished Republican which was cordially reciprocated. His unquestioned ability as a shrewd judge of political affairs was most strikingly portrayed in the nomination in 1912 of Governor Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, for President of the United States, a nomination which he was largely instrumental in bringing about. Colonel Harvey and Mr. Wilson were very intimately associated during the campaign of 1912, but their relations were broken at the request of Mr. Wilson himself, and Colonel Harvey thereafter became Mr. Wilson's most vindictive enemy, dealing with President Wilson personally and with his Administration in a kind of brilliant invective that has hardly ever been equaled in the history of American politics. It is announced that "Harvey's Weekly," which Colonel Harvey established for the apparent purpose of destroying his former friend and now hated opponent, will be discontinued when Colonel Harvey becomes Ambassador. It is not announced what he will do with the "North American Review," of which ancient and highly respected periodical he has been editor for many years.

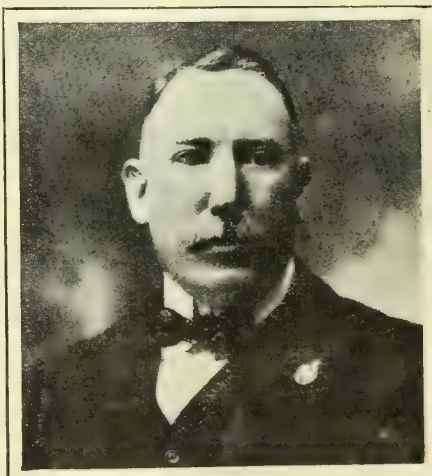
Colonel Harvey is a distinguished representative of a certain type of American journalistic brilliance. He is thoroughly familiar with the subterranean methods of political management, but he has never displayed any marked interest in those deep and permanent principles



International
COLONEL GEORGE HARVEY

of statesmanship that, after all, make political history.

An ambassador, especially to so important a post as that which Colonel Harvey is now to fill, should be a man of tact, discretion, good taste, polished manners, sound scholarship, and a devotion to his country's welfare which rises superior to personal ambitions and personal animosities. The United States has been served by an extraordinary succession of men at the Court of St. James's who displayed these qualities in a marked degree—John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Charles Francis Adams, James Russell Lowell, George Bancroft, Edward J. Phelps, Thomas F. Bayard, John Hay, Joseph H. Choate, Walter Page, and John W. Davis. We regret that President Harding could not have added to this illustrious group an Ambassador



Central News
SIR JAMES CRAIG, THE UNANIMOUSLY CHOSEN LEADER OF THE ULSTER UNIONISTS, IN SUCCESSION TO SIR EDWARD CARSON, AND THE NEW PREMIER OF ULSTER

who would have contributed to his high office less brilliant pugnacity and more of the diplomatic qualities of his predecessors than even Colonel Harvey's best friends believe that he possesses.

We are informed on excellent authority that President Harding is assuming full personal responsibility for the ambassadorial appointments of the new Administration and that his choice for what is probably the most important ambassadorial office in the present-day world is founded upon his sense of indebtedness to Colonel Harvey for important political services rendered. It is a commendable quality in a President to wish to pay his political debts fairly and even generously. But it is a pity that Mr. Harding could not have paid his debt to Colonel Harvey in a somewhat less precious coin than the Ambassadorship to Great Britain.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC VICEROY OF IRELAND

IN succession to Viscount French, Lord Edmund Talbot has been appointed Lord Lieutenant—that is to say, Viceroy—of Ireland. This is the first time, we believe, that a Roman Catholic has attained this position since the days of James II.

The selection of a Roman Catholic for the Lord Lieutenantcy has already been accepted as a genuine effort on the part of the British Government to show to the Irish that the Government wants to give them everything that can be given. In so doing the Government may have seemed to exceed its legal power. Under existing law the Lord Lieutenantcy is reserved for a Protestant. The new Home Rule Act, however, removes that disability. But the act does not come into force until April 19. Until that date, therefore, Lord Edmund's assumption of office would be contrary to law. Of course the nomination merely anticipates that law.

Under the new act the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has very great powers. He is the direct representative of the crown rather than of the Cabinet. He holds office for six years, independently of changes of British Government.

Also under the new act Ireland is to be divided politically as it is racially; that is to say, the north of Ireland—Protestant Ulster—will have its own government, and the rest of Ireland, which is mostly Roman Catholic, will have a government of its own. The first important act of the new Viceroy will be to summon the two Parliaments of northern and southern Ireland, respectively. It remains to be seen how these two governments and the provision for their common action will work in practice. Those who, like Lord Edmund Talbot

SECOND THOUGHTS

CARTOONS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

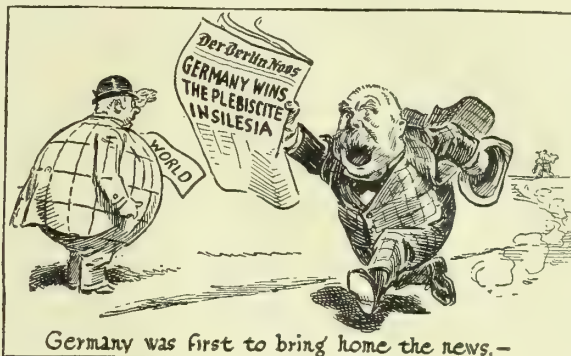
Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger



"OO-O-OH, THAT'S SO!"

From Frederick Eissler, Philadelphia, Pa.

Reid in the New York Evening Mail



Germany was first to bring home the news, -



but little Poland seems to be bringing home the bacon.

THE LAST RETURNS

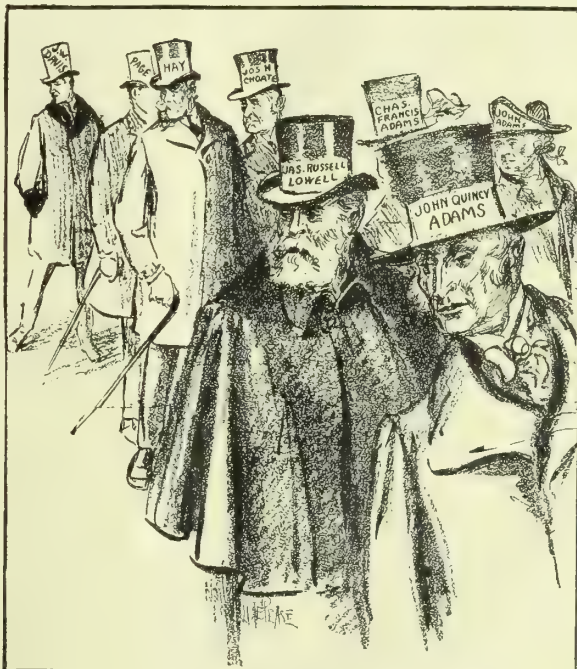
Williams in the Indianapolis News



EVER NOTICE THEY BREAK OUT WITH MEASLES OR SOMETHING WHEN IN A TIGHT PLACE?

From G. C. Fosdick, Indianapolis, Ind.

Pease in the Newark Evening News



AND HARVEY?

From Belle Fowler, Newark, N. J.

Mr. Lloyd George, and others, supported the Better Government of Ireland Act, will doubtless leave nothing undone to make it possible at last to give to the strongly contrasted peoples of the island of Ireland the kind of government which each part wants.

The Ulster government will be headed, not by Sir Edward Carson, as was expected, but by Sir James Craig, a lieutenant of Sir Edward's and a representative Ulsterman. Many friends of tolerance and of law and order in Ireland hope that the other government, the seat of which will be in Dublin, will be headed by Sir Horace Plunkett.

THE LABOR CRISIS IN GREAT BRITAIN

AGAIN the industries and the people of Great Britain have been threatened with an appalling calamity. The inevitable results of a complete cessation of work by the men belonging to the so-called Triple Alliance of miners with railway and transport unions would constitute such a blow to British industry and the well-being of the people at large, would involve such vast losses in wages and production, that because of that very thing it seems incredible that some peaceful settlement will not be found. As we write, April 5, both houses of Parliament are meeting to consider the questions involved, Lloyd George is on the point of stating the Government's position, and the political as well as the industrial situation is critical. Quite possibly a general election may follow.

The mine workers are already out on strike; they have not been joined, as we write, by the railway and transport unions; but these unions show a strong disposition to aid the "direct action" movement unless the Government finds a way out satisfactory to them; it should be added, however, that, while there are radical leaders, there are also leaders who oppose radical action and are trying to stem the anger and unreason of the mass of workers. A member of the Board of Trade declares that this is a fight to the finish between the Government and direct action. The strike, he says, was an ugly demonstration for direct action, and if the public is against direct action it must condemn the miners.

One alarming and terrible feature of the miners' strike has been that in some great mines pumping has been abandoned and the mines are flooded and that it may take months to get them in working order. This is not industrial warfare; it is Prussian devastation; now for the first time Englishmen are doing in England what Germany did in France.

The immediate cause of the crisis is

the failure of mine owners and workers to come to an agreement as to wages. When, last autumn, almost exactly the same crisis arose, a temporary settlement was made by granting for two months a fixed advance in wages and making further future advances dependent on output. This was vague, and it had the additional danger that men and owners were to agree on a permanent scale of wages by March. No one liked the plan; the rank and file of the miners were bitter because after a strike that had cost a hundred million dollars they gained nothing substantial. In March the owners made their offer; but the unions oppose acceptance largely, we understand, because they insist on the same standard wages everywhere, regardless of conditions in different mines (some are making much money, others little or none), while the owners want a minimum wage with possible increases where conditions justify it.

Nationalization of the industries is not now a direct issue; on the other hand, there is much talk of the Government's taking over the industries for a time to restore order, protect the business of the country, and prevent the suffering that such a mammoth strike must involve.

It certainly is a time for the British Government to act with firmness and to separate politics from patriotism.

THE WAR IN ASIA MINOR

DURING the past fortnight there has been war between Greece and Turkey in Asia Minor.

The reason for this war is twofold. First, Greece proposes to retain the former Turkish territories granted to her by the Treaty of Sèvres. Venizelos, the greatest Greek statesman since Pericles, had not only reunited Crete with Greece, he had carried the Greek frontier northward into Albania and Macedonia; he had annexed the important port of Salonika; above all, he had extended Greek sway over Thrace and over a large part of the western coast of Asia Minor, mainly Greek in population.

This Greater Greece realizes many of the dreams of the "Unredeemed Greeks." But there is one dream still unrealized—the possession of Constantinople, Greek for very many centuries and Mohammedan since 1453. An old saying is to the effect that when a Constantine marries a Sophia Constantinople will again become Greek. Years ago Constantine of Greece married Sophia of Germany. But Constantinople remains stubbornly Turkish and Mohammedan.

We thus come to the second reason for the present war. It is a war of Constantinople's making. Smarting under the contumely which he has justly suffered, Constantine decided to let loose

his troops in the direction both of Constantinople, the capital of the orthodox Turks, and Angora, capital of the very heterodox medley united under the leadership of Mustapha Kemal and backed by the Russian Bolshevik Government. The Greeks are as near Constantinople as Brusa—which is pretty near; and they are as near Angora as Eskishehr, an important junction on the Bagdad Railway, about a hundred and thirty miles from Angora. So far the Greeks have had success, but are now reported to be in great peril of defeat. The reason given for the overthrow of Venizelos—that the Greeks were tired of war and wanted to demobilize the army—may operate against Constantine in case of continued defeat. On the other hand, in case of success, Constantine would be regarded as having preserved the heritage won by Venizelos, as having shown the Entente Allies that they should not hand back to the Turks the regions promised by treaty to the Greeks, and, finally, as having checked the age-long Turkish atrocities and thus permitting the resurgence of Armenia and any other Christian country held in subjection by the Turks.

"Greek guns are now having their say," declares Premier Kalogeropoulos of Greece on his return from London, where he had been in attendance at the Near Eastern Conference. He continued, "They will be heard more and more." But they are "having their say" while the Allies are repaying Constantine in his own coin—by declining to help him, though they do not oppose whatever success he may achieve.

CHARLES WANTS TO BE KING AGAIN

SINCE the close of the war Charles, late Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, has been living in retirement at Prangins, a beautiful estate on the Lake of Geneva. From time to time there have come rumors of restlessness on his part and of restlessness on the part of certain sections of the Hungarian people with regard to a monarchist revival. Few, if any, such rumors have emanated from Austria. Most Austrians seem determined to have done with the emperor business. Not so the Hungarians with the king business. They are, many of them, by nature monarchists. There is something about the Hungarian soldier in his magnificent dress and carriage which recalls mediæval times; the Austrian soldier, in contrast, is a very much up-to-date modern. Again, Hungary is a country of extremes. The various kinds of government which have been tried there since the war closed—varying from Bolshevism under Bela Kun to Hapsburgism under the Archduke Joseph—prove this;

MISS LULU BETT

THE story of Cinderella is not new. But then very few stories are. We can think of nothing of less consequence than the newness or oldness of a dramatic theme. What is of concern is the vitality of a story, a factor which depends on treatment rather than upon such elements of character and plot as may be reduced to a diagram in a textbook on the drama.

The story of Cinderella lies behind the story of "Lulu Bett." It is a story which of itself has always a broad human appeal, for most of us are inclined, at times, to see ourselves in the garb of Cinderella. When we see Cinderella among her ashes, we say: "How like ourselves! Only of course Cinderella never was quite so badly abused as we have been." When we see Cinderella triumph, we say, "Just what we would do if we had our deserts!" Self-pity and wishful thinking are still to be classed among the favorite recreations of mankind.

"Lulu Bett," to return to the place where this editorial should have been started, is a dramatization by Zona Gale of her very widely read novel of the same name. Her heroine is a spinster of thirty-four years and many tribulations, whose age should be measured, not by its annual increments, but in terms of the monotonous life she has been forced to endure.

Lulu lives with her sister and her sister's husband. In return for the home which they give her she has turned herself into an untiring drudge, with no expectation of escaping from the tyranny of little things. Her sister is vain, shallow, and selfish. Her brother-in-law is pompous, dictatorial, and self-righteous. Both of them are amazingly well pleased with themselves for their kindness in giving Lulu the shelter of their roof-tree. They are possessed of two children, the younger of whom in particular impels the spectator to reach out for non-existent hair-brushes at her every appearance upon the stage. She is certainly one of the most spankable stage children we have seen in many years.

The sixth member of the family group is the mother of Lulu and her sister, an aged woman bordering upon senility, whose mind combines attributes of keenness and understanding with that tragic forgetfulness which marks the approach of oblivion. The mother is played by Louise Closser Hale, and her characterization constitutes one of the best pieces of acting which we have seen on the New York stage this season.

Into this family group comes the brother of the head of the house, a rover and an open-hearted good fellow, whose ways have led him far from the restricted circle of his brother's life.

He is quick, to feel the injustice of Lulu's position and she to desire his understanding and sympathy. The old stage device of a mock marriage which turns out to be binding is used to crystallize their feeling for each other. They depart, leaving a helpless and astounded family circle, whose attitude may be summed up in the words, "Blessings brighten as they take their flight."

But Lulu is not quit of them yet. Her husband tells her that many years before he was married and that he has no definite proof that his first wife is dead. She returns to the house whence she fled so joyfully to find that her sister and her brother-in-law are concerned only with the effect of her misfortune upon their own reputations. The pettiness and smallness of their point of view is an unpleasant thing to contemplate, but it is not overdrawn. Such people exist entire in the flesh, and the elements which go to make up the minds of such people exist in part in hundreds of men and women who would doubtless hold up their hands in horror at the treatment meted out to Lulu.

If in the play it had not been finally shown that Lulu's husband's first wife was definitely and conclusively dead, we should never have forgiven Miss



Abbe
CARROLL MCCOMAS IN "MISS LULU BETT"



Abbe
LOUISE CLOSSER HALE IN "MISS LULU BETT"

but the Hapsburg *par excellence* is of course Charles. He is still the anointed King of Hungary. He never has abdicated or been dethroned. His person is sacred and inviolable. Why, then, should he not return at the appropriate moment and again be invested with the crown of St. Stephen?

Some days ago Charles thought that such an appropriate moment had arrived. Disguised, he escaped from Switzerland and entered Hungary. He was received with mixed sensations. The Regent, Horthy, did not want to receive him at all. A strong faction in the Hungarian National Assembly declared that "the ex-Emperor's unexpected return is seen as a national peril." On the other hand, many monarchists gave him welcome. But all were alarmed at the immediate proclamation by the Governments of Rumania, Czechoslovakia, and Jugoslavia that the return of Charles to the throne would not be tolerated. This protest was formally reinforced by the Governments of Great Britain, France, and Italy.

None of these governments wish to interfere in Hungarian domestic affairs. But this is not a domestic affair. It concerns all southeastern Europe, and so it concerns the peace of the world.

Gale. The play left at the final curtain more than enough unsolved relationships and enough unhappiness to justify this concession to the conventional desire for a happy ending. We are inclined to classify "Miss Lulu Bett" among the truest and most convincing of this year's dramatic offerings.

THE CALL OF THE NATIONS TO AMERICA

BEFORE this issue of The Outlook reaches its readers a petition will probably have been signed by a few notable Americans to the Prime Ministers of England, France, and Italy, protesting against any policy which will leave the Armenian people under the government of the unspeakable Turk. All humane Americans, remembering the tragedies of the past, will hope that the statesmen to whom it is addressed will give it careful consideration.

What part ought America to take in European affairs? When does interference become offensive intermeddling? When does abstention mean selfish apathy? It is not difficult to define the determining principle on paper, though it may be difficult to apply that principle in dealing with international problems.

What action the Allies should have taken when Germany asked for terms of peace, though possibly doubtful then, is certainly clear now. The answer should have been, "Unconditional surrender." The surrender required should have been so unconditional that the Allies could, if they saw fit, have put Germany in the hands of a receiver and collected by an international execution the reparation due from her to Belgium and France. Instead, the statesmen made terms with Germany and set themselves to the task of making "a new map of Europe." The result is what has been felicitously termed a "Peace Tangle."

There is no good reason why America should join in continuing this international blunder.

America entered the war to protect the world, primarily Belgium and France, from the despotic rule of military Germany. Germany should understand that our alliance with England, France, and Belgium continues until Germany's rulers confess Germany's defeat and make provision for adequate reparation to France and Belgium. The reports from Washington at this writing indicate that the present Administration has made this clear to Germany. In so doing it has the substantially unanimous support of the American people.

But there is no reason why America should take any part in making "a new map of Europe." She has neither the knowledge nor the interest necessary. It is not our business to determine

whether Ireland should be a republic or a province; what should be the boundaries of Poland; or how the geographical and political problems of the chaotic "Near East" should be solved. In attempting to solve these problems it is already evident that France, Italy, and England have fallen apart. The representative of each country naturally, perhaps necessarily, looks after the interests of that country; and the countries have diverse, if not conflicting, interests. America has no interests which impel her to take part in the game of grab, and no international wisdom to justify her in offering to act as a supreme arbitrator.

In 1902, passing through the city of Trebizond, on the Black Sea, I was a guest of the British Consul at luncheon. He had been there for twenty-five years, and had just returned from a visit to England. His solution of the then acute Eastern question was very simple: make Constantinople a free city and put it under the protectorate of the United States. All the Powers, he assured me, would welcome that solution because they all knew that we had no territorial ambitions. Something like a year ago I attended a meeting of a committee of the friends of Armenia. They all agreed in the wish that the United States would take a mandatory for Armenia, if not for Turkey in Asia Minor, and experts present bore the same testimony as the British Consul in Trebizond: all the European Powers, they said, would welcome our acceptance of the trust, for they all know that we have no territorial ambitions. To join in the attempt to make "a new map of Europe" would imperil a disinterestedness which is due more to our geographical position than to our virtue, and we would certainly lose the reputation of disinterestedness which we now possess. We should throw away a great influence and we should not gain a compensatory power. If America did not become an ally of one of the Great Powers, it would fall under the alternating suspicion of them all.

There is one thing America can do, ought to do, and we are reasonably confident will do so long as this Administration is in power. It can protect the property and personal rights of its citizens on land and on sea, at home and abroad. There are in Asiatic Turkey millions of dollars invested in American property and hundreds of Americans engaged in the entirely lawful occupation of publishing, teaching and preaching. They have been, and still are, scrupulous in obeying the laws of the land in which they live. They and their lawful interests and occupations are entitled to the protection of their native land.

To finish the work which we began in 1917; to give our moral and, if neces-

sary, our financial and military support to the demand that Germany repair, as far as reparation is possible, the wrong she has committed; to protect American rights always and everywhere, whatever the cost; to give our moral but unofficial support to every honest, sincere, and intelligent endeavor to maintain civil and religious liberty in other lands; and to abstain from all participation in the endeavor of the Great Powers to reapportion the peoples and redefine the boundaries of other nationalities, is the best international service America can render to the world in its present crisis.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

JOHN BURROUGHS, NATURALIST

THE story is told that on one of the camping trips John Burroughs loved to take with his friends a farmer's permission was asked to camp on his land. "Who are these fellows?" he inquired. One after the other the messenger named a famous inventor, a big Washington official, and a millionaire manufacturer. Their names meant nothing to the farmer, but when John Burroughs's name was mentioned he knew all about the "bird-man" and was delighted to give permission. Burroughs wrote for farmers and city people and lovers of nature at large, rather than for scientists. He was first of all a naturalist; he says, in his "Field and Study," "I seem to reach nature through my understanding and the desire for knowledge more than through any ethical or purely poetical craving." He was the observer and recorder, not the biologist or the technician. He purposely limited his field of observation—he said lately that perhaps the West Indies would come to him, he didn't care to go that far; "once," he added, "I lost a February in Jamaica." The Harriman Alaska trip with John Muir and others was an exception; and in the monumental and beautiful volumes describing that trip Burroughs wrote more popularly, if less eloquently and dramatically, than Muir himself—as might be expected, for Muir was the man of action, Burroughs the naturalist-essayist.

What Burroughs saw he made other people see. His memory was as good as his powers of observation; he could and did write—without referring to any notes taken—lucidly and fully of bird life and animal life and nature as he had known it years ago. It was largely his ability to tell common people as distinct from students of science the everyday facts of nature that made Theodore Roosevelt write, "It is a good thing for our people that you have lived."

Mr. Burroughs was poet and philoso-



Reproduced from an etching made at Slabsides, by M. Paul Roche

John Burroughs

pher, as well as naturalist and describer, but it is rather in the field of writing of the latter than that of the former that he will be longest remembered. His earlier style in essay writing was often turgid, and his earlier poems had conspicuous faults; but in both respects he improved as he continued to write. As a philosopher, and especially as regards immortality and the relations of this life to the future, John Burroughs was undoubtedly influenced by the fact that his boyhood was spent in an atmosphere of narrow views of religion; like many other writers so placed, he conceived a distorted idea of what even "orthodox" theology is like, to say nothing of modern liberal ideas. His latest published book, for instance, "Accepting the Universe," is based on the assumption that God is reflected in the material phenomena, and it is an effective reply to the shallow optimism of a certain type of "natural theology" which existed in his boyhood, but was not of high repute in scholarly circles even then. Of the spiritual faith that God is spirit and is reflected in the spiritual experiences of man he seems to have had little conception.

John Burroughs died on March 29,

within a few days of his eighty-fourth birthday, while returning, after a winter spent in California in search of strength and health, to the home in the Catskills he loved so well and so long. He was a man of many friendships; in earlier life he knew Emerson, Holmes, Whitman, and Lincoln; later his yearly camping trips with Thomas A. Edison, Henry Ford, and Harvey Firestone were a delight to him and gave him many pleasing memories. While he knew New England well, his observations and descriptions are for the most part of the country right about him—and that means not so very many miles from the metrop-

THE body of John Burroughs was laid to rest on April 3, his birthday, and at Roxbury, New York, his birthplace.

At the simple burial services were men of distinction, among them naturalists and writers; but most significant of all was the gathering of his neighbors who came with home-made luncheons for the guests from other places. Among these neighbors were many children. As the friends of Burroughs passed by, a ring-necked pheasant came out into the road. John Burroughs's body lies under a great rock on the hill which he himself had chosen for burial.

olis. "The place to observe nature is where you are," is one of his sayings. Farming, nature study, and literature occupied most of his time the last forty years of his life, but, before that he had been in turn teacher, treasury clerk, and bank examiner. Those who had familiar converse with him agree that his informal talk was even more delightful than his books. Among his collected writings probably "Wake Robin," "Fresh Fields," and "Ways of Nature" best represent his sympathy with living things and his love for the outdoor life.

Long ago, on one of John Burroughs's birthdays, which it became a kind of custom for the press as well as his intimates to celebrate, this journal, under the title "John Burroughs, Neighbor," pointed out that his simplicity, sincerity, and kindness made John Burroughs, so to speak, the companion and neighbor of the whole country; and that "no man has made nature quite so companionable, or given such a large number of people a sense of being at home out of doors, as this farmer's boy, who has added to his early knowledge the observation of many years and a wide acquaintance with science."

PICNICKING IN PINK STREET

A GLIMPSE OF JOHN BURROUGHS

BY EDITH LACY

JOHN BURROUGHS says it is really Ping Street; that the mountain people corrupted it into Pink Street. But either name is an engaging misnomer for the narrow green glen that lies between the drop of a Catskill hill and a foaming, stone-carpeted brook nearly as wide as the Street itself, full of water whirls that fling about big boulders and fill the Street with noisy rushing. It is no more a street than it is pink, nor does it convey any idea of ping, which somehow savors of an Orientalism quite alien to that woods dale.

But I didn't know all that when one night in August, 1914, the train set me down in Roxbury and I found my way to Mrs. Taylor's modest boarding-house. After supper she told me all the pleasant things to do; the garden party at "the Gould place"—everybody went to that; "and of course you're going up to Woodchuck Lodge to see Johnny Burroughs?"

I demurred. Does the vacationer run post-haste to Woodchuck Lodge and intrude on this charming writer of the outdoors?

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Taylor, emphatically. "Why, everybody goes up to see him. He expects people to come. My daughter goes up first thing every summer. She's read all his books and can quote them to him. You go right along up. There's a short cut across the swamp."

A very insidious notion, that. One could just walk over that way, anyway, and see the cabin. After dinner next day I set out, and in the middle of the swamp discovered it to be a sea of black stumps in black ooze. Impossible to go back. I'd at least jump forward and maybe I'd get—past—those—stumps. Yellow Dog Dingo jumped, because he had to—another black stump.

At the very last stump I sat down to regard the back of Woodchuck Lodge, and looked instead into the inquiring eye of a young bullock whose anxieties were quickened by his resentment at not being quite tall enough to get his whole head over the intervening wall at one time. He had to thrust his nose over first to snort his outrage and then dip it ignominiously in order to bring one eye over the top to watch its effect.

Breathing hard, I walked slowly out of his enraged sight and thanked Heaven for a long stride.

Two fields and the highroad, and just down the road Woodchuck Lodge on the hillside; a low cabin of slender boles—one couldn't say "logs" to them—with a porch, and John Burroughs sitting on the porch.

His profile was toward me as he sat in a little low rocking chair reading a newspaper, with a pile of more newspapers on the floor beside him. A big straw farm hat was pushed back so that

it framed his fresh-colored, singularly youthful face, with his white hair showing under the brim and his long white beard over the gray seersucker coat he wore.

A woman sat with her back to the road and several cots were placed across the back of the porch against the wall.

Slower and slower I walked. I was nearly opposite—I was passing. John Burroughs looked up from his paper and smiled, rose, and called out: "Come in, come in. We watched you crossing that swamp."

The woman whose back was toward the road—she turned out to be Dr. Barbus—came to meet me, and on the porch Mrs. Burroughs was resting on one of the cots.

Mrs. Taylor's daughter had the better of me. Not a single quote rushed to my ease. Indeed, as I sat in a third little rocker listening to my host's friendly chat I felt as though the high and far-off days of "Pepacton" and "Locust and Wild Honey," all of those earlier books fresh from the hills and open fields—I had not read the later ones—were days of another existence before the world was too much with us.

We talked of the hills and village, of the orchard on the hill across the road and the busy life up there in bough and grass, and of my work, forsooth!

John Burroughs had picked up a news-

paper among the newly arrived mail, and now he opened it while Dr. Barrus told me of some near-by walks.

"Damn!" he cried suddenly, flung the newspaper to the floor, stamped off the porch, down the steps, and around the cabin, and immediately came the sound of violent wood-chopping.

I looked, at Dr. Barrus, aghast.

"Did I do that?" I asked, appalled.

"No, I think it was the Kaiser," She looked at the crumpled newspaper. It was in August, 1914, you remember.

"He chops more and more wood every day now when the mail comes in," she explained.

He came back in a moment and took up another paper.

"Was it the Kaiser—" I began.

"Damn'the Kaiser!" he burst out, and there followed one of those bewildering struggles to reach out for the half-known, wholly unaccustomed words that would express the incredible, the impossible—all those things so startling, so unbelievable in August, 1914, amid which we learned to walk with such practiced familiarity in the ruins of northern France in 1918. And how should John Burroughs, of all people, cope with so utterly alien a vocabulary?

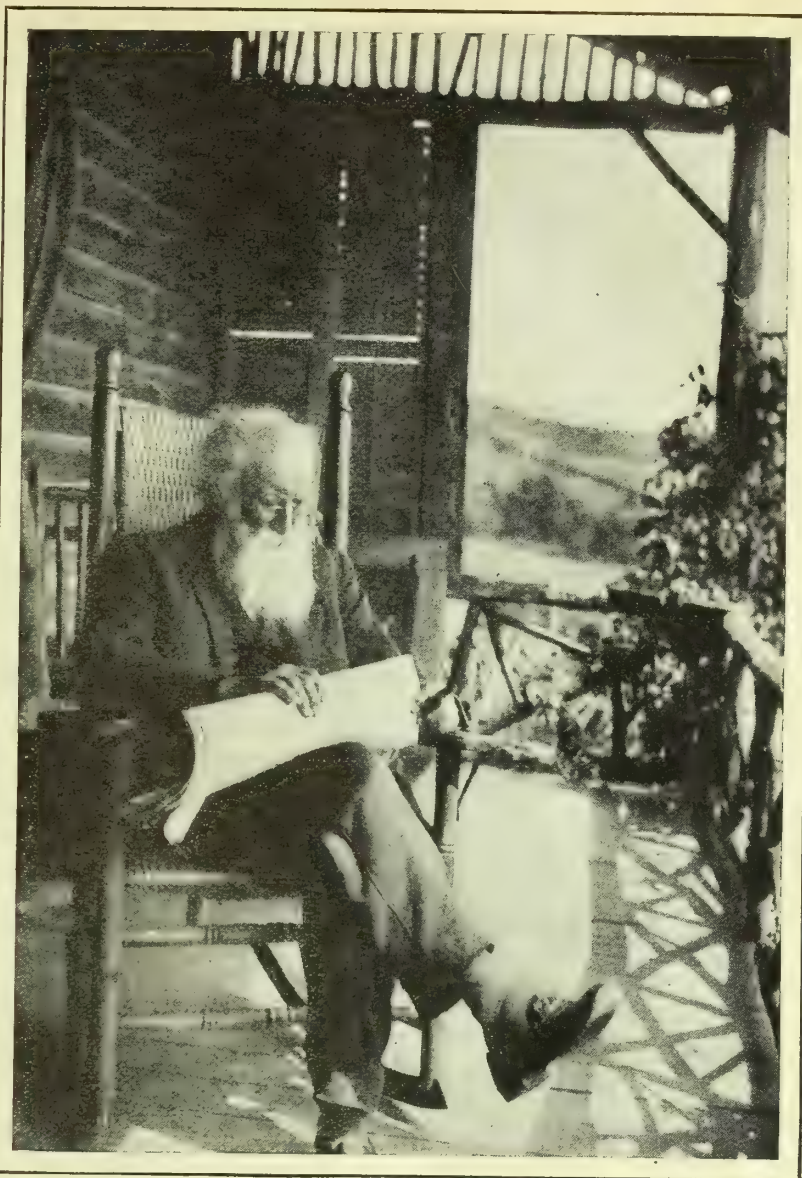
They planned hospitably for my coming to dinner next day, and presently I left them, starting back by the road John Burroughs pointed out as the prettiest way home—the one to the left of Woodchuck Lodge. It turned sharply against the sky-line by the woods and then dipped into the valley, past covetable cottages in tidy green gardens, with old apple trees from which I pulled sour and leathery apples that nevertheless had an irresistible pungency of wild flavor. And I went down musing on the surprise and charm of finding that old-fashioned country hospitality serenely fixed as the daily habit of this outdoor lover who had withal so much natural human kindness—more, such love for folks—that he really did "expect people to come up."

Why do we give to some folk the full measure of their names? Nobody says Walton; it would mean nothing. But Izaak Walton! And Burroughs is a babel of business. But John Burroughs!

Next morning woke me to a wind fresh and crisp as October, with the maples tossing tumultuously across my windows, flinging their gleaming leaves in the sunlight.

"Telephone for you!" came a call from below stairs. "Johnny Burroughs says wait here till they come. They're going on a picnic to Pink Street instead of having dinner at home, and they'll be right down."

Hardly had I finished coffee when the little Ford car rushed down upon us, John Burroughs driving, Professor L. beside him, and Mrs. Burroughs and Dr. Barrus behind, whither I, too, climbed as soon as I had fetched the sweater they all simultaneously called upon me to bring. Now if you happily knew John Burroughs, you know how unaffectedly right the word "rushed" is when followed by "John Burroughs driving."



Photograph by A. H. Pratt

JOHN BURROUGHS READING THE WAR NEWS AT WOODCHUCK LODGE

We rollicked down the road hillwards till a stretch of mud, hub deep, as we could see by the approaching motor pulling through it, brought us to slow and labored going, each car trying to give place to the other, but John Burroughs's courtesy winning. There for an instant our engine strove so vainly that the passing travelers came back to lend a hand; but an extra tug and we were out and up the hill, the mud whirled off, having no chance to dry in that flight.

A dip into the hills, a turn from the open road down a lane and around a foothill and John Burroughs brought the car neatly to the middle of the secluded glen.

"Pink Street!"

We camped by the brook, John Burroughs and Professor L. bringing some planks they found in a deserted barn at the end of Pink Street, while the rest of us spread a cloth and unpacked luncheon.

And John Burroughs sat on a plank, sandwich in one hand and a crisp cucumber in the other—cucumbers at sev-

enty-seven!—and we chatted between bites; just the desultory chat of any picnic. It was then that John Burroughs told me that Pink Street is really Ping Street, and in the sudden warmth of argument Professor L. got a picture of him, sandwich, cucumber, and all, and me beside him—immortalized! And another one when John Burroughs went over and cranked the car to find out something mysterious. I've always wondered what the camera made of that figure bent before the car and that whirling arm! I like to remember that Professor L. told us of a roomful of negatives at home, negatives of John Burroughs in every walk of life, and to think that perhaps he will one day share those intimate photographs with the hosts who will delight in them.

Those two went off hillwards after luncheon, Mrs. Burroughs settled down with a book by the stream, and Dr. Barrus and I crossed the brook. Half-way up a rugged path we came upon a little widespread evergreen branching screen-like over a rock by the path, a lovely

dark symmetrical little evergreen with a single glowing red berry.

"Let's take it back to John Burroughs." I pulled off the berried spray—ever so gently, so the berry wouldn't fall—and when we all met again in Pink Street I gave it to him.

"It's a little Christmas tree, with one red candle all ready to light for you."

"A Christmas tree!" he chuckled, and stuck it in the breast pocket of his gray seersucker coat, arranging it caressingly so the prized red candle would be safe. He said it was American yew, and very rarely found about there.

We left Pink Street by the upper end, leading back into the hills, topping peak after peak till we came out upon a high plateau. Wide on either hand the wind-swept hillcrests billowed out to the cloud-swept sky. There was nothing

else in the world. We looked out into space itself, that high space that rides unbroken across the universe. Cloud and peak set in infinite space—and at our feet small pink blossoms creviced in the gray rock. Across the plateau the road curved to the edge of the heights, and farther down we could see the valley through a screen of trees linking that upper world of space and the living valley below.

Presently John Burroughs leaned back from the wheel. Professor L. offered to take it, so they changed places, and we went down almost in silence, the exhilaration of the heights still upon us.

"Have you turned her off?" John Burroughs suddenly leaned forward and asked.

"Yes," answered Professor L.

"That's right. Save the gas and fool

your engine." John Burroughs chuckled and leaned back again.

The car came out into the village and a stir went through our little party. The picnic in Pink Street was over, and promptings of things to be done came out and prodded us.

"We need a loaf of bread," Mrs. Burroughs remembered.

"I'll get it," said John Burroughs.

He got out of the car by the grocery, and I got out, too, so that I might walk home under the maples.

We said good-night, with the last of the glowing day upon us, and I looked back and waved, and John Burroughs stood there in the sunset, still erect, looking out with his kindly eyes smiling friendly—and my little red-candled Christmas tree stuck safe in his breast pocket.

BUSY BELGIUM

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

I AM very much surprised at Belgium. I had heard that she had come back with a bang. So she has; but it has been partly because of inflation and governmental aid to factories denuded and demolished by the Germans.

Let me say first that the people of Belgium appear as well dressed, as well fed, and as prosperous in a business way as the people of the United States. There is a reason.

First, Belgium was not devastated as northern France was. The Boche removed machinery and some steel buildings, bridges, etc., to Germany, but Belgium was not fought over; it was quickly taken, and most of the accumulated building of centuries remains the same to-day as in 1913.

Second, the war activity of the Belgian Government was very small, hence it did not pile up a great war debt.

Third, the Government has run into debt since the armistice, issuing paper francs by the billions as loans or gifts to put her business back on its feet. One steel works that had all of its machinery taken by the Germans secured one hundred million paper francs. The company agrees that if the Boche fail to pay indemnities, then the company will pay back the hundred millions to the Belgian treasury.

It is easy to understand that restoration has been greatly accelerated. Labor has been in great demand and the market for merchandise of all kinds has been fine.

Belgians also profited more or less during the early days of the war. The German merchants bought up large quantities of goods at any prices asked. Of course the invading army requisitioned a good deal, paying in paper marks, which the Belgians were forced to accept. But in August, 1914, Belgium was full of merchandise. Antwerp at that time was the greatest port in Europe. So thousands of great fortunes

were made here during the early and in some ways the darkest days of the war. These fortunes, being spent freely, have added to the distribution of prosperity.

The foregoing will explain why I saw this morning a crowd of over twenty thousand people along the wide river-front of Liège all dressed as well as I am, and, I am sorry to say, looking better fed.

Goods have been shipped in here from everywhere, not excepting Germany.

The stores display an ample supply of food and clothing—necessities; and in addition there seems to be a pre-war quantity of furniture, crockery, hardware, jewelry, laces, bicycles, and every other thing one could call for.

All gentlemen carry canes here. I do not begrudge a man a cane ordinarily, but there have probably been enough bought here since the armistice to have made a very large contribution to the starving children of Europe had the money been diverted to charity.

I have no doubt I will find some children somewhere for whom the American public can still be asked to give, but they are not in Belgium, nor indeed in France, for outside aid should not be received by a country containing a large number of very wealthy people.

I understand France, Belgium, and England are all giving relief money to Poland and Austria.

There is one cloud on the Belgian sky; almost any one can discern that it spells the word *Financial*. It does not yet cover the sun of temporary prosperity, but it will soon.

The public debt is about six billion dollars (before the war it was about one billion).

The State Bank has issued about one and a quarter billion dollars' worth of paper currency, to redeem which it holds a gold reserve of only five per cent.

These figures are based on a franc

being worth par (about 20 cents), but the franc is now worth only 8 cents in United States money, and the Belgian Government must pay out a very large amount of such depreciated money to cover its expenses. It does not dare as yet to collect taxes enough to cover its expenses; neither does it dare to reduce substantially its activities, which include control of railways, wheat and flour prices, meat importations and refrigeration plants, and many other things that the people like to have a Government do, to reduce the cost of living.

The result shows in the last financial statement obtainable. The state Treasurer, in a speech in Parliament in December last, mentioned the expenditure for the recent twelve months of eleven billion francs and the total receipts of four billion francs. (I leave out the fractions, which about balance each other.)

All countries in the world have been more or less tainted with this poison of inflation, not excepting the United States of America. But nowhere does the intoxication produce more brilliant temporary results than here, and I am glad to be on the ground before the after effects follow. I have seen the after effects in England, where they have partially sworn off and now are having a spell of unemployment and confusion of counsel, with much bad temper thrown in.

For all that, England is in better shape than Belgium, and Belgium will probably get her feet on the ground a little later on. I studied Belgium twelve years ago, and find going over the same ground now very fascinating.

The people are among the most polite in Europe. The eight-hour day has supplanted the longer pre-war working hours; the men and women are hard workers, and the dogs—I mustn't forget them! I saw a man and dog pulling a

cart loaded with 2,800 pounds of coal. My son remarked that he would want "a larger dog than that." I replied, "I should prefer six." But work is a fine art. These people know how to do a lot of things better than we can do them. They cannot buy auto trucks, nor pay 65 cents a gallon for gasoline; but they can make a two-wheel cart with wheels of large diameter, they can balance a heavy load carefully, and then on level streets they have found that one can push or pull a surprisingly large load. In addition they have trained dogs in the same art. It is a common sight to see a dog under the cart, entirely out of sight of the master, digging in desperately as though he might break his harness. "Faithful as a dog" has come to me many times; he *earns* a living. No amount of labor seems to destroy his spirit; he growls threateningly when passing another working dog, and when resting in the market-place all the dogs get their Irish up at times and have a fine fight.

When Germany was here, she paid for everything in paper marks at an arbitrary value of 1 mark to 1¼ francs. She allowed nothing but these paper marks to circulate. People were shot for less offenses than hesitating to receive them.

After the armistice the Belgian Gov-

ernment found over six billion of these worthless paper marks in the hands of the Belgian people.

They properly and promptly replaced them with Belgian francs, adding this very heavy item to their national debt.

I have not been able to learn how much has been paid to those manufacturing companies whose entire machinery and equipment were taken to Germany, but it also runs into billions of francs. This is not entirely a gift, as, if the Germans should, peradventure, not pay an indemnity, these manufacturers have agreed to reimburse their Government.

I have visited two plants—one which received five million francs, and the other the steel works I have already mentioned. The Director of the latter told me that he had been confined in a cell in Germany for two and one-half years, and that he was nearly starved to death.

When the Germans commenced to ship the machinery and part of the buildings to Germany, the company asked permission to make a record of everything; the Boche had time and again declared: "You will be paid for everything." Whatever confidence the company might have had at the time in such promises, they were rudely awakened when the Germans blew up the concrete foundations with dynamite.

The records show that 105,000 tons were shipped from this one plant—over three thousand American car-loads.

Among all the plants where such thefts were committed, the Belgian Government was able to describe and demand the return of about twenty-five thousand machines, from small lathes to large rolling mills.

The Germans returned sixteen thousand, of which about ten thousand were in fair working condition, but of course much less valuable than when taken; the other six thousand are almost worthless. I saw many of each.

There is an undoubted shortage of animals here, or cows would not be used for plowing and people would not harness themselves to pull canal boats. Yet milk is not dear. This hotel paid 1 franc (8 cents) a quart yesterday for their milk supply, and 7 francs (56 cents) for a half-pint of cream.

People are raising chickens everywhere, and only beer and light wines are sold by the drink. If a man wants whisky, he must go to certain places, buy a bottle, and take it away unopened. I think this law is fairly well enforced, although I notice more wine-shops here than before, and most of them are screened from outside inspection. I hope to get more information on this subject.

W. C. GREGG.

A TRIAL OF THE SINGLE TAX IN CHINA

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

SINGLE-TAXERS who are tired of straining their eyes toward the horizon of economic change can find a fair realization of their dreams by the simple expedient of packing up and moving to Kwantung Province, China. The single tax has made its debut in one of the most populous and prosperous districts of the Far Eastern Republic. This section of China knows no income, inheritance, or personal property taxes, and outside the cities there is no tax on buildings or other improvements. It is now the purpose of Mr. Liao Chung-hai, Commissioner of Finance, to resurvey all the land of the province, register its value, make a second appraisal in ten years, and appropriate the unearned increment for the state.

"We are going to try, as far as possible, to put into practice the principles of Henry George," Mr. Liao told the writer in a recent interview. "As a matter of fact, what is virtually a single tax has been in existence in the country districts for many years. The farmer pays only a land tax and is not penalized for having the energy to improve his property. In the cities, however, the system is reversed. There the whole burden is borne by the buildings and the land goes free. This must be changed before Kwantung can claim to be a real follower of Henry George."

Mr. Liao anticipates no difficulty in carrying out his plan to collect the un-

earned increment, for Chinese farmers are accustomed to fairly high land taxes and Kwantung expects no sensational real estate booms that would raise the unearned increment to a dizzy figure. Though there is no direct land tax in the cities, its purpose is met by an assessment amounting to 8.4 per cent of the property's value, which is levied whenever real estate changes hands.

At present Kwantung Province, of which Canton is the capital, is in a serious financial plight through no fault of its system of taxation. The militarists from the neighboring province of Kwangsi, who captured Kwantung during the ascendancy of Yuan Shi-kai and who were recently driven out by the Cantonese, left nothing in the treasury but the floor. Before retiring out of gunshot the military governor thoughtfully collected the taxes for three years in advance, and then departed, owing the public school teachers, policemen, and other government employees their wages for a period of nine months. The new Commissioner of Finance is therefore faced with a most unenviable job. Despite the vacuous condition of the treasury, however, Mr. Liao's first official act was to close up the city's gambling-houses, from which the government derived a revenue of ten million dollars a year.

"We hope to make up this deficit, first, by stamping out the 'squeeze' system,

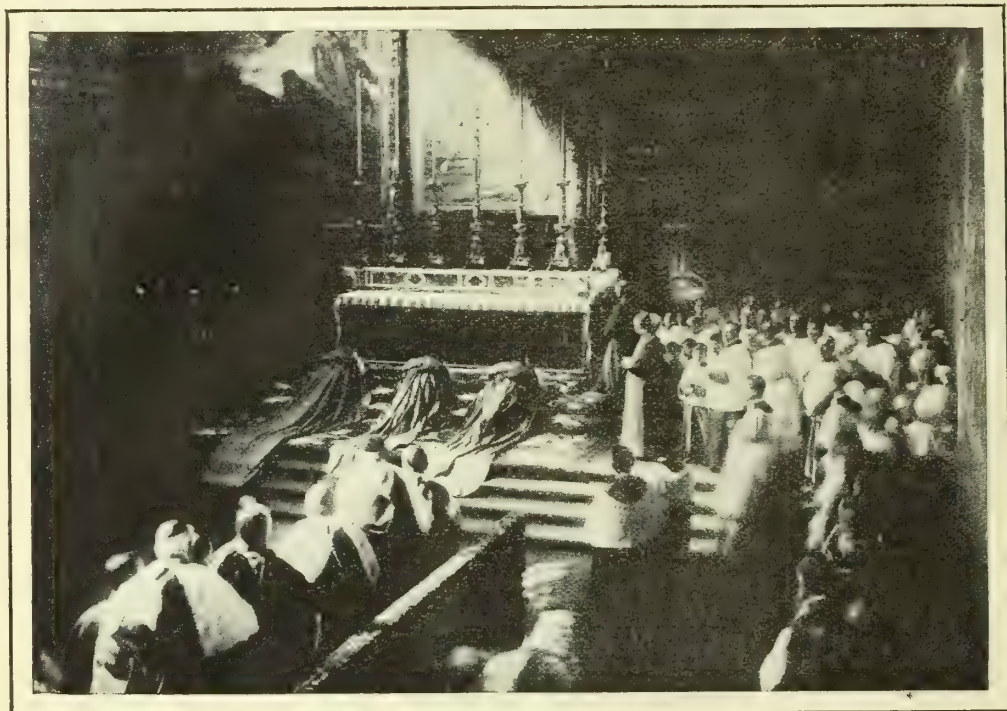
whereby several millions were lost to the government every year; and, secondly, by the resurvey of the land and a consequent increase in taxation," Mr. Liao explained. "The surveys on which taxes are now based are so antiquated and inaccurate that about one-third of the land escapes taxation altogether."

Mr. Liao hopes eventually to eliminate the salt tax, which, he says, is unjust, because it is borne chiefly by the poor. He wishes to supplant it by heavier taxes on wines and tobacco to make up the temporary deficit. The fact, however, that the foreign Powers permit China to charge only a five per cent duty on imports puts a serious difficulty in the way, for the province, by placing a heavy tax on its own products, will merely force its new tobacco industry out of business. The Commissioner of Finance has urgently requested the Powers administering China's maritime customs to permit a higher duty on tobacco and wines.

When, in a few years, the province has taken the kinks out of its finances and the appropriating of the unearned increment by the state has become a reality, the rest of the globe need merely take a "look-see" in Kwantung to learn whether or not Henry George had the right prescription for the world's economic stomach-ache.

Canton, China. ELSIE McCORMICK.

CEREMONIES GRAVE AND GAY



(C) Underwood

THE THREE NEW PRINCES OF THE CHURCH PROSTRATED BEFORE THE ALTAR IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL AT ROME ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR ELEVATION TO THE CARDINALATE

On the right is the Vatican choir; clergy of high degree are indicated by their elaborate costumes



(C) Keystone

NORMALCY. SYMBOLIZED BY THE RENEWAL OF THE AMERICAN CEREMONY OF ROLLING EGGS ON THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN ON EASTER MONDAY

On this occasion the children of Washington were the invited guests of President and Mrs. Harding

WIVES OF CABINET MEMBERS



(C) Harris & Ewing

MRS. CHARLES E. HUGHES



(C) Towles Studio

MRS. JOHN W. WEEKS



International

MRS. HARRY M. DAUGHERTY



(C) Harris & Ewing

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MRS. EDWIN DENBY



International

MRS. ALBERT B. FALL



(C) Underwood

MRS. HENRY C. WALLACE



(C) Underwood

MRS. HERBERT HOOVER



(C) Keystone

MRS. JAMES J. DAVIS

A FUNERALIZING ON ROBBER'S CREEK

BY CELIA CATHCART HOLTON

PECULIAR to the Southern mountains is the custom of funeralizing. When a man dies, he is buried with no ceremony whatever, with not even much mourning on the part of the relatives. Ministers are few and scattered, there are no means of prompt communication with them and with interested friends at a distance, so only the demands of decency are complied with. After several members of a family have died, however, a pittance from the meager income is saved up for the purpose of hiring several ministers to conduct a funeral meeting, an elaborate event which more than atones for the apparent neglect.

Thus it happened that Cindy Cornett and her two sons had been dead several years before her daughter, Mary, "nor-rated it round" that there was going to be a funeralizing in the schoolhouse on Robber's Creek the third Sunday in October. The teachers from the settlement school across the mountain were especially urged to come. "Git up at candle-light, come over afore breakfast, and stay all day; now do, fer I'm aimin' to have a good dinner that day, and you're jist bound to come!" Mary's invitation was too attractive to be resisted. We had our breakfast before leaving the school, however, as making a six-mile climb on an empty stomach is no fun.

We reached the little white schoolhouse a few minutes after ten o'clock. Mary came running out to meet us, solemnly resplendent in a black funeral dress and a stiff white bonnet. "Come right in. We're havin' sech purty singin'." Having heard the mournful sounds long before we reached the meeting, we agreed that the singing left nothing to be desired.

The room was almost filled. The day was warm, so most of the men were sitting around in their shirt sleeves, although some were giving vent to their reverence by wearing vests. The smallest children were crying, already weary of being kept indoors; their elder brothers and sisters were running in and out of the room, the boys occasionally sitting down in a row against the wall to see who could spit the farthest, the winner being the acknowledged best man of them all. That the women were prepared for the affair could be seen not only by their hats, which gave evidence of all the styles from the early eighties on down, but also by their unusually distressed faces.

The platform at the end of the schoolroom held a couple of tables, upon which sat buckets of water. To these the children, and grown-ups as well, made frequent pilgrimages, all using the common dippers and carefully pouring back into the bucket any drops that might be left. The spring which supplied the drinking water was a half-mile away, and the day was warm. Around the

wall sat the dignitaries of the meeting—the husband and father of the deceased, the officiating minister and the two "precious brethren" from neighboring counties, and the pillars of the church of both sexes who were gifted with the loudest voices. All their tunes were mournful, never ending on the keynote, and were sung with many quaverings and breaks of voice. At the conclusion of one song, a good old sister made her way up to the platform, selected a chair near the front, and sat down, removing her bonnet in order to cool off. She had probably climbed a mountain to get to the meeting. The high back-comb she took from her tight knot of hair, and down it fell. Carefully she combed it out, as unconcerned as if that were the conventional thing to do in church.

When the song service was finally ended, the preachers consulted together at great length as to what they should do next and who should do it; it fell to the lot of the officiating minister to pray, so he announced that we should all "git down" when we prayed, for all examples in the Bible proved that people should fall "prostrate on the ground." The prayer was long, punctuated by much spitting and blowing of nose on the part of the minister; many instructions were given the Lord as to whom, what, and how to bless; a little refrain, with a tune, of "O Lord, bless the brotherly love, O Lord, the love, O Lord, that flows from heart to heart, O Lord, from heart to heart," entered regularly every fifth or sixth sentence. When our knees were almost paralyzed, he stopped, arose, mopped his face, and began his "remarks." He read the three obituaries. The woman had left satisfaction behind, having lived a "considerable" Christian life, which was later read as a "consistent" Christian life; the first son had led a wild life "atter the fashion of most young men;" the second son had been shot, and some thought he had died praying. Each reading was greeted with sobs and groans from the mourners. The preacher then talked at length about the sureness of death and about that pale "figger who had his finger, cold and clammy, even then, at that very moment, upon our shoulders." In the course of time this minister gave way to Brother Osbourne, who expounded once more upon death's certainty, using as a text the story of the Passover, with much emphasis upon the blood upon the door. He was a firm believer in recognition after death and shouted to us that we should know Cindy when we reached heaven. Then he drew out his watch and, having talked thirty-five minutes "by his time," said he would let some of the other brethren talk. We sang another hymn before giving the next man his chance. His theme was similar to that of the others. He described the way the two robbers looked on Calvary as they

were "expanded between heaven and earth." He worked himself into such a frenzy as he danced around the platform that the ends of his long, curled-up mustache fanned the air.

The theology of this service was typical of all the Hard-Shell Baptist teachings in this section of the mountains. There is no relation whatever between creed and actual living. Morality has no connection with religion. In fact, it seems that mountain people have no outlet for their passions, no chance for a legitimate excitement which every normal being demands, save in these two extremes, paradoxical as it may sound, immorality and religious fanaticism. Some people choose one outlet, some the other; it is not unusual for some to choose both.

The exhorting which had figured strongly in each sermon now began to have its effect. One "dear dyin' sinner" came to the altar, while another lay across a desk, her face hot with tears, groaning: "O Lord, have mercy on my pore soul!" The people on the platform were shouting, crying, and shaking hands. One tall, spare old lady, with spectacles on the end of her nose and with hat resting on the back of her neck, got so happy that she danced about the platform, spinning round and round like a top, keeping time by clapping her hands. Another showed her zeal by throwing herself backwards from the edge of the platform, trusting to luck that some one would catch her; fortunately, some one always did, although a time or two I grew very nervous. The excitement at last subsided, the people sat down, and the ministers produced bread and a bottle of wine preparatory to serving the sacrament. From the odor, I should say that grape juice was not used. After this ceremony was performed, with no word as to its significance, water was brought in and towels were unwrapped for the foot-washing. The men sat in a double row, facing each other, at one end of the platform, the women the same way at the other end. The first woman tied a towel around her waist with strings sewed on the towel. She then washed the feet of the woman next to her, dried them on the towel, shook hands, gave the towel to this woman, who then performed the same service for the first woman. The men did the same way, so that, in the end, each person had his feet washed and had washed some one else's. This process was accompanied by much shouting and weeping, with an occasional hymn. As there were no books, one of the ministers lined off the hymns, reading a line, which was then sung by the congregation, then reading another, and so on. One man kept his mouth wide open while the line was being read, so that he was in position when the time came to sing again. When the foot-

washing was over, one preacher's voice gave way entirely, so that he was reduced to silence.

As it was now about half-past two, the officiating minister decided to end the morning service. He assured the "fotched-on folks in the meetin'" (there

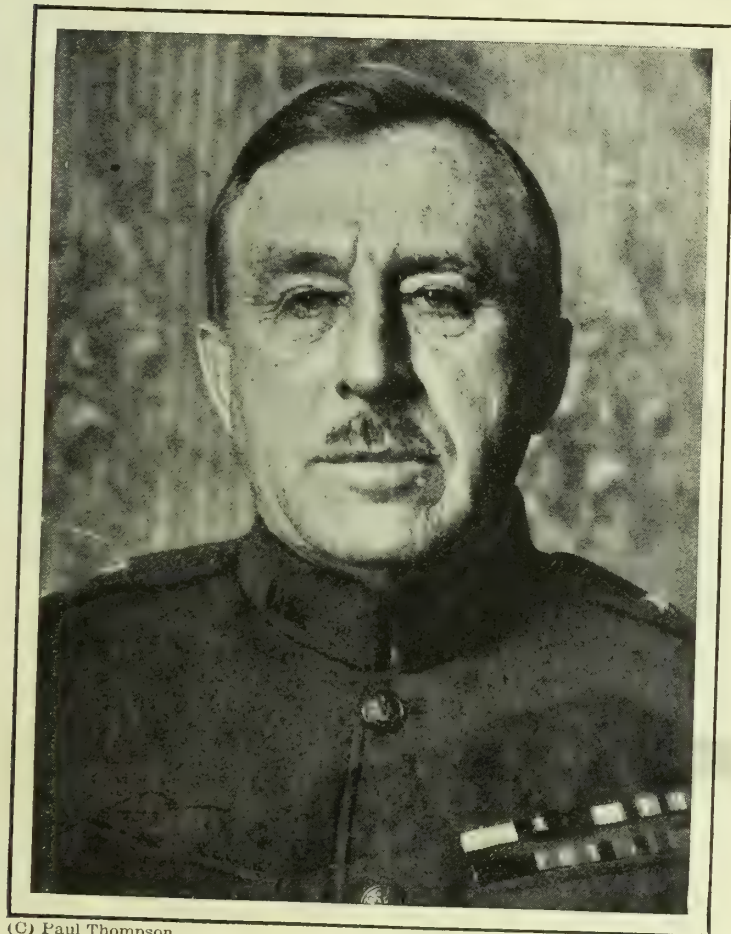
being none others than the two of us from the settlement) that they could know "they wasn't a bit tireder than he was." With that the meeting was dismissed.

We went home with Mary to a splendid dinner in a clean little cabin on the side of a hill. When we thanked her for

having been so kind to us, comparative strangers as we were, she answered, "Law me, honey, I hain't never seed a stranger!" That was my sermon for the day, for to me it was far more helpful, far more Christlike, than anything the funeralizing had produced.

GENERAL WOOD'S MISSION TO THE PHILIPPINES

BY TRAVERS D. CARMAN



(C) Paul Thompson

MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD, WHO IS ONE OF THE GREAT COLONIAL GOVERNORS OF HISTORY, IS NOW EN ROUTE TO THE PHILIPPINES TO INVESTIGATE CONDITIONS THERE ON BEHALF OF THE PRESIDENT

IT is recognized that in time of peace the Philippines are an asset of economic value as a commercial gateway into the Orient.

It is also recognized by military and naval authorities that in time of war the islands would become a grave liability, untenable as an army base, defenseless without a large fleet; or, as General Wood repeatedly stated during his campaign for the Presidential nomination: "A strong united naval fleet in the Pacific is essential to the maintenance of the Philippine Islands."

On the question of giving the Filipinos their independence the country seems divided in opinion. Politically speaking, the Democrats have been and are in favor of doing so; the Republi-

cans, on the other hand, are apparently opposed to giving them complete independence until they have grown steady and assimilated the power that has been granted them during the past eight years of Democratic administration. The outgoing Governor-General, Harrison, serving under appointment by ex-President Wilson, has expressed the hope that he would be the last Governor by appointment of the President of the United States. During Harrison's term of office the Philippine Senate, with Quezon as President, and the House of Representatives, with Osmena as its executive head, were recognized as law-making bodies and given broad authority. Should not the Filipinos prove their ability to apply this new-gained

authority efficiently and honestly in the legislative administration of the islands before their complete independence is allowed them?

Cameron Forbes, Harrison's predecessor as Governor-General and a Republican appointee, is regarded by the Filipinos at least as opposed to granting them their independence at this time.

From an economic standpoint, it is greatly to be questioned whether the Filipinos would benefit from their independence. The Jones Act gives them some material advantage over other nations in their commercial relations with us. They also in turn benefit from the operation of tobacco, rice, and sugar-cane plantations in the islands by large interests in this country.

The reported seriousness of the Japanese situation emphasizes the imperative need of securing authoritative information on all matters relating to the Philippines, that facts and not theories may direct and determine what our policy should be.

Recognizing the importance of immediate action, President Harding has appointed a mission of two, with seven others in the party, to go to the Philippines at once to make this investigation, the party sailing from Seattle on April 9.

In the President's selection of General Wood as Chairman of the mission there will be few to deny that he has picked the man best able to accomplish this mission brilliantly and successfully. He is trusted, believed in, and beloved by the Filipinos who knew him as Military Governor of Moro Province.

Cameron Forbes, ex-Governor-General of the Philippines, appointed to the mission as associate of General Wood, can make use, in this inquiry, of his knowledge of finance and his acquaintance with the islands. Attached to the mission are Colonel Frank R. McCoy, Chief of Harvard Missions in the East; Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon Johnson, who has seen many years of service in the Philippines; Major Edward Bowditch, former aide and valued assistant to Governor-General Forbes; and four experts to assist in securing and tabulating the information to be embodied in the final report submitted upon the mission's return to President Harding. Lieutenant Osborne Wood, General Wood's son, will accompany his father as aide.

General Wood stated, when I interviewed him, that it was obvious that premature expression upon the subject by him would defeat the object of the

mission. He said, however, that he was instructed to secure a full and dispassionate report of the conditions as they were found to exist in the islands and make such recommendations as the results of the mission would justify.

He said further that he was looking forward to the trip with pleasure, and to the prospect of again visiting the islands and renewing his acquaintance there with his many Filipino and American friends.

It may be assumed that the mission will include a thorough study and investigation of the school system, the conduct of sanitary affairs, public works, finance, and the general administration of the islands. In estimating the efficiency of the present form of government I have no doubt that General Wood will take into consideration the shortness of the period of twenty years in which the United States has had to build up the Philippine nation; for the stability of a people and the capacity of individuals to become a nation depend upon character and not upon superficial education.

National solidarity can come only with a common language. The dozen or more distinct languages and sixty to seventy dialects to be found in the Philippines constitute one of the great problems affecting the question of whether the Filipinos are ready for their independence and can function as an independent nation without the support of the protectorate now exercised by the United States. The Filipinos cannot become an educated people until fathers and mothers, as well as their children, are the product of the Philippine school system; and their fitness for self-government depends upon the extent to which they have become an educated people.

We have attempted to do a job of nation building. It does not consist in hoisting a new flag in the world and turning a lot of untutored people loose.

The question of granting independence to the Philippines should be approached from all angles, and a decision reached only after the most careful deliberation.

In this connection there is also to be considered the unrest in the East. The demand there for self-government is based on what we have done for the Fili-

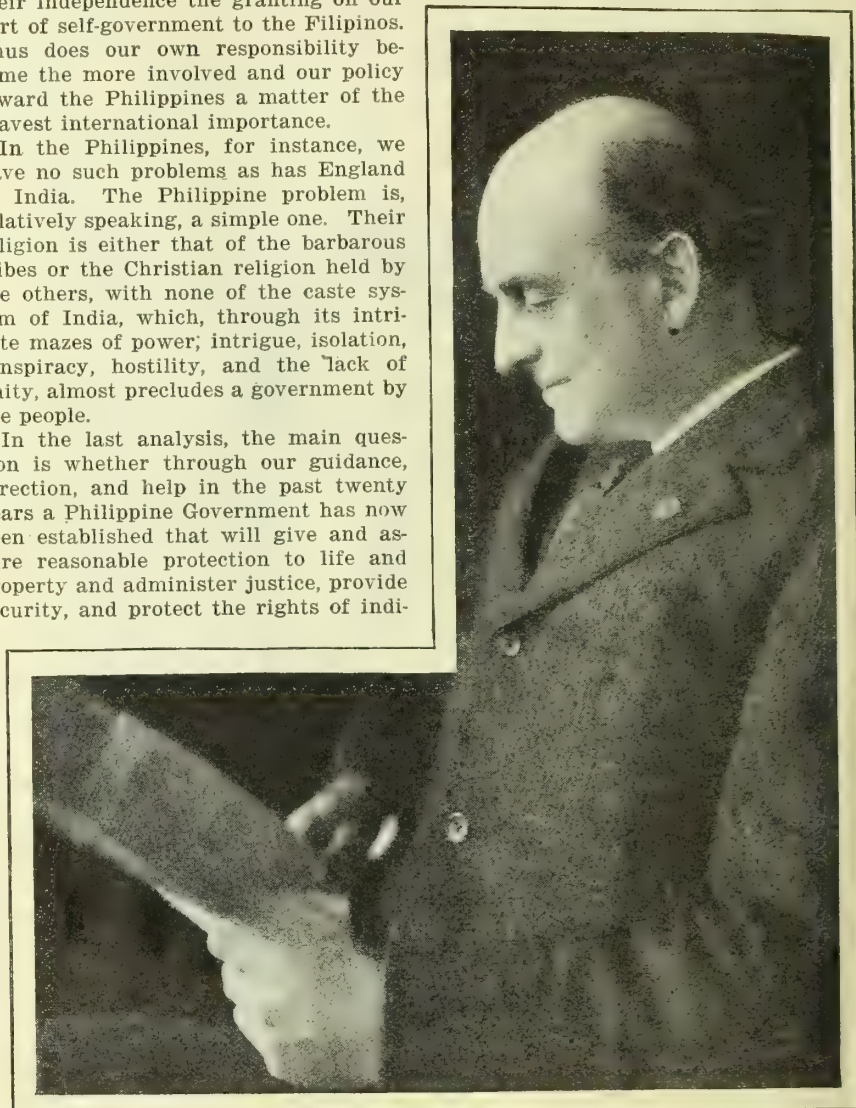
pinos and our rapid transfer of self-government to them.

At this time our policy in the Philippines is being closely and jealously watched by India, Java, Ceylon, and the Dutch colonial possessions; and these countries will be quick to use to their own advantage in attempting to secure their independence the granting on our part of self-government to the Filipinos. Thus does our own responsibility become the more involved and our policy toward the Philippines a matter of the gravest international importance.

In the Philippines, for instance, we have no such problems as has England in India. The Philippine problem is, relatively speaking, a simple one. Their religion is either that of the barbarous tribes or the Christian religion held by the others, with none of the caste system of India, which, through its intricate mazes of power, intrigue, isolation, conspiracy, hostility, and the lack of unity, almost precludes a government by the people.

In the last analysis, the main question is whether through our guidance, direction, and help in the past twenty years a Philippine Government has now been established that will give and assure reasonable protection to life and property and administer justice, provide security, and protect the rights of indi-

viduals. I believe that General Wood will bring back to President Harding and our people an honest report, with recommendations having in view, not alone the wishes and aspirations of an educated minority, but the safety and well-being of the great inarticulate mass of the majority.



(C) Underwood

CAMERON FORBES, FORMER GOVERNOR OF THE PHILIPPINES, IS ASSOCIATED WITH GENERAL WOOD IN THE INVESTIGATION OF CONDITIONS IN THE PHILIPPINES

AMOK

A PHILIPPINE STORY

BY A. DALE RILEY

IF court hadn't convened so near Ramadan, or the sun hadn't shone so pitilessly upon yellowing abaca and withering rice-fields, or had the rains but come in time to save the ripening corn and keep the people from starvation and despair, there might still be a man the more to pay the cedula tax and reap scant harvests from the uplands of Bud Tukay, to dance the sayao to the time of the gabbang in the moonlight or come wandering back with cop-

per trinkets from mysterious excursions into the dark. There might be a tale the less to be whispered by old women around the rice-pots at night or sung by young men to the wildly sounding agongs among the Parang hills.

But "naught shall befall save what Allah hath written down," says the Koran, and "Verily, what ye are promised will surely come, nor can ye frustrate it," and the sun, rising so red that it seemed to drip blood upon the wrecked

cottas of Bud Daho, appeared a sign and a warning. The great cracks that opened across the fields and along the roads and the marang leaves, drooping like elephant ears in the noonday heat, seemed a prophecy of the time when roaring fires without a sign of flame in their rolling smoke were to sweep fiercely across the cogon grass, and green cocoanuts were to be taken from the trees, leaves stripped from the trunks, and the trunks finally cut down that

starving children might devour the hearts.

The Government officials, being unbelievers, made some attempt to meet the situation, but Allah is great, and they fell far behind in their estimates. Then, near the end of the fast, came the Judge of the Court of First Instance to try those who had been least affected, the prisoners in the jails.

And so it was that when the rains finally came with a rush of pent-up fury they beat upon many a fresh mound of the starving time, and upon one grave of a man who had lost his head to the case of criminal skulls, a grave hidden deep in the forest where flame-tree blossoms, sweeping down the wind, lodged in the soggy depression, an emblem of the man's departure, and clusters of night-blooming cereus moved like his ghost in the evening breeze.

* * *

LAJAHALI AMALOL arose at a sign from his counsel and amid a hum of voices strode hastily out of the court-room. At first he seemed dazed by the glare of sunlight on the street and the ever-moving groups of brilliant bajus, sawals, and sarongs. Then a friend stood before him with a rope in his hand. Lajahali grasped the cord mechanically, murmured a few words of thanks, and stuck a great toe into the hemp stirrup. While he climbed stiffly into the wooden saddle his friend melted again into the crowd. Lajahali sat looking about him, startled at the emaciated faces of his few friends among that gayly colored throng gathered outside the provincial building. Then he kicked the skinny little pony with his heels, and in another moment was trotting through the gates of the town, out the Asturias road, and toward the Parang hills.

It had been a long time—eighteen months in the provincial jail on a charge that hadn't been proved—but if that dim Malayan mind had shown but vague ideas regarding crime, it had revealed a remarkable ability to procure witnesses. Yet eighteen months, though too long for nothing, might be too short for killing a Chinaman. As he rode along Lajahali dropped the cord on the animal's neck from time to time, raised his hands, and slapped his thighs in despair at his inability to understand the intricacies of right and wrong. Once he slid from the saddle and stripped off a switch of young teak by the dusty roadside, and stood for some time cleaning off the leaves and bark. He carefully bound the turban about his head, while the pony continued to crop mouthfuls of dry weeds.

Around a bend just ahead, out of the deep shade of a dap-dap tree, came a party of Moros from Indanan, trotting along the road, their black-satin vests and pink flowing breeches gleaming, their buttons and barong handles glittering, and their swarthy brown faces shining as they rode out into the sunlight, with a great rattling of breast-plate and saddle bells.

"Huh!" grunted the foremost, draw-

ing up quickly as he recognized the man by the side of the road; "it is better to be in the cage by the rice-pots than out starving among the trees."

"Yes," said another, a patriarch of the municipality, "and the young man's nights are long in a house from which the woman has gone."

"Stop!" cried Lajahali in a voice that boomed like the lantaka from the hill-tops. "Old men are night birds that cry only tidings of ill."

The aged man sat stroking a few straggly gray hairs on his wrinkled chin and gazing down at the comely young Moro out of watery eyes. Three of the party rode up and stopped. Others passed by in a cloud of dust.

"Old men speak with the wisdom of age," he observed, calmly, "but young men heed them not. Yet I tell you, although the rains will come again and the flowers will bloom, a woman is only a woman and the grave is an easy bed of sleep for the little man-child in starving time."

Lajahali clapped a quick hand to his waist, then let it drop idly to his side. A look of the wild man of the jungle stole into his eyes.

"Tell me, old man," he demanded, thickly, for his speech had become cracked and harsh like the rattling of rice grains in a worn brass pot, "tell me of the woman and the child."

"When the hawk is overhead," began the old Moro in a sing-song chant, breathing all the hopeless melancholy of a caste that does not change, "when the hawk is overhead, the wise chick will beware; when the wildcat cries in the forest, the house-cat will be still; when the master plucks a rose, the wise bush stings him not, lest he cut it down. In the sight of the panglima, master of the village, Johaila was like the rose, but the panglima has many children, and he could never treat your little Hamja as his son."

The old man leaned forward as he spoke; words came not easily from his toothless gums.

"In the starving time," he said, earnestly, "the blossom drops off before the ripened fruit, and Panglima Sankula took not the woman away until the child was dead. She may not have lived, and she must have thought you could not come back, but now she has rice of Saigon for the evening meal when you have none, and the child can sleep this night while sleep will be far from your eyes."

Then he settled back in his saddle, and with a cut of his short whip was gone. In another moment the whole party had disappeared over the hill, and their dust settled upon the bare brown fields and the shimmering road, the carved wooden saddle and the skinny horse, the sarong that had fallen by the bushes, and the man who was going to a vacant house to spend the night alone.

MURMURING, the man remounted his sorry animal and rode on slowly, looking neither at the passing bamboo

clumps, the copses of mangoes and wanis overgrown with orchids and tangled with vines, nor at the hills beyond (old volcanoes whose craters slept under flapping plantains and waving palms), but keeping his eyes upon his horse's shoulders and flicking the switch savagely against its brand scars from time to time. A flock of white parrots dipped toward the valley, then, perceiving the lonely figure on the dusty road, arose and swept chattering across to the forests on an opposite hill. A low hum arose from a near-by hemp patch as the rider passed under a gigantic banyan at an abrupt turn. Green flies bumped against his face and arms, a small gray viper crawled into the dust-covered weeds by the roadside, but he seemed oblivious to all these senses and sights and sounds.

A bright-yellow glow still lingered in the western sky, although its reflection had faded to an almost imperceptible pink in the east, glowing faintly through darkening acacia trees, when Lajahali stopped before a dilapidated bamboo structure covered by a thatch of sac-sac that he had once dignified by the name of home. A rough board fence surrounded the lower part of the house, where the cattle had been kept before they had gone to pay for attorney fees and witnesses, but the ground that had always been so slimy and damp and cool was now parched and cracked and the grass that had sprung up hung yellow and dead. When the man climbed the creaking ladder and pushed aside the sagging amacan door, he saw that his feathers had been taken from the nest with his bird, for only a small bench and rough board table remained in the single room. Several broken clay pots still lay upon the square box of earth where fires were kindled, and a blackened iron tripod rested against the wall, one of its legs raised and pointing, as if in protest, towards the doorway.

The Moro unfastened the girth, turned his animal loose, and carried the saddle up the steps. Then, taking a small bottle of oil from its loop on the pommel, he poured a little out into a piece of one of the pots. When the room grew dark, he twisted a rag into the oil and lit his lamp. But he did not eat; he did not sleep. All night he lay awake upon his lonely mat on the bamboo floor, his slothful brain wandering in a maze of ideas and reflections that came and went like the gliding phantoms of a dream.

IN the morning came Imam Ali from the house of the panglima, bland and fat and sleek near the end of the starving time, to deliver words of wisdom to Lajahali Amalol and to bid him begone from the house of his lord, since the house had been appropriated in payment for counsel and witnesses after all the cattle had been sold and the fruit picked from the trees. It was not good, explained the imam, and his voice was low and smooth, with a rubbing quality like the melody of the gabbang floating at evening over a quiet sea—it was not wise for Amalol to remain in the neigh-

borhood of the panglima at a time when the stain of the accusation had not yet been forgotten nor the debt of the trial wiped away.

Lajahali listened in silence; but in the words of the priest of Allah he seemed to hear the rustle of musty silks and old embroideries hidden away in Sankula's secret drawers, the dull bong of age-old gongs and the faint tinkle of glass bells, the quiet shuffle of slipped feet and the soft thud of a falling Chinaman.

"There is no manner of regaining the affection that has been snatched away," the imam was misquoting from the "Chapter of Women," "'and there is no honor in suffering its loss.' Therefore it is but right that you leave a place that must have sown evil in your heart which others may reap—"

"There is but one road left to travel," interrupted Lajahali Amalol angrily, arising and muttering dark words in Arabic that caused the smooth-faced imam to start; but Amalol laughed and sank back upon the mat.

"Grant but a few days, O priest," he begged, "and show me the grave of the little man-child, that I may carve a small post for its head."

"It is well that you do so," mumbled the imam, reassured; but when they stood by the mound of crumbled earth at the base of a marang tree not a hundred yards from the house and he perceived the face of the man who stood before him, dark as the clouds that rise over the Sulu Sea before the storms, he quoted from the Koran the words of warning, one of the few injunctions that he knew:

"And do not kill yourselves; verily, Allah is compassionate unto you.

"But whoso does that will be broiled with fire."

With a great show of pompous dignity he spoke the words that must be obeyed, and, turning away, was soon passing out of sight among the trees.

THEN it was that Lajahali Amalol began to carve the teak post for the grave of his little son through the long days of heat and hunger; but always in the evening came thoughts and visions, until one night he arose from the mat and, reaching far into a bamboo corner-post, pulled out a rusty barong. Thereafter when the lights disappeared from the village for the night he polished and sharpened, sharpened and polished, until he could cut the hairs from his forearm and see his face in the gleaming blade, all the while wailing in a low, strained voice, like the creaking of a bamboo copse before a southwest monsoon:

Love will come to all some day,
Ah-ah-ay-ay-ee-eee!
Love from me has gone afar,
Ah-ah-ay-ay-ee-ooo!"

"Six days has the man been at work on that post for the grave," observed the imam one evening, arranging a sweet pill in the tiny bowl of the long-handled ivory pipe before handing it to the pan-

glima, sprawling on a gaudy pink mattress against cushions of red and white, and looking vacantly up at the curious figures on the blue and yellow cloth stretched across the ceiling.

"Huh!" grunted Panglima Sankula; "six days, but at last it is finished and was set up on the grave at sunset."

"Then," observed Imam Ali, lying back against his pillows to enjoy the brass pipe he held so affectionately between greasy fingers, "he should be leaving to-morrow, for it is not good to remain like that—alone, and always thinking. I have heard that he talks much to himself in the day, and there are those who have heard the man singing at night."

"To-morrow he will go," said the panglima with decision, as he stretched out his fat legs and lay back breathing in the quieting smoke; "but a starving crow can harm few chicks," he added complacently.

Yet that same night Lajahali Amalol was swimming in another sea of pale-blue visions—a sea of heads old and young, bald heads that looked wrinkled like the tops of skulls, hairy heads of men and women and children, black and gray, and always he was swinging his glittering barong among them to keep them down. Not one must be missed. But now there were shoulders and arms and legs that kept arising around him until he must cut desperately to keep from drowning in a sea of limbs.

And then he awoke, trembling and wet with perspiration; but when he closed his eyes the heads appeared again, until he finally dozed off into a fitful sleep to dream of rows of rice-pots filled to overflowing. He tried to catch them, for they were dancing away from him, and yet they were standing in a row. Only when he reached for them they danced. Then he caught one, but when he plunged a hand into the boiled rice greedily his fingers became entangled in damp black hair, and he pulled out the head of his child. Again he awoke in a cold sweat. The wick flickered in the oil and across the room his own shadow danced like the pots.

"Always they come," he muttered feverishly, "always," burying his face in his arms, "but to-morrow—"

THE night was very quiet, but through it all there came a faint sound of rustling leaves and soft airs bringing the fragrance of sampaguita and camellia flowers. Then suddenly a breeze sprang up that rattled the amacan doors and windows, puffed out the light, and whistled through the split-bamboo walls. The man shivered like one with an ague, but in a few moments it had died away, leaving the air pleasantly cool, and he went to sleep.

When Lajahali awoke the sun was streaming through the cracks of his house. He felt more refreshed than he had seemed for many days. He arose and stood stretching himself, at first a bit unsteadily. Then he picked up the barong by his pillow, swung it about his head several times, and allowed it

to hang suspended along the line of his back from his right hand resting upon his shoulder, in the act of striking a descending blow. Over barong and hand and shoulder he flung a many-colored Malay pis, completely covering them. And then he stepped quietly to the door. It may be that the heads seemed to be crowding around him again, or perhaps the white horse of heaven, appearing as he descended the steps, dilated the pupils of his eyes and caused them to shift so rapidly as he strolled down the path, cautiously and apparently unconcerned.

The market-place was crowded, for fish could still be caught, and this morning the people lingered long in their filth and rags to discuss the heavy clouds gathering in the south and rejoice at their prophecy of rain.

Lajahali approached slowly and mingled casually with the crowd, every muscle strained and every nerve tingling as he worked his way with a mincing step into its midst. There were the heads just as in his dreams. Now they were all about him. He arose to the very tips of his toes, and, digging his tense fingers into the handle of his deadly weapon, struck down with all his power.

Shrieks and screams and streams of red warmth that spurted up into his eyes, and the heads ebbed away like a receding wave. The madman followed, striking, striking, again and again, until a thin brown line gathered far ahead of him and a shot rang out. The bullet pierced his breast like a needle, sharp and clean. He turned and rushed directly upon the line of khaki soldiers. Nothing must escape, himself least of all.

Crack! crack! crack! crack! spat the rifles, but he leaped into the air and sped on, on.

Crack! crack! Up into the air and on again, on until a roar of thunder and a volley that stopped him short and tore into his vitals like a rain of fire. He sprang high, hurling his barong at the nearest with his last ounce of strength, and fell, down, interminably, while his red visions changed to black.

PRETTY close shave, that," remarked the captain to his lieutenant as the native soldiers endeavored to keep the people back until the chieftain of the district arrived to identify the dead.

"Yes, sir, that barong slit the sergeant's coat sleeve," replied the young Filipino excitedly.

"Well, it's a fine time for such things now, with nothing for them to eat and the sun hot as hell. We'll be lucky if there's no more of them. Right at the end of Ramadan, too!"

"Yes, sir, that's the worst time of the year."

Up the road came Panglima Sankula, riding a sleek white horse, and over his countenance spread an inscrutable smile.

"Yes, I know the man," he admitted, shortly, in answer to the captain's inquiry; "tuan, I have known him many years."

"Oh, yes," after further questioning,

he continued smoothly and with a great spreading of hands; "yes, tuan, it may be because he came out of the jail so well fed by your gracious Government that he couldn't endure the starving—so suddenly—and the news that his child had died—and his wife was gone.

"I have provided for the woman out of my own pitiful store," he added, blandly, "for of the man she was much afraid."

"Another man just dead, sir," reported the sergeant, "making three men, two

women, two children, killed and six others wounded, sir."

"Even worse than I thought," muttered the captain. "Well, turn the head over to the surgeon for an autopsy, and," he added meaningly, glancing at the imam, who had now come up, out of the corners of his eyes, "I'm wondering if the blood of a pig sprinkled over that body mightn't counteract the effect of a dangerous example. It has been done before."

"Pray do not that," cried the imam,

raising his hands in pious horror, "or by that abomination in the sight of Allah you will disgrace us all."

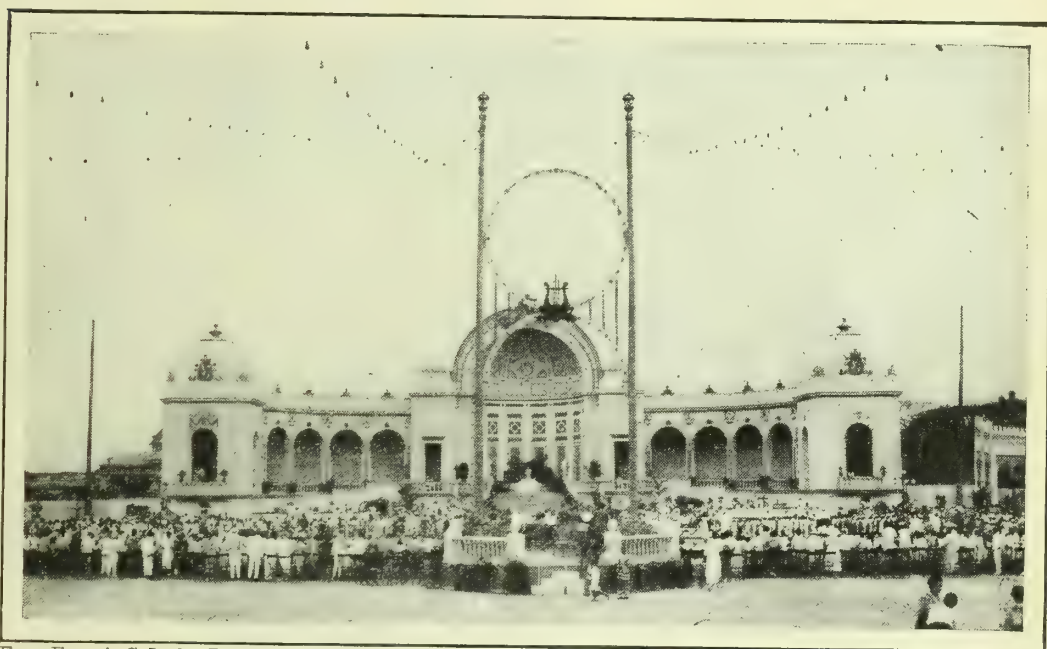
"No, do not this terrible thing," pleaded the panglima, the bland smile fading from his countenance, "else I may not be able to restrain my people from anger and wrath; but give me the body, and I will bury it far in the forest where the mound will sink under the rains and the leaves will cover it and the weeds will grow over it, and no man shall know where it lies."

ARE THE FILIPINOS PREPARED FOR INDEPENDENCE?

BY FLORENCE G. MILLER

A CARNIVAL IN
HONOR OF MAGELLAN
IN THE PHILIPPINES

"The picture," our informant says, "gives a faint idea of the magnificence and beauty of the Philippine Carnival. It is the auditorium in which the Queen of the Festival was crowned. It is only a small portion of the Carnival City. Perhaps most Americans know that the Philippines hold a Carnival annually. An exposition is often connected with it in which examples of Philippine industry and possibilities for commercial enterprise are exhibited. The Carnival this year, held in February, was named the Magallanes Carnival, in honor of Magellan, who four centuries ago discovered the archipelago."



From Eugenio C. Ingko, Bauan, Batangas, Philippine Islands

THE question of Philippine independence has been brought before the minds of the American people at intervals more or less frequent during the last twenty years. The American Government has a problem to solve which it seeks to do with justice for the Filipino and with honor to itself. The pivotal question is: Are the Filipinos sufficiently advanced and developed to maintain their own government? Are they able to maintain peace among the various tribes of the islands and defend their shores against foreign intrigue and attack? Are the people, the masses, sufficiently enlightened to comprehend the meaning of an independent existence? Are they interested in the question of independence which is being agitated by the various political leaders of the Philippines?

To understand the complex situation which Congress must consider relative to the question of self-government for the Filipinos one must know the geog-

raphy of the country and the characteristics of its inhabitants.

The Philippine archipelago comprises many islands scattered over a great area. Communication between them is difficult and at times well-nigh impossible.

There are various lines of steamers between the important ports, and inter-island communication is frequent. But between the smaller islands and those of less importance the sailing vessel, dependent upon wind and often delayed for a tardy cargo, proves the only means of transportation. There is great lack of good roads and highways, the towns being connected by trails. A few short lines of railways extend from the principal commercial centers.

Lack of roads, difficulty of communication, and the isolation of many of the islands have been serious barriers for the development of the country and have prevented the inhabitants becoming homogeneous, with kindred aims and ideals.

The people are of the Malay race, and are divided into various tribes, the principal of which are the Tagalog and Visayan. The Tagalog race occupies principally the island of Luzon, on which is located the capital of the Philippines, viz., Manila.

The Visayan race is found on the island of Panay, having as its chief city the commercial port Iloilo.

Due to the location of these islands, especially Luzon, the Tagalog and Visayan races have come into continual contact with other countries. They have traded with the mainland of Asia and its surrounding islands through a long interval of time. When the trade route to the Indies was opened to European sailors, Manila became known, and later belonged, successively, to Spain, Holland, England, and again Spain. The Spaniards occupied these islands four centuries and gave to the inhabitants their civilization, their language, and their religion. The sons of the better

classes were educated in the schools of the Catholic orders and occasionally finished their course of study in Spain or in some capital of Europe. The daughters were convent-bred and many became the wives of the Spanish officials and merchants. There was added too an infusion of Chinese blood, which made their descendants an able and intelligent race and gave to the Filipinos of to-day their leaders and aspirants. The other groups of the Philippines are not as well known; neither have they had the same advantages, due to the physical condition and location of the other islands and to the characteristics of their inhabitants. They have the same strain of foreign blood, and have been subject, though in less degree, to the same influences which made the Tagalog and Visayan the predominant races. However, they have come into less contact with the outside world and have kept unchanged their racial attributes and customs.

The tribes known as the non-Christians live in the interior, distant from the coast. They are a primitive people and live principally by hunting. They cultivate the soil to a slight extent; they have a tribal form of government and a religion which is a form of fetishism. They seldom come into contact with the other Filipinos, whom they justly consider their natural enemies. The ruthless encroachments of the Christian Filipinos upon this childlike and defenseless people have obliged them continually to recede from their holdings in the valleys until at the present time they occupy the inaccessible portions of the islands.

There is another distinct class of people who inhabit this interesting country. They are the Moros, a fearless and warlike people. They are not native to the islands, having come into the country a marauding and proselyting tribe. Their religion, their customs and manners, are diametrically different from those of the other groups of the Philippines. They have nothing in common with the natives of the Philippines save the tie of blood, being Malays. They are Mohammedans by faith, and by the very nature of their religion are not in sympathy with the Filipinos. The Filipino fears the Moro; and the Moro neither respects the Filipino nor has he any regard for his ability or authority.

These various races, divergent in development, antagonistic in religious principle and creed, mistrustful of one another, will not submit to the rule of any one group.

It would be a serious mistake to place in the hands of the leading Philippine politicians the peace, happiness, and safety of a people which is not homogeneous and among whom exist tribal hatred and fears.

I have lived in the Philippines a period of nine years. I had exceptional opportunity to study the life of the people. I was entertained in their homes. They came and lived in mine. I learned their language and their customs. We became friends. They opened their

hearts to me. They told me of their interests, their beliefs, their joys, and their sorrows. I learned to know their view-point.

A description of the customs and the manners of the people of the province in which I lived is a fair portrayal of the inhabitants of the various provinces of the islands and bears evidence of the complicated situation that confronts the administration of each province.

The province of Palawan is the most western of the Philippine archipelago and comprises many islands, the largest being the island of Palawan, fifth in size of the Philippine group and distant from Borneo sixty miles across the Straits of Balabac. This province is not on the regular trade routes and is not well known. A few magnificent harbors indent its coasts; and, together with primeval forests and rich soil, the province gives promise of great commercial activity. The people are few and very much scattered.

The Christian population consists of the Cuyonos, who are of the Visayan group. Due to isolation, they have remained unspoiled by outside influence, and are of fairly unmixed blood. They do not toil unless driven by the demands of hunger, or else impelled by desire for the acquisition of a new garment or a trinket for some *festa*.

A Spanish priest aptly described their labor platform as follows: "They prepare one-half of a piece of land for sowing. They sow one-half of what they have prepared; cultivate one-half of

what they have sown; and reap one-half of what they have cultivated." Their food consists, principally, of fish and rice. They love music. The sound of the guitar is heard in every home and they dance with great form and ceremony their beautiful native dances. They go to mass and faithfully observe the obligations of their faith.

They know little concerning those in authority, a change of heads being no more than a change of masters.

The town is governed by a council consisting of a presidente and his councilors. They constitute the most important men in the community and administer its affairs in patriarchal manner. They are respected and under proper guidance give good government.

Under Spanish control the province had no school advantages. Only the families of the better class could afford to send their children to the convents in Manila or Iloilo to acquire their limited education.

The people were illiterate. They scarcely knew the language of their conquerors, spoke only their native dialect, and needed an interpreter to carry on speech with their kindred tribes living on neighboring islands. With the advent of the American soldier came the American school. The building of schools could not keep pace with the eager desire of the Cuyono to learn, which merited the magnificent efforts of the American to teach him. The natives learn quickly in the early stages of their school life; but there comes a period of arrested development, and only the brighter minds of the Filipinos attain the higher grades. The Cuyonos are gentle, peace-loving, and non-aggressive.

The Moros occupy the choice sections of land in the south of the province. They are fearless and aggressive. For centuries they made annual raids upon the Christian inhabitants, attacking defenseless villages and returning to their homes with captive Christians, whom they made their slaves. The fortified churches of the principal municipalities bear evidence of their daring and success. These churches are large stone edifices and are built like a fort. In the days of Moro invasion provisions and water were stored within the fort and upon the approach of the dreaded enemy the people sought shelter within the walls and were enabled to withstand a siege. As late as 1888 the last raid was made upon the beautiful little island of Cuyo. To this day the Cuyonos fear the Moros. They remember former years. The Moros at present are living in peace with their neighbors; not because of change of heart, but because of great respect for the American strong arm.

In the interior live the primitive tribes, the Batacs and Tagbanuas. They are the non-Christians.

The Batacs are very low in mental development, having scarcely emerged from a state of barbarism. They do not cultivate the soil. Their food consists of roots, herbs, creeping things, larvae of bees, wild honey, and monkeys, which



Underwood

IGORROTE GIRLS RUNNING AN AMERICAN SEWING MACHINE

Bontoc is in the wild regions of the island of Luzon, near the haunts of the head hunters, close to the most northerly part of the Philippines

they kill with a poisoned arrow. They have no shelter but a lean-to made of leaves and branches of trees. Their clothing is a loin cloth made of the beaten bark of a tree. We took into our household a Batac youth to learn a few English words and to become accustomed to the ways of the white man, that he might be used as an interpreter for Government officials and be a guide to his people. But he was hopeless. He returned to his people as he had come, happier in his native habitat, stalking his game, baiting his fish, and making his mate do his bidding. Centuries must come and go ere his tribe will attain a state of well-developed civilization.

The Tagbanuas are more advanced. They live in houses and plant rice. They are gentle and peace-loving, simple and childlike in their trust, and through many years have been the prey of the ruthless Moro. From time immemorial they have been driven into servitude by their stronger neighbors. They are intelligent and learn quickly. They are the only tribe in the Philippines which has a native alphabet. It is distinctive, hieroglyphic in form, and scientists believe it to be evidence of a former civilization or race of people.

On one of the inspection trips into this territory made by the Hon. Dean C. Worcester he asked an assembly of Tagbanuas how many could read their native script. Every hand was raised in affirmative response, a percentage greater than in any of our industrial centers with every educational advantage.

In our own home we took into our care some of the sons of the various tribes, each one a fine type of his people, whom we sent to school to learn English and to know American ways and institutions.

The Christian, Mohammedan, and non-Christian lived together in harmony. Their creeds were respected, and their customs sustained.

In like manner, the various tribes of

the Philippine Islands are held under one head. They live in peace with one another and are prosperous. Justice is



From "The Philippines Past and Present," by Dean C. Worcester. Courtesy of the Macmillan Company.

MANDAYAN BOY

The Mandayans are a wild tribe, devoted to fighting; they inhabit southeastern Mindanao, the most southerly of the main islands of the Philippine group

administered equally to all. The helpless are protected and the ignorant *tao* is given an opportunity to taste the blessing of free action. This is due to the restraining hand of the American Government. Philippine independence will not give to the masses advantages and opportunities for development. The reins of government will be in the hands of a few who will rule by virtue of posi-

tion and educational advantages. The powerful will prey upon the weak. Caciqueism, a form of slavery which American officials sought to exterminate, will maintain its sway. There will be internal uprisings and dissension due to racial characteristics and jealousies, which the central Government will not be able to control. Neither does the *tao*—a Tagalog word for the common people—comprehend self-government. For centuries the *taos* have been in subjection to some individual or power that controlled all the movements of their lives.

A people who by race and tradition have never known any other than a paternal form of government cannot evolve within a generation, or two, into an independent political existence.

Many centuries elapsed and much blood was shed before Magna Charta was given to a liberty-loving people and many centuries more were added to the history of the Anglo-Saxon race before it could maintain a representative form of government.

The Filipinos are not sufficiently developed to attain in two generations that which required many years of struggle and slow growth for the most intelligent self-governing nations of the world.

The American Government has given to the Filipinos wonderful opportunities and guidance for development in government. It has given them an educational system unsurpassed in its scope and generosity. It has given to coming generations of the Philippines all that it gives to its own; but it cannot change the inherent nature of the Filipino.

With careful thought and unselfish devotion the United States Government must continue to guide the Philippine people—old in race, but young and inexperienced in government—in order that they may know and comprehend the responsibilities and obligations of a self-governing nation, and thus take their place with honor and confidence among the governing bodies of the world, and without endangering the peace of mankind.

A BANKRUPTCY AMONG THE WHEAT FARMERS

BY W. T. COE

A BANKRUPTCY among the Scandinavian farmers of the Northwest is rare. Every one has credit. Sometimes children who are employed run accounts of their own at the stores. A child's antecedents for at least three generations are known in these communities. The original stock came from Europe, but at least two generations were born in America.

Credit is based upon honesty, and honesty is largely a matter of heredity. Every farmer among these folk has a credit, large or small, according to his reputation for honesty. Rarely is anything lost on bad debts. Merchants seldom send out statements; the farmer considers himself insulted if a store bill

is mailed to him. When he has money from the sale of his crop, he will come into the store and pay. Poultry, eggs, and butter are turned in on the store bills. If too much is delivered, the farmer is given aluminum token money of different denominations, stamped with the merchant's name and location. Often the dressed turkeys alone pay the old bill and supply enough token money to pay for the greater part of next year's bill of supplies. This token money is worth par at the issuing store at any time it is presented. It supplies the extra circulating medium.

So long as the turkey currency lasts, these Scandinavian villages of the Northwestern wheat fields do not worry about

the volume of the Federal Reserve notes. Turkeys seem to thrive in this territory. Thirty thousand dollars' worth were shipped out of one Minnesota village alone for the holiday market in 1920.

Living in one of these communities was a young farmer named Bjarne Bjerke, commonly called Barney Burke, a Norwegian, and not an Irishman, although the sound of his name would indicate that he might be a Sinn Féiner. Among Norwegians one must not be surprised at the similarity between Irish and Norwegian names. Bjarne's wife was Nora Dohlen, pronounced Dolan, but her father's name was Ole and not Mike. Like Bjarne, she was pure Norwe-

gian. A neighbor of Barney's spelled his name Norlien, but pronounced it Nolan; another, Andrew Toohey, spelled his name Thue. Mike Phalen spelled his name Faloen; Tom Quealley spelled his name Kvalle; Oscar Dailey spelled his name Dahle. These people lived in Nora township, originally spelled Norre, meaning north. These names suggest that the sea-roving Vikings doubtless settled the south of Ireland as well as Normandy and the east coast of England. At any rate, Barney Burke was not Irish.

He was the son of Marin Bjerke, a well-to-do woman who owned a large wheat farm. Barney fell out with his mother and decided to farm on his own hook, so he rented a big wheat farm for cash rent in the spring of 1920, bought his farming outfit at the annual spring sales, on time, and borrowed money at the bank to buy seed. He got credit at the stores for his summer's supplies. When he threshed his wheat, his landlord was on the job and got the greater part of his rent from the wheat money. Then the prices of farm products fell so steadily that when Barney's crop was sold there wasn't enough to go round by \$1,500. He got only his food for his work and he was in debt. His mother was old and would soon be passing, so his creditors decided to wait until Barney got his share of the estate. Barney decided to forestall them and filed a petition in voluntary bankruptcy, naming them all and the amounts owed to

each. He played no favorites. There were no assets, and the liabilities totaled a little less than \$1,600. The banker and the business men—all Scandinavians—were up in arms. The village talked of nothing else for a week. Barney had suffered the losses common to all, due to the unfortunate decline in the price of farm products. Every one was sorry for him, but they deplored and condemned his seeking the bankruptcy route.

Honesty in paying bills was an unwritten law. One might not be able to pay to-day, but he paid as soon as he could. A bankrupt—a man who would never pay and who wouldn't try—was a pariah.

Three old heads gathered one morning at the post office, the town meeting-place. One said: "Barney is getting bad advice. Let us get him in and tell him he is making a mistake. Let us urge him to dismiss his bankruptcy petition and settle by giving long-time notes, payable a little each year, as the Allies are doing with the war indemnity."

Another wise head said: "You'll have to go back a generation if you want to instill that doctrine into Barney. Years ago, I used to be a grain buyer. Many's the time Marin Bjerke has tried to bluff me into giving her an extra bushel on the weight of her load of wheat by claiming she had weighed it at home and that I was trying to cheat her."

The third said: "She once brought a coop of chickens to my store to sell. I

weighed the chickens and dumped them into my coop. She promptly claimed the weight of the chickens on her scales was twenty pounds more than my weights showed. She tried to shame me by saying: 'You are trying to cheat a poor widow.' Fortunately, I hadn't mixed the chickens with any others. I told my clerk to go with her, catch the chickens, and take them across the street and have my competitor weigh them. She demurred at this, but I insisted; she had attacked my reputation for honest weight. I told her I couldn't and wouldn't stand for it; that my character was at stake. Reluctantly, she went along. My competitor found my weights were right."

A fourth man had by this time joined the three wise ones. He was the young manager of the Farmers' Co-operative Elevator. He laughed and said: "Only yesterday Marin Burke sent a load of her wheat to the elevator. I weighed it and she tried to beat me out of seventy pounds of wheat worth about two dollars. I just wouldn't let her beat her neighbors who own stock in our elevator out of even two dollars."

The three wise ones who had followed the star of Bethlehem known as common honesty, a guiding star among the wheat-field men for all these years, shook their gray heads.

"If we expected to get that bankruptcy petition dismissed, we should have started a generation ago."

THE MAN WHO SANG

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

HE runs no more, light-footed, on high hills,
Where beautiful weeds bend with a laugh from the wind;
He has forsaken his dear fairy kind
And sharpens now no wild swan's magical quills.
He has rejected Music, and he fills
With a stern god the house where she was shrined;
He is a citizen, of sober mind,
And like a sober man he pays his bills.

But there are days—! Somewhere a flute starts in,
Somewhere a horn, somewhere a violin!
A lute, a harp, like silver waters falling!

Then through his ordered being sweeps unrest;
For when he hears his lost beloved calling
There is no peace for him save on her breast.



IN the Berryman household Malcolm Berryman and Arnold Adair were discussing with Malcolm's mother the high cost of food that since the war had threatened to upset the household budgets of every family in the land. Wage-earners were striking for higher pay, and by their strikes reducing the output and supply. Employers were charging more to meet this higher pay and the higher cost of their families' food. Consumers everywhere were compelled to pay more for everything they bought—all because everybody must have food, and it was costing more.

Experts and economists might argue all they pleased, legislators might enact restraining laws, individuals might continue to protest against imminent bankruptcy, yet remorselessly the price of food went up and other necessities of life kept pace with it. Even the people of California, the land of milk and honey, sea food, and fruit—even these lucky people of the land of plenty suffered unaccountably with the common distress of the Nation.

Like the competent housewife she was, Mrs. Berryman conducted all the affairs of their country place on a budget system, and she kept well within the allowance made for this purpose by the generous head of the Berryman family. Yet, try as she might, she could not make ends meet as they used to, nor could she conceal her irritation at the outrageous demands made upon her purse by the tradesmen in town for staple articles of food that were now double and treble their customary cost.

"I told the fish-market man he was a profiteer, and nothing less!" Mrs. Berryman said to her family in great indignation in relating the story of her morning marketing. "Mr. Parker owns the cannery here, and he operates his own fleet of fishing smacks off the coast. I've seen those boats loaded full of sardines and

salmon and herring and mackerel and tunny fish—caught in one day—yet he has the audacity to charge me thirty cents a pound for a mess for dinner. What the poor people do nowadays I am sure I do not know!"

"There are no poor people nowadays, mother," observed Oliver Berryman, smiling. "You never saw so many motor cars on the streets of San Diego as there are to-day. Probably every one of Parker's employees owns a Ford. Parker has to charge more for his fish to pay for the automobiles."

"I thought Parker had closed down his fish cannery," said Malcolm, turning to his older brother, who was a man of affairs in the city. "I saw something about it in the paper."

"Not altogether," returned Oliver. "There's been a slump in the run of fish this summer, and he operates the cannery on part time only. Parker's not a bad fellow, mother. You'd do the same if you were in business nowadays. You must charge your customers enough to pay your expenses or else you close your doors. He is not a profiteer. Didn't you find fish the same price all over town?"

Mrs. Berryman confessed rather reluctantly that Oliver was right. She had spoken her mind to each of them about the sin of profiteering, and each had protested that he made less profit to-day than he did a year ago, when fish were selling for half the present price. She resolutely advised them to bring down their prices at once if they wanted to sell her any more fish. She would boycott fish until they were again reasonable in their charges.

"That's the spirit, mother!" laughed Oliver. "If everybody boycotts fish, then there will be more fish than there are consumers, and the price will certainly go down. Supply and demand regulates prices, you know. If you can't

increase the supply, then reduce the demand, and the value of the commodity falls just the same."

Arnold Adair had been listening attentively to a discussion which interested him exceedingly. Here, three thousand miles away from New York, families were confronted with the same problems of living; they were exasperated by the same inexplicable outlay of income for simple items of food and clothing; they felt the same resentment, yet after consideration they came to the same conclusion. Supply and demand regulated prices. Increased demand invariably increased the supply where an increased supply was possible to obtain. If the supply could not be increased, high prices must continue.

"What's the matter with the Pacific fishes, Oliver?" inquired Arnold. "Isn't there an inexhaustible supply of fish in the sea, or have they become too wise to get caught?"

"I don't know anything about this wholesale catching of fish, Arnold," returned Oliver. "If it's a question of a brook trout, I can tell you where to drop your fly when you want one or two, but catching sardines by the boat-load—that's a science that never appealed to me. Perhaps they get boat-shy and beat it when they sight a sail. Anyway, Parker's boats cruise about week in and week out, he says, without finding a school of fish."

"Perhaps there's a war on," suggested Malcolm Berryman, "and the California sardines are over taking a fall out of the Japanese goldfish. If they all mobilize across the Pacific for any length of time, Parker and the cannery will be out of luck."

"How do the fishing smacks locate schools of fish?" demanded Arnold. "Do the fish gather around for bait, or how do the boats get a line on their whereabouts?"

"Oh, they swim about in great schools

near the surface," Mrs. Berryman interposed. "I remember when the Parker fleet used to bring in all it could carry after two days at sea. Sometimes they would run into a school of herring twenty miles long. They would drop their nets and scoop them up into the boats and sail home. They just search around until they find these big schools, then they signal to one another to come close together, and all they have to do is to scoop them in—and sell them for thirty cents a pound!" ended the indignant lady, a trace of resentment still lingering in her mind.

"And these fishing boats cruise around the Pacific Ocean until they run into a school like that!" exclaimed Arnold Adair, incredulously. "It must be like looking for a needle in a haystack! They can't see more than a hundred yards around them. What a stupid way of finding fish!" A thought suddenly struck him. But, with characteristic caution, he sat silently considering it while the others continued their conversation.

Parker had twenty small trawlers, it appeared, besides several power boats which acted as scouts for the heavier craft. Several men were employed on each boat, some to care for the nets, others to man the boats. And the fish cannery itself had worked several hundred men when the fishing season was at its height. At present, at the very time when people needed fish as a diet to supplant the more expensive meats and fowls, the cannery was running on part time because the trawlers could find no fish. And all the other cannery along the coast were suffering from the same scarcity of material.

Arnold had witnessed the fisheries of the Columbia River in operation. Here huge water-wheels, constantly revolving by the current, caught in their meshes the salmon which sought to pass through the narrow trap beneath the wheel. As each compartment of the wheel reached the upper half of its circuit, the dripping fish fell into a slanting trough, which slid them rapidly into the bins of the cannery. Day and night a continuous stream of mighty salmon poured down the trough, to be dressed, cooked, and canned with almost automatic celerity. Thus had the ingenuity of the fresh-water fishing industry simplified the process of catching their food, reducing hugely the cost of the wholesome supply to the kitchens of the world. A wise Government policy had required each cannery to restock those waters with tenfold as many fish as were consumed each year.

Ocean fisheries could not operate their canneries by means of water-wheels. Arnold wondered how small cruising sailboats ever succeeded in finding loitering schools of fish. Lately power boats had come into service. Their swifter speed enabled them to make sorties out beyond the fleet of fishing boats, but even they must necessarily blunder full into an unsuspected school to find it. If salt-water fish could be secured as cheaply

as the Columbia River salmon, they would sell as cheaply.

"Has Mr. Parker's cannery such a thing as a wireless?" inquired Arnold, suddenly. "Of course his fishing boats do not carry wireless."

"Rather not," laughed Oliver Berryman. "There is a Government station here and several small private stations, but nobody knows anything about wireless here except small boys and cranks. Why? Would you have the ocean liners send in a wireless message when they encounter a school of fish?"

"Yes. Why not?" answered Arnold, in all seriousness. "I suppose Parker and the others wouldn't mind paying pretty well for such information, would they? But really, I would like to talk to one of these small boys who has a wireless outfit in town. Can you find him for me to-morrow, Malcolm?"

"Yes," replied Malcolm, looking at Arnold wonderingly. He scented another flying stunt of some sort whenever Arnold proposed anything out of the common. "There's an ex-army pilot in town named Wilcox, who didn't get overseas, but he is a wizard at wireless. He makes his own apparatus."

The following morning Arnold and Malcolm, with Wilcox at their heels, called to have a talk with the head of the Parker Cannery Company. Arnold had imparted to his two friends the project he had in mind. He proposed to take Malcolm with him in his seaplane, the Comet, leaving young Wilcox behind at the cannery office, where he would run out a set of listening wires on the roof, connected with his instrument below stairs in the office of Mr. Parker. Arnold had an idea that schools of fish could be picked up from an airplane with as much ease as an airman spots a submarine below the surface. If this proved to be correct, there remained only the difficulty of directing the boats of the fishing fleet to the spot desired. His wireless sender was good for three hundred miles.

If his plan proved to be at all feasible, the airplane would certainly do a day's work in a small fraction of the time required of the power boats or trawlers. Not only could the aviator travel much faster than the fisherman on the sea, but he could see deeper into the water, and could cover a horizon wider beyond comparison.

Mr. Peter B. Parker, proprietor of the city market and part owner of the Cannery Company, was found on the company's docks in the bay. He was a salt-water man, rugged and grizzled of feature, a short stubby mustache of the color and tenacity of a tooth-brush covering the skin of his upper lip. He eyed the aviators steadily as Arnold unfolded his plan, turning from one to the other an appraising glance that sought to discover the motive back of this extraordinary idea. "What will it cost?" he demanded, shortly, when Arnold had finished. "And what do you want me to do if your flyin' contraption comes down in the ocean?"

"Nothing at all, Mr. Parker," replied Arnold. "This is just a little experiment of our own. If it works, you will get the benefit of it—you and the other cannery men of fish food in the vicinity. All we want you to do is to permit Lieutenant Wilcox here to put up his wireless rigging on the cannery roof—or down here on the dock, if you prefer. If we find any fish, we want to send word to you from the spot, so that your boats can find them."

The old fisherman smiled somewhat skeptically as he looked across the bay. Obviously he did not care to become responsible for the drowning of two hare-brained aviators who desired to sacrifice themselves in an expedition so foolish and so reckless. In his opinion, it was bad enough to fly at all, let alone going out to sea. A man would have all he could do to keep his machine balanced, let alone looking around for any fish!

Malcolm Berryman finally persuaded the old man that Arnold's seaplane could ride the waves as safely as could one of his old fishing smacks. Whether he consented to take advantage of their expedition or not, they would make the flight just the same. And finally it was concluded, to their mutual approval, that Wilcox should rig his wireless antennae from the mast of one of the largest trawlers in the harbor, and should accompany the fleet out to sea as soon as the airplane was ready to start. This arrangement would permit even quicker intelligence to be transmitted to the fleet than if Wilcox and the boats waited within the harbor.

By noon the boats would be ready to get under way. They had just returned from a fruitless cruise lasting six days. The men were discouraged, the cannery were alarmed, and the price of herring and mackerel had gone up several notches more. Only a few scattered schools had been encountered during the whole cruise. And it was considered the best time of the year for trawler fishing.

"They're out there somewhere," insisted Parker, chewing a match meditatively as he gazed out to sea. "Some years it's like this for months at a time. They gather in big schools and stick together, sometimes miles and miles long. One day, I remember, the Katonamah steamed through a school of herring for three hours, lyin' right under the surface. When she reached port and told us about it, I found our boats had been within ten miles of the big swarm, and never knew it."

Arnold nodded his head appreciatively. Ten miles of ocean surface could be searched in five minutes on board the Comet.

As Arnold and Malcolm motored through the city on their way home, leaving Wilcox in the care of the unemotional Mr. Parker, Malcolm questioned his friend interestedly on the subject of his plans. Malcolm had never experienced the thrills and tediousness of submarine patrols during the war. He knew that Arnold had been through this anxious schooling before he had joined the

squadron at the front, and that Arnold had bombed and sunk one of the enemy submarines off the coast of Havre. But Malcolm had flown over the harbor and bay of San Diego frequently, and had repeatedly seen the sand and bottom growth of vegetation under fifty or sixty feet of the clear sea water. Schools of fish near enough to the surface to be caught in trawler nets, Arnold pointed out to his companion, must certainly mark their presence with far more conspicuous indications than would be the case with a German U-boat.

"And when I think of the flimsy old land machines that we used in those coast patrols at the beginning of the war," concluded Arnold, "and compare them with a stanch seaplane like the Comet, which could ride out a gale without suffering much damage, why, I had to smile in Mr. Parker's face at his horror of this afternoon's expedition."

"He's a fair sample of the public, Arnold, when it comes to their knowledge of airplanes. I hope we spot something for the old fellow this afternoon, just to satisfy him that an airplane can do it."

Promptly at two o'clock the two pilots left the Berryman field in the Comet, Arnold at the controls and Malcolm again trying his hand at the Morse code on the wireless sounder. Setting the receiving apparatus in order and tuning up his receiver, Malcolm caught distant messages from unknown senders from sea and from shore. As they neared the city and the Comet shot smoothly ahead Arnold pointed down to the fleet of tiny boats standing out to sea a few miles outside the harbor. Parker had been prompt in getting his men away.

Pointing down the Comet's nose, Arnold dove straight at the flagship of the little fleet, aboard which Wilcox, their new comrade, was the most important member of the crew. Flattening out a dozen yards about the mast top, Arnold and Malcolm waved to the awestruck fishermen, who were standing gazing up into the sky. With a comparative speed that seemed terrific, the airplane left the plunging boats wallowing in her

wake. Arnold looked over the side and stared into the water. Here the deep-blue surface, unbroken even by white-caps, indicated great depth of water. He determined to ascend to five hundred feet, where his horizon would be extended and his ability to penetrate the ocean depths greatly assisted. In five minutes the Comet was lost to sight by the fleet, yet the boats were plainly visible to both Arnold and Malcolm.

Describing a grand circle to the north and west, watching with war-trained eyes the surface of the waters on both sides of the machine, Arnold descried one after another dark and irregular-shaped mass under the surface which closer scrutiny disclosed to be swimming fish. Malcolm excitedly pointed them out, rapping out calls to Wilcox, advising him to head his fishing boats farther to the north. Neither of the aviators knew enough about the nature of the various species of fish in these waters to identify one small school from another. They might be sardines or mackerel, bluefish or trout, so far as Arnold knew. But of one certainty he was exultantly proud—an airplane could find fish where surface boats had failed. Almost before his cruise had begun a dozen separate schools had been sighted. They were not yet twenty miles from shore.

Long before the sluggish fishing craft had reached the spot where loitered these first small schools the Comet had made two hundred miles of patrol. Quite fifty miles from the California shore, the mountains of which were still faintly discerned, Arnold suddenly discovered a long black line beneath them that seemed to extend with ragged edges a hundred miles to sea. He had accustomed his eyes to reading the surface by now, and had risen to two thousand feet to gain a still more advantageous altitude for distant searches. As far as his eye could reach the black line, now thin, now wide, extended. So near the surface played these fish that occasional flecks of spray from their tails spattered the surface.

Considerably dumfounded by this extraordinary spectacle, Arnold rode along the center of the huge school, the upper

shelves of fish constantly forced up above the surface of the water by the pressure of the mass below. Millions and millions of small fish were lying almost dormant, sunning themselves like lazy cattle on a hillside. Measuring the extent of the brown mass beneath them, Arnold turned to Malcolm with astonishment in his eyes.

"Herring fish!" shouted Malcolm. "No wonder there are few fish near shore! All the herring in the ocean must be here on a convention! I'll get father to write the Department of Fisheries about this. The Government ought to use airplanes all along this coast for fishing." A good thirty miles separated the enormous school from the fishing boats toward shore. Both aviators regarded the situation as too important to trust to wireless calls. Arnold turned the Comet about. Fifteen minutes later she rode the waves alongside the flagship, aboard which Wilcox and Mr. Parker stood at the rail watching.

After a short consultation with Arnold, Malcolm boarded the boat and described what they had seen to the excited fishermen. With little persuasion Peter B. Parker was induced to take Malcolm's place in the Comet, signaling the boats of the fleet to follow the Comet to seaward.

And thus was accomplished the greatest haul of herring that ever had been known along this coast. The sleepy voice of Mr. Parker came over the telephone next morning while the two airmen were still at their breakfast. He had been up all night at the work, his boats had returned awash under their load, and still he was not satisfied.

"How much will it cost, Mr. Adair, if you two boys go out there again after we get unloaded and locate them fish?" Parker demanded. "They was scattering considerable before morning."

"Sorry, Mr. Parker," replied Arnold, "but I am taking the Government Fisheries man out there this morning. You can get Wilcox to go, however. He has his own machine, and wants a job."

"He's hired!" called back Mr. Peter B. Parker. "Good-by!"



Keystone

"THE GOVERNMENT OUGHT TO USE AIRPLANES ALL ALONG THIS COAST FOR FISHING"

THE BOOK TABLE

THE POETS OF OXFORD

"A NEST OF SINGING BIRDS"

BY BEVERLEY NICHOLS

The author of the following article is a young English writer who has just been graduated from Oxford University, where he occupied the position of President of the Union.—The Editors.

IT was said in the time of Elizabeth, so numerous and so sweet-throated were her poets that England was "a nest of singing birds." Perhaps it may seem out of place to apply such a metaphor to the England of to-day, but at least we may justly apply it to one small corner of England—Oxford. For here is gathered together a coterie of men whose names are famous throughout the English-speaking world—John Masefield, the poet of the people; William Butler Yeats, the singer of Irish melodies; Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate and one of the few classical poets who still write; to say nothing of prose writers such as John Galsworthy, Gilbert Murray, and Sir Walter Raleigh, and younger poets such as Robert Nichols and Robert Graves.

What is it that has brought all these great men to Oxford? The beauty of the country itself? The proximity of the University with all the innumerable associations which it must have for an imaginative mind? Probably both these reasons have played their part. For Oxford, with its gray buildings, its broad irregular streets, its chiming bells, is one of the most lovely cities in Europe. And the country that surrounds the city is, in its way, as beautiful as anything you will find in England. In a few weeks the larches will be green over the Cherwell, the birds will be singing in Chorley Wood, and wild hyacinths will be painting the meadows of Boar's Hill with riotous splashes of blue.

It is pleasant to think that in the midst of all this beauty there are living so many men for whom beauty is life. I would mention first John Masefield, because he is probably best known to American readers, not only through his books but through the lectures which at various times he has delivered throughout the greater part of the United States. He lives in a little red house on Boar's Hill, the beautiful place of woods and meadows that rises some four miles out of Oxford, and looks down, over the fields, on to the gray towers and domes of the city. It is there, I believe, that most of his poetry has been written. I have called him the poet of the people, because that seemed to be particularly his *métier* when he first sprang into fame with "The Everlasting Mercy." He sang, in the words of the man in the street (and some of his adjectives made the more genteel critics shudder), of the triumph of the soul of man over the filthiness and squalor of an English slum. But he is not tied down to one mode of expression. He can swear as



Bain

JOHN MASEFIELD

bluffly as an English navvy, but he can sing as sweetly as an English thrush. He has written of the sea in lines which are salt with spray. And more than any poet since Chaucer he has caught the magic of an English spring:

And the blackbird builds below the
catkin shaking,
And the sweet white violets are
beauty in the blood,
And daffodils are there and the black-
thorn blossom breaking
Is a wild white beauty in bud.

I think John Masefield has the most beautiful face of any living man I have



Bain

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

ever seen. He has not, it is true, the poetic languor of Mr. Yeats, nor the leonine magnificence of the Poet Laureate. He does not wear eccentric clothes, and his tall, spare figure might well pass unnoticed in a crowd. But look at him closely, at his great startled eyes, at his sensitive mouth, at the delicate lines on his forehead, and you will understand what I mean. There are lines on his face more beautiful than any lines he has written, and that is saying a great deal. His face has an expression of infinite tenderness, infinite humility.

It is this quality of humility which is, I think, the most striking quality about the man. I remember a year ago, when I was an undergraduate at Balliol College, that I asked Mr. Masefield to come down to read us some of his poetry and to talk to us about it. Like the sportsman that he is, he came, in spite of the fact that he had to bicycle several miles from his house on a snowy evening. He read us the last act of his exquisite "Tragedy of Nan," some of the sonnets, and part of "The Everlasting Mercy," finishing up with the lines:

O lovely lily clean,
O lily springing green,
O lily bursting white,
Dear lily of delight
Spring in my heart agen
That I may flower to men.

Afterwards, when the tension was relaxed, we all mingled together in the little room and discussed what we had just heard. But Masefield—what did he do? Some men in his position would have pontified, they would have stood in the middle of the room and made the most of the fact that they happened to be the lion of the evening. He did nothing of the sort. He remained in the corner and said not a word. We all talked loudly enough, and indeed were not backward in giving our opinions on poetry and literature in general. But Masefield just sat shyly in a corner and said not a word, as though his views on the subject were not worth having.

Of a very different type is the Irishman William Butler Yeats. I do not mean to say that he is a man who pushes himself forward, but there is something about him that commands attention. He is very tall, and to-day somewhat inclined to be stout. His long gray hair is brushed carefully back from his forehead, and his pale face has usually an air of abstraction and aloofness which does not encourage the passer-by to ask him the time. He lives in a house in Broad Street, opposite Balliol College—a long, immensely wide street flanked on either side by tall gray colleges. You may see him any afternoon, walking slowly down the road, slightly stooping, and usually alone. He carries his hands behind his back; and on his head, which he holds either very low or very high, he wears a big gray slouch hat.

I do not think Mr. Yeats has ever

mingled much in the life of the University—not, at any rate, in the same way that Mr. Masfield has done. It is typical of Masfield that when I became editor of a University paper, "The Oxford Outlook," he at once sent me two sonnets for publication—"On Growing Old"—sonnets which any editor of any paper in the world would have been proud to print. He is passionately devoted to all that is young and irresponsible; he will talk informally to a gathering of undergraduates in a college room, he will speak at a big political meeting, he will stage-manage a university play. I can hardly imagine Mr. Yeats doing this. He is far less of a man of action. He is essentially a dreamer, and seems somehow to have drifted out of life. During the war he hardly opened his lips, either in pity or in praise. He lives in the past. And it is not an English past; it is an Irish past. He is always dreaming of Innesfree.

He is an Irishman, and in the present tragic condition of his country we may well find a reason for his sadness.

One does not often see the Poet Laureate, Mr. Robert Bridges, in Oxford, but, once seen, he is never forgotten. I think that for sheer magnificence, apart from any other quality, he is the most striking figure I have met. Very tall, in spite of his years, he carries himself proudly erect. His great head, with its clustering white hair, is rather like that of the late George Meredith, but it is more rugged and more imposing. When he is in Oxford, it is usually on a visit to a bookseller, and he may be seen threading his way through the busy streets, clothed in rough tweeds and knickerbockers, with a satchel on his back.

He too lives on Boar's Hill, and has a house near that of Masfield. But he is near him in nothing else. Indeed, it is somewhat difficult to estimate the exact position of Mr. Bridges in contemporary English poetry. Mr. Horatio Bottomley, that unique and irresponsible figure in English journalism and politics, has frequently complained that the Poet Laureate is not worthy of his position, that he does not produce the proper poems on the proper occasions. In the eyes of Mr. Bottomley, a Poet Laureate should be able to produce a rhyme for every national glory or universal event of importance. However, his criticism does not seem to have had much effect. Mr. Bridges informed him, quite calmly, that "he did not care a damn"—and there the matter ended.

That is very typical of the poet himself. He does not care a damn. And perhaps that is in some way the reason why he has never been, in any sense of the word, a "popular" poet. He has none of the wide appeal of a man like Masfield. But, whatever his critics may say, they cannot deny that he is a poet. It is true that he has written a great deal that will never be read in twenty years, but some of his lyrics will live as long as the English language is spoken. I have neither time nor space to dwell

on the younger poets, such as Mr. Robert Nichols, the finest of our soldier-poets, who made such a triumphant tour of the United States two years ago. But you may meet them any day in the old book shops of Oxford or toiling up the open hills outside the city, with, one hopes, a song on their lips. And we, who were



Bain

ROBERT BRIDGES

born and bred in this city, may be justly proud that it is here that they have chosen to live and to sing their songs. For, in the words of one who himself was expelled from Oxford a hundred years ago:¹ "Poets are the trumpets that sing to battle, poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

THE NEW BOOKS

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

PARIS IN SHADOW. By Lee Holt. The John Lane Company, New York.

Lovers of Paris—and who is not one?—should be deeply interested in this diary of an American who has lived in France most of his life. The diary describes the days of 1916 and 1917. Many of the events described seem trifling at this distance, but they are not trifling if the reader would gain an idea of how Parisians looked and acted during the war.

SAILING SOUTH. By Philip Sanford Marden. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

A very agreeable and amusing account of personal experiences in the West Indies and Panama. The book will lure many readers to try a similar travel trip instead of going to Europe for a change of scene.

BIOGRAPHY

CROWDING MEMORIES. By Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Books of reminiscence written by women who, like Mrs. Aldrich or Mrs.

¹ Shelley.

Asquith, have been in intimate association with men and women of note are always welcome. Mrs. Aldrich's will inevitably be considered alongside Mrs. Asquith's recent reminiscences. Of the two just published works, Mrs. Aldrich's is the more restful and appealing, not so much because it is by an American and is for the most part about Americans, as because it is not so self-conscious; it does not betray a constant desire to appear brilliant. Mrs. Aldrich tells us about Edwin Booth, Longfellow, Dickens, Browning, Sir Henry Irving, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Madame Blanc, Sarah Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, the Duke of Argyll, Mark Twain, W. D. Howells, and others, but chiefly about her husband. Though those of us who knew him may not get any very strikingly new information as to his character and work, our impressions are definitely deepened by a perusal of these pages. But the great charm of this volume lies in its incidental revelation of the character of its compiler—a revelation so frank, naïve, and yet shy as to be in winsome contrast to Mrs. Asquith's amazing self-advertising.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

NEW MIND FOR THE NEW AGE (A). By Henry Churchill King, D.D., LL.D. The Cole Lectures for 1920. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

To one accustomed to look with eager anticipation for anything from President King's pen this book comes as a disappointment. It contains, of course, some wise counsels and inspiring ideals. But it shows marks of haste in preparation and gives us too many quotations and too little of the author's own thoughts, a fault which is sometimes akin to virtue, but not in Dr. King.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

PILGRIM PAPERS. From the Writings of Francis Thomas Willfrid, Priest. By Robert Keable. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

VERENA IN THE MIDST. By E. V. Lucas. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

CRITICAL AND EXEGETICAL COMMENTARY (A): THE EPISTLE TO THE GALATIANS. By Ernest De Witt Burton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

CRITICAL AND EXEGETICAL COMMENTARY (A): THE REVELATION OF ST. JOHN. By R. H. Charles, D.Litt, D.D. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

PSYCHOLOGY OF ADOLESCENCE (THE). By Frederick Tracy, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York.

RECREATIONS OF A PSYCHOLOGIST. By G. Stanley Hall. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

GREAT GAME OF BUSINESS (The). By J. George Frederick. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

HELPING MEN OWN FARMS. Professor Elwood Mead. The Macmillan Company, New York.

HISTORY OF THE ART OF WRITING (A). By William A. Mason. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York.

NEW STONE AGE IN NORTHERN EUROPE (THE). By John M. Tyler. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

THE EDITORS' MAIL BAG

SUPPOSE WELLS IS ALL WRONG

LIVING in Washington, I of course read very little; yet am I continually appealed to as one who knows about books—perhaps because I am occasionally seen going into the Library of Congress to look at Pennell's lithographs, or because it is known that I play dominoes here in the Press Club. Be that as it may, I am considered an authority, and therefore—these things follow—one who can judge between histories, one who recognizes the good in Mommsen and appreciates the wit of Lytton Strachey; so that just now the question is almost always: Have you read Wells's "Outline"?

I know the answer, quite naturally—who doesn't? No, have you? For in this half-civilized world one does not read Wells as one reads Bennett or Cabell or Poe. You take him or leave him, yet he affects you just the same—like going without salt. He is a tonic; and the History is to be taken (and put down) before and after meals. A small dose will make conversation for a day. Some read the announcements as the volumes appeared in parts last fall and are still talking about them. He is to be studied before retiring.

But is he always right? Right about God and love and war and the Neanderthal man? Right about Caesar's bald head and Napoleon's spleen and the barbarous Greeks? About Homer and Gladstone and the tactics of Foch? And what if he isn't? Suppose he's all wrong. Does it make any difference? There is no truth, so I hear, in Hans Andersen, yet who is not better for believing in fairies? And because men admire the good—was there any?—in the Great Alexander we have had thousands and thousands of years of marching and counter-marching through terrorized towns, down valleys, across rivers and plains, by restless and brutal, ravaging armies. Men mimic the deeds of the dead, taking patterns, imposing again and again the same tricks that once impressed schoolboys—alone? No, for we seldom grow up; we trust in the things we accepted as settled when young. So the Kaiser, the priest, the fakir in religion and law, assuming a certain attitude, waving a moist hand, gets away. But Wells questions their divine right to this and that, their divinity, their worth. And he does it very well. A slavish adherence to precedent—the trick of lawyers—a faith in the good old days, is the root of a deal of evil; it makes for settled conditions, which make for sloth and self-satisfaction. Rome fell as much because she had conquered the world, attaining a seeming grandeur, as because of enemies without. I have not, among friends, read the "Outline," yet I agree with Mr. Wells absolutely. I was never one to gape before the gargantuan G. K. C., swallowing every word. I like a change

New theories are subsequent to new experiences

WOODROW WILSON

—even though it only be a changing past. Don't you? GEORGE GORDON.
Washington, D. C.

A CLEAN HEART

TEN years ago, at the age of twenty-one, I left a log camp to enter high school after an absence from school of more than eight years. I have had little schooling; but for ten years I have been an extensive and intensive reader of serious books and magazines. During almost the entire time I have been a careful and devoted reader of *The Outlook*. It has meant to me more than any other periodical I could find, and I have read at one time or another all the magazines of importance published in the United States. How much it has meant may be inferred from these two facts: that my only child, a boy of five, answers to the name of Lyman; and that for a number of years I have sent along with the renewal of my subscription the name of a new subscriber from among the brightest young men of my acquaintance. I offer this explanation as a preface to the remarks that follow.

When *The Outlook* offered prizes recently for the best constructive criticism, I was deeply interested. I had an impulse to enter the contest, for I had a suggestion that would benefit *The Outlook* more than any other possibly could. It is that as a preparation for their day's work the editors enter into their closets each morning, lock the doors, and there repeat with patient iteration this prayer of the Psalmist: "Create in me a clean heart, O God: and renew a right spirit within me." But I did not compete for your prize. I knew my criticism would be merely resented as impertinent, for, to quote the much-labeled Irishman, *The Outlook* is spiritually dead and doesn't know it.

This charge, I am aware, is a very general one—merely a stupendous total; but let me itemize the account.

You have argued, and argued quite conclusively, that the only hope of effective government in America is an able, courageous executive leadership. During the last eight years America has had a great leader. In gentleness, foresight, patience, and steadfastness he was the equal of Lincoln. In liberalism, courage, and decisiveness the equal of

Roosevelt. In resourcefulness he is without an equal in our history. But to you the patience of Lincoln was in him cowardice; the courage of Roosevelt, tyranny; and his resourcefulness, mere effrontery. Although he held nearly all things in common with you except the habit of being Republican, you chose to regard him as an opponent; and in order to discredit and checkmate that "opponent" advocated the election to the Presidency of a Senatorial dummy, who has neither the purpose, nor the intellectual endowments, nor the moral driving power, to be a great leader.

You have always professed to be economic liberals. The achievements in constructive liberalism of the late Administration are without a parallel in our history. Yet, in order to "checkmate an opponent" you have elected to become the yoke-fellows and the flaming evangelists of the most reactionary and sinister group in our politics.

Moreover, you have always been advocates of peace; of peace based on law and justice, and maintained by the only force that is capable of maintaining it—the organized power of all the law-abiding, justice-loving nations. Yet, rather than forego an opportunity to "checkmate an opponent" in the matter of the League of Nations, you stood by and held the garments of those who stoned to death the prophet and the world's best hope of peace, and attempted a philosophical and moral justification (even glorification) of the most selfish, contemptible, and calamitous piece of sculduggery that has ever disgraced American politics.

You have often repeated a certain great man's quotation of a certain dervish, who said that to feel indignation against a wrong-doing and do nothing to oppose that wrong-doing produces moral degeneracy. In view of that principle, as well as in protest against your disloyalty to your own principles, I hereby notify you of the withdrawal of my fellowship from you. My subscription expires April 1, and will not be renewed.

Trusting that there is left no ground of misunderstanding between us, I am at least,
Sincerely yours,

RAS PRIEST.

[This letter was not received in time to compete in the prize contest for suggestions regarding improvement of *The Outlook*. If it had been, we should have been tempted to award it a special prize for faithfulness on the ground that faithful are the wounds of a friend. While we are repeating in the closet the prayer of the Psalmist which our friend recommends to us, and which we humbly admit we need to repeat, we wonder if he does not need to avoid the danger of repeating another Scriptural prayer—that recorded in the eleventh verse of the eighteenth chapter of St. Luke?—THE EDITORS.]



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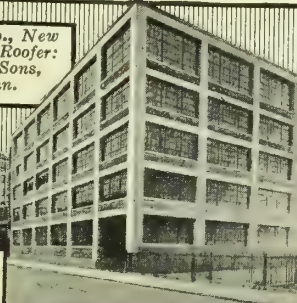
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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY¹

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

The Philippines: Should They be Independent?

WHEN the Philippine Islands came under the control of the United States, were the Filipinos promised independence at some future time? If not, has any official promise been made to them concerning their independence since 1898?

Does recent history show that the United States withdrew from Cuba prematurely? Do you think the Filipinos are any better prepared for complete independence than the Cubans?

Should the Filipinos have a common language and common customs before independence is granted them?

The American Merchant Marine Law of 1920, to go into effect probably February 1, 1922, carries with it a clause providing for the extension of the coastwise laws of the United States to the Philippine Islands. There are leading Filipinos who believe that this indicates that the United States Government is not contemplating their independence. Can you see why they should think so? If you were a Filipino, what objections to this extension of the coastwise laws might you raise?

If the United States should grant independence to the Philippine Islands at the present time, what results do you think would follow? What facts have you to back up your statements?

Different phases of the Philippine issue are considered in the March and April, 1921, numbers of the magazine entitled "Current History," and the Merchant Marine Law of 1920 is adversely criticised by an alert and highly intelligent young Filipino in the "Century Magazine" for December, 1920.

A first-class book on the Philippines is that by D. C. Worcester entitled "The Philippines Past and Present" (Macmillan).

René Viviani

It is evident that the French people in France are under the impression that America has undergone a change of attitude toward France since the close of the World War. If you were a Frenchman living in France, what might lead you to the same conclusion?

If you were talking with René Viviani, what things would you mention that would tend to prove to him that America remains unchanged in her loyalty to France?

Of what value do you consider the visit to America of such a man as René Viviani?

Does it seem to you that M. Viviani speaks correctly when he says that "the world cannot be in a condition of

equilibrium while there is a wrecked France"? What are your reasons?

Do you think our Senate should ratify the French-British-American agreement arranged while President Wilson was in Europe?

The Labor Crisis in Great Britain

For what reasons is the present labor situation in Great Britain considered a crisis?

Do you justify or condemn the British miners for striking? Would it be right for a national law to be made prohibiting strikes in essential industries?

What would it mean to nationalize industry? Do you believe in nationalizing industries?

Would the nationalization of industries solve labor disputes in them and do away with strikes?

Could or could not nationalized industries be kept out of politics? What is your explanation?

The Trial of the Single Tax in China

This topic is a good one to serve as a basis of a study in the fundamentals of taxation.

Whence the name single tax?

Some economic reformers believe that the single tax universally adopted would solve our taxation problem and bring in sufficient money to pay all public expenses. What is their argument?

What reasons have you for believing or not believing their argument to be sound?

If the single tax were generally adopted, would all but those who own land be entirely free from taxation?

How are tax rates in your community determined? How are the taxes collected?

Who bears the burden of a tax on buildings? On land? Who bears the burden of a revenue tariff? An inheritance tax? An income tax?

What is a just tax? Do you know of any taxes that are not just? If so, why do you consider them unjust?

What is the benefit theory of taxation? The ability theory? Which, in your opinion, is the more acceptable?

Why are taxes less in number and lower in China than in the United States? Are low taxes best for a country?

What comparisons can you make between taxes in China and in the United States?

Have the foreign Powers a right to permit China to charge only a five per cent duty on imports?

Two well-worth-while books on China are those entitled "The Development of China," by K. S. Latourette (Houghton Mifflin), and "China; Her History, Diplomacy, and Commerce from the Earliest Times to the Present Day," by E. H. Parker (Dutton).

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY



TRAVERS D. CARMAN was General Wood's aide during his recent campaign for nomination for the Presidency. Mr. Carman was associated with Theodore Roosevelt in a similar capacity during the Roosevelt Presidential campaign of 1912. Mr. Carman has been on the staff of The Outlook since his graduation from Princeton; he is Advertising Director.

LAURENCE LA TOURETTE DRIGGS has contributed frequently to The Outlook on subjects of aviation.

EDITH LACY was born in Virginia of Northern parents; she is now living in New York. Her father was an officer in the United States Army. She was educated abroad and does magazine, newspaper, and editorial research work.

W. T. COE is president and treasurer of the Kensington flour mills of Kensington, Minnesota.

FLORENCE J. MILLER lived among the natives of the Philippines for about nine years. Her knowledge of the native dialects and her ability to observe accurately afforded her exceptional opportunities to know these peoples and to write about them with authority. Her husband was Captain Miller, of the United States Regulars, who was Governor of the Province of Palawan for about ten years, and who lost his life in the Philippines about ten years ago. Mrs. Miller is now with the Civil Service Commission in Washington.

WILLIAM C. GREGG has contributed various correspondence from Europe to recent issues of The Outlook. He is President of a company in Hackensack, New Jersey, manufacturing car and railway equipment.

CELIA CATHCART HOLTON (Mrs. C. A. Holton) lives in London, Ohio.

ELSIE McCORMICK's contribution comes from Canton, China. She recently left China for a visit to Alameda, California.

A. DALE RILEY was for years assistant superintendent of the Moro Agricultural School at Indanangs, on the island of Jolo, Philippines. He was one of the only two white men who have lived unarmed among the Moros on the island. He recently left the Philippines for his home in Ohio, via India.

HERMANN HAGEDORN, JR., has contributed frequently to The Outlook. His volume entitled "The Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt" has won and deserved widespread attention. He was one of the founders of the Vigilantes. He was once an instructor of English at Harvard. He is the author of numerous plays, books of verse, and novels.



¹ These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—The Editors.

*Douglas Fir
Northern White Pine
Idaho White Pine
Western Soft Pine*



*Western Hemlock
Washington Red Cedar
Red Fir and Larch
Norway Pine*

TAKING THE GUESSWORK OUT OF THE SELECTION OF LUMBER

IN the early days, the use of soft wood in this country was largely confined to one or two species. They happened to be good all-purpose woods.

Toward the close of the last century a number of new woods, which had up to that time been used only locally, came into the general market.

These woods are of many kinds, with numerous grades of each kind.

As these new woods came along they were used everywhere that the older known species had been used. For some purposes the new woods proved the equal of the old; for certain very important purposes, superior; where they failed, it was because they were used in the wrong service.

Out of the experience of the last twenty years there has accumulated a scientific knowledge of the fitness of the different woods for particular uses that can be helpful to every user of wood.



Today we know how much weight various kinds of timber will bear; what woods will last longest when exposed to the weather and in contact with the soil or moisture; how preservative treatment affects the life of woods; which woods have a tendency to warp and which "stay put."

We know the relative merits of the different woods as railway ties, as flooring material, as pipe staves, as tanks, in car

construction, and so on through all the varied uses to which wood can be put.

The selection of wood has ceased to depend on guesswork. Experience, observation, research and experiment have placed it on a scientific basis.



What we advocate is conservation and economy through the use of the right wood in its proper place.

To this end we will supply to lumber dealers and to the public, any desired information as to the qualities of the different species and the best wood for a given purpose.

This service will be as broad and impartial as we know how to make it. We are not partisans of any particular species of wood. We advise the best lumber for the purpose, whether we handle it or not.

From now on the Weyerhaeuser Forest Products trade-mark will be plainly stamped on our product.

When you buy lumber for any purpose, no matter how much or how little, you can look at the mark and know that you are getting a standard article of known merit.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices and representatives throughout the country.

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A CORRECTION

I WAS glad to receive Ten Eyck's article on "Uncle Sam's Tin Halo" and highly appreciate all that he said therein, with the exception of the misstatement contained on page 726, that there was a period of one year nine months and twenty-eight days between my receipt of credentials from President Wilson and the time when I took over the post in Buenos Aires.

President Wilson did not appoint me until August, 1914, and I was unconfirmed by the Senate until September 30, in the same year. I was then in England, but proceeded at once to Washington, where I received my appointment from the President on October 14, although it is dated October 1, 1914. Owing to the war, it was almost impossible to get a ship to Buenos Aires. The only English liner having been sunk by a German warship, I had to wait some weeks. I then proceeded by a slow Brazilian boat to Rio de Janeiro; from thence I made my way on a French steamer here. But I arrived here on January 1, 1915, and presented myself at the Foreign Office, so that, instead of there being one year nine months and twenty-eight days between my appointment and my arrival at my post, there was only one month and sixteen days.

As you probably know, the ordinary time for a voyage from New York here is from three to four weeks, and the steamers did not go oftener than once in two months.

F. J. STIMSON.

Buenos Aires, January 15, 1921.

THE PACKER AND THE LITTLE BUTCHER

THE OUTLOOK of March 16 prints a letter under the heading "The Meat Bill and the Little Butcher." This letter questions an article by Sherman Rogers entitled "The Nation's Meat Bill," and says that "the little butcher" made the pork into bacon for fifteen cents per pound, and to-day the packers charge three times as much for making eight-cent pork into bacon." This letter also charges that the packers have used illegitimate methods in building up their business and that they are "abusing the control which they enjoy."

We have looked up some of Swift & Company's old price lists and we find that, while during the panic of 1907-08 live hogs got down to 4¼ cents in Chicago, our standard brand of bacon, in ten to twelve pound pieces, sold wholesale at that time at 12¼ cents a pound, or 2.6 times the price of live hogs. To-day the price of hogs in Chicago is 10½ cents and the same brand and weight of bacon is selling wholesale for 22½ cents a pound, or only 2.1 times the price of live hogs. In other words, the price of this standard brand of bacon is lower at wholesale as compared with the price of live hogs to-day than it was thirteen years ago.

The very choice bacon of course sells for more than 22½ cents a pound to-day. In fact, the wholesale price of Premium bacon is from 36 to 44 cents, depending on weight and thickness, the lighter and

thinner averages being from lighter and higher-priced hogs. But this does not represent any wasteful method of production or any abuse of power. In the first place, the public itself has come to differentiate in the past twenty years, so that the very choicest products bring more, as compared with the price of live hogs, while the less desirable products bring less in proportion. In other words, the spread between the prices of the choicest products is greater to-day than it used to be years ago. The net result of operations, so far as profit is concerned, has not changed appreciably, except that it has been running lower than normal for the past year or two. This profit averages only a fraction of a cent per pound of all pork products.

Another factor to be taken into consideration is the great increase in packing-house costs that has taken place during the past few years. This tends to widen the spread between live animal prices and dressed meat prices. This is especially important in the case of such a product as Premium bacon, because there is additional expense attached to the proper curing and smoking of this product. The meat also has to be carefully selected and properly trimmed. Only four per cent of the total weight of all hogs we buy is ever marketed in the form of Premium bacon.

We had not noticed that the "little butcher" had been driven out of business. We find that we have to compete with him in practically every town in the country. We are sure that our standard brands of bacon are superior to the average put out by the little butcher. At least, the country butcher's products vary greatly in quality; you never know what you are going to get.

One other thing that it is worth while to know is that the products put out by the larger packers have been carefully inspected by Government inspectors, so that nothing but perfectly pure and healthful meat can ever get to the public. This is not true of the meat furnished by the "little butcher." You are at his mercy, in case diseased animals have been handled by him. It is Swift & Company's policy to put out nothing but clean and wholesome meats, but Government inspection furnishes a guaranty with respect to meats prepared in all houses that ship goods in inter-State commerce.

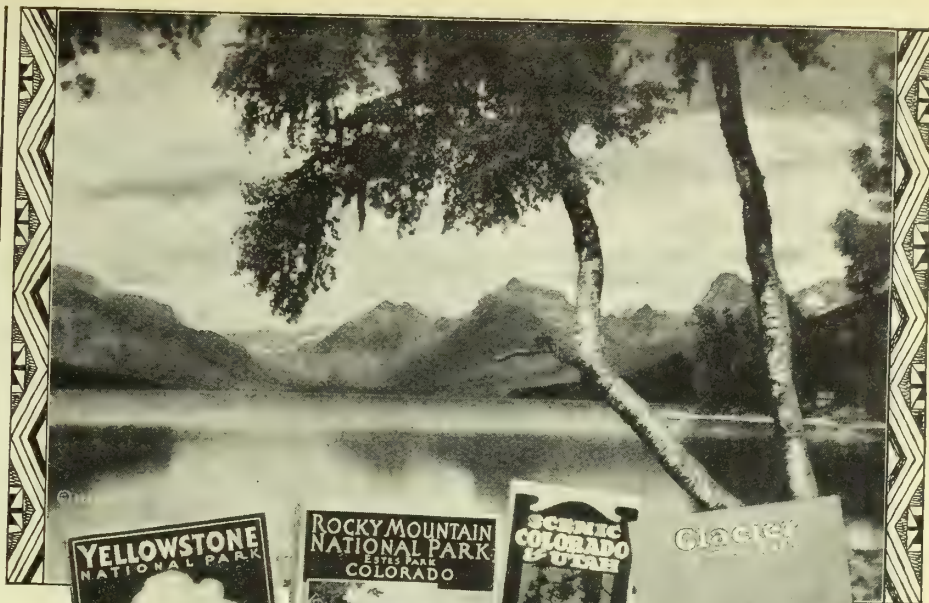
We know that your correspondent cannot substantiate his claim that we are "abusing" any power we have, or that we "control" the supply or anything else. Swift & Company has no agreement with any other packers, and we handle only fifteen per cent of the meat supply of the country, and less than twenty-five per cent of the quantity shipped in inter-State commerce. We have no power to control supply or to manipulate prices, which are determined by competition in open markets.

In view of the fundamental importance of many of the points treated in this letter, we are sure that your readers will be glad to have an opportunity to see it.

SWIFT & COMPANY.

Per L. D. H. WELD, Manager,
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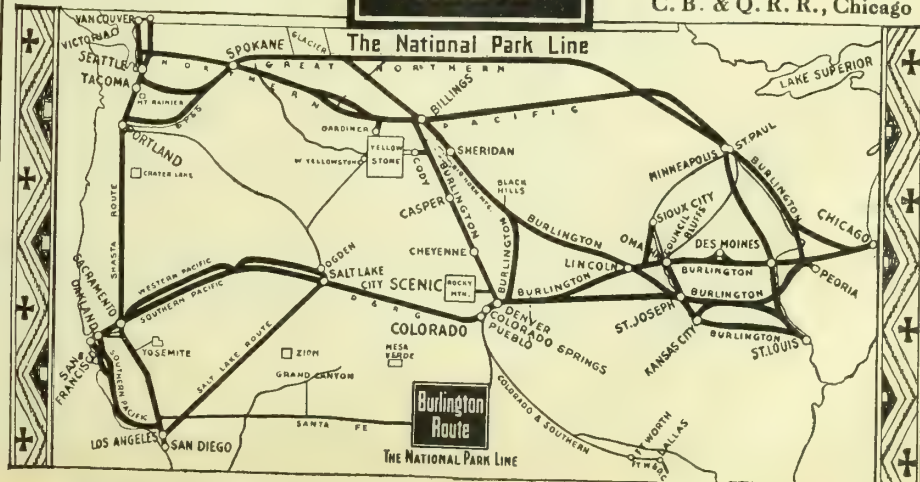
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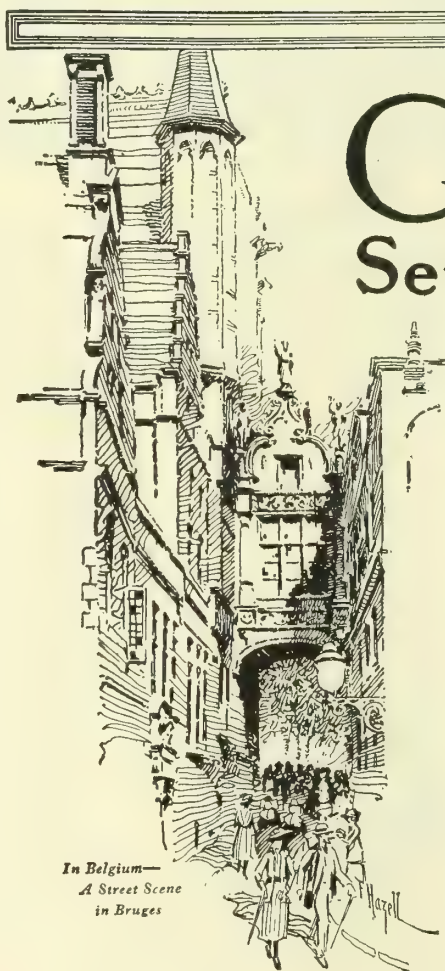
The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

EQUIPMENT TRUSTS

EQUIPMENT obligations came into being originally as the result of the efforts of railway corporations to provide means of paying the builders of locomotives and cars for the rolling stock they manufactured and delivered. For a long time they have enjoyed high favor as investments with banks and institutions which want securities returning a high rate of income combined with safety and marketability. It has been only in comparatively recent years, however, that these kinds of securities have been sought to any extent by private investors. Yet, so far as we know, there is no case on record of

an owner of equipment obligations ever having suffered the loss of even a part of his investment.

The life of equipment trust obligations is generally a short one, seldom exceeding fifteen years from the date of issue until final maturity. Usually they mature serially, a certain proportion each year. Sometimes, however, as in the case of bonds, a sinking fund is provided, and the money used to buy outstanding certificates in the open market and retire them or for the purchase of additional equipment to be held as additional security. A large proportion of the equipment trust certificates issued



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nowadays are offered in accordance with the so-called "Philadelphia Plan." This is a term which is often used, but not always understood by the average investor. Briefly, it is as follows: When a railway gets equipment, some third party, a corporation or perhaps an individual, buys the equipment from the company which manufactured it, and then leases it to the railway company. The purchaser and owner of the lease next assigns his rights to a trustee, and this trustee, usually a trust company, issues and sells equipment trust certificates secured by the equipment itself. The railway company pays rent for the use of the equipment, and such payments are used to pay the interest on the outstanding obligations and meet the maturing trust certificates as they fall due. Usually it is provided that the first payment made by the railway company shall amount to from ten to twenty-five per cent of the original cost of the equipment, so that there is a substantial equity for the certificates established at once. The title to all the cars and locomotives purchased in this way is vested in the trustee, and this fact is painted or stamped on the rolling stock itself. It is possible to find cars in almost any freight train with a legend to the effect that they are the property of such and such a trust company stenciled on their sides. No part of the equipment belongs to the railway company until the total amount due is fully paid. Of course railway equipment deteriorates every year; but this does not mean that the equipment trust obligations are not so well secured on this account, for it should be borne in mind that a certain proportion of the notes is being paid off each year or retired by a sinking fund; the amount of the outstanding obligations is therefore being constantly reduced and the security for them maintained in ample amount.

Sometimes the equipment trust notes are issued and sold by the railway company itself, but this course is the exception rather than the rule. In all cases, however, the equipment is the security for the notes, and the agreement under which the notes are sold usually requires the railway company to make all necessary repairs to the stock and keep it in proper running order.

It is plain to be seen that if a railway is to do business it must have cars and locomotives. Tracks in themselves are of little value unless freight and passenger traffic pass over them, bringing in revenue to the company. Operating equipment is therefore essential to its existence as a going concern. This fundamental fact is so generally recognized that interest due on equipment notes and the principal of the notes themselves have in numerous instances been paid regularly even when a railway is in bankruptcy and interest on its first-mortgage bonds is in default. The reason for this is a legal one. Under the Philadelphia Plan the railway does not own this equipment, but merely leases it, and the courts very generally recognize expenses of this kind and authorize the receiver or receivers, as the case may be, to meet them. This is due, of course, to the fact that the courts realize the truth of the statement made

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The man who plans to make his provisions "tomorrow," or "next week," or "the first minute he gets around to it," is no less blameworthy than the man who does not consider them at all.

Pressure of time or the improbability of accident or death do not excuse failure to have a will, nor failure in having it up-to-date and covering

all requirements. Nor is there any excuse for failure to name a desirable executor, or to weigh thoroughly the possibility of protecting beneficiaries, through a trust, against the dangers of unwise property management.

These are matters, not for tomorrow, but for action today.

Associated trust companies of the United States have prepared a booklet, as part of a general campaign to broaden public information concerning the vital importance of wills and trusts. A copy of this booklet, *Safeguarding Your Family's Future*, may be had on application to a trust company, or to the Trust Company Division, American Bankers Association.

TRUST COMPANY DIVISION
AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION
FIVE NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT (Continued)

just above, that a railway must have rolling stock if it is to operate, and they know that in case these rental charges are not paid the trustee has the right to take the equipment away from the railway to which it is leased, sell it, and turn the proceeds over to the note owners. A further protection for the note owners is the customary clause in the lease providing that the equipment be insured in their favor.

The practical working out of an issue of equipment trust notes would be something as follows: A railway company places orders for \$2,000,000 worth of rolling stock. The transaction is arranged through some banking house, which furnishes the money; title to the rolling stock is taken by the bankers and leased to the railway company. The lease made between the two is then assigned to a trust company, and the title to the equipment thereupon becomes vested in the trust company. Equipment trust notes to the amount of \$2,000,000 or less are issued in various denominations and sold to investors; the security for these notes is the \$2,000,000 of rolling stock, and it is the duty of the trust company, the trustee, to see that the terms of the lease are carried out. The lease contains a list of the equipment pledged together with the car numbers, and provides that when it is delivered to the railway a payment of twenty per cent of the amount due shall be made to the trustee. The notes mature in ten yearly installments, so that each year the amount outstanding is reduced as the railway makes its payments of rental. The full amount of the equipment is pledged as security, however, until the last note is paid, so that, even though it is deteriorating each year and is of less value, the outstanding notes too are growing fewer. The security remains unimpaired, therefore, from beginning to end.

The fact that equipment trust certificates are short-term investments tends to lessen their price fluctuations. Every security as it approaches maturity tends to sell closer and closer to its face or par value, for it is the par value which the owner will receive when the principal is paid. This circumstance renders this class of securities an unusually stable investment, and this feature is

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one strong reason why they have always appealed to banks, which desire securities they can sell at short notice with little or no prospect of loss. There is a constantly broadening market for equipment trust obligations. This means of course that more and more people are recognizing them as attractive investments and the demand for them is an increasing one. They are ideal if people or institutions have funds which they want to invest for short intervals—periods under a year, for instance. Banks buy them very often under these conditions, and find them very satisfactory indeed. Private investors, too, would do well to give attention to them when they are in the market for investment securities.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Is it possible for me to get some book showing the net return on bonds bearing various rates of interest selling at a discount or premium and maturing in from, say, one year to one hundred years? What I want to get is the actual return on my money if I hold the bonds until maturity.

A. A book entitled "Consolidated Tables of Bond Values" has recently been published by the Financial Publishing Company, Boston, Massachusetts, showing net returns from 2.90 to 15 per cent on bonds and other redeemable securities paying interest semi-annually at the rates per annum of 3, 3½, 4, 4¼, 4½, 4¾, 5, 5¼, 5½, 6, 6½, 7, 7½, and 8 per cent, maturing from six months to 50 years progressing semi-annually, and from 55 to 100 years by periods of five years. Consolidated tables of bond values are computed according to the generally accepted practice which assumes that the proceeds of the coupons, as they mature, are reinvested at the rate of income which the bonds yield at the purchase price.

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THE CRATER CLUB

Of the Burnham Cottage Settlement, Essex-on-Lake Champlain, offers to families of refinement at very moderate rates the attractions of a beautiful lake shore in a locality with a remarkable record for healthfulness. The club affords an excellent plain table and accommodation. The boating is safe, there are attractive walks and drives, and the points of interest in the Adirondacks are easily accessible. Ref. required. For information relative to board and lodging address Miss MARGARET FULLER, Club Mgr., 170 E. 72d St., New York. For particulars regarding cottage rentals write John B. Burnham, 233 B'way, New York.

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Trapper Lodge

An all season stock ranch. Good water, table, and our own garden in season. fishing, and saddle horses. Camp OUTDOORS WITH COMFORT in the Big Horn Mountains. Reservations all the year. Address WYMAN & SONS, Shell, Wyoming.

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Doylestown, Pa. An institution devoted to the personal study and specialized treatment of the invalid. Massage. Electricity. Hydrotherapy. Apply for circular to ROBERT H. PINCOTT, WALTER, M.D. (late of The Walter Sanitarium)

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A private sanitarium for invalids and aged who need care. Ideal surroundings. Address for terms Alice Gates Bugbee, M.D. Tel. 241.

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Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Over 25 years of successful work. Thorough, reliable, dependable and ethical. Every comfort and convenience. Accommodations of superior quality. Disorder of the nervous system a specialty. Fred. W. Seward, Sr., M.D., Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Goshen, N. Y.

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Greenwich, Ct. First-class in all respects, home comforts. F. St. C. Hitchcock, M.D.

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June 15 to September 25, ideal Boardwalk apartment, 5 rooms, screened porch, elevator. For full information write 5A Vermont Apts.

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Nine rooms; all improvements; fruit, shade and shrubbery; spacious grounds. Delightful place for a Hartford professional or business man; or for one who has retired. Address Owner, Suite 5, 19 Ware St., Cambridge, Mass.

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2 and 3 bathrooms, 3 and 2 fireplaces, respectively, 80 mile view up and down the coast. Photos, plans and detailed description. Also fine old Colonial homestead on edge of village with 6 fireplaces, 2 bathrooms, open plumbing, electric light. J.R. Prescott, Newtonville, Mass.

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Beautifully situated and completely furnished for housekeeping.
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Finest estate on Maine Coast. Large Colonial house. Ocean view, fine harbor and drives.
W. G. TIBBETTS, Pemaquid Harbor, Me.

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House, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, for rent to refined people for summer season. Delightfully located on New England farm near Portsmouth and Concord. Every convenience. Fully furnished. Open fires. Wood supply free. Rent \$500. Apply for particulars
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47 W. 34th St., New York, N. Y.

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Country house, 4 acres of park grounds, kept in order by owner. 15 rooms, 2 bathrooms. Fully furnished. From May to November. Rent moderate. Small family desired. References required. 1 mile from R.R. station. Best residential section. 4,635, Outlook.

NEW YORK

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Located directly on Trout Lake, three miles by good road from Bolton Landing, Lake George. Entirely new. Built by present owner, who will rent for the entire season at moderate rental. Completely furnished throughout. Five rooms (three bedrooms) and bath. Kitchen with running water. Ice, wood, and rowboat included.
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FOOTHILLS with access to a beautiful clear water lake. Fully furnished; moderate rental. John B. Burnham, 233 Broadway, N. Y.

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TO RENT FOR THE SEASON
8 rooms, bath, furnished for housekeeping, large veranda. Splendid views. Vegetable and flower gardens started. 2 acres. 100 feet lake shore. Choice location; bathing, boat. Address Church, 128 Hemenway St., Boston, Mass.

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Colonial house, 11 rooms, 4 large, old-fashioned open fireplaces, garage. Price \$15,000. 37 miles from City Hall, 1 hour 20 minutes from New York, in the heart of the Ramapos, Rockland County, N. Y. 125 acres, including 60 acres beautiful woodland, 45 acres tillable fields; 12-foot veranda around three sides of house; 7 acres of land, most in beautiful lawns; tennis court, croquet ground, orchard, garden, garage, log hut. Address
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Well furnished home at Stamford in the Catskills; 14 rooms, hardwood floors, hot and cold spring water, electric lights; 12-foot veranda around three sides of house; 7 acres of land, most in beautiful lawns; tennis court, croquet ground, orchard, garden, garage, log hut. Address
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Four modern, furnished houses, seven miles from St. Albans, Vt. Dock, bathing beach. Apply Dr. MELVILLE, St. Petersburg, Fla.

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WANTED—Executive and field secretary for national organization. College graduate preferred with gift for organizing. Interest in flowers and gardening desirable. 9,690, Outlook.

Business Situations

WANTED—1,500 Railway Traffic Inspectors; no experience; train for this profession through spare-time home study; easy terms; \$110 to \$200 monthly and expenses guaranteed, or money back. Outdoors, local or traveling, under big men who reward ability. Get Free Booklet CM-27. Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

WANTED—Two farmerettes to work small farm run for home use. Furnished farm cottage with fine running spring water in house. Family of college-bred owners living on place. Address Mrs. James McKeen, Jewels Island, Cliff Island, Me.

WANTED, in large Philadelphia institution, high-grade man as housemaster, to supervise out of school life of thirty-six boys of high school age. College graduate under forty, with experience in teaching or directing boys. Salary \$1,700 to \$2,200 and living. Applicant give education, experience, and three references. 9,685, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

DITTIANS, superintendents, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, social workers, and secretaries. Miss Richards, Providence. East Side Box 5, Boston, Fridays, 11 to 1, 16 Jackson Hall, Trinity Court. Address Providence.

WANTED—Strong, capable, pleasant, intelligent young woman to help mother care for three girls, five, three, and one years old, in country home with all modern equipments, between Pittsfield and Albany. Write to Mrs. C. S. Fayerweather, New Lebanon, Columbia Co., N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

PLACEMENT BUREAU for employer and employee. Housekeepers, matrons, dietitians, governesses, attendants, secretaries, mother's helpers. 51 Trowbridge St., Cambridge, Mass.

NURSERY governess wanted who thoroughly understands children ages 4 and 2½. Highest references required. Protestant, 30-40, robust health, refined, educated, patient. Country home, Pennsylvania. Wages \$80. 9,692, Outlook.

WANTED—Resident lady helper who can sew, read aloud for an hour and a half, chaperon young girls, and be useful in household. Salary \$40 and home. 9,696, Outlook.

WANTED—Lady of refinement and education as mother's assistant with children. Apply Mrs. Karan, 75 Fulton St., N. Y. City.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

WANTED—Teachers all subjects. Good vacancies in schools and colleges. International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

WANTED, in private family, for children between five and thirteen, resident companion and teacher in athletics and music. Lake George and New York City. 9,673, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

YOUNG physician desires position. Will travel. 9,672, Outlook.

Business Situations

SECRETARIAL POSITION, or as companion-secretary, in New York, desired by woman of refinement and education; trustworthy; typist; references. 9,623, Outlook.

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY STUDENT, having comfortable new five passenger Stearns-Knight touring car, desires position as chauffeur for summer months. References given, Address C. S. Satterthwait, Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.

SECRETARY. Several years' experience preparing and editing manuscript. Stenotypist and touch typist. Moderate salary. 9,676, Outlook.

COMPETENT correspondent, experienced office manager, world traveler, and well-recommended young college graduate desires position of responsibility. INVEST IN CHARACTER. 9,681, Outlook.

SECRETARY-HOUSEKEEPER wishes position near New York where refinement, education, rapid dictation, and good management desired. Salary \$150 monthly and full maintenance. 9,689, Outlook.

SECRETARY-stenographer seeks position where executive ability, competency, faithfulness, will receive recognition. Highest credentials. Outside New York preferred. 9,694, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Position as matron or managing housekeeper in institution near New York City. In present position 9 years. 9,561, Outlook.

LADY desiring to go abroad or to NEW ENGLAND coast for summer will give her services in return for expenses. REFERENCES furnished if required. 9,631, Outlook.

POSITION is desired by woman of experience to manage small hotel in summer resort. References. 9,666, Outlook.

LADY, well educated, domestic, experienced in traveling, wishes to find opportunity to offer her services. Desirous to go to the Orient. 9,687, Outlook.

REGISTERED nurse (also graduate domestic science) desires charge of orphanage or similar position. Good instructor and capable manager. Experienced, active, well bred, Protestant. Eastern credentials. 9,663, Outlook.

LADY wants position, country or seashore. Good accountant, good plain cook, willing to do light housework. Capable and reliable. Good references. M. O., The Auburn, Asbury Park, N. J.

CHAPERON East. Sailing from New York June 25. Miss Baker, Bishop's School, La Jolla, Cal.

TRAINED nurse offers services in return for expenses to England. 9,695, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

YOUNG lady desires position with family going abroad this summer. 9,674, Outlook.

COLLEGE trained girl, 20 years old, desires position as companion in a home of culture and refinement. 9,680, Outlook.

LADY wants position as companion, willing to be generally useful and help in light housework. Country or seashore. Good references. G. O., The Auburn, Asbury Park, N. J.

YOUNG woman, familiar with travel to Pacific coast, would exchange services as companion or assist with children for expenses from New York. 9,698, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

PRINCETON senior wishes position as tutor or companion during next summer. Accustomed to outdoor life and sports. 9,659, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY STUDENT desires summer position as tutor, companion, physical instructor or playground director. Preferably for boys from 12 to 17. Served three years as naval officer during World War. Age 26. Experienced in Boy Scout and Y. M. C. A. work. Best of references. 9,692, Outlook.

GOVERNESS. Educated, experienced young woman wishes to teach and take care of one or two young children. 9,684, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY Virginia senior (medical) desires summer tutoring. Experienced teacher. Box 81, Charlottesville, Va.

TUTORING young children, traveling or at resorts. Or lady's traveling companion. Cultured, experienced teacher. Excellent references. 9,683, Outlook.

YOUNG educated woman desires position, governess, companion, for summer. 9,691, Outlook.

FRENCH lady, highest references, wants position as tutor or companion for summer. Would travel. 9,661, Outlook.

POSITION as counselor for boys' camp wanted by young man experienced in boys' work and all phases of camp activities. Organized two camps and developed them successfully. Well educated. Best of references. 9,684, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED primary teacher desires position tutoring or as governess for summer months. Will help sew. 9,665, Outlook.

COLLEGE girl, senior, Protestant, wishes position; camp, tutor, companion during summer. Seashore or mountains. 9,667, Outlook.

ENGLISH kindergarten teacher desires summer holiday post. Excellent references. 9,670, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will send things on approval. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

WANTED—Defective persons to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

BOYS wanted, 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 44 West 22d St., New York.

WANTED—Young women to take nine months' course in training for the care of chronic and convalescent invalids. Address F. E. Parker Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

HOME (schooling if desired) for defectives. Motto: "Happiness first." Highest references given and required. 50 miles from N. Y. City. Minimum rates, \$35 per week. 9,688, Outlook.

STUDENTS, writers, convalescents, quiet country; mother's cooking. Connecticut. 9,677, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teacher, Bryn Mawr graduate, will chaperon and tutor two girls at family camp, Maine, July, August. Terms reasonable. References exchanged. 9,675, Outlook.

CHILD of refinement—1 to 12 years, boy or girl—would be taken by loving mother into attractive, Christian home, and cared for as her own. Exceptional opportunity. Terms arranged. References exchanged. 9,662, Outlook.

OUTDOOR interests and home care given children by trained nurse and teacher in summer home on Long Island. 9,669, Outlook.

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Are you in need of a Mother's Helper, Companion, Nurse, Governess, Teacher, Business or Professional Assistant?

The Classified Want Department of The Outlook has for many years offered to subscribers a real service. A small advertisement in this department will bring results. The rate is only ten cents per word, including address.

Department of Classified Advertising,

THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Ave., New York



Age is not measured by years

HEALTH itself determines the length of life and your enjoyment of it. Because of their physical well-being, many people in advanced years carry youth well into later life. Their joys, their pleasures, their whole outlook on life is that of youth. The eminent bacteriologist, Metchnikoff, claimed that "old age" is due in great part to poisons generated in the intestinal canal.

Cumulative Effect

As the dropping of water wears away the stone, so does the continued action of intestinal poisons enfeeble the body. Constipation of long standing is responsible for many of the maladies of old age—hardened arteries, high blood pressure, hemorrhoids (piles), kidney and bladder troubles, and the like. It favors the advance of asthma, catarrh, rheumatism, and other ailments that bring discomfort and suffering to those in later life.

After Life's High-Noon

Elderly people are usually deficient in intestinal mucus—that

fluid normally secreted in the intestinal tube to assist the passage of food waste. Nujol takes the place of this deficient mucus. It lubricates the intestines, and penetrates and helps to remove hardened layers of matter that often adhere to the bowel walls. It soothes irritated or abraded spots. It absorbs many poisons and carries them out of the body.

Nujol is prescribed by leading medical authorities as a safe and efficient aid to health in advanced years as it relieves constipation without any unpleasant or weakening effects. By softening the food waste, it enables the many tiny muscles in the walls of the intestines, contracting and expanding in their normal way, to squeeze this waste along so that it passes naturally out of the system. Nujol prevents constipation because it helps Nature to maintain easy, thorough bowel evacuation at regular intervals—the healthiest habit in the world. Nujol is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. Try it.

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Mail coupon for booklet "Constipation in Advanced Years", to Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), Room 717B44 Beaver Street, New York City. (In Canada, address Nujol, 22 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.)

Name Address

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IF there are boys or girls in your family, why not encourage them to become Outlook salesmen in your neighborhood? This outdoor work is good fun and is excellent training for a business career. We supply all necessary materials to start this work, and furnish complete suggestions as to how to proceed. No investment or experience is required. If a youngster is old enough to play marbles or spin a top, he is old enough to earn his own spending money selling The Outlook.

Address applications to Carrier Department

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 Fourth Avenue, NEW YORK

BY THE WAY

THE President of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Mr. Samuel M. Vauclain, says that when you are upset over a business problem it's a pretty good thing to go to the theater. He did this once when the biggest steam hammer in his works had been broken at a critical time. During the show he remembered that a junk dealer in town had a casting that might be used to repair the hammer, which otherwise would be out of commission for a month. At four o'clock the next morning he was on his way with a team to the dealer's yard. At seven o'clock he had the casting in the shop, and by noon the hammer was running again and he had saved the situation.

"When the train reached McAlester, the robbers stopped it and made their escape with approximately \$2,000 which they had taken from the passengers. An element of humor in this otherwise lugubrious situation is revealed when it is recalled that the State Prison of Oklahoma is at McAlester.

Ingenious Boy Scouts of Maxwell, Iowa, built a motor truck out of junked parts of automobiles, with the addition of a damaged stationary engine which cost them \$10. The car makes only ten miles an hour, but it can carry a big load of boys and their dunnage when they go on long hikes. This home-made car made the round trip to the State Fair, where it aroused much interest.

"I don't know of any going businesses over two hundred years old," a subscriber writes, "but I have been working twenty-seven and one-half years for a company that has been making iron and steel at High Bridge, New Jersey, since 1742, and has supplied ammunition for every American war since. I send you an account of presentation of service emblems to employees in 1919. At that time, you will notice, we had seven men who had worked for us over fifty years, 110 over twenty-five years, and 490 over five years. The company's name is the Taylor-Wharton Iron and Steel Company."

In 1802 Earl Mount Cashell, an Irish peer, with his family visited France. Miss Wilmot, a member of the party, wrote her impressions of the trip in letters home. These have just been published in book form under the title "An Irish Peer on the Continent." Of Napoleon (then First Consul) Miss Wilmot says:

The 5th of this Month we dined at the Thuilleries with Bonaparte. After passing through various Ante-chambers where were bands of military music, we at length reach'd the room where Madame Bonaparte sat under a canopy blazing in Purple and diamonds. More than two hundred persons were assembled and Bonaparte walk'd about the room speaking politely to everybody. His countenance is delightful when animated by conversation, and the expression in the lower part of his Face pleasing to the greatest degree; his eyes are reflect-

tion itself, but so charming a smile as his, I never scarcely beheld. His dress was simple and his air, tho' reserv'd, announcing everything of the polish'd gentleman.

In another letter Miss Wilmot describes a review by Napoleon:

Bonaparte rode on a white charger dressed in the grand costume of Office, which was scarlet velvet richly embroidered with gold. He looked as pale as ashes, and the expression of his countenance was stern severity. His hair is dark, which he wears without powder, and his person (which is remarkably small) appears perfectly proportion'd. Except the national cockade, he wore no ornament in his hat, which circumstance distinguish'd him from all the others, whose hats were great repositories for Brocade and grandeur. All the Regiments saluted Bonaparte, and the entire spectacle was extremely brilliant, and I was more gratified than I ever was by a warlike pageant in all my life.

Miss Wilmot's meeting with Talleyrand, who handed her in to dinner at a state function, gave her an unpleasant impression of him. She says:

At a distance his Face is large, pale and flat, like a Cream Cheese, but on approaching nearer, cunning and rank hypocrisy supplant all other resemblances. On sitting down to dinner, he spoke on different subjects politely enough and mentioned his having been in England. . . . Just then after dismissing his soup, he enter'd with interest upon his dinner and certainly such a gourmandeur never was it before my fate to behold. For the length of two hours his mouth was never closed, and even at the intervals of plate changing he fill'd up crevices by demolishing a dish of raw Artichokes, in his neighbourhood. Oh! such a cormorant! . . . However, dinner was at length finish'd and Talleyrand presented me his fat paw, to conduct me back again into the drawing room.

A swordfish of monster size was hoisted up on the pier where the day's catch was being landed, the Boston "Transcript" says in illustrating the point that the old fish stories are the best ones. The countryman who saw it could hardly believe his senses, and when he at last recovered himself sufficiently to speak, it was only to exclaim: "The man who caught that fish is a darn liar!"

A paper substitute for glass which was used during war times in the devastated districts of France has now, it is reported, been found extremely useful by truck farmers and horticulturists. It admits heat and light in the same degree as glass, and its cheapness is leading to a wide use of it.

The origin of the tunes to which many famous songs are sung is obscure, according to a newly published "Dictionary of Musical Compositions." Among songs thus characterized are: "The Wearin' o' the Green," "John Brown's Body," "God Save the King," "Down Among the Dead Men," "Yankee Doodle," "Star-Spangled Banner," and "Lochaber No More."

W. L. DOUGLAS

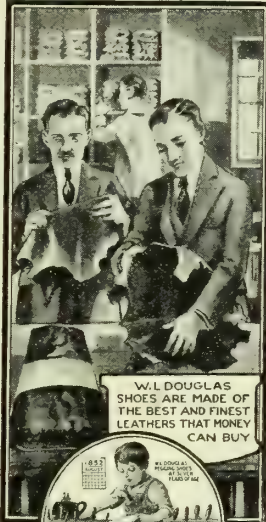
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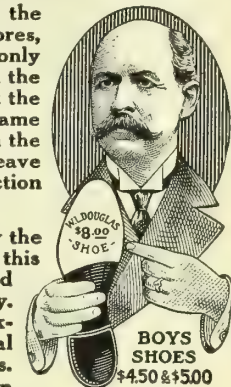
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CAUTION Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole. Be careful to see that it has not been changed or mutilated.

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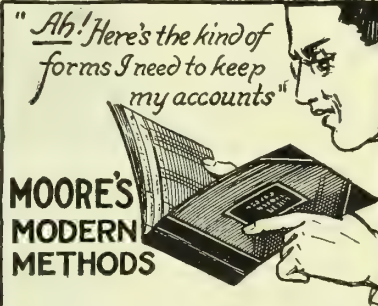
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State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Robert D. Townsend, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of THE OUTLOOK, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and regulations, to wit:

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[SEAL]

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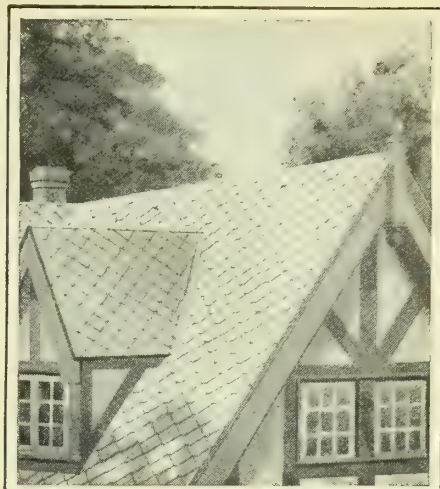
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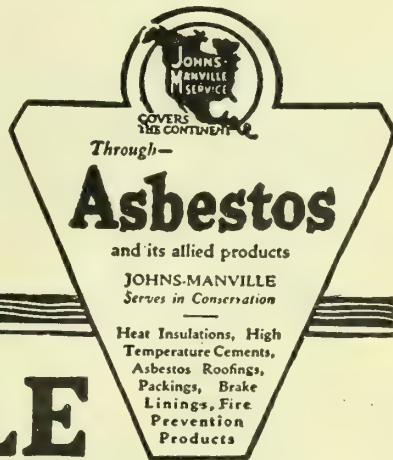
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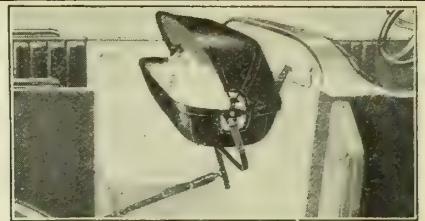
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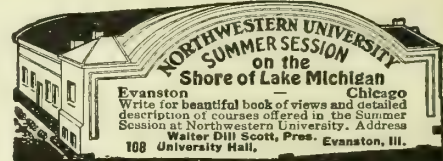
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WORKS—PROVIDENCE AND NEW YORK

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APRIL 20, 1921

WHAT WILL CONGRESS DO?

THE new Congress is indeed new. In the Senate one looks in vain for the familiar faces of Chamberlain, of Oregon; Thomas, of Colorado; Phelan, of California; and Hoke Smith, of Georgia. From the House Champ Clark has gone forever; the most striking additions to its membership are noted in ex-Senator Burton, of Ohio—one welcome instance where, due to the recent election, a veteran has not given place to a fledgeling—and Miss Alice Robertson, of Oklahoma, the one woman member.

The Sixty-seventh Congress convened on April 11. It differs in four respects from recent Congresses:

First, in its 96 Senators and 435 Representatives there is a Republican majority of 22 in the Senate and 170 in the House—a rather topheavy control.

Second, for the first time in some years Congress and the President belong to the same party.

Third, the President is the first Senator ever elected to that office, and therefore, it is assumed, has naturally more sympathy than his predecessors have had with the assertions by Congress of its own dignity in its relations with the Executive. There should, as a consequence, be greater co-ordination between the legislative and executive departments of our Government than has been lately the case.

Fourth, perhaps no Congress has ever come into being having to accept so large a legacy of vetoed or partially enacted measures from a preceding Congress. These include the Army and Navy appropriations, the Budget Bill, the Emergency Tariff and other farm relief legislation, the Immigration Reapportionment, and Separate Air Department Bills, the measures providing for Federal co-operation with the States in education, reforestation, and road-building as well as the resolutions looking towards a declaration of peace and towards international disarmament. Under an agreement reached near the close of the Sixty-sixth Congress, consideration of the Colombian Treaty takes precedence of all Senate business during the first week of the present session.

Of the new bills introduced, the one calling forth most comment appropriately deals with the chief subject before Congress—taxation reform. This the bill would accomplish by providing a one per cent tax on sales of all kinds. Such a tax would raise sufficient rev-

enue, it is estimated, to allow for the reduction of the normal income tax from four to two per cent; for a change in surtaxes so that they would not oppress people of moderate income; finally, for a repeal of the excess profits tax and a number of special excise taxes. Next in popular interest are the bills providing for daylight saving, for the reclassification of Government employees, for the refunding of tolls on vessels of the United States using the Panama Canal, for authorizing Cabinet members to sit as members of the Senate and House, and the proposal of a Constitutional amendment fixing January 1 as the date when Presidential and Congressional terms of office shall begin. Several investigations are expected to be ordered, the most important being an inquiry into the railway situation.

The Senate of the Sixty-seventh Congress was organized March 4; on that day it approved the Cabinet appointments and, after approving others, adjourned some days later. The House organized on April 11. Speaker Gillett was re-elected, receiving the full Republican vote. He has been an able Speaker. Incidentally, he has served continuously longer in the House than has any other member.

PRESIDENT HARDING'S FIRST MESSAGE TO CONGRESS

ONLY incomplete reports of President Harding's first Message to Congress are available as this issue of *The Outlook* goes to press. Extended comment at this time is therefore impossible. It is clear, however, that what he has termed "normalcy" is uppermost in his mind as the object to be obtained, not only in domestic conditions and in foreign relations, but also in the mind of the people.

Contrary to very general expectations, the President placed in the most emphatic position of his Message, not the foreign problems of the country, but its domestic situation.

He insists on the importance of keeping expenditure within income. He recognizes as the most dangerous phase of government to-day the growth of public indebtedness extending from the Nation at large to the smallest political subdivision. He thinks, however, that the needs of the Nation will call for receipts from taxation amounting during the fiscal year 1922-3 to at least four billion dollars. He urges a prompt re-

vision of the internal laws, including the repeal of the excess profits tax.

He urges the establishment of a Department of Public Welfare and discusses other domestic problems.

On foreign relations the President's Message deals with three important problems—the resumption of a state of peace in this country, the world association of nations, and disarmament. On these three subjects the three following sentences state tersely his position:

To establish the state of technical peace without further delay, I should approve a declaratory resolution by Congress to that effect, with the qualifications essential to protect all our rights.

In rejecting the League Covenant, we make no surrender of our hope and aim for an association to promote peace, in which we would most heartily join.

We are ready to co-operate with other nations to approximate disarmament, but merest prudence forbids that we disarm alone.

We reserve editorial discussion of President Harding's message for another issue of *The Outlook*.

GETTING AT THE ROOT OF THE EX-SERVICE MAN'S TROUBLES

ACREDIT mark can be chalked up for the Harding Administration because of the promptness with which it acted in its effort to untangle the confused affairs of our ex-service men. Promptly after his inauguration, President Harding appointed Brigadier-General Charles G. Dawes as chairman of a Committee for Disabled Soldiers. Other members of the Committee included Colonel F. W. Galbraith, National Commander of the American Legion; Thomas W. Miller, Alien Property Custodian; Colonel Milton J. Foreman; Mrs. Henry A. Rea, of Pittsburgh; and Miss Mabel Boardman, of Washington. This Committee has already reported to the President; and its recommendations, although we have seen only a summary of this report, appear to be very closely in accord with the recommendations of the Legion and the Joint Committee for Aid to Disabled Veterans, which *The Outlook* discussed in its issue of January 26.

The fundamental demand of the Dawes Committee, of the Joint Committee, and of the Legion, is for the centralization of authority over all the agencies engaged in caring for the veterans. The Dawes Committee, like the two non-

Governmental organizations, also recommends the decentralization of the War Risk Bureau in order that agencies may be established in various parts of the country which will permit the Bureau to go to the soldier rather than require the soldier to go to the Bureau. The Dawes Committee also asks for the establishment of a permanent and continuing hospital programme and the appropriation of sufficient funds for this purpose.

Now it should be the immediate effort of Congress to carry these fundamental recommendations into the promptest effect.

SAVE THE CENTERS

CONGRESS appropriated money for an army of 175,000 men. This cut in the size of the Army naturally meant a suspension of all recruiting activities. Doubtless almost all those who paid any attention at all to this announcement decided that the cut represented wise economy and passed on to the next item of interest. The fact that the cut may have been both wise and necessary, however, does not end the need for discussing the manner in which it was made.

The cessation of recruiting means that by June 30 of this year all Recruit Educational Centers established by the Army since the war will go out of existence. Readers of *The Outlook* know that these Recruit Educational Centers represent the greatest contribution which the Army has made towards helping the movement of Americanization, that they constitute one of the Army's chief justifications for existence as a peace-time institution.

These Centers have taken illiterate native-born Americans, non-English-speaking aliens, and turned them into disciplined, efficient soldiers and intelligently patriotic American citizens. These Centers have schooled men in American history and American ideals. They have been worth all they cost as educational institutions entirely aside from their value as military assets.

If the Army is to be permanently reduced to 175,000 men, the reduction should not be made at the cost of wiping these schools out of existence. If necessary, the Army should be authorized to enlist annually 10,000 illiterates and non-English-speaking men, and at the same time discharge a similar number of trained soldiers into a reserve. Ten thousand men a year would give the Army enough material to keep these schools in operation.

The Recruit Educational Centers are not only valuable as educational institutions for the training for citizenship, but they are a military asset of two-fold value. They are valuable not only because they draw upon a reservoir of

strength untouched prior to the war, but also because they are a constant stimulus and inspiration to the officers charged with their development and maintenance. There is little danger of



MAJOR BERNARD LENTZ

a West Pointer, a member of the General Staff, and the officer largely responsible for the creation of the Recruit Educational Centers. He is also the creator of the Cadence System of Close Order Drill, which has been widely used with astonishing results in the training of raw troops

Prussianism among army officers who can conduct and comprehend the work of those schools.

PEONAGE AND MURDER

THE horror of the accounts of the murder of several Negroes—the number is placed as high as eleven—on a farm twenty miles from Covington, in Georgia, has attracted public attention to the general question of so-called “peonage” in the South. However bad the practice under the laws of Georgia and other Southern States may be, it need hardly be pointed out that atrocious wholesale murder is not one of the necessary results of peonage. It is true, however, if the facts are as stated by the public press, that the brutal and sickening murder of these Negroes had its inception in an effort on the part of the white men carrying on a farm under forced labor conditions to conceal from Federal agents illegal acts they had committed against these very peonage laws.

Strictly speaking, the word “peonage” means the “illegal holding of a man in personal bondage for debt.” Practically speaking, the peonage practiced in the South does not conform to this defini-

tion. It is a very common occurrence under the law for a Negro convicted in court of some offense to be bailed out or to have his fine paid by some white man who has no connection whatever with the charges against the Negro, on the undertaking that the Negro shall work out, as the phrase goes, the amount paid on his account. Theoretically, the Negro is a free agent; he need not accept the arrangement, and, if he does, he must give his written consent to it. Practically, however, the Negro has little choice; the only alternative is for him to serve out his sentence or await (if it is a bail case) trial under extremely disagreeable prison conditions.

In many cases the system may work without great injustice. This is likely to be so where the Negro in question is handed over to a farmer in the vicinity in which he lives and the whole affair is local. The United States District Attorney for the section in Georgia where this crime is alleged to have taken place is quoted as saying that on this farm “city Negroes from stockades were used,” but that also there have been many complaints about smaller farms. It is natural enough that where men are held in such semi-servitude disputes will arise between the employers, who have a tendency to claim that the Negro is shirking work and is not fairly living up to the agreement, and the Negroes, who claim that they are overworked, underfed, confined in stockades, and sometimes held under actual duress after (as they hold) they have worked out their freedom. The Governor of Georgia is quoted as saying: “After some communities in Georgia have driven away their farm labor and driven away their farm loans, they will have an opportunity to sit down and think over calmly whether it pays to deal justly with the Negro.”

One thing is perfectly evident. It is that if such laws are to exist it is the plain duty of the State or local community to keep a watchful eye on the manner in which this kind of “peonage” agreement is carried out. There should be a most thorough system of inspection of all farms and industries where Negroes are put out to labor in this fashion. There may be an open question as to the desirability or utter wrongness of the system, but whatever view is taken as to that, it is simple humanity to prevent abuses under the law and violations of the law. Such an occurrence as these cold-blooded murders ought not to be possible in any civilized community.

In the present instance the Georgia authorities acted swiftly. The white man accused of these crimes was brought promptly to trial. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty with a recommendation of mercy, which automatically requires a sentence of life imprison-

CABBAGES AND KINGS

CARTOONS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Ledger



"N-NOT FOR ME!"

From Mrs. Patterson Miller, Russellville, Tenn.

Racey in the Montreal Daily Star



THE TROUBLE WITH FRITZ—

Still studying the Allies through his favorite antiquated, pre-war, out of date, out of focus telescope

From R. E. Ross, Jr., Westmount, Quebec

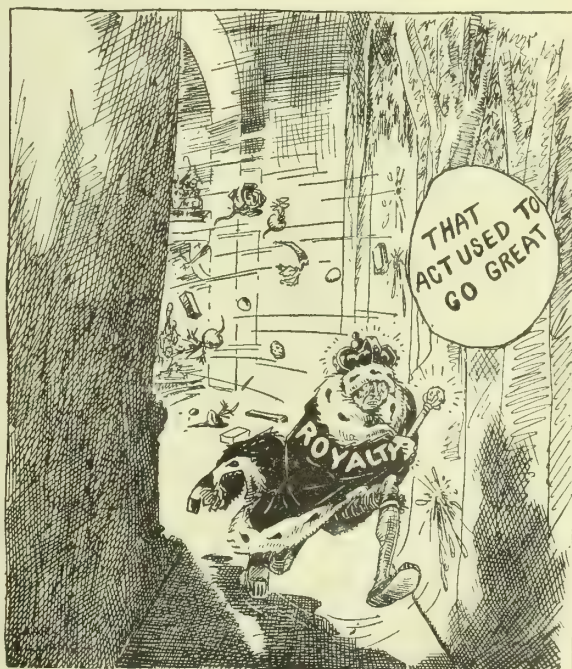
Williams in the Indianapolis News



MAD DOG! MAD DOG!!

From G. C. Fosdick, Indianapolis, Ind.

From the Indianapolis News



TRYING TO COME BACK IN AN OLD ACT

From M. E. Helphinstine, Indianapolis, Ind.

ment. Governor Dorsey, of Georgia, has stated that this recommendation met with widespread disapproval throughout his State and that if the accused were guilty he should be hanged. Other indictments against the accused farmer are still awaiting trial, and it is possible that the extreme penalty may yet be applied. Peonage, according to Governor Dorsey, exists in three or four of the one hundred and fifty-six counties of Georgia, and in these counties the local authorities are working in co-operation with the Federal agents towards the elimination of this evil.

HERRICK SUCCESSOR TO HERRICK

MYRON T. HERRICK, it is announced, is President Harding's choice as Ambassador to France.

The other night, at a dinner given by the American Committee for Devastated France, ex-Premier Viviani described the anxiety of the Germans in Paris at the outbreak of the World War and, in particular, the German Ambassador's appeal to Mr. Herrick, then American Ambassador, for permission to raise the American flag over the German Embassy alongside the German ensign. The request met with instant refusal. But the Germans and Austrians in Paris were glad to have a man of Mr. Herrick's fiber take over their affairs, as then became our duty, on the severance of relations between Germany and France.

Mr. Herrick already had a great burden to bear in the task of caring for the eight thousand Americans then in Paris. A man of prevision, he had, the month before the outbreak of war, communicated with our Government regarding the transportation of the many Americans who, he foresaw, would be unable to escape from the scene of war. He secured transportation and, what is more, financial accommodation—for in the crisis the banks were able to pay out a fraction of the letters of credit and travelers' checks. Long a banker, Mr. Herrick secured this accommodation by a simple banking proposition. The French Government had to make immediate war purchases in America. Our Ambassador induced the Government to deposit \$6,000,000 for such purchases on account with American bankers in Paris. The Government did so, at the rate of five francs to the dollar; later the Government increased the amount to \$18,000,000. The American bankers in Paris, alarmed, put their safes in the Embassy cellar. The result of Mr. Herrick's transaction was that American letters and checks were paid not only in France but also in Switzerland, Italy, and Spain.

In this country a Democratic Admin-

istration had already come into power, but, fortunately, the Republican Ambassador, appointed by President Taft, was allowed to remain in official station at Paris for the time being. Mr. Herrick had exactly the ability and experience needed to cope with the situation. Not only had he known how to manage the American colony and the German colony,



International

MYRON T. HERRICK, AMBASSADOR TO
FRANCE

he knew how to manage the French; and we are not surprised to read ex-President Poincaré's welcome to President Harding's appointment of Mr. Herrick to be again Ambassador to France. Within two months after the war broke out the French Government and the foreign diplomats had fled to Bordeaux. Mr. Herrick, who had already established himself in the affections of the French, remained in Paris, thus emulating Elihu Washburne's fine example in 1871.

PRESIDENT POINCARÉ AND AMBASSADOR HERRICK

MRAYMOND POINCARÉ, then President, before leaving Paris, expressed to Mr. Herrick his deep appreciation of such bravery. Mr. Herrick told the President that, while the French Government held legal title to the art treasures of Paris, they really belonged to the whole world, and so a foreign ambassador would certainly be entitled to protect them in every possible way. Mr. Herrick added that he believed America would be a restraining influence on the invader from violating international law, and that the American Ambassador's presence might also have a steady influence on the remaining population in Paris. Some 1,250,000 persons had fled during the preceding forty-eight hours. It did have such influence.

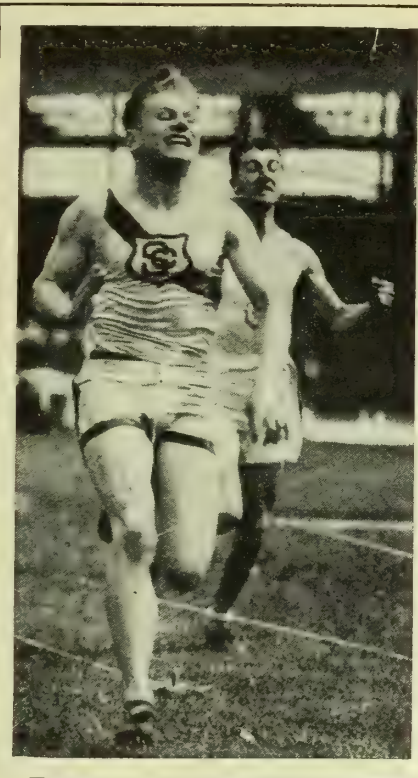
M. Poincaré adds: "In the delicate negotiations now to be conducted with the United States Mr. Herrick will be our witness and guaranty." He will indeed. As in the former exigency, so Mr. Herrick brings ideal attainments to the present situation. Courteous, discreet, wise, shrewd, energetic, persistent, he will bring reassurance to a people who have been somewhat disillusionized with regard to America. In M. Poincaré's words, "As President Wilson forgot there was an American Senate, we thought ourselves entitled to do likewise. Rather late we have awakened from our long dream. Practically everything has to be done over again."

The proposed Anglo-American-French Treaty to protect France against any recurrence of a German attack still slumbers in the Senate. The French withdrew from their expected Rhine frontier, recommended by Foch and other military experts, trusting in American and British promises concerning this Treaty as an offset to that frontier. We have given France neither the Treaty nor any substitute. Mr. Herrick has the advantage of combining with his strong sense of American independence a sympathetic understanding of this situation and the consequent French point of view.

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY TO CUT A FIFTH OF A SECOND

TRACK records are closely approaching the limits of human achievement. This is particularly true in the case of the dashes. It seems a great deal more reasonable to believe that the marks set by the great English runner, A. Shrubbs, who holds every record from one to ten miles, will be appreciably cut down than that the present time for the hundred-yard dash will be shaved a fraction of a second.

A runner has appeared on the Pacific coast, however, an athlete of the Uni-



International
CHARLES PADDOCK

of the University of California, who broke the record for two hundred and twenty yards at a meet in Berkeley, Cal., on Saturday, March 26. The old record was 21 1-5. Paddock broke the tape in 21

versity of Southern California, who has cut a fifth of a second from the world's record for the 220-yard dash. The previous record was established by B. J. Wefers in 1896, who ran the distance in 21 1-5 seconds. The present record holder, Charles Paddock, has not only broken this record, but he has also tied the record of 9 3-5 seconds for the 100-yard dash, which has stood since it was established by D. J. Kelly in 1906. Will California's phenomenal runner be able to lower this mark?

DISTINGUISHED JEWISH VISITORS

THE propaganda for the repatriation of Palestine by the Jews has received notable impetus in America by the arrival here of two distinguished leaders in the movement—Dr. Albert Einstein and Professor Chaim Weizmann.

Dr. Einstein, a citizen of Switzerland, is the famous protagonist of what is known as "Relativity"—a scientific theory of space and time as applied to physics, astronomy, and mathematics. Dr. Einstein first became interested in this theory, he says, through the question of the distribution and expansion of light in space. His theory, he adds, is a step in the further development of the Newtonian theory.

Professor Weizmann is the discoverer

of trinitrotoluol, the explosive commonly known as TNT. During the war he was the head of the British Admiralty laboratories. He is President of the Zionist World Organization.

These eminent Jews are here primarily to get financial aid and encouragement for the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. In 1914 a site was purchased on the Mount of Olives. In 1918 Dr. Weizmann laid the foundation stone of the first building. Another building has now been purchased. The library already numbers some thirty thousand volumes, and is rapidly growing. The traditional respect for knowledge which the Jews have always maintained makes this starting of a university of their own a matter of peculiar pride to them, but the fact that it is located in Jerusalem is of course a special impulse towards the expression of Hebrew genius. May the ideal be realized of a university which shall play its part as interpreter between the Eastern and Western worlds!

IRELAND'S DISTRESSFUL STATE

IN and out of Parliament there is urged a new and definite British plan of action in Ireland. When a partisan body such as the Committee of One Hundred in America declares that "the Imperial British army in Ireland has been guilty of proved excesses not incomparable in degree and kind with those alleged by the Bryce report on Belgium atrocities to have been committed by the Imperial German army," every one recognizes exaggeration and heated rhetoric. But when Sir Horace Plunkett, usually a man of moderation, in a letter to the London "Times" says that "the responsible Ministers suppressed the truth in the Cork case, gave extravagant

explanations in regard to the creameries, and—worst of all—refused to give any satisfaction to public opinion outraged by the official lynchings of helpless unarmed prisoners," one feels that, no matter what the provocation, the Government must lose no time in sternly repressing lawlessness.

That the provocation for reprisals has been great indeed is shown by a statement given to the press in this country by the British Embassy in Washington, in reply to the report of the Committee of One Hundred. This statement says:

The report of the Committee lays stress on so-called reprisals, and ignores the fact that before even the Irish propagandists suggested in September, 1920, that reprisals were taking place 92 policemen, 12 soldiers, and 23 civilians had been murdered in cold blood, and 159 policemen, 56 soldiers, and 74 civilians wounded, in most cases without a chance of defending themselves. By the same date 1,200 buildings had been burned and wholly or partly destroyed.

This is a terrible indictment against the murder methods of supporters of the Sinn Fein revolution. It is totally ignored in the remonstrance made by the American Committee for Relief in Ireland against other parts of this apparently official British statement, and especially against the statement that there is no need of American charity in Ireland. The Relief Committee declares that its work is purely humanitarian and non-political, and that "military and civil authorities in Ireland have again and again assured our representatives there that the situation calls for help from America." It quotes the London "Times" as saying that the burning of the creameries and other devastation in Ireland amounts to many millions of pounds in value and says that British



Underwood

PROFESSOR EINSTEIN AND HIS WIFE, PHOTOGRAPHED ON THEIR ARRIVAL IN AMERICA

aid in sufficient quantity is not forthcoming. The American Red Cross is contributing \$100,000 from its reserve relief fund to Irish relief through the American Relief Committee.

Americans are always ready to help the suffering of innocent people, and there is no doubt that in the fierce and too often lawless conflicts in Ireland large numbers of guiltless people have been thrown into distress.

AN IMPERIAL HAUSFRAU

THE story is told in Germany that when one of the young princes was being prepared for confirmation and the divine intrusted with the task tried to impress upon the boy that all human beings were sinners, the little prince remonstrated thus:

"Papa may be a sinner, but mamma is not. I know she is not. She is an absolute saint."

The influence of the Empress Augusta Victoria, who has just died, at Doorn, Holland, upon her children is reputed to have been much greater than was their father's and their love for her very much greater. The Empress was essentially a woman of the home. As such she realized her husband's epigrammatic characterization of what the perfect woman's round of life should be. This was his famous doctrine of the five K's: "*Kirche, Küche, Kleider, Kinder, und Kaiser*" (church, kitchen, clothes, children, and Kaiser). One woman, on hearing this, remarked: "It is a wonder he didn't put himself first." While Augusta Victoria fulfilled the Emperor's ideals as to the German *Hausfrau*, she did more. She had tact in managing him. When he chose, he could himself be tactful; but in public he was frequently vain, bumptious and egotistical, even more frequently so in the home circle. For such a moody man Augusta Victoria was an admirable consort.

She was born in 1858, the eldest daughter of the Grand Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein. She lived to see some of the territory of that duchy revert to Denmark and she lived to see the prince whom she married in 1881 an exile in Holland, and their eldest son as well.

It took all the Empress's well-known religious fervor to carry her through the trials of her life. She had a mania for church building and provided many houses of worship in Berlin and other cities with her own money and that which she had collected herself. She was rather grimly the personification of virtue, and the gay Berliners found her dull and sectarian. But throughout Germany she was regarded as a model wife, mother, and home-maker, and as such she quickly won and always retained the

sincere affection of the whole people. They did not, however, regard her as possessing the attributes of royalty; certainly she did not succeed so appropriately to an Imperial crown as did her mother-in-law, the Empress Frederick. While the Emperor enjoyed his wife's simplicity in her home life, when she appeared at Court his love for display made him desire that she should outshine all other women. To this end he helped to provide her with, it is said, nearly two million dollars' worth of jewelry, a collection, it is believed, second only to that of the late Empress of Russia.

And now this German Imperial *Hausfrau* is dead, and her husband has to stay on the Dutch side of the border while her body is carried to Potsdam for burial.

The announcement of Augusta Victoria's death has been variously received in Germany. "*Freiheit*," the Independent Socialist organ, recorded it in three lines on the second page. On the other hand, the Conservative and Liberal papers appeared with black mourning borders around the headline: "Our Kaiserin is dead."

A GREAT HISTORICAL PAINTER

THE other day in Paris a regiment of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, and two batteries of artillery formed a military escort at the funeral of a painter.

He must have been an unusual painter to have received such an unusual tribute. He was. The French Government thus distinguishes the last honors paid to very great men in French letters and art. We remember, for instance, the military escort at Victor Hugo's funeral.

In many respects Jean Paul Laurens was like Victor Hugo. The works of both men were cast in heroic mold. The same spirit inspired Hugo's "*Misérables*" and his "*Notre Dame de Paris*" as Laurens's "*Death of Sainte-Geneviève*," "*The Excommunication of Robert the Pious*," "*The Vengeance of Urban VI*," and "*Waterloo*." These and other works gave to their creator the reputation of being the most eminent historical painter of his century. Hugo and Laurens had the same tendencies with regard to subject-matter; it must be dramatic, tragic, often gloomy and gruesome. They were alike in their development of their themes; spirited and powerful as it was, there were sometimes deficiencies in treatment, particularly shown by Laurens's lack of harmonious color. Both men were realists, and apparently exaggerated realists at that. To the accusation that Laurens overemphasized elements of horror and terror in his pictures, he would reply that they were no more terrifying than was the truth, and that his historical

scenes represented nothing not justly amplified by careful research and study.

Laurens was eighty-four years old. He belonged to the nineteenth century rather than to ours, for it was in that century that most of his work was done. The most remarkable example of it in this country is his mural painting "*Cornwallis at Yorktown*," in the Baltimore Court House.

Despite the militancy of most of his subject-matter, Laurens was a quiet, modest man, an ascetic and a recluse. He was not so much absorbed in his own work, however, as not always to be alive to every opportunity of welcoming and aiding any progress in art. He was specially helpful to three generations of American art students in Paris. Indeed, no one among French artists was better known as the friend of the foreigner.

SEAMEN ASHORE

THE American sailor aboard ship is better off than he used to be. Under the Seamen's Act, passed in 1915, his skill has been standardized, limits have been put upon continuous hours of service, and better conditions on shipboard have been provided.

The sailors have also profited on shore. In cordial relationship with those two excellent organizations, the American Seamen's Friend Society and the Seamen's Church Institute, the Young Men's Christian Association has started a chain of seaman's services, beginning at New York City and ultimately to reach around the world, providing decent living quarters, excellent food at a minimum price, mail and banking facilities, a free employment bureau and social center.

In the Brooklyn branch alone last year the attendance averaged over 800 men a day. Between \$15,000 and \$20,000 a month were "banked" by the men for safe-keeping. The branch conducts the largest free employment bureau in Greater New York; during the time when there is a brisk demand for labor it supplies some 3,000 men a month with jobs. The branch also runs a shop for the sale of standard supplies such as are in demand among seamen. This does away with one more evil which has always beset the seaman; for from time immemorial the unscrupulous merchants of the water-front have considered him their legitimate prey. Now through this Y shop he can get his supplies at prices which insure him value received. That decent living quarters are in demand is proved by the fact that last year the Brooklyn branch turned away over ten thousand men for lack of accommodating space. A new building is necessary.

The Manhattan branch of the Y Sailors' Clubs was opened last December, and during the first month 8,250 seamen

visited it. Aside from the other American branches, a similar work has been begun at Liverpool, London, Southampton, Havre, Brest, Bordeaux, Antwerp, and Havana. The need elsewhere is indicated in a recent letter from Constantinople:

Our own American sailors, numbering five thousand, are coming into this rotten city. There are a total of seven ships in the harbor, besides those in these waters. Last month there were more than 88,000 sailors here and twenty ships. If the American sailors need help anywhere, they need it here. On pay day they take the town and . . . join in a gay jamboree that could hardly be equaled in the days of Sodom.

Every one should support the Y programme of sailors' clubs *versus* the dive.

MR. PIM PASSES BY

IT is strange how much trouble a kindly old man who has no other thought in the world than to secure a perfectly harmless letter of introduction can cause in a well-regulated and peaceful family. Of course the old man did have a very treacherous memory, the daughter of the household a most unconventional and spontaneous way of discussing confidential family matters with casual passers-by, and the lady of the house had for a second husband a most estimable, but somewhat stuffy, Justice of the Peace, George Marden, who, if he lived in New England instead of Old, might have been described as distinctly "sot in his ways." Added to this, the lady's first husband was a fraudulent promoter supposed to have been successfully buried in Australia many years since. This is the fact which her stepdaughter confides to Mr. Pim, the elderly gentleman in search of a letter of introduction, within a very few minutes after he enters the house. She also tells him the name of this first husband, a most unusual name—a name which has eluded our minds just as it had eluded that of Mr. Pim. Rather, we should say, that later in the day (and the play) Mr. Pim forgetfully attaches this name to a story which he tells of an adventure which befell a fellow-passenger on a recent voyage from Australia.

The J. P. and his wife are convinced that her first husband is still alive. The J. P. is immensely shocked. His wife, conscious of no wrong-doing on her own part, is relatively unshaken. The possibility of release from her present marriage—a release which she does not in the least desire—opens to her a vista of accomplishment to which she does not close her eyes. There is the matter of new curtains for the living-room, for instance, curtains to which her husband violently objects; there is the matter of a most agreeable suitor for her step-

daughter's hand, a suitor to whom her husband objects on the ground that he is a Socialist, and an artist, to boot, who insists upon painting square clouds when the J. P. believes clouds to be round.

How the wife of the J. P., in the person of Laura Hope Crewes, succeeds in untangling these and other difficulties of a similar domestic nature there is no space to tell here. Sufficient to say that when Mr. Pim passes in and out of the family circle for the last time, carrying his treacherous memory and his good intentions elsewhere, the family is firmly reunited and the curtains are safely hung. The curtains may be seen in process of preparation for this event in the accompanying illustration.

The audience is quite as delighted with Mr. Milne's ingenious comedy as is Mrs. George Marden (Laura Hope Crewes) with her new curtains.

GEORGE HARRISON MIFFLIN

IT is fortunately easy to point out many leaders in American business and industry who regard their life-work in the light of an art or a profession. It is the creative aspect of business which appeals to them. They approach their labor with a passion for achievement and they do not measure that

achievement, some opinion to the contrary, wholly in terms of dollars and cents.

Such a man was George Harrison Mifflin, head of the publishing house of Houghton Mifflin Company, who died in Boston on April 6.

Mr. Mifflin was born in 1845; was graduated from Harvard in 1865. He entered the publishing field in 1867. He was associated in turn with the house of Hurd & Houghton, which became Houghton, Osgood & Co., and later Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and, after the incorporation of that firm in 1908, President of the Houghton Mifflin Company and the Riverside Press.

At the time of his death Mr. Mifflin was accepted as the leader in his field of activity; and his title to leadership was acknowledged, not only because of the magnitude of the business of which he was the head, but also because his name had become synonymous with the highest ideals and the best traditions in the book world of America. A book with Mr. Mifflin was something more than a commodity. He felt the joy of an artist in the study of typography and format. The catalogue of his publishing house bears witness to the responsibility that Mr. Mifflin felt towards the profession of letters. He was the worthy



LAURA HOPE CREWES IN "MR. PIM PASSES BY"

A. A. Milne's comedy produced by the Theatre Guild at the Henry Miller Theatre

representative of a business tradition which has endured for nearly three-quarters of a century.

GERMANY CALLED THE DANCE SHALL FRANCE PAY THE PIPER?

DESOLATION in France is not the result of war.

When the Germans began to overrun the northern part of France, which is the richest part agriculturally and industrially, they had, it is true, a military purpose, but it was incidental to a purpose that was not in any sense military. They desired and expected a victory, but they determined to secure something for themselves—something which, whether they had victory or not, would remain. So far they have succeeded in getting and retaining it. They set out to put their next-door neighbors out of business. If a victory at arms could be won, so much the better; but a victory at arms would have been only one of the means, and not necessarily an essential means, to the greater and more sinister end. Germany invaded France, not to defeat an enemy, but to destroy a neighbor.

For most people in America it is almost impossible to conceive the truth of this. It is not rhetoric. It is not a figurative way of describing the horrors of war. The cold, businesslike, calculating deliberation with which the Germans planned to destroy the vitality of a people whom they could not conquer is obvious to the most casual observer who has been in Douai, or Cambrai, or St. Quentin, who has seen the acres of murdered fruit trees, or the mining town of Lens. The interior of houses wrecked, though the exterior remained untouched by shell-fire; tombs and graves outside the zone of military operations foully desecrated; tools and machinery capable of use in hastening convalescence from war destroyed or rendered useless; and the very fuel resources of the nation deep in the ground scientifically rendered inaccessible for years to come—these were but some of the means which the Germans used, not to win a decision in a dispute with France, but to enfeeble France and as far as possible destroy her.

Since Americans cannot themselves all be eye-witnesses of the results of German villainy, they are under some moral obligation to heed the testimony of witnesses. Some of this evidence is presented in this issue of *The Outlook*. In his article Stéphane Lauzanne presents some testimony as to what the Germans did to the coal mines at Lens. The

utter desolation of that city, which once harbored over thirty thousand people, is but the superficial sign of the destruction of the coal mines upon which that city depended. So throughout the whole devastated region of France there is to be found this kind of destruction.

It is for this that Germany is called upon to pay by the Treaty of Versailles. It is for this that the Germans have pledged themselves to pay. It is for this that the Germans are morally bound to pay.

Of course the Germans say they cannot pay. That was to have been expected. What was not to have been expected is that they have been believed. Why can they not pay? It is not as if they were asked to do something that nobody had ever done before. In the eyes of the whole world, somebody has already paid. That somebody is France. It seems preposterous for Germany to say that she cannot do what France has already done. She can pay because France has paid. It is not a new burden which France is asking Germany to bear; it is simply the burden that France herself is already bearing. It is simply a question of transferring the German-made burden from the shoulders of France to the shoulders of Germany.

If Germany is allowed to escape the bearing of that burden and to leave it for France to bear, she will have succeeded in one of the main objects in starting what we euphemistically call her war. Of course Germany does not want to bear the burden, but of course she can.

In the light of what France is doing under German compulsion, it would not seem to be necessary to cite figures in order to prove that Germany, under compulsion, can be made to pay for her villainy. But there are figures to support the obvious, if figures are needed. In the "North American Review" for April Stéphane Lauzanne cites some of those figures. He points out that the German Budget for 1920-1 provides for military expenditures a total of four billion three hundred twenty-four million marks and he remarks:

Four billion three hundred twenty-four million marks is a heavy sum. And since Germany is spending it, she must certainly possess it. Could we not, then, say to her: "Please, spend a little less and think a little more of your creditors. Instead of devoting four billions and a half in preparing another war, devote to it only one billion, and pay the other three billions and a half to the victims of the last war you made."

M. Lauzanne gathers from the German Budget some further figures. In 1914 there were 5,500 employees in the Imperial administrations, while to-day there are 80,000. In addition, the employees of the post and telegraph ser-

vices have increased from 168,000 to 420,000. And M. Lauzanne remarks:

Well, for a ruined country, supposed to be up against bankruptcy, this seems to be a great excess of officials and expenditures. Could one not ask Germany: "Why, since you are so poor, do you maintain so many officials? Why, since you complain of having so few railroad cars, have you so many railroad men? Why, since you speak of bankruptcy, do you not try to economize?"

M. Lauzanne also notes that Germany is expending three billion nine hundred forty million marks on the construction of living houses for Germans. And M. Lauzanne remarks:

Now, note that the war has not destroyed one single German village, did not demolish a single German house, nor damage a single German house-roof. Therefore, we do not understand very well the haste that the Reich, who has fewer inhabitants than in 1914, can have to construct more houses. And it seems that one might say: "Pardon, but since you are so anxious to construct houses, then reconstruct those which you destroyed in France!"

M. Lauzanne quotes some other figures—the debt that the German Government is preparing to pay to Germans, but not to their innocent victims, the big dividends which the German industrial and commercial companies are paying to their shareholders, in particular the fine balance of that concern that provided the Germans with means of destruction—the Krupp Company. He also notices, in passing, a little item of a billion marks for champagne and nearly half a billion for horse-racing. M. Lauzanne suggests that Germany can pay for her villainy if she spends less on her army and navy, on her officials, on new constructions at home, on excessive dividends, on champagne and horse-races—that is, she can pay if she be made to pay.

If it proves inconvenient to make Germany pay either in kind for what she has destroyed—to hand over coal for the coal of which she has deprived France, to send back cattle for the cattle she drove off, and so on down the list—or in money, she can be made to pay in labor. Wealth is a combination of natural resources and the labor of men. Germany conscripted her youth for the purpose of destruction. It is not contrary to reason that her youth should now be conscripted for reconstruction. This is not a new idea; but when first suggested it was dismissed as impracticable. There has, however, not been much evidence of the practicability of any substitute. It is about time that this idea were reconsidered. It is reported that organized labor in France, which formerly opposed this on the ground that it would be taking work away from French wage-earners, have seen the fallacy in their opposition and

now consent to the plan. It is also reported that some Germans themselves are seeing that it is practicable. Matthias Erzberger, former German Minister of Finance, has even put forth the idea of labor conscription for raising reparation as an idea of his own. It is true that he would use these men in Germany and let the product of their work be disposed of in the way of reparation. But the idea of using conscript labor for repairing the damage that the conscript soldier has done is the essential thing. And Erzberger believes that the life of the conscript laborer will be much more attractive than the life of the conscript soldier, and could be accompanied with a large measure of freedom, education, and self-government.

In some way, whether in kind, in money, or in labor, Germany can be and should be made to pay.

ON THE WISDOM OF FOOLS

SAID the Young-Old Philosopher: "The world, I think, is divided into two classes of people: those who want to have a good time, and those who are afraid to have a good time.

"The self-consciousness of so many of us is one of the characteristics of an Anglo-Saxon people. We fear ridicule more than the guns of war almost, forgetting Stevenson's clever phrase about Shelley, 'God give me the young man with brains enough to make a fool of

himself.' That should be a justification, if one is needed, for the right kind of mirth, the right kind of periodical escape from the deep, underlying seriousness of life.

"I speak of this because only the other day a friend of mine was arranging a charming little evening at his home, wherein tableaux were to be presented, and several men and women were asked to do harmless 'stunts.' Was it easy to find them? It was not, indeed! They wanted a happy time—there was no doubt of that; but they were fearful of putting themselves on exhibition, as they phrased it. It was undignified for the Vice-President of the So-and-So Bank, for instance, to be a droll, even for ten seconds. And surely Mrs. F. could not think of lending herself to a satire on grand opera! What would her children think of her?"

"My own point of view is that her children would have been delighted, and could say that mother had not lost a particle of her youth; that she possessed the inward vision, if not the outward seeming, of Peter Pan, and that life was all the richer not only for herself but for her friends, when she came down from her exalted and lonely pinnacle for a little time, and romped and played. 'A little nonsense,' you know. If the great minds of the world could occasionally indulge in whimsical limmericks—I recently dipped into a Nonsense Anthology, and was amazed to find how many brilliant men and women had written jingles that seemingly meant

nothing at all, but which meant everything—why should not we lesser folk permit ourselves the glorious luxury of being utterly silly now and then? Lewis Carroll found higher mathematics a bore, no doubt, at certain times; and he fled to an imaginary world far from practical figures that he might relieve the tension of his solemn days. Think what the world would have lost had he failed to give in to that divine impulse! Serious-minded judges, I am told, frequently read, in secret, the most trivial books, that their brains may be diverted from the melancholy business of meting out justice. This is an indulgence to that playboy spirit dormant in all right-thinking, healthy people. To kick up our heels just once in so often is only downright sense. No normal man or woman should be ashamed of cavorting now and then; for we can lend a curious dignity to that which is honest, and behind every real clown's simulated gladness lies the mysterious pathos of the grown-up who craves some remnant of his lost youth, and is determined to get it at any cost. I am not alarmed for the adult who has the wisdom to be foolish once in a while; I am far more concerned over the tragedy of the too-serious person who refuses even for a second to jump down from his high horse and become a philosopher with the crowd, no matter how important, seemingly, his station may be.

"For it is good and wise and beautiful to laugh. It is even better and wiser and more wonderful to make others laugh."

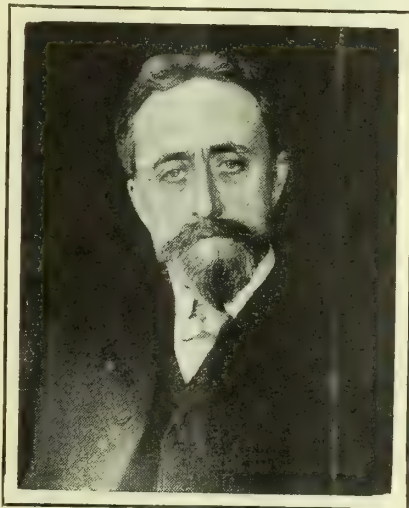
ANONYMOUS CREATORS

I—A STAR OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE

*Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean
bear.*

IT is sometimes cynically said that this is the age of self-advertisers, of pushers, climbers, and publicity seekers, that no man can achieve success unless he constantly thrusts himself into the spot-light.

Unfortunately, American life furnishes too much evidence in support of these allegations of the cynics. Nevertheless there occasionally come to light singular instances of men of great public worth and great public service who have neither sought nor received public recognition. They are content to do their far-reaching humanitarian work and pass away unwept, unhonored, and unsung save by their intimate associates who have leaned upon their stability, have been guided by their wisdom, and have been strengthened by their courage. They are not like comets dashing madly with a rush and glare from nowhere into the unknown, the momentary wonder



(C) Bain

STARR MURPHY

and admiration of the gaping crowd, but like fixed and distant stars unseen and unnamed by the world at large yet

depended upon by scientists and navigators as the very bases of their investigations, discoveries, and inventions for the good of mankind.

Such a man was Starr Jocelyn Murphy, a New York lawyer, who recently died at the age of sixty. I dare say that not one in a hundred of those who read these lines ever heard his name before. And yet every one of the hundred has either directly or indirectly benefited by the work he accomplished in behalf of scientific and medical education. His influence reached every State in the Union and as far around the world as China. How did this happen?

Starr Murphy was the son of a clergyman, was born in Connecticut, was graduated from Amherst College in 1881 and from the Columbia Law School in 1883, and had been for some years a successful and respected but unheralded member of the New York bar when, in 1904, he was selected by John D. Rockefeller as his personal counsel and representative in the great and systematic plan of benev-

olence which he had established. Mr. Rockefeller had the genius to apply to philanthropy the administrative methods of modern business. We hear of railway systems; the Rockefeller benevolences are a system. This system comprises among other works the General Educational Board, the Rockefeller Foundation, the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, the China Medical Board, the Bureau of Social Hygiene. Murphy was a member of each of these Boards. He was an officer and director of many important business corporations, but the greater part of his time and the chief part of his energy was given to the work and administration of the Rockefeller Boards, in which he exercised a quiet but profound influence by reason of his wisdom, knowledge, tact, and ability to work with all sorts and conditions of men.

The Rockefeller Boards probably constitute the greatest and most extraordinary example of organized and constructive philanthropy that the history of civilization has ever known. By their co-ordinated and co-operative work they have sustained and developed popular education, scientific agriculture, the prevention of disease, and the improvement of public health. Perhaps their discovery of the hookworm and the campaign for its eradication have most appealed to

popular imagination, but in innumerable ways they are steadily at work improving the standards of sanitation and hygiene. They are successfully fighting the scourge of tuberculosis and are carrying on, under the direction of the most eminent scientist obtainable, an elaborate plan of research to find the cause and prevent the ravages of that most mysterious and dreaded of diseases, cancer.

In all these enterprises for the public welfare Starr Murphy was a veritable star and of the first magnitude. But he kept on shining without appearing to know it or caring whether others knew it.

He was one of the highest honor men in his class at college, but he never sought nor received an honorary academic degree; he was a highly respected citizen of his home town and was relied upon in all good civic movements, but he never held public office; he was one of the most popular and delightful of companions at a college reunion or dinner, but I am surprised to find, on consulting "Who's Who," that he is listed as a member of only one New York club; he had a lively sense of humor without being frivolous, a gay spirit without lacking sympathy for the suffering; he was scholarly without being pedantic, upright without being didactic, a home

lover without ignoring his duties to the community. I knew him for more than forty years, having been his classmate in college, and, while I saw him only infrequently in later life, I never met him and talked with him even for five minutes without being refreshed and cheered on my way by the contact.

Such is the power of a clear, clear, genuine, sympathetic, and modest personality. But it is a power of which the possessor is generally totally unconscious. I have no doubt that if "Murph," as his old friends always liked to call him, could know of my sense of gratitude for the tonic effect of his acquaintance, which perhaps he scarcely thought of as other than an early and boyish friendship, he would be the most surprised of men.

One of the fine and hopeful things in American life, and I dare say in other countries too, is that there are thousands of men and women who are doing their duty modestly and quietly, without public applause or newspaper fame, and yet whose personalities radiate a warm and benign influence wherever they go. I suppose this is what the poet Gray meant when he wrote the stanza the first lines of which have seemed to me to be an appropriate beginning to this personal tribute.

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT.

II—BROADWAY'S KING OF COUNTERPOINT

FRANK SADDLER had been dead for more than a week before I learned of the passing of, to me, the most interesting man on Broadway. I read the New York newspapers every day, but did not see a line in them about Saddler; the news reached me from Dayton, Ohio, from Theodore Stearns, conductor of "Apple Blossoms." Silent about Saddler in death, the newspapers had also been silent about him during his life.

But if the newspapers were silent about this extraordinary musician, there was hardly an orchestra on earth, hardly a musical comedy stage, surely no piano or phonograph, that was silent about him. Frank Saddler's countless compositions have been played for twenty years, and yet, as far as I know, the name Saddler has never been signed to a score.

Saddler was known on Broadway as an orchestrator. Producers, composers, stars, came to him sometimes with only vague fragments of tunes and Saddler made music out of them. For years there was hardly a musical comedy success on Broadway the music of which Frank Saddler had not fashioned into its finished form. Over the many hundreds of musical shows he genially bent his ear for music.

"Call in Saddler!" was the cry whenever there was something wrong with the music; and Saddler would set it right. You have heard it said that the music of nearly all Broadway shows was alike. How could they help being some-



FRANK SADDLER, BROADWAY'S UNCROWNED KING, HAD BUT LITTLE TIME TO TAKE HIS EASE ON HIS FARM AT FOGGINTOWN

thing alike when Saddler put together and in part actually composed many of them?

Saddler worked himself to death; millions of notes streamed from his untiring pen; but he never became a hack, never became a mere blacksmith of composition. It was rather the composers whose names appeared on some of the scores who were usually the hacks. Some of them could no more than drum out a limping melody on the piano with one finger, and it took Saddler to change it into a lively hit. Ragtime he wrung into satin texture and velvet measures.

"Here are a couple of bars; can you make a song of them?" men with noted names have said to him in despair; and the grizzled warrior of counterpoint always could. In his little office in the Lyric Theater Building, its window open to the glare and roar of Broadway, he would work for fourteen, eighteen, twenty-four, and sometimes thirty-six hours at a stretch, until he fell asleep before his clefs, but no one ever accused him of declining into a blacksmith of composition; smith he was, but a goldsmith.

Jerome Kern, whose magic musicianship is responsible for eighty-nine successful musical comedies, on nearly all of which Saddler worked with him, tells me this: "Frank Saddler was far more than an orchestrator or arranger. He was one of the geniuses of the century. His death is a tragedy. No one had the routine of the orchestra as greatly at his command as Saddler.

Look for the Silver Lining.

Jerome Kern.

Scored by Frank Saddler

(A)

A FRAGMENT OF FRANK SADDLER'S SCORE OF ONE OF BROADWAY'S LATEST SONG HITS FROM JEROME KERN'S "SALLY"

Where others could rely upon the entire symphony orchestra for their effects Saddler was usually restricted to the much smaller theater orchestra of twenty-eight instruments at most. But his amazing resourcefulness enabled him to get the tone and color effects he wanted. Working alone, and unaided by propaganda, he improved the standards of theater musicians by five hundred per cent. Finding the second violins inactive and playing lethargically, a bugbear to him for years, he removed them from his orchestras. Finding the French horns blowing two or three notes at long intervals, he eliminated them or else made them play. He drove unaccomplished musicians out of his orchestras by piling on work that only the accomplished could perform. Foreign composers, accustomed to composing for large orchestras, were at a loss how to gain their effects when they reached Broadway, and Saddler showed them how. It is a matter of record that one year he orchestrated every musical show produced on Broadway."

It was a significant tribute to Frank Saddler that so eminent a composer as Jerome Kern should have intrusted to him the scoring of his creative labors. The artistic alliance between these two men goes down as one of the fine phenomena of musical history in America.

It was Saddler who applied the art of chamber music to the theater and made possible the intimate musical comedy form which recently began to flourish. This opened the stage-doors to comedienues who could act but could not sing; the orchestras of these intimate productions gave support to the

voice without drowning it. The Saddler orchestrations were subtle and beguiling, an intriguing lace-work; he could embroider a commonplace theme into rare distinction. For the Jerome Kerns and Fritz Kreislers are not often to be found on Broadway, and every man with a tune clamored at Saddler's door.

Charles Miller, editor for T. B. Harms & Francis, Day & Hunter, the New York music publishers, declares that Saddler's orchestrations practically revolutionized the *ensemble* of the present-day theater orchestra. He says:

Frank Saddler was the presiding genius of the theater orchestra. He was an innovator and had the courage of his convictions to carry out his ideas to a practical conclusion. He met the economic conditions of the times and created startling and colorful orchestral effects with a limited number of musicians.

His use of novel combinations of instruments has had a far-reaching effect on the *ensemble* of the average American theater orchestra. We will long remember his little "tricks" with the trumpets (over which he used to chuckle at rehearsals), the "feathery" effects with the two flutes, and the "silky" tone quality of his viola parts.

Aside from his profound musical knowledge, Frank Saddler was beloved by all who knew him. His place will be hard to fill and the theater has lost one of its most refining influences.

Years ago Henry W. Savage put on a musical production. Its title has long since been forgotten. In it was a song called "Dearie," but that name has not been forgotten. "Dearie" was so bad that it was ordered killed at the close of

the opening performance. A few nights later "Dearie" was reinserted without Mr. Savage's knowledge or consent. This time it stopped the show; encore after encore was demanded. It became the most popular song of its time; the furor it caused has probably never been surpassed. It was Saddler's orchestration that saved "Dearie" and made it live; he had dressed it in new and fascinating garments. He did that for countless songs, for innumerable overtures and incidental passages.

For years Frank Saddler was on the verge of stealing time from his incessant labors for the Shuberts, Comstock and Gest, George Cohan, Colonel Savage, C. B. Dillingham, Mr. Ziegfeld, and Klaw and Erlanger to compose a musical show of his own. Tucked away in his genius were orchestral effects that he had never used. He was saving them for the work that was to bear his name. I have heard him play golden fragments of what he meant some day to write, have sat with him in his manuscript-littered office and in his hillside home at Foggintown, near Brewster, Putnam County, New York, while he recounted his plans and dreams.

"In three more weeks there will be a let-up in my work, and I'll be ready to start," he would say. But no let-up ever came; always there were more producers waiting at his doors than he could serve; he grew old making music out of the measures of others; and he died before he could say his own musical say.

And the charming sameness of some of Broadway's music will no longer be noted, for Frank Saddler is no more.

NEWTON A. FUESSELE.

A RUSSIAN PAINTER



Courtesy of the Kingore Galleries

SELF-PORTRAIT OF ILYA REPIN

Recently pictures of Nicolas Roerich, a Russian painter, were exhibited at the Kingore Galleries, 668 Fifth Avenue, New York City. We referred to them at the time. Now there are on exhibition at the same gallery pictures of another Russian painter, Ilya Repin.

While Roerich is pre-eminently the painter of prehistoric and of Byzantine Russia, Repin depicts the ensuing Cossack period and our own age. His canvases consist of portraits and figure pieces. The portraits reveal to us new traits of temperament and character in certain noted Russians—Tolstoy, Musorgorsky, Glinka, Rubinstein, and others, including the artist himself, as he appears above in his *béret*, wide collar, and brown jacket. Repin's portraits may have higher psychological value than have his figure pieces, but the latter are best known outside of Russia; for instance, his famous "The Cossack's Reply to the Sultan," "The Black Sea Pirate" series (see opposite page), and the "Red Cross Nurse," showing her as taking part in an actual battle attack.

Russian painting reflects the emotional Slav character, especially in its elemental swing and impact. As we observe the illustrations on these pages, the lines of the pictures disclose strong grasp of direct fact or act. But in the exhibition above mentioned color, rather than line, first strikes the observer. There are few half-tones. There is strong color everywhere. Repin's red is almost garish. It is apparently laid on with slap-dash generosity. Yet these colors are organized according to a well-planned color scheme without the sacrifice of their distinctively Russian effect.

Do not expect modernistic vagaries from this painter, born in 1844; with regard to them he remains a gloriously isolated figure. Bolshevist "isms" in art have not penetrated into his ideals. Call them academic, if you like. They may be so, but they represent something more. For Repin has known how to adjust himself to sound progress in art, just as he has insisted on following out his own individual expression. He may seem too little impressionistic; certainly he is broadly realistic. His dominant qualities are verity of vision and largeness of treatment

AND HIS WORK



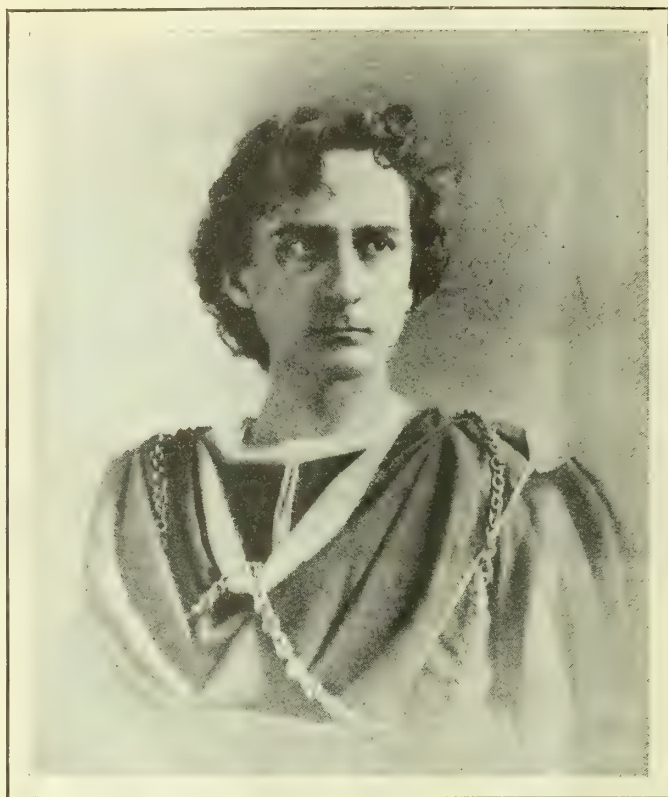
Courtesy of the Kingore Galleries

BLACK SEA PIRATE TYPE, BY ILYA REPIN

SNAP-SHOTS OF MY CONTEMPORARIES

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

EDWIN BOOTH—INTERPRETER



Photograph by Sarony

EDWIN BOOTH

A FRIEND of mine, no longer living, conservative in his theology, consistent in his Calvinism, once said to me something like this: "If the theater is wholly evil, if there is no place in the kingdom of God for the actor's profession, why does God endow some of his children with the dramatic and mimetic instinct and seem to call them to the stage by an inward impulse as distinct as that by which he seems to call others of his children to the pulpit?"

The only answer I can give to that question is that the theater is not wholly evil and that there is a place in the kingdom of God for the profession of the actor. No doubt there are in every one of the great cities some theaters which we could well spare and some actors we could see banished from the stage without regret. But if it were possible by edict to close all theaters and banish all actors from American life the loss to the community would amount to an irreparable moral disaster.

The theater has a threefold service to render: it has to furnish amusement, rest, and inspiration.

We need amusement. It is an old saying that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The fathers and mothers need it as well as their children. "A merry heart," says the proverb, "doeth good like a medicine." A hearty laugh is medicinal. A co-operative

laugh, a laugh all together, promotes good fellowship. Sympathy in fun may be as valuable as sympathy in sorrow. A good play inspires us to comply with Paul's injunction: We weep with those that weep and rejoice with those that rejoice.

We need rest. America would easily turn into a great factory and Americans into machine-like drudges, if there were not literature to take us out of ourselves; and the theater is enacted literature. The monotony of the kitchen, the more monotonous monotony of the shop, would become deadening if there were no provision for occasional forgetfulness. To many Americans the theater is an oasis of restful enjoyment set in the midst of a desert of unvarying toil. I suspect that my experience is not uncommon. Reading stimulates; a concert inspires; a play rests. For two hours I am passive, played upon by a story which drives all cares and perplexities out of my mind; and I come away from a clean and healthful play refreshed in spirit as from a swim in the ocean refreshed in body.

But the highest service of the theater is its inspirational power. Great literature is an interpreter of life; a great actor is an interpreter of great literature. If it was worth while for Shakespeare to write "The Merchant of Venice," it was worth while for Edwin

Booth and Madame Modjeska to interpret it. Let me explain by an illustration what I mean by interpretation of literature.

Henry Ward Beecher was a remarkable elocutionist. He had to a very unusual degree the power to put himself into any mood of feeling which he wished to illustrate and to employ in its illustration the appropriate tones of voice and, if need be, the appropriate attitude of body. He was preaching once upon his favorite theme, the infinite pity of Jesus to sinners, when he stopped abruptly and said, Some one will ask me, did not Jesus also condemn sinners with wrathful indignation? That depends, he replied, upon how you interpret him. Then he took up his pocket Bible, which was his constant companion, and read a few verses from the denunciation of the Pharisees in the twenty-third chapter of Matthew, putting into his voice, and doubtless for the moment into his spirit, the wrathful indignation of a just judge: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchers, which outwardly appear beautiful, but inwardly are full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness." Then, after a moment's pause, he read the same words again, but now as a lament, with tears in his voice, as of a mother weeping over her child. Then, without further comment, he went on with his sermon. He had in less than three minutes and by the actor's art given two interpretations to that passage; and since then it has had for me a new meaning.

This is what I mean by saying that the great actor is an interpreter of great literature. It is narrated in the book of Nehemiah that, at a camp-meeting there described, the Levites "read in the book, in the law of God, distinctly; and they gave the sense, so that they understood the reading." If ministers could cultivate the actor's art sufficiently to enable them to feel the mood of the sacred writers and interpret that mood by their voice, the Bible reading in church services would not be, as it now often is, an act of almost unmeaning formalism.

Edwin Booth's character and career illustrated these principles.

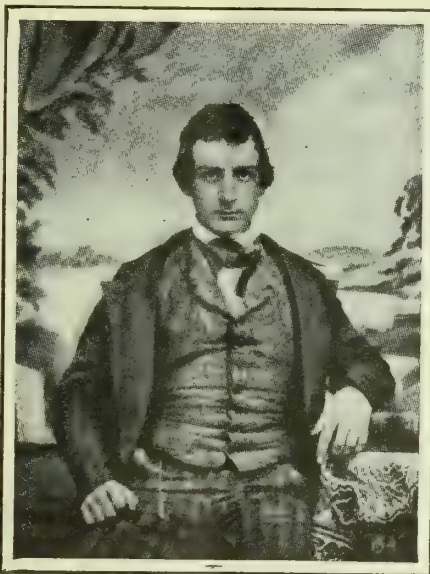
His father, Junius Brutus Booth, was a famous actor. Nature's equipment impelled the son to follow the father on the stage. "I had rather," he wrote his daughter, "be an obscure farmer, a hayseed from Wayback, or a cabinetmaker, as my father advised, than the most distinguished man on earth. But nature cast me for the part she found me best fitted for, and I have had to play it, and must play it till the curtain falls." At first he took such parts as were assigned him, generally comic parts in farces and burlesques. But he was not

long in graduating, and his wonderful success as Richard III, acted for the benefit of a comrade, in which he showed the advantage of studies quietly pursued, introduced him at once to a first rank among the actors of his day. This early success was partly due doubtless to an inherited dramatic talent and to his early companionship with his father, but there are abundant indications in his daughter's charming biographical sketch and in the letters she has published that from the first a religious impulse inspired him; that the following sentences penned to a friend expressed, not the fleeting impulse of the moment, but the dominating principle of his life: "I cannot help but believe that there is sufficient importance in my art to interest them still; that to a higher influence than the world believes I am moved by I owe the success I have achieved."

This spiritual faith carried him through experiences of great personal sorrow and professional disappointment. His wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, died, leaving him to be both father and mother to the daughter two years old. Writing to the clergyman who had performed the marriage ceremony and had written him a letter of sympathy, Mr. Booth said: "You have been pleased to mention my art and to express the hope that I may be spared to serve it long and faithfully; if it be His will, I bow before it meekly as I now bear the terrible affliction. He has seen fit to lay upon me; but I cannot repress an inward hope that I may soon rejoin her who, next to God, was the object of my devotion." Two years later the sorrow still remained, but his faith in immortality and in his art as a divinely inspired service had grown clearer and stronger: "Two years ago to-day," he writes to a friend, "I last saw May alive! But, my dear friend, a light from heaven has settled fairly and fully in my soul, and I regard death, as God intended we should understand it, as the breaking of eternal daylight and a birthday of the soul. I feel that all my actions have been and are influenced by her whose love is to me the strength and wisdom of my spirit. Whatever I may do of serious import, I regard it as a performance of a sacred duty I owe to all that is pure and honest in my nature—a duty to the very religion of my heart." Nine years later the theater which he had built and in and by which he had helped to raise the dramatic standards in New York City to something which should at least approximate his ideals had failed and he was bankrupt. "My disappointment is great, to be sure," he wrote to a friend, "but I have the consciousness of having *tried* to do what I deemed to be my duty. Since the talent God has given me can be made available for no other purpose, I believe the object to which I devote it to be worthy of self-sacrifice."

This spirit of consecration of what he believed was a divinely given power to a divinely ordained purpose inspired and guided him through the ordinary experiences of his life. A clergyman

once wrote him asking if he could not be admitted to his theater by a side or rear door, as he preferred to run no risk of being seen by any of his parishioners; to whom Mr. Booth replied, "There is no door in my theater through which God cannot see." The theater while it continued under Booth's control was maintained as one should be which lay open to God's sight. Mr. William Winter, whose dramatic ideals were unquestionably high, says of it that its affairs "were conducted in a steadfast spirit of sympathy with what is pure and good in dramatic art." And he quotes two testimonies in support of this statement: one from Joseph Jefferson, "Booth's Theater is conducted as a theater should



From "Edwin Booth: Recollections by his Daughter, Edwina Booth Grossmann" (The Century Co.)

EDWIN BOOTH IN 1852

be—like a church behind the curtain and like a counting-house in front of it;" and one from Dion Boucicault: "I have been in every theater, I think, in civilized Christendom, and Booth's is the only theater that I have ever seen properly managed."

The prevailing attitude of the Church toward the theater and the acting profession was one of bitter hostility in 1877, much modified since; but it elicited from Mr. Booth no word of ill temper or counter-hostility. The only response to that hostility which I have been able to find in his correspondence is in a letter to a clerical friend, who was an exception to the general rule among the clergy and to whom he wrote: "I am glad that I have been the cause of so much pleasure to you and rejoice in your strong charity against prejudice. If the Church would teach discrimination between the true and the false in my profession, instead of condemning both as worthless, to say the least, the stage would serve the pulpit as a loyal subject, and both go shoulder to shoulder, not with frowning brow to brow through the fight."

His life was in some respects a lonely one. How lonely is indicated by the one

incident in which his life and mine came together. Heartily sympathizing with his endeavor to secure an elevating and inspiring drama in New York, I wrote to ask of him an article on the subject, and received in reply the following letter, which was published with his consent in the then "Christian Union:"

Baltimore, April 18, 1878

Lyman Abbott, Esq.

Dear Sir—

On my arrival here I found your favor of 1st inst: but have been prevented from answering it until to-day.

Having no literary ability whatever I must decline your flattering invitation; nor do I know how to aid the worthy cause you advocate; could I do so be assured it should be *freely* done.

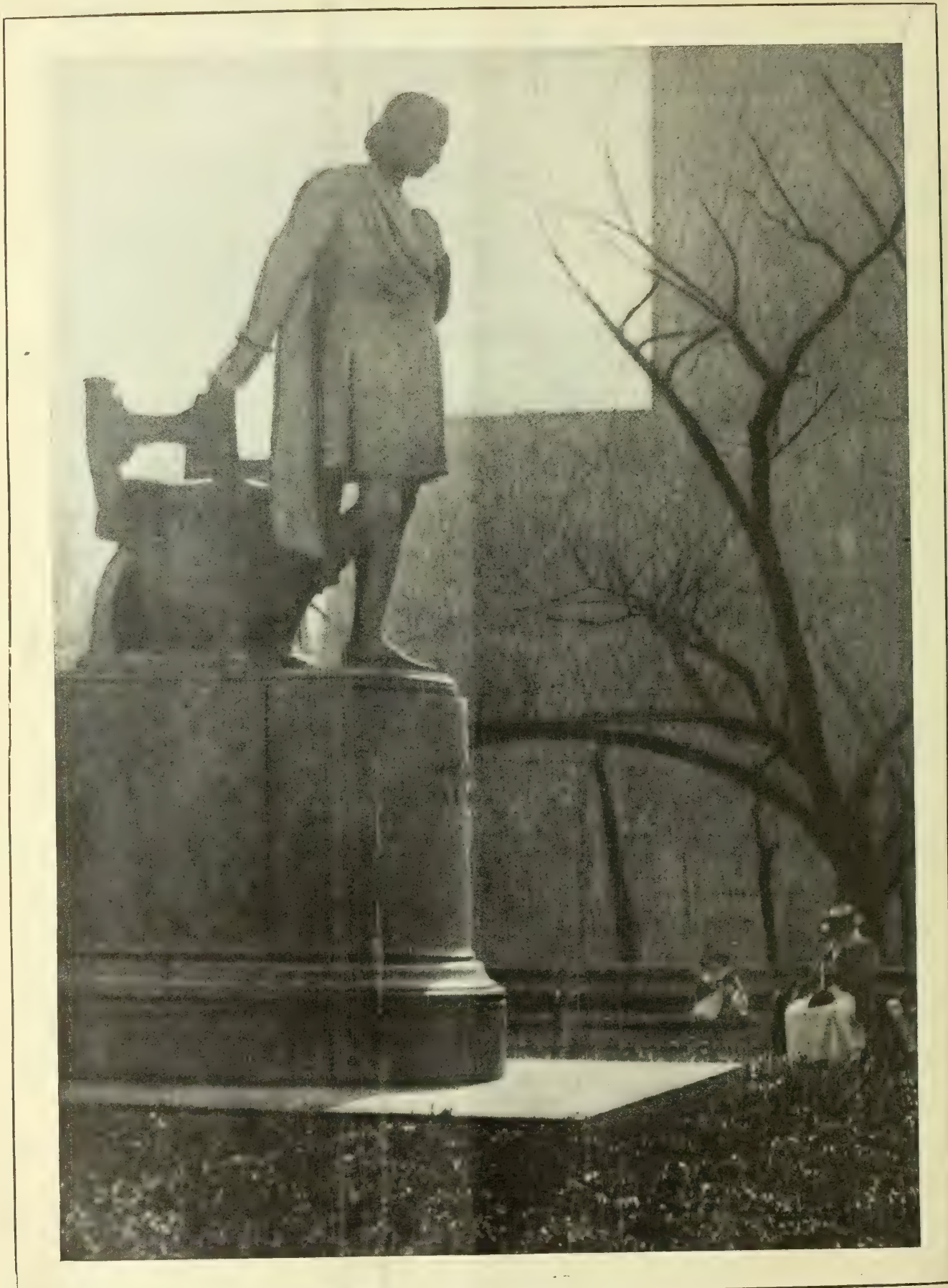
My knowledge of the modern drama is so very meagre that I never permit my wife or daughter to witness a play without previously ascertaining its character. This is the method I pursue; I can suggest no other—unless it might be by means of a 'dramatic censor' whose taste or judgment might, however, be frequently at fault.

If the management of theatres could be denied to speculators and placed in the hands of actors who value their reputations and respect their calling, the stage would at least afford healthy recreation, if not, indeed, a wholesome stimulus to the exercise of noble sentiments. But while the theatre is permitted to be a mere shop for gain—open to every huckster of immoral gimcracks, there is no other way to discriminate between the pure and base than through the experience of others.

Truly yours

EDWIN BOOTH

There were a few actors who shared Mr. Booth's spirit and to whom acting was truly an art. But the stage was passing under the control of money-making managers, and money-making and artistic ambitions never go well together. Mr. Booth was not a good business man, and lack of good business management, not of good dramatic management, caused the failure of his theater. "Had I given proper attention to my dollar-and-cent dealings with men," he writes to his daughter, "I would now be at least a millionaire, perhaps doubly so; but I never considered that side of the question, taking from managers just what they offered." He defines in his letters his ambition, nowhere perhaps more clearly than in this pregnant sentence: "He [Betterton] is my ideal of an actor, both on and off the stage. He aimed at truth in his art and lived it at home." Successes always stimulated Booth to new effort. "Life," he wrote to his daughter, "is a great big spelling book, and on every page we turn the words grow harder to understand the meaning of. But there is a meaning, and when the last leaf flops over we'll know the whole lesson by heart." He kept up his studies, professional and other, to the very end of his life, and this included a study of himself as impersonator. "When I am enwrought in a character I am impersonating," he



Photographed specially for The Outlook by Henry Hoyt Moore

STATUE OF EDWIN BOOTH AS HAMLET, BY EDMOND T. QUINN, IN GRAMERCY PARK, NEW YORK CITY

wrote, "there seems to be another and a distinct individuality, another *me* sitting in judgment on myself."

This judgment was not always encouraging. Mr. Bispham in his autobiography narrates the following incident. One night when Booth seemed to have attained the very pinnacle of his powers a friend went round to congratulate him on his great success and "found Booth with his head upon his hands in the deepest dejection from which not even the praise of his old friend could arouse him, disgusted at having given so miserable a performance." From this double consciousness he seems never to have escaped. "I believe," he writes, "you understand how completely I 'ain't here' most of

the time. It's an awful thing to be somebody else all the while." Reserved he was, self-restrained, but not internally placid, and never self-conceited. Self-control to such a man is not the easy virtue it is to simple natures. He had inherited the drink appetite from his father; conquered it completely but not without a hard battle. Nor was that his only struggle. The very ability to interpret different human passions was the mark of a composite character. "Much of my life's struggle," he wrote his daughter, "has been with myself, and the pain I have endured in overcoming and correcting the evils of my untrained disposition has been very great."

I must stop. This article has already overrun the limits I had set myself. Readers who wish an analysis of Mr. Booth's art upon the stage will find it in William Winter's *Life of Edwin Booth*. I have wished in this article to introduce the man to readers to whom he is known only as an actor. For the re-reading of Mr. Booth's letters has not only reawakened my admiration for this great interpreter of the greatest literature, but also a new sense of indignation that so pure and brave a man should have been left to fight his battle for a purer theater with so little sympathy and help from the Christian Church and the Christian ministry.

EDWIN BOOTH TO JOHN E. RUSSELL

SOME HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

INTRODUCTION BY EDWARD L. PARTRIDGE

MY first experience with the theater was at the age of fourteen, when, in Worcester, Massachusetts, I witnessed Booth in the character of Hamlet and was afterward introduced to Mr. Booth when, at the close of the play, I went back of the curtain with Mr. Russell. While impressed with the man, I am compelled to disclose that a full enjoyment of the play had been sadly marred by a pair of new and tight shoes. Thus a minor incident of physical discomfort can leave a lifetime memory embarrassing to one's introduction to the histrionic art.

The following letters came to me with other personal effects by devise from the widow of John E. Russell, loved and regarded as a member of my family. Those selected by Dr. Abbott for *The Outlook* constitute only a small fraction of what I have. A friendship between Edwin Booth and John E. Russell existed for many years, the beginning of which arose through the appreciation of Mr. Booth's great art as an interpreter expressed by Mr. Russell in the *New York "Sun."* This was at the early period of Mr. Booth's presentment of Shakespeare. At that time Mr. Russell wrote the dramatic criticism for the "Sun;" Mr. Booth sought to know him, and a close intimacy followed with Booth, Jefferson, and others of the artistic world.

As a prelude to a reference to Mr. Russell which is asked of me by the editors of *The Outlook*, I may remind the reader of a remark credited to Mr. Kipling to the effect that an institutional education produces young men resembling each other as peas in a pod; that it is a common experience to meet most interesting men, broad in education and culture, who are genuinely cultivated through tutors and travel, though such men must possess, as part of their original outfit, minds that are inquiring and seek always to confirm or correct their impressions.

Travel at home and abroad, study of history and literature for a period of years with well-selected tutors, took the place of college education in the case of Mr. Russell. Five years in Nicaragua, after marriage at twenty-one, introduced him to Latin America, its history and ways.

Returning to this country, Mr. Russell lived for some years in Washington. There he was the confidential negotiator for Ben Holliday, a forceful uneducated man who, before the establishment of a transcontinental railway, established a superior overland stage-coach line to the Pacific. This Washington life brought Mr. Russell into contact with the men of prominence, and gave him an interesting and unusual experience, enabling him to retire on a competence, and he took up his residence in New York. Later he retired to Leicester, Massachusetts, with frequent European visits.

The following extract from the 1904 book of the Century Club, New York City, briefly continues the story of his accomplishments.

An example of the Century gentle-

man, of a type more familiar in England than in our country, was lost to us in John E. Russell, of Leicester, Massachusetts, who had been a member of the Club for nearly forty years.

Born of an old New England family, descendant of Jonathan Edwards, trained by study abroad and home, possessed of an ample fortune acquired in a brief but brilliant business career, he passed his time between the development of an extensive estate and numerous public and semi-public activities.

His only position in National politics was that of Representative for one term in Congress. He declined two Cabinet appointments offered him by President Cleveland, and two high diplomatic posts. But twice he led a gallant, forlorn hope for the office of Governor of Massachusetts, and his voice and pen were constantly at the service of his party in advocacy of its most advanced policies. The office he really delighted in was that of Secretary to the State Board of Agriculture, in which, for a number of years, he did efficient service. He loved the land, and the labor thereof, was a successful breeder of sheep and horses, and a leader in scientific tillage.

He was a connoisseur of books and

of noble sentiments. But while the theater is permitted to be a mere shop for gain - open to every huckster of immoral gimmicks, there is no other way to discriminate between the pure and base than through the experience of others. Truly yours

P.S.

I must stop at your signature, as case of inability to decipher it.

Edwin Booth

FACSIMILE OF PART OF A LETTER FROM EDWIN BOOTH TO LYMAN ABBOTT

prints, a brilliant writer, likable companion, whose memory will long linger within the Century, where, for so many years, he was a welcome habitué.

Mr. Russell's diary is in my possession—the Century Club is often mentioned—with allusion to members. He speaks of the old house in East Fifteenth Street, and the garden back of it. Of Gulian Verplanck, its first President, he says: "A fine scholar, and an editor of Shakespeare. I thought it a great honor to drink a gin toddy with him at the 'buttery bar' of the House. He was then very old, and died soon after,—succeeded by Bancroft, and later by Bryant."

He writes of Bierstadt, Bradford, Beard, F. E. Church, Bryant, Huntington, Le Clear, Gifford, Winslow Homer, Stone, Martin, Booth, Jefferson, and others—all friends. That membership was taken seriously in the earlier days is indicated where he writes: "Membership was a distinction, and a social passport, lost somewhat later by enlargement and change in the times."

I never knew Mr. Russell to fail to locate a quotation from Shakespeare when asked.

THE "INFERNAL EXPENSE"

New York, August 22, 1869

My dear John E—

Forgive me! oh, forgive me!

Your letters all came safely—the last 2 are now before me. I think you are very wise in avoiding the agony of city life—altho' you have not seen the above-named edifice. [Referring to "Booth's Theatre" on letter-head.] N'importe! You'll see it some day and see it chock-full too, I hope. Jefferson is jamming it now. Adams helped me along to pay expenses during my absence and after Joe "the child" (Bateman) begins. All flourishes well—only the infernal expense is perfectly barbarous—'tis overwhelming, and the d'l of it is—I don't see any possible method of reducing it, now—or ever.

I have a copperplate engraving of my Father, as *Richard*, considered good—tho' it has not his mouth, by a toothfull. It is at your service—or anything in that line of him or your humble uncle that I possess. Come up to my rooms over the drug-store next the theatre and overhaul my scrap-books and portrait gallery and take thence what you will. I have a bill of the opening also for you, with one or two other 'relics'—I believe—don't remember just *what*.

That dear old mare! I wish indeed that I could back her and ride again with you. My wife has a superb trotter who is excellent under the saddle—but we keep her at the Branch most of the time—being too busy here to indulge in that kind of luxury. I sold my house some weeks ago—obtained comfortable quarters for my brother and sister—with whom Joe resides, and have established my home en garçon (I believe that's the kick) in the studio building

here. I sit now in our cosy little library (which serves also as our dining room) with the bust of Mickey the Angel and some half dozen rare engravings of his Vatican works about me. I think both you and Mrs. Russell will be pleased—if you ever call, which I hope you will. My little wife is a quaint, cosy, loveable little body, and we get on famously. She and Edwina are all in all, and I feel jealous by turns—first of one and then of t'other. Launt is on the high-road our-way, and may be happy yet. I've not seen Le Clear since his wife's death—poor fellow! When do you come to York? Love to both.

Yours ever EDWIN

BOOTH'S SELF-CRITICISM

April 2, 1870

My dear John E—

Today I greet thee—oh, my brother! Where and how art thou, friend of my soul?

I read of your very narrow escape on your way south—by Jove! I was scared—but fortunately the same paper which told me of the accident spoke of the following train and mentioned you and wife (with other Northern folks) as being safe.

When will you be in these latitudes again? Magonigle, the gorgeous, is in Florida—or rather is now on his way hither from that balmy clime. I am at *Macbeth*—it serves as a mere rehearsal for a future elaboration—for after *Hamlet* I am used up and too weary both in head and hinges to do anything with so huge a part. I am surprised how badly I act it—I have lost all the conceit you put into me, and feel a lack of that intensity you so particularly liked in it. It will come back some day, no doubt.

I took off *Hamlet* from sheer fatigue although it was drawing well up to the last. I shall end in two weeks when Clarke begins.

I was asking Harry about the expenses of this shop t'other day and I was wrong about the printer's bill—altho' it reaches \$30,000 very often. That is d—nable! and, I think, unnecessary. . . .

With love &c

Yours ever EDWIN

A SPECIMEN OF REFINEMENT

New York, February 12, 1871

Dear John E:

Your *galler* strip with enclosure came duly and safely to hand. I appreciate all you say, my dear boy, but if the great gods will have it so—how in h—ll can I help being refined? (The above is a specimen of it)—I can't paint with big brushes—the fine touches come in spite of me and it's all folly to say 'don't elaborate—don't refine it'—I can't help it. I make desperate attempts to 'pitch in' but there's no *pitch* in me—I'm too d—d genteel and exquisite, I s'pose, and some buster with a 'big voice' and a broad axe gesticulation will oust me one of these fine days. *Dern* the odds—so long as I get my

debts paid—I'll retire gracefully when the time comes.

I shall withdraw *Richelieu* in its full success—to bring it on at the close of my engagement, however. Shall do *Benedick* for the first time in New York and then what a howl there'll be against my idiocy and unfunny attempts at Comedy—hey! Won't they *Wallack* (wallop?) *me?* . . .

. . . Adoo, my buster. Bless thee and bye-bye. EDWIN

A FUNNY LOT

New York, December 10, 1871

My dear John—

. . . For a little while a gloom hangs over "Comfort Cottage"—may the veil soon lift and all be bright again.

I am also enraged at Winter's conduct—for he denounced Sothern to me as a "buffoon" &c. and yet applauds him to the echo in print.

The critics are all a funny lot—take them as you will—now they are all for me and *Hamlet*, a little while ago and they were lashing me, a little while hence and I'll catch it again—they are even now divided on the position as to whether my company is d—d bad or only tolerably so. . . .

Yours ever NED

EVIDENTLY HE HADN'T HEARD LATELY FROM RUSSELL

Evans House, Boston
October 14, 1873

J^{no} E. Russell, Esq.—

Dear Sir:

Many years ago—when a lad—"the down upon my . . . lip, less man than boy," &c, &c,—there lived, somewhere in your vicinity, a joyous youth yclept the same as you be. Did you know him? Can you tell me if he vas kith or kin o' yourn and if he's still among the breathers?

I last saw him at a place called Worcester—en route to Gotham, and as I shall shortly journey thitherward again I would like to ascertain the condition of his corpse that I may determine whether it wd be better to "lay over" a night. Should you meet any of his surviving relatives or friends (perhaps the oldest inhabitant may recall him) ascertain for me if an old forgotten *pal* of his wd be welcome in the village.

I shan't write to him—until I learn some particulars of his present "how" regarding myself & Co.

Convey my greetings to him and his good little home-mate on the hill, and tell him me and mine is his'n still.

Ajew!

Respectfully, my dear sir, and with great esteem, I am, believe me, yours in grief. E. BOOTH, Esqre,

AFTER HEARING FROM RUSSELL

Evans House
October 17, 1873

My dear John:

Is it there ye are? Eureka! Be jabers!

I close here Octr 25th—which falls on Saturday, the Sabbath I have promised to pass with Aldrich at *Cam.*—out

mittee for Devastated France, and began with the circulation of a few books in villages that were stripped of books, as of everything else. In one village five books were passed from hand to hand." Now there are five libraries—at Anizy, at Vic-sur-Aisne, at Blerancourt, at Soissons, at Coucy. Besides a central reading-room, they maintain traveling library departments, sending collections of books to from fifteen to thirty villages within reach of each of the centers. The libraries in the centers are simple structures, "a sort of glorified portable house."

Imagine, in war-torn France, where children have gone hungry for more than bread, where they lost four years of school, where fear and horror and bad dreams made up their mental life—imagine with what eager joy they now seize upon the manna which these libraries present. They lose themselves in the fairy tales of Charles Perrault and Madame d'Aulnoy, in the Jeanne d'Arc so quaintly and exquisitely illustrated by Boutet de Monvel, in Montagueil's "Bonaparte" and his "History of France," illustrated by Job. "There is nothing like these pictorial histories for children in any other country," said Miss Moore, "and perhaps in no other country is there such a response to history as in France." American and English books, too—in translation, of course—intrigue the French children. Cooper and Stevenson and Louisa M. Alcott; "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Alice in Wonderland" and the "Just So Stories"—the last as fascinating under its French title, "Tistoires Comme Ça," as in English—are read hungrily. As they read these books and listen with shining eyes during the story-telling hour they can forget their terrible years, and begin to store up a treasure of new and happy memories and a new eagerness for books. Their parents, too, are drawn in by the children's interest. One day a middle-aged woman came into a *baraque* and began looking about the shelves. When the librarian offered assistance, the woman was at first reluctant to tell what she was seeking; but she finally said that a neighbor's child had shown her old mother some pictures in a book, and that these had recalled to the old woman a story she had known in her long-distant childhood. She could not read, but she wished to see the pictures again. The librarian quickly identified the story as "Hop o' My Thumb." Thus, through a neighbor's child, the old peasant woman became a frequenter of the library. Her wrinkled face bending over a picture book, she could live again in imagination her far-distant childhood, and could live in a new present, pushing aside for the time being the memories of four years of horror.

"Of course," said Miss Moore, "libraries were not unknown in French villages even before the work of the American Committee for Devastated France. But the work for children is entirely new, and even the work for adults has undergone a transformation. Formerly books were chosen entirely from cata-



FORGETTING THE SADNESS OF WAR AND INVASION IN THE COLOR AND ROMANCE OF THE PAST

logues; and the library, as a place where even grown people could sit down and look over a number of books, exercising their judgment and making their choice freely, was unknown before the coming of American-trained librarians. The spirit of our libraries, which we now take so easily for granted, is to European visitors to this country always a matter for remark. An American can scarcely imagine the innovation it is for French village children to come together, talking over books, meeting with a common interest, in the attractive *baragues* of the Committee, for in France the family is the pivot about which life revolves, and children do not play together as do our children. But, though children's libraries would be a stimulating contribution to French life at any time, imagine their importance now, when the morale of the villages has been broken by the loss of so large a percentage of

the adult male population, when children must literally be taught anew to play and to laugh, and in that sense to live again. Some of the villages to which books are being sent from the centers are ash-heaps where families have had to tunnel through the *débris* to find some semblance of a home, where they live like cliff dwellers. Small wonder that children line up outside the door, waiting for the *bibliothèque* to open; that on Sundays, after church service, the whole family goes over to the library; that a strong social feeling for the library has developed. Small wonder that the school-teachers, the curés, the public officials, give their enthusiastic support.

"France," continued Miss Moore, "has a strong claim to children's libraries, for in no other country have such beautiful books for children been published. The librarians comment again and again on the æsthetic enjoyment of the French children in the beauty of the books, on the enthusiasm which they bring to the illustrations as well as the text. It is as if art were their inheritance, and to our American librarians is given the privilege of making their birthright accessible to French children. The aim of the Committee, however, is not to remain indefinitely on French soil, but gradually to turn the work over to the French, to train French librarians."

As Miss Moore talked of the work of the children's libraries in France, as she told of other countries to which we have exported this American idea (notably Norway and Sweden), the writer thought of many lonely stretches in our American land, many isolated remote byways, where libraries are unknown. Perhaps, though we may now be justly proud of exporting culture to France, we may in time see our way to import back the very same manifestation of culture for more of our own American rural areas.

A DEADLY PARALLEL

Even Kipling might envy the imaginative vigor of the narrative passage with which Robert A. Curry concludes his article in next week's issue of *The Outlook*. In it he describes England's airplane defense of the Suez Canal, where five hundred airplanes are available within an hour's notice to rush to any threatened point within a reasonable radius. The undefended condition of the Panama Canal as to the air is earnestly set forth. A deadly parallel is drawn by Mr. Curry, who was formerly an instructor in Egypt with the Royal Air Force.

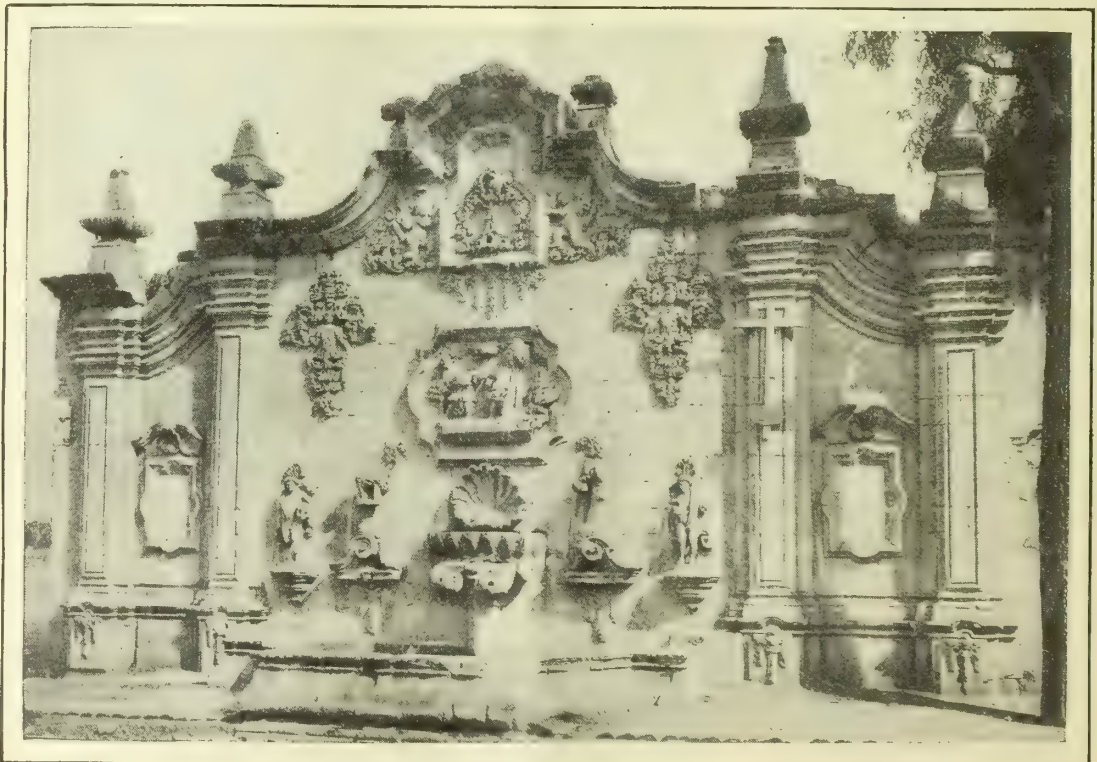
COSTA RICA OF TO-DAY—MEXICO OF YESTERDAY



From John G. Rumney, Detroit, Michigan

A GROUP OF COSTA RICA STAFF OFFICERS

This picture shows a military formation of staff officers in front of a Costa Rican shoe store, which is interesting because of the variety of uniform and the unsimilarity of the officers' carriage and demeanor as compared with those of our own staff officers. Mr. Rumney, we are told, took the photograph immediately after the cessation of hostilities during the recent troubles in Costa Rica



From H. E. Bailey, Phoenix, Arizona

ORNAMENTAL FOUNTAIN OF OLD MEXICAN VIADUCT BUILT BY CORTEZ

This fountain, our informant states, is one of the best preserved sections of a viaduct built by Cortez to carry water to the City of Mexico. It is situated near the "White House of Mexico," Chapultepec Castle

THE BOOK TABLE

GROWTH OF THE SOIL¹

KNUT HAMSDUN received the Nobel Prize for Literature, not specifically for "Growth of the Soil," but for the culmination in this his masterpiece of a long record of painstaking, conscientious devotion to the art of writing.

His sketches, plays, and novels, if one may judge from the comments of critics, did not try to be popular; they paid little attention to construction or unity or story interest. They were like the half-finished drawings of heads made by a painter who is gathering material and ideas for the picture by which he hopes to be remembered. Of one of the early stories Mr. Worster, who furnishes for this work a welcome account of Hamsun's life and activity, says: "It is interspersed with irrelevant fancies, visions, and imaginings, a chain of tied notes heard as an undertone through the action on the surface."

But there is no uncertainty or lack of definiteness about "Growth of the Soil." It goes on its destined course, strong, clear, and single as a shining stream. It stands the test of dealing with material, things—such as the earth, the trees, animals, crops—with solid realism and yet of infusing the picture with the light of imagination. So, too, with the peasants of the distant part of Norway depicted; they grow out of the soil almost as truly as do the trees; they are certainly ignorant and in a sense dull, yet each is a distinct creation; Achilles and Thersites in the Iliad are not more unlike than, for instance, Hamsun's Isak, the primal man of the new grown community (silent, strong, unconquerable by the forces of nature), and the old woman Oline (shifty, dishonest, cringing, revengeful).

It is a feat for an author to hold American readers intent and absorbed in the simple doings of these few country people in a lonely, distant Norwegian hillside. This Hamsun assuredly does. He succeeds because he *shows* us these men, women, and children, he does not merely talk about them; he makes word-paintings of nature instead of raving about its beauty; and in place of theorizing about motive and temperament he tells of deeds and lets the reader infer causes through character.

It is not exact to call this remarkable novel an epic of the land, yet one feels that it has a heroic tone; if it had inclined toward symbolism (which, thanks be, it doesn't), the two protagonists of the combat would be man and the soil—Isak and his farmland. So splendidly does the land yield its abundance to the straining vigor of its conqueror that we find almost a dramatic interest in the growth of human society out of and from the soil.

First comes Isak, a "barge of a

man," the figure of a man in a great solitude, trudging with sack on back over the common lands open to settlement. He seeks here and there, sleeps under a rock on a pine bed, makes his choice, then back and forth with food and tools, "a born carrier of loads, a lumbering barge of a man in the forest, tramping long roads and carrying heavy burdens, as if life without a load on one's shoulders were a miserable thing." Hamsun often repeats the phrases, "barging along," "a barge of a man;" they exactly express Isak.

In time comes a goat, then a hut, then a woman, then Cow—"they laid awake



Wide World Photos

KNUT HAMSDUN

late that night talking about Cow." And in more time came children—and trouble!

Greater and greater became Isak's ambition. He worked as the Trojans fought; house and outbuildings, tools and machinery, cattle, roads for his own use—there was nothing he did not dare attempt. Neighbors appeared, and with them the evils and sins as well as the friendliness of community life. Against the stalwart, persistent Isak are contrasted weaklings and clever people of no set purpose—Geissler the Lensmand (assistant Government superintendent) is a gem of portrayal art. Crime and lust come too—the people of such a community are apt to be coarse as well as primitive—and there are bits of faithful description that are a little startling and a pitiful intimation that infanticide is too common a curse in such northern solitary communities.

As all this growth, good and bad, evolves from soil and life becomes more complex and varied, the novel's story-interest increases likewise. That is the

art of the thing; and its apparent unconsciousness yet thoroughly planned purpose would make the book a prize-winner in the literary realm if Nobel had never instituted a prize-winning system.

But always the reader's imagination turns back to Isak—a strong man in a wilderness. We copy a pen-picture of man and place at their prime:

A desert, a dying place? Far from it, all about was swarming with life; two new men, four new hands to work, fields and meadows and homes. Oh, the little green tracts in a forest, a hut and water, children and cattle about. Corn waving on the moorlands where naught but horsetail grew before, bluebells nodding on the fells, and yellow sunlight blazing in the lady's slipper flowers outside a house. And human beings living there, move and talk and think and are there with heaven and earth.

Here stands the first of them all, the first man in the wilds. He came that way, knee-deep in marsh-growth and heather, found a sunny slope and settled there. Others came after him, they trod a path across the waste *Almenning*; others again, and the path became a road; carts drove there now. Isak may be content, may start with a little thrill of pride; he was the founder of a district, the pioneer.

Not alone Norwegian literature but world literature will recognize the fresh and clear note of imagination in this drama of man and nature.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION AND DRAMA

BRIMMING CUP (THE). By Dorothy Canfield. Harcourt, Brace & Howe, New York.

As between husband and wife should each lead a life of individual freedom of mind and action? Yes, said the two whose marriage begins the novel, but also they should frankly face together whatever situation should arise and honorably discuss it. So when the brilliant and fascinating advocate of modernism and art and romance and poetry comes along he really cannot prevail with such a wife and mother as against the solid, unscintillating husband. And the book ends with the mother's answer to a child's question: "No; I really don't think that father and I are afraid of anything." A book of sound social philosophy and of charming family life.

FEAST OF LANTERNS (THE). By Louise J. Miln. The F. A. Stokes Company, New York.

The author's knowledge of the life and culture of Chinese aristocrats makes this novel worth reading for its descriptive side alone. There is tragedy in the position of the Chinese girl of noble lineage, highly educated in England, and possessed of both Eastern and Western culture, who loves and is loved by an Englishman of equally high type. She knows that their marriage would bring social contempt on him in Eng-

¹Growth of the Soil. By Knut Hamsun. Translated by W. W. Worster. 2 vols. Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

land and on her in China, and gives up her love to work for China's future.

FIFTY CONTEMPORARY ONE-ACT PLAYS. By Frank Shay and Pierre Loving. The Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati.

This is a very excellent anthology containing a great variety of dramatic material. The student of contemporary drama and the amateur actor should find it invaluable.

GIRL IN FANCY DRESS (THE). By J. E. Buckrose. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

A cheerful and mirthful romance in which an heiress and a poor country girl exchange parts and an amusing comedy of errors results.

BIOGRAPHY

HOSPITABLE ENGLAND IN THE SEVENTIES. Illustrated. By Richard Henry Dana. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Richard Henry Dana in 1875-6 visited England, France, Italy, and Egypt, kept a minute diary of his experiences, and in them narrated vividly the customs of the country and the characteristics of his hosts and guests. Son of Richard H. Dana, author of "Two Years Before the Mast," he had, for his father's sake, ready welcome to exclusive circles. A graduate of Harvard, an athlete, a cultured gentleman, and last, but not least, an Episcopalian, characterized by both physical and social courage, able to take an oar at Oxford, to hunt and fish in Scotland, to join in lawn tennis out of doors and in billiards in the house, and free from that self-consciousness which is perhaps the greatest of social handicaps and makes its victims either timid or aggressive and sometimes alternately first one and then the other, he had in himself a pass-key which fitted all doors. His vivid pictures, not painted for the public, which now for the first time the public is permitted to see, interpret graphically phases of social life in old aristocratic England which will not long survive the advent to political power of democratic England. A little more relentless editing would have both shortened and improved the book for the general reader. But it will be not difficult and perhaps more satisfactory for each reader to do his own editing.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY POWERS AND AIMS OF WESTERN DEMOCRACY (THE). By William Milligan Sloane, LL.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

There is scarcely a page in this valuable volume which does not offer some pertinent suggestion. The author's aim, we judge, is found in his words: "Democracy is in its essence conservative; the drift toward Socialism is an attack on its very life; the democratic nation is the best form of human association so far devised; neither democracy nor nationality insures enduring peace." And yet Professor Sloane concludes his work with the judgment that peace is the test of our democracy. He shows first how democracy has been developed, what its institutions are, and what its formula and terms. He describes the foes in its household; incidentally he shows that

German "social democracy is misnamed" and that the Social Democratic Party in Germany "has been making its enormous strides, not as a Socialistic or even as a Labor party, but because it is solidly democratic." Elsewhere he says: "Perhaps the worst indictment of democracy as it works to-day is its blundering inefficiency and its intolerable extravagance."

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE (THE). Edited by William Peterfield Trent, M.A., LL.D., John Erskine, Ph.D., Stuart P. Sherman, Ph.D., Carl Van Doren, Ph.D. 4 vols. **LATER NATIONAL LITERATURE**—Parts II and III. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

These volumes complete this important literary achievement. The "Cambridge History of American Literature" furnishes a history of the literature written in English in the United States from the first settlement to the end of the nineteenth century—in fact, it is so close to date as to contain reference to "The Education of Henry Adams." The editors have secured the services of contributors, American and Canadian, who in all cases write with special knowledge of the topic assigned. The work, as truly stated by the publishers, is exact and authoritative, but, though written by specialists, has been designed to meet the needs of the general reader. The indexes and bibliographies are excellent.

WAR BOOKS

GENERAL STAFF AND ITS PROBLEMS (THE). By General Ludendorff. Translated by F. A. Holt, O.B.E. 2 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Of all the supposed authors of the World War, the most talked of has doubtless been General Ludendorff. His object in compiling the present volumes is evidently threefold: first, "to bring home to every German that a peace of understanding was unattainable;" second, "to reveal how much was kept secret from the Supreme Command by the Imperial Government;" and, third, "to justify the confidence which the majority of the German people reposed in Field Marshal Hindenburg and myself throughout the war." To this end these volumes consist of original and contemporary documents taken from the records of the German General Staff. They include matters of such importance as that of the conference at which the unrestricted submarine campaign was finally decided upon and as the violent interchange of letters between Chancellor von Bethmann Hollweg and General Ludendorff. The author discusses the work of the army in peace times, revealing Germany's strenuous efforts to prepare for war. He tells us about recruiting, labor, financial, and food questions in connection with the army; provision for men returned from the war; and of course about the war itself, its Polish and Russian aspects, the Austrian efforts towards a separate peace, President Wilson's peace attitude, and, most interesting of all, America's entrance into the war. The author frankly concludes that the American Army deprived

Germany of victory "and made possible that of the Entente after the strength of our army had been broken by revolution."

EDUCATIONAL

HOW TO SPEAK FRENCH LIKE THE FRENCH. By Marie and Jeanne Yersin. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

This is a remarkably complete collection of French idioms. Certainly if one mastered them all one could claim to speak French in the fashion of Paris and not Stratford-atte-Bowe. We suspect that the lady who remarked to a tardy friend, "*Dépêchez-vous! Vous serez gauche derrière,*" was not familiar with this volume.

MISCELLANEOUS

KING'S TREASURES OF LITERATURE (THE). General Editor, Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

We have already referred to this excellent series of clearly printed and neatly bound small volumes. A dozen or more new issues have reached us. They include many recognized masterpieces of literature, and from the entire collection almost any one would find it easy to make a choice of books welcome in his library. Among the present issues, for instance, are Longfellow's "Hiawatha," Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," an unusually readable collection of papers about "London in Literature," Mrs. Ewing's "Jackanapes," and W. H. Hudson's "Birds in a Village." These few examples indicate the wide range of interest and subjects.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

BRADFORD'S HISTORY OF THE PLYMOUTH SETTLEMENT. 1608-1650. Rendered into Modern English by Harold Paget. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT OF THE UNITED STATES. By Isaac Lippincott, Ph.D. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

STATES OF SOUTH AMERICA (THE). By Charles Domville-Fife. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York.

WORKERS AT WAR (THE). By Frank Julian Warne. (The Century New World Series.) The Century Company, New York.

POETRY

LAST KNIGHT (THE), AND OTHER POEMS. By Theodore Maynard. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

SONGS OF THE TRAIL. By Henry Herbert Knibbs. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

INVALID EUROPE. Some Impressions of Recent Travel. By Alfred F. Seligsberg. Boni & Liveright, New York.

WAR BOOKS

VICTORY AT SEA (THE). By Rear-Admiral William Sowden Sims, U. S. N., in Collaboration with Burton J. Hendrick. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City.

WHAT HAPPENED AT JUTLAND. The Tactics of the Battle. By C. C. Gill. 26 Diagrams. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

SPORT AND ATHLETICS

ART OF LAWN TENNIS (THE). By William T. Tilden 2d. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

CAMPING AND WOODCRAFT. By Horace Kephart. The Macmillan Company, New York.

THE EDITORS' MAIL BAG

THE NEW YORK MUSIC SCHOOL SETTLEMENT

THE company of a good friend, a beautiful evening, and tickets to the Music School Settlement concert—all made one feel a little like Omar Khayyam with his "jug of wine and book of verse." For these Music School Settlement concerts, given annually now for a number of years, are inspiring and entertaining. Recently it was given in the attractive new Town Hall of New York, and enthusiastic friends of the pupils and of their popular conductors, Mrs. Fannie Levine and Mr. Melzar Chaffee, were present in goodly numbers.

Music, it is said, is a universal language, and it was charmingly expressed in a very attractive programme on that occasion—"The Butterfly" of Grieg, a piano solo by a young girl who was so bashful that the audience through applause had to bring her out again and again in order to make her see the basket of flowers that a friend had sent; Mendelssohn's "Venetian Boat Song," played by the combined Elementary and Junior Orchestra of the school; a very beautiful Negro spiritual sung by a chorus of young men and young women under the direction of Mrs. Laura Elliott; and cello and violin soloists choosing Haydn, Beethoven, and Mozart for their selections. The programme was well suited and attuned to the spring mood both of the weather and of the hearer.

The New York Music School itself numbers among its students boys and girls of fifteen different nationalities, and to them during the winter months it affords an opportunity through music to give expression to their finer aspirations, and in the summer it looks after their physical comforts in the way of days and weeks in the country. The purpose of the concerts is to enlist public sympathy and interest in the work of the school. One finds among these foreign-born boys and girls musical talents which cannot be bought, but which money can help. There are many Nation-wide "drives" for worthy objects, and, while such a drive for the Music School Settlement is not expected, individual "drives" of those interested in music and Americanization work would not be unwelcome to the men and women who in doing this work with great self-sacrifice and devotion are adding glory to a great American ideal. M. B.

New York City.

DOES A CHIPMUNK CLIMB? I'LL SAY IT DOES

I AM amused at an article in the "By the Way" column of The Outlook of February 23 in which a reader tells of the California lumberjack that greased a pole for the chipmunks to climb.

Now I know chipmunks from here to

I have written a letter
unto you in few words.

Hebrews xiii. 22

Wisconsin, and from there to Utah, and the ones I am acquainted with can climb anything made out of wood anywhere.

I have seen them climb up very small quaking asp trees in the Rocky Mountains, and also up tall willows that were not more than one-half inch in thickness and up tall weeds that were not thicker than a lead pencil. Not once, but hundreds of times.

While they are not a true squirrel, they can climb anything that the true squirrel can.

And as for grease interfering with their climbing, I fail to see how it could, as they depend on their claws and not on friction, and can go up or down or stop at will.

I do not wish to start a general discussion, but in answer to the query "Can a chipmunk climb?" I wish to say most emphatically that he can.

R. P. GREGG.

Hard-Scrabble Farm Mena, Arkansas.

A DISCLAIMER

OUR attention has been called to a letter in your esteemed publication of February 16, 1921, entitled "England's Crimes" that, from the way in which it is signed, would seem to represent the views and to have been the result of definite action on the part of the Allandale Improvement Association of Allandale, Florida.

We would respectfully state, first, that the letter in question was not sent to you as a consequence of any action by our Association; second, that the subject has never been presented or considered at any Association meeting; and, third, that it does not express the sentiments of the organization as a whole.

Please understand we are not denying the individuals who signed the above-mentioned letter the right to voice and spread broadcast any opinions for which they are willing to stand sponsor. But we do most strenuously object to having opinions whatsoever attributed to the Allandale Improvement Association that are not the result of a proper official action by the Association at a regular or duly called meeting. The letter headed "England's Crimes" simply expresses the personal views of the three individuals signing it, and in no way

represents any action by the Allandale Improvement Association, nor gives a correct idea of the sentiments of any other members of the Association.

May we ask you to give this communication as much prominence as was accorded the letter to which it refers.

CHRIS. SUPPES, President.

J. W. RIKEMAN, Secretary.

The Allandale Improvement Association,
Allandale, Florida.

OPULENCE AND SPLENDOR

I

MR. JONES in his admirable letter on page 336 of your issue of March 2 says: "Make the seventy million urbanites know . . . the thirty-five million farmers who . . . toil early and late to feed the multitudes enjoying the opulence and splendor of our American cities," etc. Surely Mr. Jones must know down in his heart that this touching and oft-repeated reference to the helotry of the farmer to the city is "bunk" pure and undefiled. The farmer does absolutely no such thing. If he could make any more money doing contract work for his neighbors or selling real estate or agricultural implements to his brother slaves the farmers, he would, and often does, do it. As well try to draw tears to my eyes picturing the unhappy shoe operative who languidly flirts away the busy hours in the reeking city turning out brogues and still more brogues for the heartless and shoe-hungry farmers.

The farmer hasn't been entirely free of the charge of profiteering in the past few years.

Where did this yarn about the down-trodden farmer start, anyway? It does not sound good to the city man.

HARRY M. TEDMAN.

Toronto, Canada.

II

SINCE The Outlook has been ordained interpreter-mediator between the farmer and the city man, perhaps it would not be out of the way to suggest some points upon which illumination is needed.

Where did the advocate of the farmer get the idea about "the multitudes enjoying the opulence and splendor of our American cities"? Has he perchance been riding a "rubber-neck wagon" along Riverside Drive or around the lake shore in Chicago, or has he been reading the fiction in the "Saturday Evening Post" or "Cosmopolitan"? Did he ever view the miles upon miles of densely populated streets from the window of a train as it drew into the Grand Central station, or did he ever take a car ride out Halstead Street or Archer Avenue?

The "opulence and splendor" of the American city is merely its superficial

aspect. The visitor from Yap's Crossing and from Madison, Wisconsin, sees the gay life of the hotels and the theaters. These institutions are maintained for his benefit and by his largess. True, there are city men who live at the great hotels, frequent the cafés, and regularly attend the theaters; just as there are farmers who live in Wichita, Kansas, Elmira, New York, and Madison, Wisconsin. But the one class is no more representative of the city dweller than is the other of the countryman. The multitude in the city, as well as in the country, is composed of people who rise before dawn, toil through the daylight hours, and retire to their modest, perhaps squalid, homes with the setting of the sun.

"Ah, but how about the eight or nine hour day of the city worker?" your farmer will ask. Does your farmer know that if the city man is to live under conditions which are at all tolerable his residence must be ten, twenty, even fifty miles from his place of occupation? Does he know that in addition to, or rather as a part of, his daily work the city man must spend two or three hours on crowded street cars or in evil-smelling subways?

As for "physical discomforts and social deprivations," the farmer in the lowest state to which he may possibly descend can have no conception of the physical misery and social poverty which abounds in the city. It is not necessary to point to the lot of the tenement

dweller to show the inestimable advantage which the farmer possesses over the city man. The millions of, let us say, middle class, for lack of a better term, who live in apartments or in the closely crowded houses of the close-in residence districts exist from year's end to year's end without a single breath of ozone-charged air. They breathe the choking dirt and smoke of numberless shops and factories, they hurry to and from their occupations through jostling, self-centered crowds of strangers, they never know, perhaps, even the names of their nearest neighbors. To the city man even the gifts of nature come not with their full value. The sun is but an instrument of summer torture, the rain turns the streets into seas of reeking mud, the beauty of the moon and stars is lost in the *cliquant* glare of the arc lights.

However, there is no profit in arguing the matter; man was born to discontent, and the luckiest mortal who ever lived no doubt envied some one who, from his view-point, was having a better time. Every farmer longs for the time when he will have acquired enough wealth to retire and move to town and every town man dreams of the day when he can buy a farm. But neither the farmer who gets to the city nor the city man who moves to the country ever finds things in the new environment just as he had pictured them.

Why must we constantly be reminded

that the farmer feeds the world? Does not the world furnish him with his dwelling, with his clothing, with his machinery, and with his automobile? To the animal or to man in the primitive state food is everything; in the higher planes of culture it is only one of the necessities.

We appreciate the farmer far more perhaps than he appreciates us of the city. We acknowledge his service to the world, not only as a producer of food, but as the father of future generations of bankers and lawyers and manufacturers; but have we not the right to ask that the farmer, on his part, appreciate that we who eat his food provide him with comforts and luxuries which he could not produce and which he could not purchase unless we first bought his crops?

If it is true that the rural estate is "rising into organized and embittered self-consciousness," as your first-prize winner tells you, the very best cure for the malady would be to work out a system whereby each dissatisfied farmer might be permitted to enjoy a few months of work and play amid the "opulence and splendor" which he enviously views from afar. It might be a good plan, in fact, to arrange exchanges between city and country workers, so that the illusions on both sides might be cleared away.

ERNEST CORDEAL.

Stonleigh Court, Independence Avenue,
Kansas City, Missouri.

MORE THAN A COLLEGE DEGREE¹



SEVERAL thousand readers of The Outlook are no doubt telling you what you already know—"your magazine is one that should be on every reading table." As a newspaper man, who day to day weeds out the useless from the worthwhile, I have only

one addition to make to the statement—"your magazine should not only be on the reading table of every progressive, or conservative, American, but it ought to be read from cover to cover."

If the readers of The Outlook are anxious to keep abreast of the times, they know that fifteen or twenty minutes' reading will provide a careful survey of the main events of the past week. Two hours with The Outlook will do more for the busy American in the way of self-education, pleasure, and information than the same amount of time de-

voted to half a dozen other magazines, particularly those published every month and which devote many pages to fiction. I am glad that The Outlook recognizes the fiction field is overcrowded, and if the charge be made that it is a matter-of-fact publication, then such a characterization is to its credit.

I value The Outlook because:

It is so arranged that the busy man can get a comprehensive digest of the world's news and views in a minimum of time. For that reason alone it is seven times as valuable as a daily newspaper.

It is entertainingly, convincingly, and forcibly written.

Typographically, it is attractive, though I would like to see the yellow cover disappear.

Its editorials are to the point; they hit the mark, not always to one's liking, but they ring true. There are no useless words; the meaning is clear.

The special articles are informative and in keeping with the great public issues of the time. They are sufficiently varied to maintain the reader's interest.

I am glad the half-tone photograph is

recognized as an asset to any article; it dresses it up to the reader's satisfaction—but, best of all, there is more to an Outlook article than the picture.

In Lyman Abbott The Outlook possesses a writer who gives the magazine an individuality not equaled by any other publication; when he speaks, Outlook readers listen, and one cannot read an article from his pen without catching a better, broader vision of all that life holds. The occasional touch of theology that breathes an atmosphere of purity and wholesomeness is most welcome in these days of hurry, when one is apt to overlook the beautiful for the practical.

The Outlook is clean, original, progressive, and far-seeing. Its editors are fair, honest, and upright; else its articles would not stand the test of time. The Outlook, living up to its name, has caught the broader vision, and in this workaday world it occupies a niche not touched by any other publication.

To be a constant reader of The Outlook means more to me than a college degree; it is distinction and education in itself.

JAMES A. MURRIN.

Franklin, Pennsylvania.

¹This letter was among those submitted in the First Prize Contest.—The Publisher.



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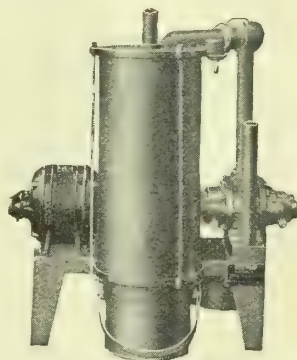
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A PENNY A DAY
PIPES THE DUST AWAY

THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Germany Called the Dance: Shall France Pay the Piper?

WHAT facts other than those mentioned by The Outlook on another page can you present in support of the things said in the second paragraph of this editorial?

What do you think The Outlook means by saying that "desolation in France is not the result of war"?

Read the article on another page written by Stéphane Lauzanne. In the light of what he says, what do you think just treatment for Germany would be?

Do you think the Allies should allow Germany to spend any money for military purposes? Show, with reasons, why or why not.

If you were a citizen of France, do you think you would want to see conscripted German laborers in France making good what Germany destroyed there during the war? What is your line of argument? How would you treat them?

Do you see any reasoning in this editorial or in the article by Stéphane Lauzanne that you consider economically unsound? What are your reasons?

Define the following expressions: *Sinister, euphemistic, villainy, conscription, practicable, fallacy, self-government.*

Peonage and Murder

What is peonage? Do we have a National peonage law? If so, how does it read? Is the "murder farm" in Georgia actually practicing peonage?

Should any of our States be allowed to have such laws as exist in the State of Georgia which have to do with the bailing and hiring out of convicted persons? Has the Federal Government power to enact a law which would make such State laws impossible? If not, could such a law be made? What is your explanation?

Is the South dealing justly with the Negro? Is it true that Southern States have made laws which disfranchise practically all the Negroes in the South?

What amendments to our Federal Constitution deal with the Negro? Explain in your own words what these amendments say about the Negro.

Do you think the Southern States should be forced to live up to these amendments? If they are not, why are they not?

What effect does it seem to you this peonage affair will have upon America's race problem?

In connection with this topic, it would be well to read "The Soul of John Brown," by S. Graham (Macmillan).

These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—The Editors.

lan); "The Voice of the Negro," by R. T. Kerlin (Dutton); "A Short History of the American Negro," by D. L. Browley (Macmillan).

What Will Congress Do?

A special session of Congress is now being held. What is the exact provision of the Constitution as to the calling of special sessions of the Congress? What are its provisions as to other sessions of Congress? Can the President call an extra session whenever he chooses?

Is it generally better to have one of the leading parties in control of both the Congress and the Presidency? In your opinion, would the present Congress do well to disregard entirely Democratic opposition? Explain briefly your answers to these questions.

What, in your opinion, are the three most pressing big problems before the present session of Congress? What are your reasons for selecting the three you do, and not some other problems? What do you hope to see the President and the Congress do about the three problems you have selected? Make clear by giving several reasons why you wish these problems settled as you suggest.

The editor of one of our daily papers says: "When the new Congress meets to-day (April 11, 1921), it will assemble surrounded by an atmosphere different from that which for many years has encompassed its predecessors." What is your explanation of this comment?

Is it true that "beginning with the first Cleveland Administration and since developing steadily, the executive and legislative departments of the Government have tended to become less co-ordinate"? During this time, has the power of the Presidency greatly increased and the Congress been slowly pushed out of its status of Constitutional equality? If so, do you regard this tendency as a desirable one?

What is President Harding's attitude toward the Presidency and the Congress? Is his attitude toward these more in accordance with the attitude which the framers of our Constitution held toward the Presidency and the Congress than was that held by President Roosevelt and President Wilson?

Has the present Congress a definite programme? Do you think it possesses capable leadership? Does it view the needs of our country, both Nationally and internationally, as a whole or otherwise? What reasons can you submit in answering these questions?

The following books, published by the Princeton University Press, are good ones to read in connection with this topic: "Modern Political Tendencies," by Theodore E. Burton; "The Relation of the Executive Power to Legislation," by H. C. Black; "The President's Control of Foreign Relations," by Edward S. Corwin.

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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

LYMAN ABBOTT, whose reminiscences of Edwin Booth appear in this issue as one of his "Snap-Shots of My Contemporaries," has contributed to recent issues papers on P. T. Barnum, John Greenleaf Whittier, and John B. Gough. His portraiture of President Hayes will appear soon. Dr. Abbott was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, in 1835. He is a graduate of New York University and has received honorary degrees from New York University, Harvard, Yale, Western Reserve, Amherst, and Miami. He was admitted to the New York bar in 1856 and practiced law until he entered the Congregational ministry in 1860. His first pastorate was in Terre Haute, Indiana. He was pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, from 1888 to 1899, succeeding Henry Ward Beecher. It was as associate editor with Mr. Beecher that he first became connected with this journal, of which he has been Editor-in-Chief for over forty years.

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, who has been President of The Outlook Company for nearly thirty years, was a classmate, at Amherst, of Starr J. Murphy, of whom he writes.

STÉPHANE LAUZANNE is editor of the Paris "Matin." He has contributed frequently to The Outlook. His article on "The Black Troops," with a statement by Ferdinand Foch, Marshal of France, appeared in the issue of March 16, 1921. He is at present in the United States in company with the French Special Ambassador, M. Viviani.

EDWARD LASELL PARTRIDGE is a New York physician. He was born in Newton, Massachusetts, and received his degree from the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University. He is a son-in-law of the late Professor Theodore W. Dwight, founder of Columbia University Law School. He is consulting physician of the New York Hospital, and was formerly Professor at the New York Post-Graduate Medical College and in the medical department of Columbia, and president of the New York Nursery and Child's Hospital and now of the Washington Square House for Friendless Girls. He has been a leader in establishing and developing the Inter-State Park on the Hudson River.

NEWTON A. FUESSELE pronounces his name "Feezlee," but he answers to almost anything that contains an "f" and a couple of "s" 's. He is on the staff of The Outlook.

HENRY HOYT MOORE, art manager of The Outlook, was given special permission by the Players Club to photograph for this issue Edmond T. Quinn's statue of Edwin Booth in Gramercy Park, placed there by the Players. Jules Guérin, on behalf of the Players Club, approved of the photograph as a worthy representation of the famous statue. The portrait of Booth on the cover was made by permission from a monotone reproduction of Collier's painting, published by the Century Company in "Edwin Booth: Recollections," by his daughter, Edwina Booth Grossmann.



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For Rent, Cornwall, Conn.
A house with 4 master's bedrooms, 3 servants' rooms, sleeping porch, 3 bath-rooms, large living-room, broad veranda. Fully furnished. Rental \$200 a month from June 15 to September 15. Beautiful situation. **L. R. SANFORD.**

A \$50,000 PLACE FOR SALE AT HALF PRICE
Address Box 238, Guilford, Conn.

COTTAGE FOR SALE

10 rooms. On shore front; all improvements. Owner on premises. **Guilford, Conn., Box 388.**

To Rent, Furnished House 8 rooms and bath, all conveniences. Beautifully situated. \$50 per month. **Lock Box 8, Kent, Conn.**

AN ATTRACTIVE COTTAGE For Rent **LAKEVILLE, CONN.**
9 rooms, modern and up to date. \$800 for 3 months, furnished. Delightful location, high elevation. **E. L. PEABODY, Agt.**

FOR RENT A four-room bungalow, furnished, running water. 20 min. walk to lake and village. **Almira Cleveland, Ledge Cottage, Lakeville, Conn.**

For Sale On Long Island Sound near New Haven easy access to New York, nearly new cottage. 7 rooms, bath, sleeping porch, every convenience, double garage. Near water, on elevation affording extensive view of Sound, harbor, country. Ample grounds, shrubs, flowers, garden. Must be seen to be appreciated. Exceptional value, to close estate. **A. J. CRAWFORD, 214 Crown St., New Haven, Conn.**

FOR SALE

Beautiful Suburban Home Six Acres on heights overlooking New Haven. Red sandstone 18-room house, good repair, new roof, fireplaces, bath, city water, gas, electric current on street. Barn, apple, pear and forest trees. Grapes and garden. Near schools and trolley. **OWNER, 82 Grand Ave., New Haven, Conn.**

Western Connecticut Farms and Country Homes

Fruit, chicken, stock and tobacco farms in fertile Housatonic Valley section. Prices reasonable—Delightful Old Homes—remarkable opportunities offered. Investigate if you think you are entitled to the best your money can buy. For list address **ROLAND F. MYGATT, New Milford, Conn.**

FOR SALE OR LEASE

Country Place—200 Acres

7 Miles from Pomfret Station, Conn. Weathered shingled colonial house, 14 rooms, 6 baths, furnace, cellar under entire house, living and dining rooms 19 x 33 ft. 2 cottages for help, detached laundry, work shop, tool house, large garage, hen house, ice house (filled), pond adjoining, 4 barns. Apple orchard, peach, cherry, pear and plum trees; strawberries, grapes and all small fruits and asparagus in abundance. House 1/2 mile back from State road, attractive grounds and splendid views. Altitude 725 feet. Price without equipment \$30,000. Rental furnished \$2,500. 4,677, Outlook.

Furnished House of 15 Rooms To Rent
Overlooking harbor, near water, all conveniences. **Box 3, Stonington, Conn.**

CONNECTICUT



ON LONG ISLAND SOUND AT SAYBROOK, CONN.
Fully furnished house for Rent or Sale
Delightfully located, with fine views; always cool. House contains 9 bedrooms, 2 baths, large sun-room, living and dining room, commodious kitchen quarters, sleeping-porch, open fireplaces, ample piazzas, 4 acres land, 3 sides shore front; flower and vegetable gardens. Tennis court, lawn, shade trees. Garage for 4 cars, boats; fine safe bathing. 2 hours 45 minutes to New York, 3 express trains daily. Address **T. L. CUYLER, Jr., Saybrook, Conn.**

For Rent, for the season, Sharon, Conn., Litchfield Hills, attractive furnished cottages, villas, and estates. All modern impts. Prices \$400 to \$6,000. For sale, cottages, villas, estates, farms, lots, etc. All modern impts. Prices \$4,000 to \$30,000. Fine train service to N. Y. Address **Willard Baker, Sharon, Conn.**

IDEAL COUNTRY HOME

FOR SALE 40 ACRES
Elevation 625 feet above tidewater. Excellent view Long Island Sound and surrounding country. 15-room house; large outbuildings. Highly cultivated land used for dairy, truck and fruit. Near State road, 3 miles from Shelton. 12 from Bridgeport, 60 from New York. Apply to **GEORGE W. DREW, R. F. D., Shelton, Conn.**



West Hartford—For Sale

ENGLISH COTTAGE
Nine rooms; all improvements; fruit, shade and shrubbery; spacious grounds. Delightful place for a Hartford professional or business man; or for one who has retired. Address **Owner, Suite 5, 19 Ware St., Cambridge, Mass.**

To Rent for the Summer FURNISHED FARM HOUSE IN THE CONNECTICUT HILLS
Nine rooms and bath, hot and cold water. Nine miles from Williamantic. **Fine place for children. 4,679, Outlook.**

9-Room Shore Cottage To Rent
Exceptional sea-frontage and neighborhood. \$800 for season. **F. Whitmore, Woodmont, Conn.**

Unusual Opportunity—

For Sale—An Ideal Connecticut Location
Portion of 75 acres with fine building and cabin, suitable for summer or winter camp, inn, sanitarium. Address **4,863, Outlook.**

FLORIDA

For Sale—10-Acre Lot in Sunny Florida
All high pine land. Address **Owner, N. L. WETMORE, 63 Princeton St., Medford, Mass.**

MAINE

BEAUTIFUL COTTAGE
BAILEY ISLAND, CASCO BAY, MAINE
8 rooms, commanding view of bay and ocean. Large living-room, dining-room, kitchen, and three bedrooms on ground floor; two rooms second floor. Modern improvements. Plot 90 x 160. **FOR QUICK SALE.** I am offering this ideal SUMMER HOME for \$1,700—a price far below present cost to build. Photograph on application. **M. H. PHILLIPS, 17 Battery Place, New York City.**

Belgrade Lakes, Me. Small camp
boat, ice, running water. Terms reasonable. **M. H. SMITH, 514 Fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

MAINE

BAILEY ISLAND, MAINE

FOR RENT, Roseledge Cottage, well furnished, 9 rooms and bath, modern plumbing, open fireplace, well-kept grounds. Fine unobstructed views. Season, \$400. **S. D. SKIDMORE, 1706 N. 18th St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

FORTUNES ROCKS, Biddeford, Me. 2 shore cottages for rent, furnished most attractively for modern housekeeping. 8 rooms, bath, 2 toilets, electricity, water. Also small furnished camp for three persons. **Miss ESTHER W. SMITH, Andover, Mass.**

RENT or FOR SALE Furnished Cottages
Unusually fine situation; all modern improvements, beautiful view; on **Boothbay Harbor, Me.**, convenient to all points; twelve rooms and four sleeping-porches; also smaller house. For particulars, **Mrs. J. M. ROBINSON, West Boothbay Harbor, Me.**

BOOTHBAY HARBOR, ME.
Shore lots and furnished cottages on Southport for sale or rent. Season \$150-\$200. 200 acres on Linekin's Neck. Ocean and river front. All wooded. Photos. **JOHN H. BLAIR, Boothbay Harbor, Me.**

Boothbay Harbor, Me. To rent, furnished, 7-room cottage. City water, open fireplace, and broad piazzas overlooking harbor. \$175 for season. Address **EMMA E. JONES, 50 Bangor St., Augusta, Me.**

CAMDEN, MAINE

2 Fully Furnished High-Class Summer Cottages
2 and 3 bath-rooms, 3 and 2 fireplaces, respectively, 80 mile view up and down the coast. Photos, plans and detailed description. Also fine old Colonial homestead on edge of village with 6 fireplaces, 2 bath-rooms, open plumbing, electric light. **J. R. Prescott, Newtonville, Mass.**

CAMDEN ON THE COAST OF MAINE—For Rent
Fully furnished, attractive cottage, on Dillingham Point, on the shore. Apply to **E. L. DILLINGHAM, 599 5th Avenue, N. Y.**

TO LET AT CASTINE, ME.

A large modern colonial house, furnished in colonial style, with billiard room, garage, and tennis court. Very near good golf links. Magnificent view overlooking Penobscot Bay. For further details write **Mrs. E. H. CARPENTER, 12 Charles River Square, Boston, Mass.**

TO RENT

Cottage Among the Pines on Kezar Lake, Center Lovell, Me.
Beautiful mountain view, fine bathing beach. Piazza on two sides, 5 bedrooms, bath, living-room 30 feet long with large fireplace, dining-room, kitchen, pantry. Completely furnished, including bedding and silver. Excellent drinking water. Garage. \$400 for season. Address **Mrs. M. H. Ellis, 20 Roseland St., Cambridge (40), Mass.**

TO LET

FURNISHED CAMP
AT EAST SEBAGO, MAINE
30 miles from Portland on beautiful Lake Sebago. Rent \$300. For particulars address **Mrs. CHARLES A. RING, East Sebago, Me.**

GARDINER, ME.

For Rent July and August
LARGE COUNTRY HOUSE, beautifully furnished in old mahogany. 6 acres, 5 in woods, stable, view Kennebec River, navigable for large yachts; daily steamer to seashore. Stream 25 miles long for motor boats and canoes. State road to Portland. Trains for Boston and New York. Large, sunny living and dining rooms, fireplaces, 6 owner's chambers, 2 bath-rooms, 2 maids' chambers and bath, downstairs lavatory, laundry. Modern plumbing, electricity, hot and cold running water. **P. O. Box 473.**

Herrick's, Hancock County, Me.
FURNISHED BUNGALOW, on water's edge, 7 rooms, modern improvements, filled icehouse, motor and rowboats for season. Apply to **Mrs. M. L. F. PACKER, 87 Edwards St., Hartford, Conn.**

Islesford, Me. For Sale or Rent
House, twelve rooms, hardwood floors, open fires, fine water supply, modern conveniences, two acres of land, trees, garden, sandy beach, bathhouse, wood and ice house. Fine view of mountains. Twenty minutes from North East and Seal Harbor. Moderate. Apply **Guarantee Trust and Safe Deposit Company, 316 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

MacMahan Island, Me. Seacoast Bath and Boothbay Harbor; 2 acres wooded, 500 feet shore front; dwelling overlooks ocean; 12 rooms, 2 baths, hot, cold and salt water; stone fireplaces; large covered piazza. Furnished. Reasonable. **W. R. HOWE, Orange, N. J.**

MAINE

Murray Hill, Me. For sale, seven-room cottage, \$2,200 if sold prior to renting season. Full particulars, **C. S. McFarland, 91 Commercial St., Boston, Mass.**

Beautiful Ocean View, Unsurpassed on Maine Coast

NEW HARBOR, ME.

For Sale—Colonial Model House
situated on high hill, overlooking sea 8 large rooms, basement, hot-water heating system, electric lights, water in sink, 2 minutes' walk from church, post office and school. **BURTON B. BLAISDELL, New Harbor, Me.**

OLD ORCHARD, ME.

For sale, estate, 12,240 feet. House 8 rooms, bath, 3-room summer suite; garden, fruit lawn, shrubs, garage. Also two vacant lots. Also lot at West Hampton Beach, L. I. **WM. FRANKLIN, Old Orchard, Me.**

For Sale—Cash Terms. About 1 1/2 Acres.

Possibly For Rent Season of 1921

OGUNQUIT, MAINE

NEW HOUSE 1917

On ocean. Three minutes from cable telegraph, hotels, churches, post office, and trolley. Twelve rooms, electric lighting, laundry, light cemented cellar with Boynton furnace; three bath-rooms, three fireplaces. Fine golf links near. Apply by letter. **M. M. STEVENSON, Lock Box 243, Ogunquit, Me.**

OGUNQUIT, MAINE

For Rent—Summer Cottages
Beautifully situated and completely furnished for housekeeping. **E. S. WARE, 6 East 8th St., New York City.**

PEMAQUID, MAINE

Near PORTLAND—For Sale or To Let
The finest estate on the coast of Maine. 300 acres. If desired, the large furnished home will be let separate from the farm. Boating, bathing, and fishing. Fine drives. Address **W. G. TIBBETTS, Pemaquid Harbor, Me.**

Pemaquid Harbor, Maine

To let for the month or season. Most attractive and perfectly equipped bungalow, nestling among the pines on the rocky shore of Maine. Rent reasonable. **Mrs. J. B. FIELDING, 1536 Commonwealth Ave., Brighton, Mass.**

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Attractive country homes and Estates. List of unusually fine properties sent on request.

MAINE REALTY BUREAU

PORTLAND MAINE

Rangeley Lake—Sale or Rent

Completely furnished housekeeping cottage 6 master rooms, 2 maids', dining and living rooms, 2 baths. Bargain if immediate. Particulars, **E. HARRISON, 60 West 53d St., N. Y. City.**

For Sale—30 Acre Place

edge of Richmond Village. Spacious house, large piazza. Many shade and fruit trees, berries. Barn, carriage house, hen houses. For particulars address, **Box 175, Aberdeen, Wash.**

For Sale or Rent at Seal Harbor

Mt. Desert, Maine, attractive summer cottage, furnace, fireplaces, large piazza. Terms very reasonable. Apply to **M. W. HENSHAW, 23 Craigie St., Cambridge, Mass.**

For Sale, very desirable Summer Home

on Lake Umbagog, Winthrop, Me. 7 rooms, broad veranda, running water, electric lights, fireplace, garage, ice, tennis court, large lot, in grove, lawn and garden. Also furnished cottage to rent. For terms and photo apply to **RAY G. MARSTON, care Augusta Savings Bank, Augusta, Me.**

Wiscasset, Me. Beautiful village, modern 6-room cottage, furnished, electric lights, piped water, phone, open fire, large grounds, athletic field, grand view, salt water bathing, auto trunk line, fishing, boating, main line R. I. steamboat service. **H. W. Hawes, Wiscasset, Me.**

For Sale at York Cliffs, Maine

House and furniture to settle an estate. House consisting of seven master's rooms, two servants' rooms, three bath-rooms, living room, dining-room, kitchen and laundry. Sun and sleeping porches. Furnace and four fireplaces. Apply to **Mr. J. PERLEY PUTNAM, York Harbor, Maine.**

Real Estate

MAINE

SOUTH WEST HARBOR, ME.
Cottages to Rent, \$200 to \$1,000
ALICE C. YOUNG, Box 213.

MASSACHUSETTS

**An Attractive
Summer Residence in Becket,
in the Berkshire Hills,
Massachusetts — For Sale**

With garage for 2 cars, vegetable garden, apple orchard, flower garden, unexcelled artesian well water. House, Swiss chalet architecture; 11 rooms, 3 bath rooms, screened dining porch and sleeping porches. Only a few minutes from village stores and railway station; State road all the way from Pittsfield, Lenox, and Springfield. Altitude 1,400 ft.; beautiful view of surrounding hills.

For information address

E. O. SUTTON

12 Ingraham Terrace, Springfield, Mass.

Berkshire Hills

Modern, house fully furnished. Fine views. 4 large bedrooms, ample servants' rooms, 3 baths, 2 toilets, garage. Long or short rental.

H. W. HEWITT

Williamstown, Mass.

Mid the Berkshires Furnished houses for the summer from \$200 to \$6,000 per season. Farms of every nature. Hotels and road houses for sale. CORNELL COMPANY, Proctor Building, Troy, N. Y., Great Barrington, Mass.

CAPE COD For Sale, 3 attractive Summer Cottage Lots. Sagamore Beach, Mass. Moderate terms. G. O. FISHER, 11 Buffum St., Salem, Mass.

FOR SALE—East Northfield, Mass. Ideal rustic Cottage, fully furnished, on hillside; pines, view, screens, running water, bath, toilet, large verandas, 6 bedrooms, oil, wood, coal and fireless cooking. "Y." Mr. HOWARD.

TO PURCHASE

"In the Berkshires"

(A few hours from New York City, near the Village of Interlaken, Mass., close to N. Y. State Line.)

**A Gentleman's
Magnificent Estate**

Commands a Superb Panoramic View of this garden spot of America.

"Bonnie Brier Farms"

Embraces approximately 1,400 acres with Private Lake.

**Aristocratic and Exclusive
Environment**

High elevation assures excellent climate. Large, modern dwelling, appointments complete in every detail. Beautiful landscape garden. Greenhouses individually cost \$150,000. Large garage. Stables will accommodate 50 horses. There is also a comprehensive group of outbuildings, including a large boarding house for keep, seven individual keepers' lodges, barns, dairy house, blacksmith shop, etc.

Farm lands in excellent state of cultivation. There are beautiful orchards, attractive woodland and splendid pasture.

Conservative cost to duplicate this Estate, \$500,000. Will be sold at considerable sacrifice.

Detailed information furnished on request.

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MASSACHUSETTS

FOR RENT, SEASON 1921

Heath, Massachusetts
In Beautiful Hill Town. Elevation 1,700 Feet

A modernized farmhouse, fully furnished, facing splendid view. Has twelve rooms, 2 baths, lavatory, fireplaces, wood furnace, piazzas, sleeping porches; garden; garage; servants' cottage adjoining. For further particulars address Box 17, Greenfield, Mass.

Manomet, Plymouth, Mass.

NEW FURNISHED COTTAGE
to let or for sale; broad piazzas, electric lights, hot and cold water, conveniences, open fireplace; terms moderate. WM. H. HAWLEY, Room 148, State House, Boston.

Northampton, Mass. For sale or long lease, to settle an estate, fine modern residence, interior elaborately finished in natural hard woods; large grounds with rare evergreens, fruit trees, and rock garden. Situated on summit of historic Round Hill, with extensive views of mountain, meadow and river. Five minutes' walk from Smith College. For further particulars address Dr. MINSHALL, Northampton, Mass.

Two Furnished Cottages

FOR RENT from June 24th to Sept. 10th
Meals furnished at White House Inn, situated on same grounds. For details apply to Mrs. M. V. BURGESS, 91 Elm St., Northampton, Mass.

FOR SALE

AT NORTHFIELD, MASS.

13-room house, two baths, furnished or unfurnished. Has sleeping porches, piazzas, garage. Artesian well, fine water, 15 acres of land with valuable pine trees and magnificent view of Connecticut Valley and mountains. Excellent train service. Apply to S. C. ROPES, 45 West 75th St., New York City.

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FOR SALE

ABOUT 1,000 ACRES

NORTHWEST, MASS.

3 hours from Boston, 2 hours from Albany. Elevation 1,400. Surrounds and carries private ownership lake, 100 acres. Stocked with Fish and Game. Posted 5 years. Timber will pay 10% on investment. Several buildings. \$15,000. Frank P. Crouch, Rochester, N. Y.

Ocean Front Estates

at Rockport, Mass.
for sale, \$40,000 to \$75,000. Others with broad ocean view, \$10,000 up.

COTTAGES TO LET

HELEN THURSTON

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FOR RENT AT SIASCONSET,

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Furnished four-room bungalow. Excellent roads; country near woods. Excellent bathing beach. B. E. DAVIS, Provincetown, Mass.

FOR SALE

Beautifully Situated House

Seven rooms, barn, henery, thirty-five fruit trees, soft well water, on acre lot, **Warwick Village, Mass.** Price one thousand dollars. Rev. N. K. Nichols, Congress Park, Ill.

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Gentlemen's estates and farms for sale. Furnished houses for rent.

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80 acres and improvements in Ravalli Co., Montana. 11 acres and unusually substantial and artistic house in Great Barrington, Mass. A desirable residence in Washington, D. C. M. E. Scully, 3612 Conn. Av., Washington, D. C.

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Chocorua, N. H. For rental, completely and attractively furnished, a charming summer house near the lake, and having the usual living and service rooms, with 5 master's rooms, 5 baths, and adequate servants' rooms and baths. Garage with 2 rooms and bath; 2-section bath house on the beach. Moderate rental for the season. Apply to Benjamin C. Tower, 35 Congress St., Boston, Mass. Agent, for photographs and full information.

CHOCORUA

Comfortably furnished 10-room house, with bath, 4 fireplaces, broad piazza overlooking Chocorua Lake, garage, boat and bath house at Lake; ice and wood. W. M. S., 95 Irving St., Cambridge, Mass.

NEW HAMPSHIRE



NEW HAMPSHIRE

House, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, for rent to refined people for summer season. Delightfully located on New England farm near Portsmouth and Concord. Every convenience. Fully furnished. Open fires. Wood supply free. Rent \$500. Apply for particulars:

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47 W. 34th St., New York, N. Y.

FOR RENT at

Bridgewater, N. H. 9-ROOM

COTTAGE
Beautifully situated in the pines on the shore of New Found Lake. Porches on two sides. House well screened and attractively furnished. Electricity, garage, ice, wood. On State road to White Mts. For particulars address Mrs. J. J. Loizeaux, 21 Fairview St., Newton, Mass.

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Forest Hills, Franconia, N. H.

Three beautiful cottages for rent. Hot water, baths, fireplaces in every room, electric light, telephone. Three hundred acres, free golf, tennis, dancing; meals at delightful hotel that takes complete charge of bungalows. Reasonable rates. Finest view east of the Rockies. KARL P. ABBOTT.

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Any part or the whole of a ten-acre well wooded tract on **BEAUTIFUL BIRCH POINT** with wonderful view. Eleven hundred feet of shore line. Inquire of WILLIAM F. RICHARDS, Newport, N. H.

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IN SOO-NIPI PARK. Completely furnished 11-room cottage; 2 baths, small garage. Rent for summer. Also for sale. Address C. D. QUACKENBOS, 37 West 73d St., New York.

For Sale, Lake Winnepesaukee.

Bungalow among spruces, grand views, modern comforts, large lake frontage. Might rent to desirable party. Box 1,344, Boston.

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For rent, an attractive, well furnished, modernized cottage, containing large living-room, dining-room, kitchen, laundry, and servants' dining-room, good pantry, five or six master's chambers, two maids' rooms, and three baths. Electric lights, aqueduct water, furnace, large screened piazza and three fireplaces. Garage. Fine situation in beautiful country. Address CHARLES F. BATCHELDER, 7 Kirkland St., Cambridge, Mass.

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For rent for season 1921, modern 8-room house. Short drive to golf course. Superb bathing. Seashore and country combined. R. E. BERRY, Rye Beach, N. H.

SUGAR HILL, N. H.

"EDGEWOOD CAMP"

FURNISHED COTTAGE FOR SALE

2 acres of land. Large living-room, with fireplace, kitchen, 4 double, 3 single bedrooms, 3 sleeping porches, 2 baths, lavatory. Large veranda, portion conveniently screened for outdoor dining-room. Old-fashioned garden, vegetable garden. Beautiful view of Franconia Range. Within convenient distance Sunset Hill House. For house plans and terms, apply to 460 Prospect St., New Haven, Conn.

Sugar Hill, White Mts.

For Rent Furnished—1700 ft. el.

Spacious Cottage near Sunset Hill House
12 rooms, electricity, kitchen, garage. For full price, particulars, address 4,851, Outlook.

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To rent, 8 rooms and bath, good spring water, electricity, fireplaces, piazza. Address J. D. REID, 117 Revere St., Boston, Mass.

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In the heart of the White Mts. For rent \$300, furnished Cottage, 6 bedrooms, bath, living-room. Meals may be had at hotel if desired. Mrs. MERRILL HUNT, So. Lincoln, Mass.

White Mountains Wonalancet, N. H.

Never Before Rented

Very civilized and beautiful country home and appurtenances secluded in mountains. Deep piazzas, views, fireplaces, several hundred books, pure spring water. Bird-lovers' paradise. Extensive system of trails. Easy house-keeping. Provisions delivered. No hay fever. Address 131 E. Illinois Road, Lake Forest, Ill.

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Home (not new), superior construction, perfect condition throughout. 9 rooms, bath, all improvements; slate roof, copper leaders. Beautiful lot, 100 x 218, large 2-car garage. Near depot \$15,500. Phone owner for appointment Montclair 2336-R, or 4,835, Outlook.

For Sale, Montclair, N. J.—Artistic
Dutch Colonial house, near station and schools. Five bedrooms, two baths, sleeping porch, solarium. Address 4,149, Outlook.

For Rent, Newfoundland, N. J.

45 miles from New York, altitude 900 ft., old-fashioned house, 8 rooms, 2 baths; garage, chauffeur's room, gravity supply spring water, 50 foot concrete swimming pool. House completely furnished, except linen and silver. \$1,500. Season, April to December. Apply Owner, Room 608, 149 Broadway, N. Y. City.

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Commuting distance of New York, modern seven-room house, garage, near Country Club. \$6,500. Owner, 27 Jackson St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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75 acres. Good water, meadow, woods, State road. Opposite Duke's Park. A. L. Canfield, Somerville, N. J.

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Beautiful corner lot, 225x394 ft., overlooking Passaic Valley and surrounding country. Shingle house, thirteen rooms, three baths; hot water heat; three-car garage; large garden; asparagus bed, fruit trees, grape vines, flowering plants and shrubbery in abundance. For information apply to Charles D. Ferry, 271 Boulevard, Summit, N. J., or real estate agents.

SUMMIT, N. J. For rent, furnished for the summer, 9-room house, all improvements, large screened sleeping porch and sun-parlor, double garage, convenient to stores and depot. Rent only to adults, \$200 a month. Address N. S. DAVIS, 47 Hawthorne Place.

FOR RENT 20 miles from New York in New Jersey

A Charming Detached

Country Residence

Built on high ground surrounded by well timbered park, 300 acres. Golf course and tennis court; kitchen garden. Dining and drawing rooms, library, 8 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms. Address 4,317, Outlook.

IDEAL HOMESTEAD FARM

Within easy commuting distance of New York, in north Jersey hills. Artistic modern 14-room house with all improvements, 30 acres of beautiful land bounded by trout brook, complete outbuildings. \$45,000. J. BOYCE SMITH, Ext., 25 W. 44th St., N. Y. C. Brokers protected.

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At great sacrifice for immediate sale. Price at 1/4 its value to realize cash. 10 min. walk to station, only 22 miles to Philadelphia, hourly service. Magnificent grounds, wealth of shrubbery; one of the best estates in the East; fine buildings. Full particulars and photos on request. Address Owner 4,313, Outlook.

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Superb Adirondack Lake

150 acres, 8,000 feet frontage, finely wooded shores, sandy beach. Best fishing, bathing, boating. Property has title to all waters. 1,350 feet elevation. Ideal Adirondack atmosphere, magnificent views. 2 cottages, large barn. Ideal for camp, hunting and fishing club. Most accessible by New York Central and D. & H. Railroads. 4 miles from Hadley and Hudson River, 6 hours from New York. Fine auto road from New York. Rare opportunity. \$20,000, very liberal terms. Edward C. Dayton, Realty Specialist, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

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CLUB, Essex-on-Lake-Champlain. Cottages with central club house where meals are served. References required. For circular or information address JOHN B. BURNHAM, 233 Broadway, New York.

Real Estate

NEW YORK

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FOR RENT

Eighteen rooms, 20 acres, 4 miles from Paul Smith's, on Upper St. Regis Lake, Railroad Station Lake Clear Junction. Post-office, telegraph and express office conveniences. Day and night trains from New York. Furnished, including linen. Ice house, barn, three platform tents, woodshed full of wood, boathouse with large upper porch. Rent reasonable. For particulars address

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Summer Home in Adirondacks

Furnished, 6 or 8 rooms, hot and cold water, bath, piano. Altitude 1,000 ft. Rent for season very reasonable. A. WARD, Jay, N. Y.

COMMODIOUS CAMP

In most picturesque part of Adirondacks. For Sale. Miss R. M. White, 122 Islington Road, Aburndale, Mass.

FOR SALE all kinds of
Adirondack Mount Real Estate
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Adirondacks 180 acres fronting on site for camp, sanitarium or summer hotel. Adapted also to fish culture game-bird or silver fox farm. Three spring ponds, numerous springs pure soft water, equal to any on the market. Supply sufficient for large bottled water business. Water can be piped to R. R. Valuable timber on property. For particulars write C. H. YOUNG, Malone, N. Y.

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Heart of the Adirondack Mountains

Cottages for rent. Purest running water. Furnished, and ice and wood. All conveniences. Wonderful scenery, and near mountain trails. Secluded yet convenient to village. For further details write to MATTHEW CRAWFORD, Keene Valley, N. Y.

A Country Home ADIRONDACK
FOOTHILLS with access to a beautiful clear water lake. Fully furnished; moderate rental. John B. Burnham, 233 Broadway, N. Y.

FOR RENT On LAKE GEORGE
In the Adirondacks
Furnished cottages. Golf, tennis, boating, bathing, fishing. Meals at Club if desired.
GLENBURNIE CO., Glenburnie, N. Y.

For Sale, "Westwood"

A beautiful country home in a clean college town, 1½ miles to Erie R. R., ½ mile to post office, elevation 1,800 feet; beautiful view. Brick and shingle, tile roof, plate glass, 12 rooms and large attic, stable and storage shed. 2 acres, garden, fruit trees, city water, also hot and cold soft water, bath and lavatory, natural gas, furnace and 6 wood and gas fireplaces. Laundry, vegetable, furnace, and coal rooms in basement. Address
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Brick house, 15 rooms, 4 porches; large barn; 32 acres of land, pond, small woods extending to river. On State road. For particulars address Miss BERTHA CRIST, Burnside, N. Y.

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10 room cottage, garage, icehouse, spring water, fruit trees, 2 acres.
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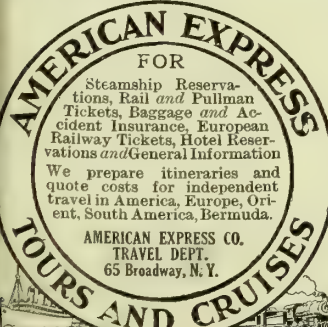
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It affords all the comforts of home without extravagance.

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NURSERY governess. Little girls 6, 11, and 12 years. Mountains in summer. Some knowledge of music and ability to row and swim desirable. Mrs. Samuel B. Scott, 2106 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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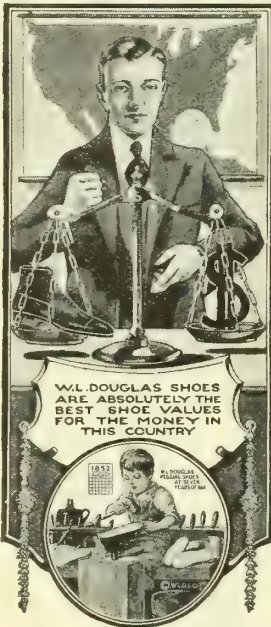
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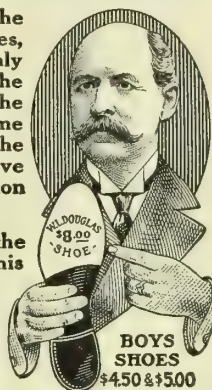
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BY THE WAY

PHOTOGRAPHERS, when they examine a scene on the ground glass of their cameras, find the image inverted. A new invention, described in the "Photo-Era," consists of spectacles which, reversing the image again, enable the wearer to see the scene in an upright position. The spectacles are worn like any others, and should prove a boon to people who find it difficult to see the reality before them when it is presented upside down.

The Cunard Line evidently has faith in the future of transatlantic travel. It is building thirteen new liners, which when completed will give the company a total tonnage of over a million. Several of the new steamers will each carry 2,500 passengers. A new feature of one of them is described as a garden lounge. "Her passengers enjoy the sun and sea air amid surroundings typical of an old English garden. Cold winds and rain will not interfere with the comfort of those seeking the tranquillity of these resting-places, for they are inclosed with sliding windows."

One of the few recorded occasions when Whistler was "floored" is mentioned in a magazine article about the artist. He once said to an inquisitive model who had asked him where he was born (he was secretive as to the date and place of his birth), "My child, I was not born. I came from on high." And the model answered, with a wit as keen as Whistler's, "I should have supposed you came from below."

Do the world's islands take a dispropor-

HELP WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

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PROTESTANT clergyman open for summer supply or more permanent work. Ample references. 9,711, Outlook.

ORGANIST and PIANIST, Presbyterian, desires church position. Location and organ considered. References. 9,721, Outlook.

Business Situations

SECRETARIAL POSITION, or as companion-secretary, in New York, desired by woman of refinement and education; trustworthy; typist; references. 9,628, Outlook.

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY STUDENT, having comfortable new five passenger Stearns-Knight touring car, desires position as chauffeur for summer months. References given. Address C. S. Satterthwait, Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.

POSITION as HOSTESS in summer hotel or inn wanted by young woman with several years' executive experience in camp and ranch. 9,713, Outlook.

WOMAN desires out-of-town position. Executive ability, 12 years' experience, understands bookkeeping, capable directing organization, excellent character. Best reference. 9,715, Outlook.

SECRETARY—Young woman, experienced, desires position in school or college. References. 9,728, Outlook.

GARDENING—Experienced college woman will take charge of garden, in the East, immediately. 9,732, Outlook.

YOUNG man desires position of superintendent or assistant in boys institution, or in church work among young people. Would tutor. Experienced. 9,748, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

COLLEGE woman, business experience, wishes position with travel abroad during summer. Chaperon, secretary, or executive work. 9,744, Outlook.

WANTED, in June, by college instructor who has crossed Atlantic several times, position as companion, nurse maid, or chaperon; merely for the voyage to Europe. 9,751, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

SECRETARY-COMPANION or similar position where executive ability and superior qualities of gentlewoman are of first importance. No objection to country or traveling. 9,712, Outlook.

WOMAN employed as housemother in boys' private school wishes position for summer, care of house or children. 9,714, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED trained nurse maid would like position in Middle or Far West. Best references. 9,705, Outlook.

EDUCATED young American woman, accustomed to traveling, as companion, tutor, or chaperon. 9,706, Outlook.

REFINED, cultivated woman would like position as companion, chaperon, or home manager. Prefer widower's family. Best references. 9,700, Outlook.

PROFESSIONAL MAN (doctor) wishes to act as traveling companion to several young men going to Europe for summer months. 9,639, Outlook.

CULTURED New England woman desires housekeeper's position in gentleman's house where sterling character and ability would be appreciated. 9,725, Outlook.

TWO French teachers want summer position as waitresses in tea room or hotel. Miss L. L., 67 Wildwood Ave., Newtonville, Mass.

GRADUATE nurse, refined, sunny disposition, no relatives, will take intelligent care of lady or gentleman. Good traveler, finest credentials. 9,723, Outlook.

YOUNG woman desires position as companion-secretary; can drive car. Best references. 9,736, Outlook.

LADY well qualified to act as chaperon wishes position for summer months. Excellent references. 9,739, Outlook.

PRIMARY teacher wishes position with family going abroad. References. Drawer J, S. Norwalk, Conn.

YOUNG woman, linguist, many years' foreign residence, nursing experience, desires in return for passage to France to act as guide, secretary, companion, or governess. References. 9,742, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, college graduate, desires in return for transportation to act as companion to one or more persons traveling to Colorado or adjacent States in June. References. 9,741, Outlook.

SUPERVISING housekeeper wishes position hospital or institution. Experienced. Best references. 9,743, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

PRINCETON senior wishes position as tutor or companion during next summer. Accustomed to outdoor life and sports. 9,659, Outlook.

POSITION as counselor for boys' camp wanted by young man experienced in boys' work and all phases of camp activities. Organized two camps and developed them successfully. Well educated. Best of references. 9,664, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED primary teacher desires position tutoring or as governess for summer months. Will help sew. 9,665, Outlook.

CULTURED woman, college graduate, resident Middle West, desires opportunity leave city for summer, as camp counselor, or companion at summer home or resort. Likes young people. Minimum compensation. References exchanged. 9,707, Outlook.

MASTER of private school, 30, in the intelligence service on French battle fronts, would go to Europe as tutor or companion. Moderate knowledge of French. 9,708, Outlook.

GOVERNNESS wishes position with hard of hearing child. Can give lip reading lessons. In writing kindly state salary. Best references. 9,704, Outlook.

YOUNG woman interested in journalism desires connection with first rate institution. Has had teaching and business experience, and offers services for instruction. 9,702, Outlook.

TEACHER, New England young lady, possessing intelligence, enthusiasm, energy, and optimism. No degrees. Loves nature and music. Summer position as tutor, traveling companion, or secretary. 9,699, Outlook.

POSITION wanted in June to October, a tutorship. Columbia graduate, master's degree. 9,710, Outlook.

FRENCH lady, refined, experienced teacher, excellent references, wishes position for summer. Chaperon, tutoring, private secretary. Would travel. 9,721, Outlook.

REFINED young college student desires summer position as tutor and companion to boy or boys in private family. Athletic. Good references. 9,734, Outlook.

SWISS, Ph.D., twenty-eight, Protestant, 4 languages, athletic, officer, physical director, two years' teaching experience, desires position as tutor (traveling). References exchanged. 9,749, Outlook.

INTELLIGENT and accomplished young woman in excellent health, competent to tutor children between seven and fourteen years and to participate in and chaperon their amusements. 9,731, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

BOSTON private school teacher (English woman) desires summer position in school, camp, or private home as tutor, companion or secretary. 9,722, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY professor, twenty-seven, will tutor or be companion. Three years' Europe. Speaks four languages. High references. 9,723, Outlook.

YOUNG woman with two years' successful experience as teacher wishes employment summer. Would tutor children or act as companion for adult. Best of references. Address Miss J. F. Whitton, City Normal School, Rochester, N. Y.

SUPERIOR French teacher, available in fall, college or school in or near New York. 9,735, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, university student, desired position governess, companion, for summer. 9,730, Outlook.

SKILLED tutor desires position as teacher of English, July and August, in foreign family. 9,719, Outlook.

TUTOR—Mathematics and English country home. Highest New York reference. 9,733, Outlook.

SUMMER position by woman artist. University graduate, experienced teacher, musician, fond of children and outdoors. 9,737, Outlook.

WANTED, by Sargent graduate, position athletic director in school or home. September. 9,745, Outlook.

REFINED college graduate, traveling, experience, social entertainer, Parisian French would tutor, be companion or secretary summer. References. 9,747, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, college graduate, experienced teacher, desires tutoring position summer months. 9,750, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, sends things on approval. No samples. References. 309 West 34th St.

WANTED—Defective persons to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

BOYS wanted, 500 boys wanted to sell 10 Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department. The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

EXPERIENCED teacher, Bryn Mawr graduate, will chaperon and tutor two at family camp, Maine, July, August. Terms reasonable. References exchanged. 9,740, Outlook.

ortionate share in making the world's history? Perhaps an argument could be made for the affirmative side of the question. The British Isles, of course, would be the foremost exhibit; then, perhaps, would come Japan, or possibly Venice; Corsica, as the birthplace of Napoleon, would be included; and the West Indies, as the scene of Columbus's discoveries. Curiously enough, three great military geniuses were born on islands—Napoleon, Wellington, and Toussaint L'Ouverture; while a foremost American statesman, Alexander Hamilton, was born in the island of Levis, in the West Indies.

"A mere collection of books is not a library—a bookshop is a collection of books," says James F. Willis in a book called "Bibliophily." "A library is an organism that develops with the soul of its owner; it is furnished progressively as his spiritual life progresses. There are men who are book-buyers, and cultured gentlemen who buy books; and they differ widely: the quality of a library depends upon who fills the shelves. A real man's library is not made; it grows."

Omar's inquiry, "What is it that the intners buy, one half so precious as the tuff they sell?" must come to the mind of many an ardent sportsman as he reads this advertisement in "Country Life" of London: "To BE LET, the most beautiful Place on the River Wye, with two miles of Salmon-fishing, including the famous Llanthomas Water, in which eventeen fish, weighing 308 lbs., were killed in one day by one rod. Two packs of hounds and three golf courses in the neighborhood."

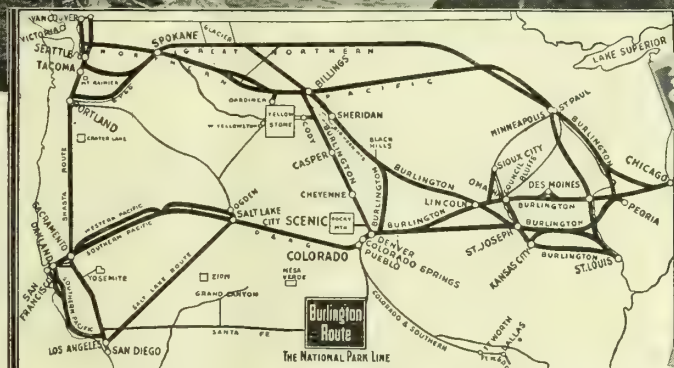
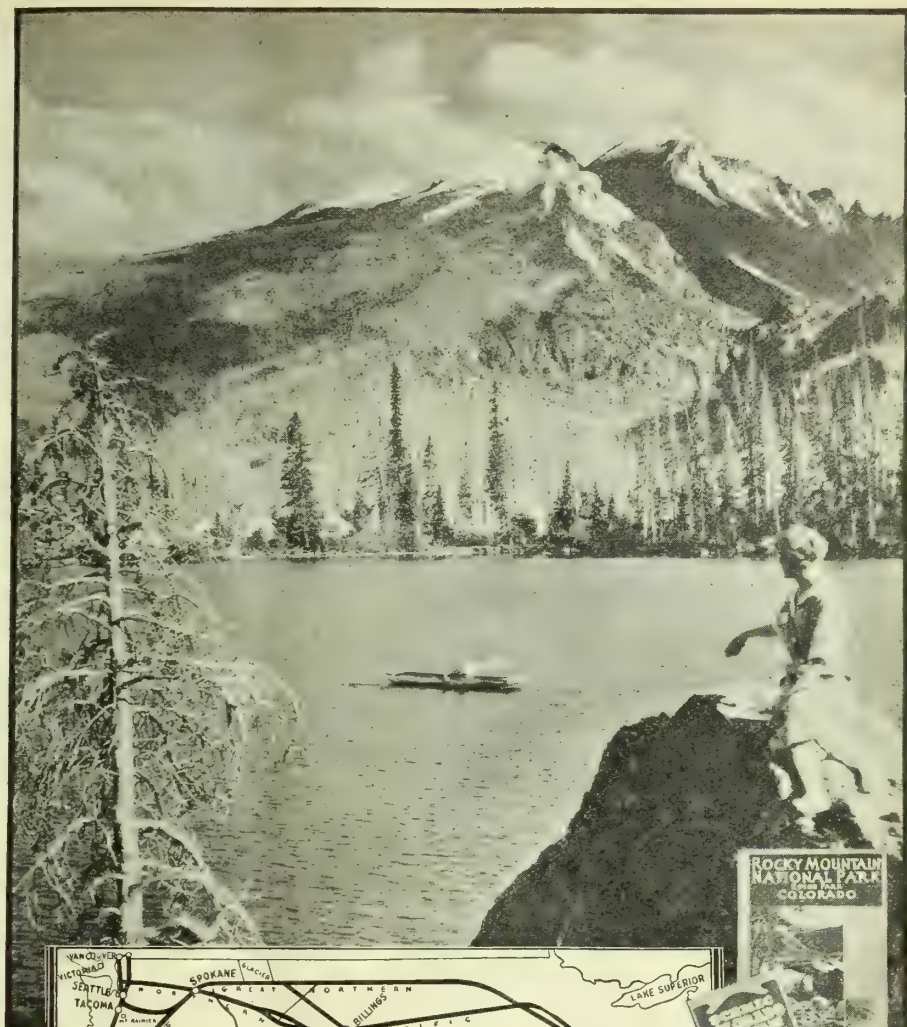
The nomenclature of the motion-picture world is amusing. A dramatic journal prints the following: "One of the busiest film factories on the West Coast is the —. Although the lot is one of the largest in the world, limited stage space at first made it possible for only two companies to work on the lot. Within the next two weeks, however, our companies will be shooting features. Pauline Fredericks, Hayakawa, and Gasnier have all shot a picture on the lot. Soon the four companies will be on the lot shooting super-special features."

Writing of "Talk and Talkers" in the North American Review," Mr. J. B. Yeats says of the Irish peasants that they have a poetical and many-colored vocabulary, and that "though it be a strange thing to say, it may be that our best conversation is that of the unlettered peasants." The imaginative turn that their phrases take he illustrates by the remark of a servant girl to a priest on his return from a long absence, when she said to him that she was glad he was back, for, said she, the color of loneliness was in the air."

Uncle Ed (as reported by "Pickup")—Well, Johnny, how do you spell giraffe?" Johnny—"G-i-r-a-f-e."

Uncle—"The dictionary spells it with two f's."

Johnny—"Well, uncle, you asked me how I spelled it."



All the West is Vacation Land

Write now for free booklet

IN the West there are a hundred wonder-lands—each different. Send for the free book about the place that interests you:

Colorado—"The Playground of the Nation," and Utah, "The Promised Land."

Rocky Mountain National-Estes Park—a natural, wild and beautiful immensity of outdoors, a refuge of peaceful beauty, a haven of quietness.

Yellowstone Park—spectacular, mysterious—"The Wonder-Geyser-Land of America."

Glacier Park—exciting in its vastness, terrific in its grandeur—home of the Blackfoot Indians.

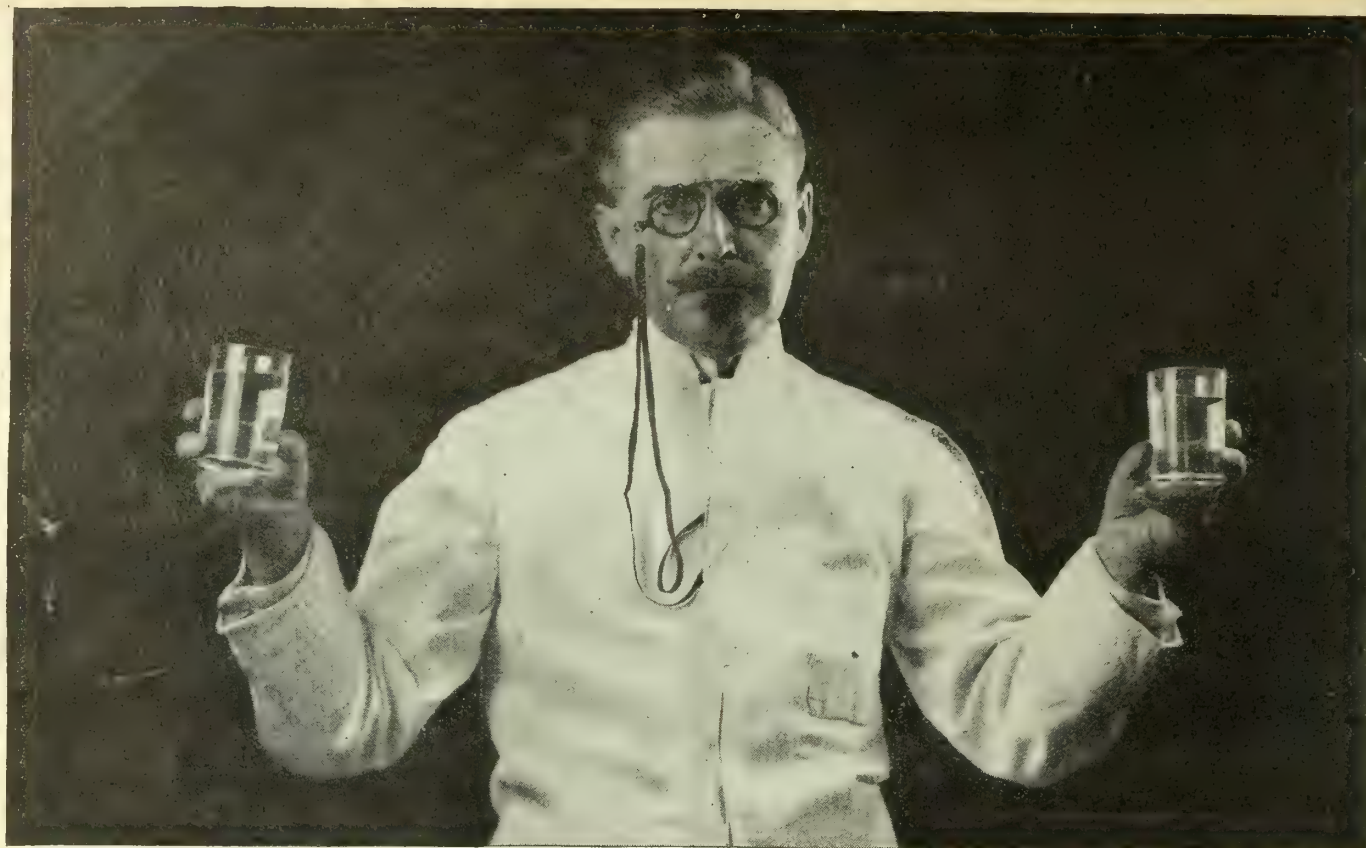
The West is a fascinating picture-book whose pages you

may turn a lifetime and always find something new, something thrilling. But the great parks and Colorado playgrounds, there are, for instance, the romantic Big Horn Mountains, the historic "Buffalo Bill" country in Wyoming, South Dakota's Black Hills, the charmed land of the Pacific Northwest and glorious California.

Go, when your fancy dictates, one way and return another, at no extra cost—stay as long as you desire. The map shows how the Burlington just naturally fits in to advantage.



P. S. EUSTIS
Passenger Traffic Manager
C. B. & Q. R. R.
Chicago



What Do You Know About Water?

Do you give any thought to the *water* you drink? Do you drink only the *purest* water obtainable?

"Wait," you say, "the public water in my home is pure. It must be pure—see how clear it looks—how good it tastes!"

That's just the trouble—much public water looks and tastes pure, hence most people think it *is* pure. Physicians and other scientific men know that bad water may often be colorless, clear, of brilliant lustre, free from smell or taste, and yet full of germs!

Drinking water that comes from lakes or rivers not only contains considerable mineral salts, but also the soluble elements of animal and vegetable matter. Filtration or other treatment cannot possibly free it from all of these impurities. Such water, therefore, fails to function properly in flushing poisonous wastes from the human system.



What is a really pure water, you ask, and where can I get it? The purest drinking water reported by the United States Government is Paradise Water, which is so pure that it contains less than *one grain* of solid and mineral matter in a gallon of 58,372 grains!

Although Paradise Water is not a medicinal or mineral water, physicians recommend its continued use for many ailments where it is necessary to restore the normal condition of the digestive tract. It is especially beneficial for people past middle life.

Paradise is a delightful table water; try drinking six glasses of it daily for a month, and note its buoyant, up-building effect upon your general health.

Packed in cases of one dozen quarts, two dozen pints or three dozen half-pints—all full size. Natural or Carbonated.

Write for free booklet, "*The Story of Paradise Spring*," and names of dealers who handle Paradise Water in your city.

PARADISE SPRING COMPANY, BRUNSWICK, MAINE

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The Outlook

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Current Life

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ABOVE: SUEZ CANAL, WELL DEFENDED

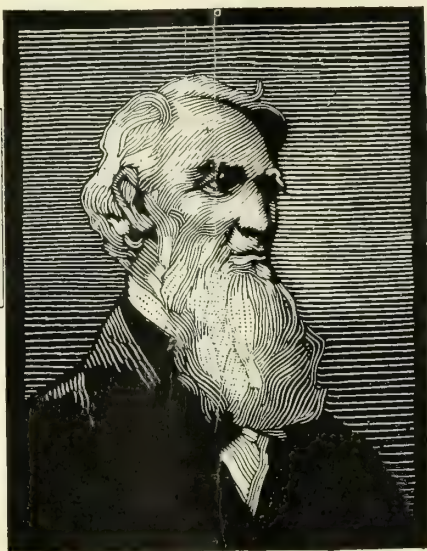
BELOW: PANAMA CANAL, ILL DEFENDED

A JOB FOR A THOUSAND AIRPLANES

BY ROBERT A. CURRY

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1921
PRICE: FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY
FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR
381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

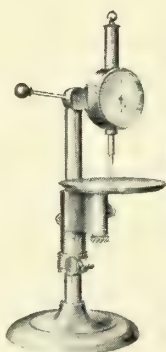
THE SCIENTIFICALLY BUILT WATCH



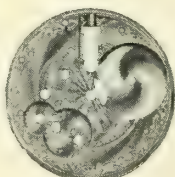
AARON L. DENNISON
Pioneer of American Watchmaking and the Waltham System of Standardization

ACCURACY

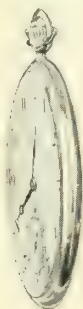
The Twelfth Part of a Human Hair as a Standard of Measurement



Standing Gauge



Lower Plate



Pendant
and Bow
Patented



Waltham Colonial A

Extremely thin at no sacrifice of accuracy
Maximus movement 21 jewels
Riverside movement 19 jewels

\$200 to \$325 or more depending upon the case

IMAGINE the twelfth part of a human hair being the difference between Waltham standardized accuracy and the variable guesswork in foreign watches.

Waltham, produced, by Waltham genius, methods of measurement and gauges to measure so infinitely accurate that the Waltham Watch became and is the most perfectly constructed watch in the world.

If in the lower plate (illustrated) there was a measurable difference between the location of one bearing from another, it would mean irregularity in the time-keeping performance of that watch.

Waltham has so perfected unique gauges and standardized a system of infinitesimal measurement, that such a minute error cannot occur

in a Waltham Watch without discovery.

What does this Waltham accuracy and close inspection mean to you?

When you buy a Waltham you possess the world's most accurately made watch. You own a watch that can be readily, and what is most important to you, perfectly and economically repaired—at an upkeep cost at least 50 per cent lower than the repair of foreign made watches whose method of less accurate manufacture has not kept pace with Waltham genius which is American.

That is why we say truthfully — "Waltham placed America first, in watchmaking." This is one more good reason why you should own a Waltham.

This story is continued in a beautiful booklet in which you will find a liberal watch education. Sent free upon request.

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, WALTHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

Where you see this sign they sell Waltham Watches

Make 1921 the Most Prosperous Year of Your Life

THE extraordinary rush for Pelmanism that marked the opening days of the year is still continuing.

Exceptionally heavy mails are bringing the Institute thousands of letters from men and women who are determined to make 1921 the most prosperous year of their lives.

Copies of the latest edition of "Mind and Memory" (containing full particulars of the Pelman Course) are now being sent daily to men and women in all parts of the world.

Readers who wish to grasp opportunity by Pelmanizing their minds, thereby doubling and trebling their efficiency, can obtain a copy of this book free by sending the coupon printed on this page to the Pelman Institute, 2575 Broadway, New York City.

Questions to Ask Yourself

WHAT TO DO IN ORDER TO MAKE BETTER USE OF YOUR MENTAL POWERS

Most people to-day are living half lives. Their mental engines are running at half-speed.

They are not making use of their mental resources.

If they did they would leave most of their competitors standing still.

For the majority of the people to-day are troubled with all kinds of inertias, which are keeping them down below the level to which their natural abilities would otherwise carry them.

As Dr. Arthur Hadfield of the Neurological War Hospital, has said: "We are living far below the limits of our possible selves and there are open to us resources of power which will free us for a life of energy and strength."

In order to become successful we must free our energies from these clogging inertias, open up the reservoirs of power which exist in every brain, and make our minds keen and efficient.

20 QUESTIONS

Make a test of your efficiency to-day by answering for yourself the following questions.

1. Are you a first-class organizer?
2. Have you a Directive Power?
3. Can you originate valuable ideas?
4. Are you a logical reasoner?
5. Do you remain calm and unfurried when faced with a crisis?
6. Can you master difficult subjects easily?
7. Have you a Strong Personality?
8. Have you a Strong Will?
9. Are you a persuasive talker?
10. Can you sell goods or services?
11. Can you convince people who are doubtful or even hostile?
12. Do you decide quickly and correctly?
13. Can you solve knotty problems easily?
14. Have you an accurate and ready memory?

questions, then you should use the coupon printed on this page and obtain, free of charge, full particulars of the Pelman Course.

DEFECTS BANISHED

Amongst the defects which keep so many men and women back are:—

Forgetfulness	Mind Wandering
Brain-Fag	Indecision
Inertia	Shyness
Weakness of Will	Lack of System
Lack of Ideas	Procrastination
Indefiniteness	Slowness
Timidity	Mental Confusion

Pelmanism banishes these and many other defects. It sweeps them away. It makes your brain keen, fresh, vigilant, and reliant. It renews your vigor. It enables you to press on unflinchingly to your goal.

QUALITIES DEVELOPED

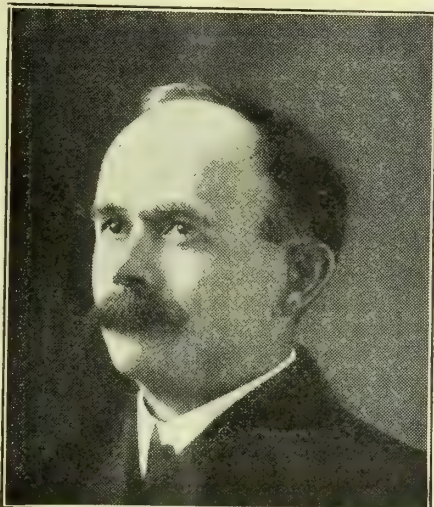
Here are some of the qualities Pelmanism develops. They are qualities of the utmost practical value to you, whatever your position in life may be:—

—Concentration	—Personality
—Observation	—Enthusiasm
—Perception	—Self-Confidence
—Judgment	—Driving Power
—Initiative	—Self-Control
—Will-Power	—Tact
—Decision	—Reliability
—Resourcefulness	—Salesmanship
—Organizing Power	—Originality
—Forcefulness	—Memory

These are the qualities which make the difference between a leader and a follower, between one who dares and does and one who weakly drifts through life, between Success and Failure. And these are the qualities you can develop by means of Pelmanism.

THE WILL TO WIN

Make up your mind to develop these qualities. Have done with the second-rate and the back seats. Get to the front. Let only the best satisfy you. Let Pelmanism develop your powers to their fullest capacity. Show the world in 1921 what you are and of what you are capable. Will to Win and Pelmanism will enable you to attain Success. Now is the time. Fill in the coupon printed on this page. Mail it to-day to the Pelman Institute, 2575 Broadway, New York City. By return mail you will receive free full particulars of the famous Course that has enabled so many men and women to succeed and the full benefits of which you can now obtain for yourself on reduced terms.



Judge Ben B. Lindsey, founder of the famous Juvenile Court system, says:

"Pelmanism is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failure, for I see in it a new power, a great driving force."

15. Can you remember dates, statistics, faces, telephone numbers, and long lists of facts?
16. Can you remember details as well as main principles?
17. Can you concentrate your mind on one thing for a long time?
18. Can you work hard without suffering from brain fag?
19. Are you ready to take responsibility?
20. Are you earning a larger income than you were a year ago?

If you are not satisfied with the answers you give to a good many of these

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(All correspondence strictly confidential)

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Read **THE BOOKMAN**—The Literary Magazine of America**GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY Publishers New York****PUBLISHER'S NOTE**

It goes without saying that The Outlook does not pose as a compendium of universal wisdom. It does not belong to the "success" school of literature. It has never claimed that its perusal would enable a man to start in business peddling wash-rags and wind up in six months at the head of a mop factory. There are correspondence courses in "success," we understand, that soon enable people to quit walking and thenceforth to ride. What, then, was our surprise to receive the following testimonial from a reader in Riverton, New Jersey:

"I did not have the chance to go to school. All the learning I have I picked up here and there. Mother died when I was five years old. I grew up with many hardships in life. As I grew up I was ashamed to let people know I had no schooling. I spent my time in trying to read and write. One day I was looking at some magazines. I came across an Outlook. It was the greatest blessing ever came to me. When I began to read I found it just what I wanted. From that time on I have never been without it. The Outlook has been a school to me; good wisdom and knowledge I could never have had if I had not found The Outlook. Reading The Outlook is like talking to a friend. Everything is so plain and so much comfort and help. The Outlook is always a welcome visitor. The Outlook brings news from all parts of the world. It gives you something to talk about, something to think about. In reading The Outlook you must rise to success. When I went out in company I was ashamed. Some of my friends had been to school and some to college. One night I was laughed at. I made up my mind to study The Outlook more earnestly. I could see my chance was slim in social society, as I had nobody to entertain me and make my way in life like the other girls. I am glad to say I turned my whole heart to The Outlook. I can truly say it made me what I am to-day. The Outlook gave me broad ideas instead of discouragement. It has put me on a social standing, morally and spiritually. I compete with my school friends so rapid I am sure they forgot all about the poor chance I had. The faith I had in The Outlook I could not fail. I always tried to reach out for the best I can get. I read good books, but The Outlook is more helpful to me than any other magazine. It takes away all doubt and gives a strong hold to success. One who only has a little time to read, it would be wise to read The Outlook. It will fit you for all walks of life, morally, socially, and spiritually. You can find more appealing things in The Outlook than you can find time to read. The name of The Outlook is like a mother. A mother is always on the lookout for the best she can get for her loved ones, so is The Outlook. She sends out the best that can be had for her readers. The Outlook gives them new thought, new ideas, truth, and light, for The Outlook only prints facts. The Outlook is a friend in need and in deed. What more can The Outlook be?"

Until June 1, Take Your Pick at Only 10c Per Book

TO introduce our library of 200 books to a million readers we offer any of the following books at the unheard-of price of 10c each. Many of these books would cost from \$1 to \$3 if purchased in the ordinary way in expensive bindings. This is strictly a limited offer—good for only 30 days—on June 1 the price goes back to 25c each—the regularly advertised price. If the post mark on your envelope shows that your order was mailed after midnight of June 1, we shall be obliged to return your money. Order as few or as many as you like—they are the best in the English language—and the entire library costs so little that you can well afford to order every book. Over two million of these books have been sold—tremendous production makes possible the extremely low price. Order by number—each book is preceded by a number—for instance, if you want Carmen, merely write down “21”—that makes it easy for you and insures more prompt delivery as we handle all book orders by number.

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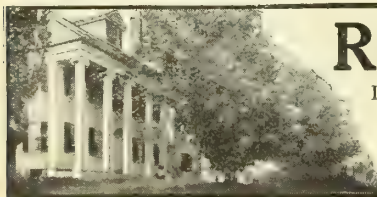
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The Outlook

APRIL 27, 1921

THE WASHINGTON OF SOUTH AMERICA

THE unveiling of the statue of General Simon Bolivar in Central Park, New York City, on April 19, and the address of President Harding prepared for that occasion have aroused public interest in the United States in one who has been called "the Washington of South America."

The statue is the gift of the Venezuelan Government, which has sent to the unveiling Dr. Esteban Gil-Borges, its Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Bolivar was a Venezuelan. He was born at Caracas, was educated in Spain, and went to France at the time of the Revolution. In the United States he saw the workings of free institutions.

When he went back to his native land, he started a revolution there, so that there might be deliverance from the Spanish tyranny and the establishment of free institutions in South America. A year later Venezuela declared her independence, but many years of warfare were necessary before Venezuela and the other South American provinces were able completely to throw off the Spanish yoke.

Bolivar's first great triumph came when he was able to unite Venezuela with New Granada, and thus form the Republic of Colombia out of the two states, of which he became President. He then expelled the Spaniards from the neighboring provinces of Ecuador and Peru. The new state which he formed out of what was known as Upper Peru was called in his honor Bolivia.

His successes led to much jealousy on the part of inferior leaders, who accused Bolivar of struggling merely for personal supremacy and of a plan to unite all South American countries into one state and make himself perpetual dictator. It is true that Bolivar often acted arbitrarily; it is also true that he was stubborn. He did succeed to nearly unlimited control, but he died practically penniless. He refused the immense sum which Peru bestowed upon him and the crown that was offered to him. "I am not a Napoleon," he said, "nor do I wish to be one. The title of Liberator is the greatest to which a human being can aspire."

Bolivar was more than a mere liberator. He framed the constitutions for the South American countries, purified their administration of justice, roused slug-

gards from their lack of patriotism and co-operation, and replaced anarchy with more than a semblance of civilization.



International
STATUE OF GENERAL SIMON BOLIVAR,
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This statue, by Mrs. Sally James Farnham, is the gift of the Venezuelan Government to the United States

He dreamed of uniting the former Spanish states in a United States of South America. He was thus the first Pan-American.

PRESIDENT HARDING'S MESSAGE: TAXATION, AGRICULTURE, TRANSPORTATION

THE President's Message to Congress, commented upon briefly in last week's issue of The Outlook, deserves a fuller report. His proposals in regard to the foreign policies of the United States are discussed in an editorial in this issue. It is sufficient perhaps to say here that the President sees clearly the fact that peace cannot be restored by the simple process of signing a treaty with Germany. Negotiations for the restoration of peace must involve the establishment of agreements with our Allies, agreements which will not only affect the protection of our vital interests, but will also insure the payment of

just reparations for the destruction wrought by the Central Powers. President Harding believes that we can participate in economic adjustments without the sponsorship of treaty commitments which do not concern us, by a process which may be called the selective approval of the Versailles Treaty.

In domestic affairs the President's Message covered a wide field. He began with an appeal for the strictest economy, coupling this with a demand for tax reform, tariff revision, and the creation of a Federal budget system. The President says that we are already committed to the repeal of the Excess Profits Tax and that it is a fallacy to believe that a flood of imports will cheapen our cost of living. In the President's words, a flood of imports "is more likely to destroy our capacity to buy."

In particular he points out that American agriculture is menaced, because it is to-day cheaper to import farm products than to transport them from our own farms to our own markets. An example which the President might have cited in support of this statement can be found in the condition confronting the potato growers of Maine. To-day they are unable to dispose of last year's crop, while potatoes are being imported from Denmark in large quantities. The President states that while the producers of food are suffering from a restricted market the retail price of food has not been lowered to the consumer.

The President discusses in his Message many phases of the transportation problem. He declares that freight-carrying charges have mounted to a point where commerce is halted and production discouraged. He links the problem of public highways with the problem of the railways, and urges the establishment of a carefully thought out system of highway construction and repair. The President asks that Congress, in extending Federal aid for the building of highways, shall see to it that these highways are constructed in accord with a careful programme and the best engineering knowledge, and that highways shall not be built without ample provision for their maintenance and repair.

Connected with rail and highway is the problem of water transportation. The President recommends that the country write off the war cost of its present merchant marine, and that our fleets shall be valued at a figure which will make possible commercial competi-

tion with the merchant marine of other countries.

COMMUNICATIONS, AVIATION, AND MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS

PERHAPS it is the President's training as a journalist which leads him to recognize the importance of adequate cable and radio service. He appeals for the encouragement of American owned and operated cable and radio services and for the establishment of rates for press matter which will enable the daily press of all countries to receive full accounts of international affairs.

Aviation has an important part in the President's Message. He wants a Bureau of Aeronautics in the Navy Department to centralize the development of this service, and he wants the Army Air Service to co-operate in the establishment of local airdromes and air-fields. To maintain the air industry he urges the encouragement of civil enterprises and speaks a hearty word of commendation for the air mail service.

The President's plea for the creation of a Department of Public Welfare shows an earnest desire for the elimination of waste motion in the Government and at the same time a true comprehension of the need of enlarging and strengthening the powers and the influence of the Government in the realms of education, public health, sanitation, conditions of industrial workers, child welfare, recreation.

The final paragraphs of the President's Message, which deal with domestic affairs, are devoted to a condemnation of lynching and a recommendation that the question of race relationship be studied by a commission composed of representatives of the white and colored races. In these final paragraphs he also discusses the question of preparedness, declaring that the United States "is ready to co-operate with other nations to approximate disarmament, but merest prudence forbids that we disarm alone." He looks forward to a time when there may be established a system of voluntary military training, offering to the youth of the country advantages of physical development, discipline, and commitment to service.

THE VIVIANI MISSION

RENÉ VIVIANI, the ex-Premier of France and Special Envoy of the French Republic, now in America, has done much to bring back the feeling of moral solidarity between America and France which existed during the war. The ovation which he received at Carnegie Hall, New York, when he spoke there on April 11, was a striking witness to this fact. Ex-Premier Viviani in his address on this occasion said:

Some people tell you that France is imperialistic. It is a lie. France is

satiated with military glory. We possess now Alsace-Lorraine, which is the flesh of our flesh, the soul of our soul. We do not need anything else. We look for no conquest. We do not even ask for strategic frontiers.

But when we are told that Germany cannot pay and that its capacity of payment must be examined, we wonder why in 1871 Germany never questioned the capacity of payment of France. We will only be able to appreciate the German capacity of payment when the German citizen will have accepted the burden of new loans and taxations, such as those which



Wide World Photos

LORD AND LADY READING LEAVING ENGLAND ON THEIR WAY TO INDIA

you Americans and we Allies have so spontaneously consented to.

Have you ever seen the victors paying greater taxes than before and the vanquished refusing to impose a legitimate burden upon prosperous individuals?

The assurance contained in Mr. Hughes's recent note and the statements by the President in his address to Congress have apparently given ex-Premier Viviani great satisfaction. He has rightly taken these statements as an augury of the fact that American opinion will support the just demands of France for payment of the reparation exacted by the Versailles Treaty.

THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA

RUFUS DANIEL ISAACS is the new Viceroy of India. To be sure, he is no longer known by the name of Isaacs. He is now the Earl of Reading. His progress has been picturesque.

Primarily, Lord Reading owes his advancement to his wife. He was the son

of a London merchant. He had had an education at the University College School in London and later in Belgium and Germany. He became a broker, and the result was financial ruin. At this point he met the daughter of an American merchant who had moved to London. She insisted that he was fitted for the law and should study for it. She succeeded in stimulating his ambition, and Isaacs was finally admitted to the bar. A short time after he married her.

Within a decade Isaacs had the largest practice in England and was created a King's Counsel. His most signal success was won in the Whitaker-Wright case, followed by the swindler's confession and suicide. In 1904 Mr. Isaacs went to Parliament as a Liberal from Reading. Five years later he was made Solicitor-General, three years later he became Attorney-General, and the year after was created Privy Councillor. To crown all, he became Lord Chief Justice.

What a far cry this was from 1847, when the late Lord Rothschild, though elected to the House of Commons, could not take his seat there because full parliamentary rights had not yet been bestowed upon Jews. And what a far cry from Macaulay's judgment: "The Jew may be a jurymen, but not a judge. He may decide issues of fact, but not issues of law."

Mr. Isaacs, now created Earl of Reading, distinguished himself both in Parliament and on the bench. His acuteness and comprehensiveness marked him for still other employment, and when, during the war, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, British Ambassador to America, went home on leave Lord Reading was appointed Special Ambassador and High Commissioner, with full authority over the members of all British missions sent to the United States in connection with the prosecution of the war. Lord Reading thus represented not only the British Cabinet, but in particular the British War Mission, the Ministry of Munitions, the Air Board, the Treasury, and all the other British interests, at a time when it had become absolutely necessary to co-ordinate all the British diplomatic, financial, commercial, and military activities at work in this country.

The increasingly complex conditions in India demand the abilities of an administrator, like Lord Reading, who unites an almost Oriental deftness, penetration, and charm to a very Occidental persistence, broad-mindedness, and masterfulness.

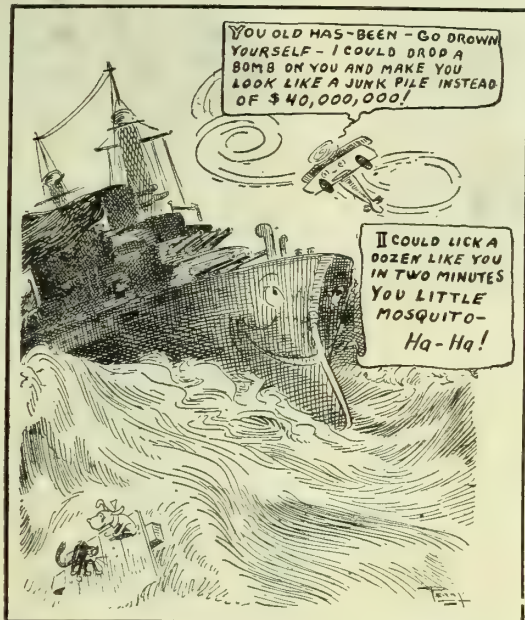
ENGLAND ESCAPES A GENERAL STRIKE

WHAT looks like luck may often be good management, or common sense, or the natural working out of normal and healthy habits of life. Eng-

VIS-À-VIS

CARTOONS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

Perry in the Portland Oregonian



HOW IS THE CONTROVERSY GOING TO BE SETTLED?

From Kenneth Roberts, Portland, Oregon

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch



YES! IT CURED RUSSIA!

From Eleanor S. Platt, Garden City, L. I.

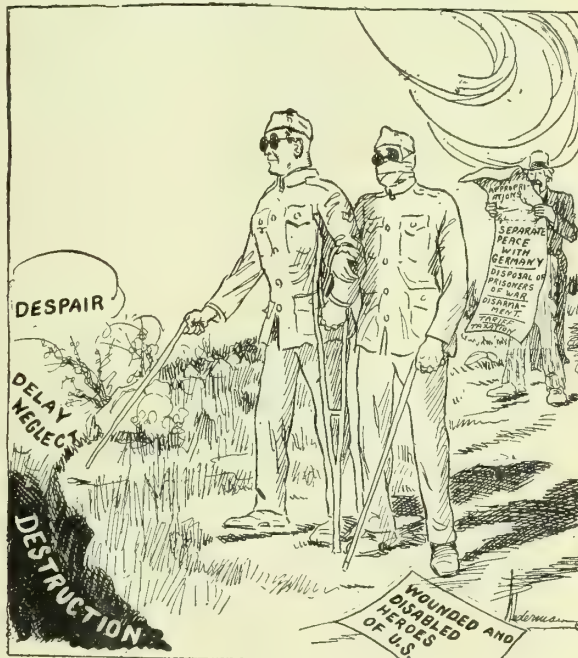
Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger



SWAT THE FLY!

From L. B. Stewart, Moylan, Pa.

Pederman in the Ohio State Journal



WAKE UP! WAKE UP! AMERICA!

From Edward D. Matthias, Columbus, Ohio



(C) Keystone

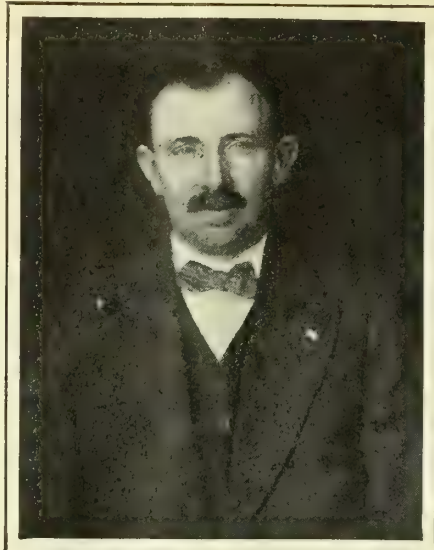
THE RT. HON. EDWARD SHORTT, HOME SECRETARY

Of all the Cabinet domains, the Home Office, one of the oldest Cabinet positions, is the most closely connected of any to the preservation of law and order

land's recent escape from a general strike looks like uncommonly good luck; but it is probably due to a combination of a little good management, a very considerable amount of common sense, and, most of all, social habits of a generally wholesome nature.

We say England and not Great Britain deliberately; for it is industrial England, rather than Scotland or Wales, that would have felt most seriously the consequences of stoppage, not only of the mines throughout Great Britain, but the virtual tying up of railways and other means of transportation.

It was on Friday, April 15, that the worst calamity to befall Great Britain since the war was expected to happen. On that date, at ten o'clock in the evening, millions of men on the railways and in the various occupations of concerns of transportation and in many other lines of work were expected to leave their jobs. Arrangements had been made for conveying food and other necessities by private motor cars and by airplane. Already great injury had been done to industry and great inconvenience had been caused by the strike of the miners. If the miners' union had



Paul Thompson

JAMES H. THOMAS, SECRETARY NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF RAILWAYMEN OF GREAT BRITAIN

been joined in the war upon not only employers but the general public by the other two members of the so-called Triple Alliance—the Union of Railwaymen and the Union of Transport Workers—Great Britain would have been thrown back into a condition resembling somewhat that of a hundred years ago. In order to reach home before being cut off from means of travel, thousands of English people on the Continent started homeward. Correspondents described the crowded condition of many European trains in consequence of this homeward rush of English people.

When, however, the miners virtually refused to parley, the other members of the Triple Alliance broke away. The Secretary of the Miners' Federation, Frank Hodges, made a statement which looked toward conciliation. He was in consequence accused of selling out his organization and is said to have offered his resignation. At any rate, J. H. Thomas, political secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, who is a Member of Parliament, and who, by the way, like Lloyd George, is a Welshman, and very skillful and agile in negotiations and extraordinarily successful in what he undertakes, wrote in conjunction with C. T. Cramp, the Industrial Secretary, saying that the railway men would cancel their threatened strike. That was decisive.

It now appears that the miners' strike, which has caused a great shortage of coal and has resulted in the destruction of some of the mines, is petering out.

AMERICAN RAILWAY REFORM

THE Railway Labor Board has just made a momentous decision. The Board, established by the Esch-Cummins



(C) Keystone

DR. MACNAMARA, MINISTER OF LABOR

The Ministry of Labor, a comparatively new Cabinet office, has grown greatly in importance. It is naturally closely connected with the settlement of labor disputes

Transportation Bill, passed a year ago, meets in Chicago. It is composed of nine members—three representatives of the railways, three representatives of labor, and three of the public. The one-year terms of three members (one from each class) having expired, President Harding has nominated as their successors: as representative of labor, Walter L. McMenimen, of Massachusetts, Deputy President of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen; as representative of the railway companies, Samuel Higgins, of New York, formerly General Manager of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford System; and as representative of the public, Benjamin W. Hooper, ex-Governor of Tennessee.

In the first three months of its existence the Board had to render a decision on wage increases involving over \$600,000,000 a year advance. Wages were thus augmented so that railway operation under the old freight and passenger rates became ruinous. If the railways were to live, higher rates were necessary. Last August a twenty-five per cent increase was authorized. Despite this, the latest railway reports show a decline in gross revenue compared

with a year ago; over half of the roads are not earning their expenses.

So far as the public is concerned, the rates are now so high that commuters cannot afford to reside in the suburbs of cities and travelers cannot afford to take accustomed journeys. Nor are shippers able to pay the freight charges which have become so great that it is now cheaper to import grain from the Argentine than it is to pay the freight rates from Kansas. During the first week in April there were over 507,000 idle freight cars on our roads.

What can be done? Rates cannot come down until wages do. The companies have been still hampered by the old war-time National agreements. General industrial conditions have been supposed to govern these agreements. But the Labor Board found that justice was not thus to be secured. For instance, the conditions of the small roads are not the same as those of the large. Accordingly it has decided that National agreements with regard to wages could not bind individual companies. It has also decided that an eight-hour day means eight full hours of application. The resulting individual freedom to make wage decreases and the increase of labor efficiency will, the companies contend, make railway operations much less onerous and expensive.

Labor also gains under the ruling; it virtually prohibits some closed-shop practices; it proclaims the right of employees to be consulted before any decisions are made affecting their wages or their working conditions; and it also declares for the full rights of each labor organization to act for its members, whether such members are the employees of a particular carrier or not.

These decisions are hailed with satisfaction by both capital and labor. It is asserted that each has not only lost no advantage but has actually gained something.

A GALLANT DIVISION AND ITS COMMANDER

THE name of Clarence Ransom Edwards heads the list of Brigadier-Generals submitted for promotion by President Harding to the Senate. It did not appear in the list submitted by the late Administration; in fact, General Edwards has been waiting for years for his logical promotion. When the World War began, he was, if we mistake not, the senior Brigadier-General.

General Edwards is a West Pointer, and, aside from his Regular Army service, has occupied with distinction executive positions in Cuba, Santo Domingo, Hawaii, the Philippines, and Panama, and has also been an efficient head of the Insular Bureau in the War De-

partment. His record in the late war is the splendid record of the 26th Division, which he commanded. It was among the first divisions to arrive in France, and made quick time in getting into the Chemin des Dames and then into the Toul sectors. Thenceforth it did continuous work at Château Thierry, St. Mihiel, and in the Argonne. It was cited, we believe, no less than twenty-one times for bravery by the superior command, either French or American.

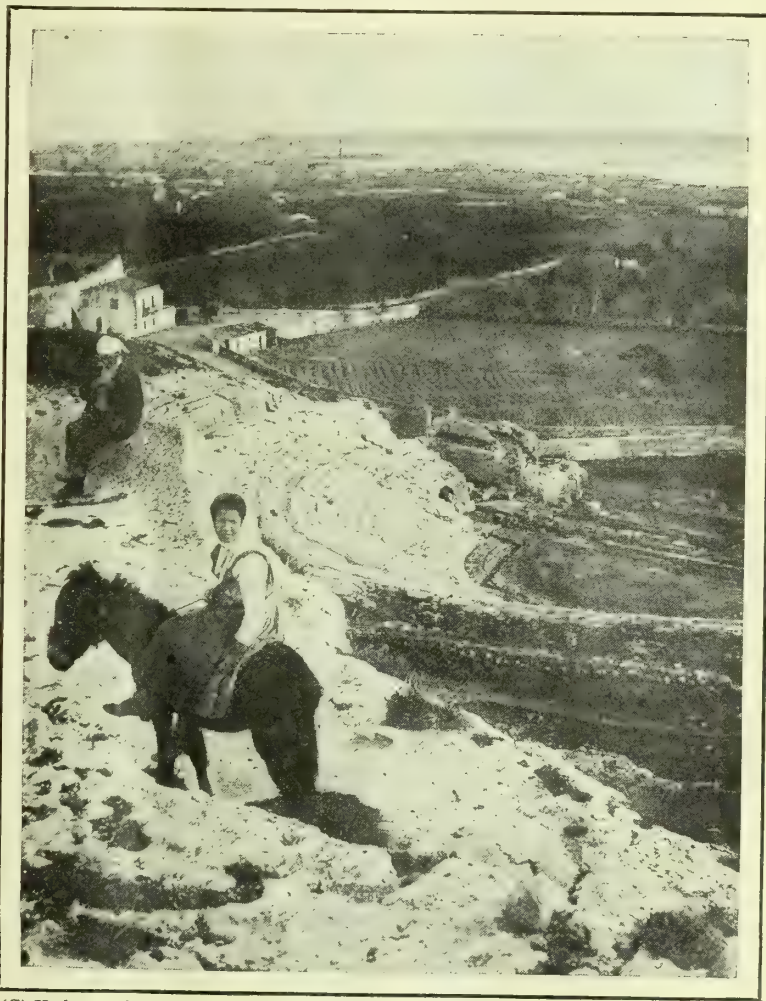
Two weeks before the armistice and while the division was in the thick of the Meuse-Argonne Battle, General Edwards, meanwhile enjoying the implicit confidence of his men, was suddenly removed by General Pershing, head of the A. E. F. We have heard no adequate explanation of this act. Though acting wholly within his authority, General Pershing may have received inaccurate information concerning General Edwards other than the fact that Edwards had declined to remove National Guard officers to make place for Regulars. At all events, the Division was taken over by a Regular brigadier-general, who,

along with the Chief of Staff, a Regular, replaced some of the National Guard colonels and majors by Regulars; moreover, Edwards's recommendations for promotion and decorations were disregarded. We have not heard that he has received a D. S. M. from our Government as have hundreds of other officers; and only recently, we understand, was he permitted to receive the high decoration which the French Government wished to bestow on him in 1918.

General Edwards was very popular with his Division and has maintained that popularity. Perhaps no General in the war has had a more devoted following. He is notably independent; he does not belong to the "Regular Army clique" or to any army group. His promotion is an act of delayed justice.

THE REVIVAL OF AESCHYLUS AT SYRACUSE

IN the spring before the outbreak of the World War some scholars and artists revived the Greek drama at Syracuse, Sicily. The ancient theater there dates back to about 480 B.C. It is in a



(C) Underwood

THE ANCIENT GREEK THEATER AT SYRACUSE, SICILY, MODERN SYRACUSE AND THE HARBOR IN THE BACKGROUND

remarkable state of preservation; indeed, no other Greek theater is in so good condition. It was hewed out of the living rock and was very large, capable of holding some 24,000 spectators.

At that time Magna Græcia was powerful and Syracuse was an important city. When Æschylus, the hero (for he had fought against the Persians at Marathon and Salamis) and poet, landed in Sicily, he was welcomed by a people who were lovers of art. His dramas were performed in the Syracuse theater. When he died, 455 B.C. at Gela in Sicily, he was deeply mourned and his remains were buried with almost divine honors.

In 1914 his "Agamemnon" was given at Syracuse, and with great effect and success. Those who were present can never forget it. The associations, the charm of the place, the color of land and sea, the long look backwards into the glories of Greece, combined to make this spectacle unlike any similar attempt elsewhere.

Those who arranged this revival intended to continue the Syracuse representations and immediately to follow this first performance with "Choëphori" and "Eumenides," the other parts of the particular trilogy (Æschylus wrote some eighty plays). But when the great disaster came upon the world there was no time to think of mock tragedies. So seven years have gone by and the Syracuse theater has been left to its own silence and emptiness.

It is now full of life once more. Greek tragedy has been revived, and in a manner worthy of all admiration and interest. This time the play chosen is "Choëphori." It has been translated into Italian by Professor Romagnoli. Noted artists and architects are responsible for the necessary rebuilding, the stage setting, and the designing of the costumes. The best actors have been secured, and the chorus and minor parts carefully selected.

Trains are run from Rome to Syracuse without change, as the carriages are taken over to Sicily on ferry-boats. Fair accommodations can be had in Syracuse, though it is necessary to write for them in advance.

RUSSIAN REFUGEES IN GERMANY

IN Germany there are still about a hundred thousand Russian refugees and half that number of Russian prisoners of war. The Soviet Government has made arrangements with the German authorities whereby prisoners of war are being gradually repatriated, but the return of the refugees is impossible at present. For both prisoners and refugees the Y. M. C. A. and the Quaker

relief movements are alleviating conditions.

Among the refugees the problem is to get enough food of the right kind for the babies. A committee of three trustworthy Russian women in each camp assumes entire responsibility for receiving, cooking, and serving food—one meal to each child and nursing mother every day. There is of course a great call for social and educational activities, including books and instruction for children of school age. Workshops or trade schools in shoemaking, bookbinding, and carpentry are organized in the camps. The aim is to make it possible for every man and woman there to learn some trade, so that, whether they must remain permanently in Germany or return to Russia, they may become self-supporting. Along such lines alone is there any salvation for these people, who have nothing in the world except the clothes they wear. The most ambitious enterprise for the refugees has taken the form of a Technical Institute at Wünsdorf, a camp about an hour's ride from Berlin; its programme includes the manufacture of household furniture and of shovels, spades, scythes, rakes; the repair of agricultural machines and the operation of motor wagons; finally, a course in electricity, including a study of telephones, electric bells, lamps, motors, and transformers.

An American correspondent of The Outlook in Germany informs us that service for the prisoners of war in the operation of such courses as these is easier than that rendered to the refugees, as, for the most part, the prisoners have been more accustomed to working on farms and in factories, and consequently are the readier to take up the various practical activities in the vocational courses.

THE COLOMBIAN TREATY

THE Outlook has already given a large amount of space to the history of the treaty now before the United States Senate, by which it is proposed to pay the Republic of Colombia twenty-five millions of dollars in order to win back the friendship of the Colombians which the United States is alleged to have lost by the building of the Panama Canal. There is nothing in the treaty which indicates that this large amount of money is to be paid for any other purpose.

Under President Roosevelt in 1903, Secretary John Hay negotiated a treaty with Colombia by which the United States Government was to pay that country ten million dollars for certain rights on the Isthmus of Panama. The

treaty was ratified by the United States Senate, but afterwards repudiated by President Marroquin, who had seized his office by a *coup d'état*, and insisted that ten million dollars was not a large enough sum to satisfy him and his colleagues. It was this attempt, by the revolutionary violation of constitutional government in Colombia on the part of President Marroquin, to obtain a larger sum than ten million dollars that President Roosevelt characterized as blackmail. The Panama Revolution followed. Thereupon President Roosevelt proceeded to negotiate for the Panama Canal with Panama itself, and ignored Colombia. This is the history of the case in a nutshell.

Either the Roosevelt Administration was correct both legally and ethically in its attitude towards Colombia, or the United States Government owes Colombia a very much larger sum than twenty-five millions of dollars. This is the logic of the situation in a nutshell.

And, indeed, Colombia has for many years insisted that she ought to receive at least fifty million dollars. If the United States owes Colombia anything on account of the building of the Panama Canal, we think Colombia is right in asserting that twenty-five million dollars is an inadequate sum. On a basis of pure logic, therefore, both the United States and Colombia are compounding a felony in settling the matter on a twenty-five million dollar basis.

There has probably never been an officer of the United States Government more scrupulous in matters of honor than John Hay. John Hay to his dying day said that the attitude of the Roosevelt Administration towards Colombia in the building of the Panama Canal was correct in every particular. Of course that is merely the opinion of one man. Mr. Wilson and some members of his Administration thought that the attitude of the Roosevelt Administration was incorrect and blotted with injustice. That, too, is the opinion of a single man or a small group of men.

The treaty is now, as we write, being discussed on the floor of the Senate, and it is worth while bearing in mind that it is only the second time in the history of the United States when a treaty has been debated in open session. The first occasion was the debate on the Peace Treaty of Versailles. Since the Senate has made this an open debate it apparently desires to take the country into its confidence, but it has not wholly done so as yet. The supporters of the treaty say that there are grave and weighty reasons of state for passing it, but we have not yet seen any discussion of what those reasons are, except the assertions of Senator Lodge that the oil interests of Colombia are of such weighty

commercial importance to the United States that it is worth our while to pay Colombia twenty-five millions of dollars in order to regain her friendship.

There are three groups of Senators and perhaps of citizens who hold differing opinions on the question of this treaty.

The first group consists of irreconcilable opponents of Theodore Roosevelt who, like Senator Pomerene, of Ohio, hold that Roosevelt robbed the people of Colombia and that we ought to pay twenty-five millions of dollars in reparation.

There is a second group of irreconcilables—irreconcilable in their belief in American honor and in the good faith of Secretary John Hay and President Roosevelt—who, like Senator Kellogg, of Minnesota, believe that President Marroquin, of Colombia, attempted essential blackmail, and that the payment of twenty-five millions of dollars now would be either "a pusillanimous yielding to blackmail" or an acknowledgment that the United States "wronged Colombia, violated her rights, and is now willing to make reparation therefor."

"Why," says Senator Kellogg, "are we asked to pay twenty-five million dollars to Colombia? Disguise it as we may, the verdict of history will be that we are paying this sum as compensation to Colombia for the loss of Panama under the claim that we encouraged a revolution, violated her rights under the treaty of 1846 and under international law, and wrested from her by force one of her provinces."

There is still a third group who would resent the imputation that they are yielding to blackmail and who would deny that the United States legally owes anything to Colombia, but who urge the ratification of the treaty on the ground of expediency. This group probably feels something like this: "The Colombians are all wrong, but they are an irritable and excitable people. They are convinced that they suffered an injustice. Their neighbors are also convinced that they suffered an injustice. We cannot get them to listen to reason or to abide by the facts of history, and if we assuage their hurt feelings and get them to renew neighborly relations with us by paying twenty-five million dollars, it is cheap at the price. It is doubly important that we do this now because Colombia has some important oil fields in which we want to get some concessions, and we shall probably get our money back in the long run, anyway." Without meaning the slightest disrespect to Senator Lodge's patriotism or statesmanship, we think it is fair to say that this, put in homely language, appears to be his attitude.

The only standard by which an expedient course is to be judged is the success of the expedient. We can understand the temptation of men who are tired out by seventeen years of controversy to say, "Oh, pay the money and get the thing done with." But can this country get the thing done with by such a payment? We very much doubt it. Senator Lenroot, of Wisconsin, seems to us to have given in the clearest and most dispassionate fashion the common-sense ground for opposition to the treaty. "I can understand," he says, "why Senators who believe Roosevelt did wrong are supporting this treaty, but I cannot understand how any Senator who believes that he did right can support it." Moreover, if ratified, declared Mr. Lenroot, "the treaty will be but the beginning of unjust demands from others, with the threat of exclusion of American participation in the development of their resources unless granted."

A bought friendship is never a sound one. Moreover, we believe that if the United States Government pays twenty-five million dollars to the people of Colombia in order, as the treaty says, "to restore the cordial friendship that formerly characterized the relations between the two countries," all self-respecting and thoughtful South Americans will say that this is an acknowledgment of high-handed injustice which the people of the United States are afraid frankly to confess and apologize for. If we need the oil of Colombia, let us make a treaty in which we shall openly say so and pay a generous price for it. It may be that Republican Senators do not altogether like the phrase on account of its association, but nevertheless we think this is a good time to put into practice the principle of "open covenants openly arrived at."

CASUALS

"I DON'T know whether it's because I am getting a little more staid or not," said the Young-Old Philosopher, "but I have noticed that lately people are becoming casual in their social obligations. It is not only the younger generation that lead what one might term sketchy lives, with no sense of the sacredness of an engagement. For that reason, I cannot attribute my observation to a fussy middle age. Moreover, we become more tolerant as we grow older; and I am humanly forgiving as a rule.

"But the other evening," he went on, and became very serious, "I gave a dinner party of six; and one young man who was definitely expected never came; nor did he send one word of explana-

tion as to his absence. Two days have passed, and I still have not heard from him. Yet I happen to know he is well. There seems no possible excuse for his extraordinary behavior, and I assure you that unless he gives one I shall never include that young man in my plans again.

"I was brought up to consider a dinner engagement rather a precious promise—my word my bond, you know; and to disappoint a host or hostess, even for a very honorable reason, my parents considered a breach of etiquette. One was told that only sudden death or a bed-ridden condition made a broken engagement possible.

"There is too much laxity nowadays. The fixed principles that should exist—that do exist, for all their seeming crumbling—are thought of lightly in many circles where formerly they were part of a necessary and dignified code. If one goes to the trouble of arranging an evening for one's friends, how can there fail to be an obligation immediately and automatically created which means one's appearance at the festivity? Suppose the host should not come; I am inclined to think there would be much talk, much cruel and justifiable criticism. Yet what is the difference? The obligation exists on both sides. There is a reciprocity in all things—in friendship, in love, in all the relations of life. The little graces of our days must be observed if we are to get the best out of our transitory existence.

"There is the sketchy hostess, too, I grant you—the type who tells one briefly over the telephone that one is expected to be at a certain place at an uncertain hour. I went hunting for a cozy restaurant the other evening, in the rain, because the lady who was giving a dinner there failed to let me know the exact location—it was 'somewhere near Washington Arch' and I'd have no difficulty in finding it, she was sure. But she had given me the wrong name (my hearing is still excellent), and I arrived a half-hour late, not in the best of humor for my soup, while the other guests, better informed, were deep in their fish. 'But I thought you were clever!' my hostess exclaimed. 'I am, to have arrived at all,' I answered. There is little obligation in a case like this—except the obligation on the part of the giver of the dinner to present her apologies to an annoyed and, I think, a justly disgruntled guest who has slopped about in the wet, frantic at his tardiness.

"Another time I was asked to be at a play—to see a foreign actor.' 'And the theater?' I naturally inquired. 'Oh, please look it up in the newspaper; the ticket will be at the door.'

"Now, it so happened that there was

but one foreign actor in town at that time, and it was a simple process for a man, though somewhat busy, to seek out the playhouse and appear at the appointed time.

"But, to my consternation, no seat had been left for me. The next day my hostess—that was to be telephoned to inquire why I had not arrived. I told her where I had gone. 'Oh, how stupid of me!' she exclaimed. 'It was "The Yellow Jacket" we went to; and because of the title I thought there was a Chinese actor playing the leading part—I didn't mean Ben-Ami at all.'

"Is it, I ask you, easy to erase the guilt of such an acquaintance? Such casuals, who err on the other side of the shield, soon become casualties in social proceedings; and justly so, I should say. For life is real, and life is earnest; and in a thrillingly interesting chain of affairs one must learn to pick and choose those friends who are, above all else, reliable to the point of squeamishness."

LEAGUE OR ASSOCIATION?

WHAT does it matter, it has sometimes been asked, whether the structure which is to be erected for securing international justice and peace be called League or Association? Is not all this discussion between the supporters of Wilson and the supporters of Harding a dispute over words and not things? Is there not back of it all the purpose to substitute one party label for another? Why tear down a League in order to set up an Association? Does the difference of a title make any difference in the substance?

Whether there is any difference be-

tween what some call a League and what others call an Association or not may be debatable; but there is no question that between two conceptions of international relations which are to-day the subject of discussion there is a very great difference indeed.

On the one hand, there is the doctrine that the object of international organization is peace; that the duty of attaining this object should be assumed by those nations that have reached a certain level of civilization; that this duty should be exercised through organized conferences of a political and diplomatic nature, carried on in a definitely designated place by political and diplomatic methods; and that the will of these selected nations thus formed into a group should be imposed by force, or by the threat of force, upon such nation or nations as may dissent from the decisions of the group.

This is properly designated as the ideal of a League of Nations, and is embodied in the League as organized in Paris and formulated in the Treaty of Versailles.

There is another and a very different conception of the proper relations between nations. It is the conception that the object of international co-operation should be, not first peace but justice; that the duty of seeking that object rests not upon any selected group of nations, but upon all the peoples of the world; that this duty should be recognized by the formulation of universally applicable international law administered by processes, not political and diplomatic primarily, but judicial; and that the enforcement of that law should rest upon the common consent of mankind and the moral sense of the leading nations, just as the common law rests upon

the general consent of the individuals making up the community and the moral sense of their leaders.

This cannot be called in any sense an ideal of a League; it is rather the ideal of an organized Community of Nations associating themselves together by virtue of the fact that they together all inhabit in common this planet.

Whether this second conception is expressed by the word "association" or not, there is no doubt that it is spreading and becoming more generally accepted. It is not necessarily incompatible with the forming of some kind of international league, just as the formulation of the common law is not incompatible with the organization of various societies for special purposes; but it is incompatible with the idea of making a league the fundamental and ultimate international organization for the regulation of international relations.

It is becoming clearer, month by month and week by week, that the tendency of President Harding and his advisers is away from the conception of a league under any name and toward the conception of what may be called the organized World Community of Nations; away from the conception of intrusting authority to any super-state or to any self-selected group of states, and toward the conception of developing the common authority of all the states in a common code.

This tendency is particularly evident in President Harding's Message to Congress. In that Message, even more than in any of his campaign speeches, he makes it clear that what he has in mind in contrasting the word League with the word Association is not a mere difference of name, but a difference of substance.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF PRESIDENT HARDING'S MESSAGE

A POLL OF THE FOREIGN PRESS

PRESIDENT HARDING'S first Message to Congress was really a Message to the world. It was so interpreted by the English, French, and German press.

ENGLISH COMMENT

Two divergent opinions mark the comment in the English press. The first is that reported by such evening papers as the London "Westminster Gazette" and the "Pall Mall Gazette." Of the President's conception of the future in his reference to the nations associated for world helpfulness without world-government the "Pall Mall" says: "We trust that

he will persevere in the effort to show how this conception can be realized without disturbing the useful work upon which the League of Nations is already engaged." With regard to the President's statement that the League's highest purpose "was defeated in linking it with the Treaty of Peace and making it an enforcing agency of the victors in the war" the "Westminster" remarks:

If we agree, we have to realize that America herself is in the main responsible for this position of the League. What it is, Americans made it by refusing adhesion in circumstances in which their influence might

have given a wholly different character to the League. . . . We have no reproaches to offer for that abstention. But America cannot have matters both ways; she cannot abstain and then complain that the victors have made of the League something other than America would have had it. Compacts of amity, an association to promote peace, are excellent enough as evidences of American good will. But they form no adequate substitute for the League as it might have been had America willed it so.

The London "Spectator" says that at first view the Message may depress



International

THE REPUBLICAN MEMBERS OF THE SENATE FOREIGN RELATIONS COMMITTEE

When he was Senator, President Harding was a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations. Now that he is President, he is in frequent communication with it. Before he read his Message to Congress he read to some of the members of this Committee the part which deals with foreign affairs. The illustration shows the Republican members of the Committee. Senator Lodge, the Chairman, stands at the extreme left. Proceeding thence to the right are Senators Borah, Brandegee, Johnson, New, Moses, McCormick, McCumber, and Kellogg

the supporters of the League of Nations, but "they should not take the President's words too tragically or literally. . . . We believe that the League, even if the name is changed to 'Association of Nations,' would be strengthened and vivified by the entry of the United States, however strict her chief reservations. The League would find that it was only being asked to do what it . . . was designed to do and the United States would find that, all the time, she had been forcing an open door."

So much for the friendly English attitude towards the League of Nations. The unfriendly attitude is reflected by the London "Morning Post." It confesses that it never thought of the League as "an enforcing agency of the victors" and thinks that the only question on which the League has been really active has been the protection of Jews from "problematical pogroms." It asserts that the League's super-powers have been of no service whatever to the Allies. It then declares:

If the League is cause of offense to the United States it is certainly of no use to us. The main argument used for its adoption by England was that it would coax or inveigle the United States into some sort of an alliance for the enforcement of peace. Now that this fallacy has been demonstrated, nothing whatever remains to justify its expense to this country. . . . It came from the same nest as freedom of the seas, self-determination, and various other cockatrice's eggs. . . . The fact that the United States is determined not to enter the League makes it more dangerous for England to remain inside, for we may be called upon to support decisions of the League which the United States refuses to recognize. Thus a quarrel between the League and the United States may become our quarrel. . . .

What we want . . . is not a League, but a close and cordial alliance among the Entente Powers. By our alliance with Japan we preserved peace in the East. By an alliance with France we might preserve peace in the West.

FRENCH COMMENT

In France President Harding's Message has had in general a favorable reception. The one thing in the Message which stands out beyond anything else, in the view of the French papers, was the statement that we should "engage under the existing Treaty." This means, in French opinion, that French interests will be protected. As the Paris "Temps" (which generally reflects the Government's view) affirms: "The essential rights of France consist above all in obtaining guaranties against future aggression by Germany; in establishing that Germany is responsible for the war; and in being able to collect reparation payments. Far from misunderstanding our rights, we are confident that the United States will recognize them efficaciously." This seems to be the universal French comment.

As to the League of Nations, Mr. Harding's condemnation of it had been long indicated and therefore his reference to it in the Message caused less surprise than it otherwise would have done. The only complaining voice seems to be that of "Pertinax," political editor of the "Echo de Paris," who laments thus: "For the last two years France has been constantly mistaken about America. Shall we now send men to Washington capable of enlightening us and defending us?" This uncalled-for reflection, by innuendo, upon Ambassador Jusserand will be resented in America as well as in France. "Pertinax" is indirectly rebuked by other French papers, for in-

stance the Paris "Journal des Débats," which blames Mr. Wilson for the fate of the League, declaring that while the ex-President could have preserved it by accepting ratification with the reservations voted by the Senate last year, Mr. Harding's position "is not disagreeable to us." "The question of the League of Nations having disappeared," says the Paris "Liberté," "our relations with the United States ought to be simplified. The United States does not want the League. In France the League never had great standing."

GERMAN COMMENT

Most significant of all, perhaps, is the German comment, because the Message seems to have elicited a conclusion on the part of at least one German newspaper as to what America really represents in the present situation. Most German papers have been holding to some crumb of comfort which they have got now from their interpretation of American abstention from the meetings of the Supreme Allied Council, now from the introduction of the Knox Resolution declaring a separate peace, now from President Wilson's references to France as "militaristic and imperialistic," and now from our long-continued silence concerning German reparations, broken at last by Secretary Hughes's note in which he declared American policy to be that of the Allies. Hence the Berlin "Tageblatt," a Liberal paper, concludes: "We have little to expect from America. She will stand by us only when we have made proposals which show clearly good will to pay to the limit of our ability." The "Tageblatt" discovers, however, a consoling sentence in the Harding Message. It is this: "Helpfulness does not mean entanglement, and participation in economic adjustments does not mean sponsorship for treaty commitments which

do not concern us, and in which we will have no part."

The reactionary press is more reserved, bitter, and unintelligent. For instance, the Berlin "Deutsche Tages-Zeitung" declares:

The Message seems a distinct disappointment to the French policy, first because it rejects the League of Nations; second, because it does not accept the Treaty as a whole, but only in so far as separate American

interests are concerned; third, because it practically ends the state of war between Germany and America. This is the unkindest cut of all to France, because she had hoped that Harding would do her the favor to refrain, at least at this moment, from any distinct definition of the American attitude on that point.

CONCLUSION

Thus, we see, the foreign policy enun-

ciated in the President's Message was an announcement not only to America, but to the world. We may conclude, with the "London Times:" "President Harding refused, as most Englishmen always felt confident the American people would refuse, to believe that America, after playing a part in the war, can retire into a state of self-centered isolation after the war and wash its hands of its consequences."

NEW COMMISSIONERS

THOUGH not ranking as high as Cabinet positions, several of the commissionships to which the President makes appointments affect the welfare and happiness of individuals quite as directly and certainly. It is of some concern to the whole Nation, therefore, that the men chosen to these places should be experienced and competent. Recently several of these positions have been filled by Presidential appointment.

Since the American people are an inventive people, it is of great importance that the Patent Office, which secures to inventors their rights to their inventions, be administered efficiently. The new Commissioner of Patents is Thomas E. Robertson. He has been a practicing patent attorney in Washington for about thirty years. He is forty-nine years old and in the full vigor of a large practice. He has been President of the Patent Law Association, composed of the representative patent attorneys of the country; they usually hold their convention in connection with that of the American Bar Association. The Patent Office has had great difficulty in keeping competent men at Government remuneration; the men should have ample compensation. When Mr. Robertson was sworn in the other day, he announced his policy of maintaining efficiency in the conduct of his office.

In the United States, though not a part of the Nation, are between two and three hundred thousand Indians. To a very large degree their happiness depends upon the honest, intelligent, humane, and competent conduct of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. For a Commissioner of Indian Affairs, at the head of that Bureau, the President selected from a great number of applicants Charles H. Burke, a lawyer and real-estate man of Pierre, South Dakota. He served in the State Legislature and was also Representative in Congress for several terms. He became Chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs and is supposed to have expert knowledge on that subject. He is considered a good executive.

Prisoners in the custody of the United States Government may have forfeited their right to comfort and convenience, but not their right to justice and the most intelligent treatment. These individuals and their families are affected by the policies and methods of the Superintendent of Prisons under the Department of Justice. He is now to be the Rev. Herbert Votaw. For a long time Mr. Votaw served as missionary in India, and has latterly lived at Takoma Park, a suburb of Washington. He is a Seventh Day Adventist. His wife is a sister of Mrs. Harding. The responsibility for his appointment was assumed

by the Attorney-General, doubtless out of consideration for the President. Mr. Votaw will have charge, under the Attorney-General, of all matters relating to United States prisons and prisoners, including the support of such prisoners in both State and Federal penitentiaries, in reform schools, and in county jails. He will also have supervision over the construction work in progress in United States penal institutions. Finally, he is President of the Board of Parole.

Affecting directly the welfare of fewer individuals by far than the Commissioners of Patents and of Indian Affairs and Superintendent of Prisons, but affecting the efficiency of one of the greatest business enterprises of the Government, is the Public Printer. The appointment, from a large field of candidates, of George A. Carter for this position is a fine example of the recognition of efficiency. For several years Mr. Carter has been Secretary of the Joint Congressional Committee on Printing, of which Senator Smoot is Chairman. This Committee directs the publication of the Congressional Documents, including the Record, the Congressional Directory, the Committee Reports, etc. During the past few years the Joint Committee has directed its attention to correcting various evils in the over-production of such printing.

IN HAPSBURG LAND

CABLE CORRESPONDENCE FROM AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY

LIKE Russia, Austria is a political experimental laboratory. The cost is borne mostly by the experimenters. The rest of the world can learn a lot if it wants to.

If we wish to know about food control, Austria dictates the price at which bread shall be sold. She buys wheat at the market price, sells to the bakers at a great loss, and finishes a year with a deficit for this item about equal to one-half her entire revenues. Do we want to know about housing? Austria maintains the pre-war rental rates, but the value of her paper money has fallen so that a landlord who was formerly receiving one hundred dollars a month is now getting only seventy-five cents a month for his property. Before the war

five Austrian crowns equaled a dollar; now it takes seven hundred of them. Figure it for yourself. Shall we investigate railway control? Austria can tell you all about it. She has lost in one year eleven billion crowns—an amount equal to two-fifths of her total revenues—but she makes a passenger rate as low as six cents for one hundred miles. Her highest *de luxe* train fare is one-half a cent a mile. How large an annual deficit dare a government incur? Austria dares to the tune of seventy-one billion crowns expended, with revenues totaling twenty-nine billions. Do you ask about the amount of paper money in circulation and their gold reserve? The first is ninety-two billion crowns, the second about one-third of

one per cent of it. The result of all this is just short of chaos.

Thousands have come to Vienna, where they can live in a splendid capital for one-fourth what it would cost in London or Paris. Other thousands have come here to trade in fluctuating money exchange and such commercial business as comes their way. The result is that you can hunt a room from one hotel to another for hours, and when you finally secure one, as I did, it costs only 22 cents a day. The crown is cheap only when measured in foreign money. To the native Austrian the prices are high and the crowns hard to get, so we find a horde of beggars and a much greater number of people who are on their last legs in every sense of the word—over-

worked, underclothed, underfed—but are still carrying on. One gets a new conception of human endurance.

The children need help, but they are not the worst part of the picture by any means. The Government only reports fifteen thousand unemployed, who draw from 60 to 70 crowns a day, but it takes about 200 crowns to sustain a meager existence, for that is only 30 cents a day in our money. Those who are trying desperately to exist and find odd jobs are not considered unemployed.

The life of Vienna is brilliant at the top, but not functioning at the bottom. There are autos for the rich and taxies to take people to the scores of theaters and movies, which are always well filled or crowded, but there is not enough transportation for the necessities; so people go out miles into the country and bring back wood, potatoes, and meat on their backs.

Yes, there are horses, but not enough. I saw a splendid team hauling a brewer's wagon loaded with kegs of beer. Beer is two cents a glass, and plenty of it is drunk. You ask where do the people get money to go to the movies and drink beer? There are two million people in Vienna—about the same as before the war. One-fourth is rich or reasonably prosperous, including those skilled workmen who are fairly well employed and paid; another fourth is living in the twilight of misery; the remaining half is clutching at the skirts of the first while feeling themselves sinking down toward the lowest.

As in Germany, the cost of living is about one-half what it is in America; but, while the ordinary workman in Germany gets one-fourth the pay of our workmen, in Austria the common laborer gets about seven dollars a month, or one-tenth of what such a man earns in the United States.

This Socialistic Government followed the revolution. After the armistice they found the crown worth about ten cents. With the best intentions in the world, they went into ownership or control of so many things that they ran behind at once. They are now hopelessly entangled. In Austria, as in Germany, the working classes get the worst of it, thus proving what has been said so many times—that experimenting with a nation's finances is especially perilous to people of small means. The Government has gone too far to retrace its steps. If it drops food control, the prices will go up and there will be a revolution. It has no power to equalize wages to a new cost of living. If it discharges surplus public employees, there will be several hundred thousand at the point of starvation. That too will cause a revolt. In other words, this present Government would be put out of power if it were to reform, so it drifts along toward Niagara. Even the coolest heads are unable to suggest a remedy except a loan from America. That seems to be impossible, but should it be arranged, it would only postpone the smashup.

There is food in Vienna and enough wealth to take reasonable care of the

underfed and underclothed; but it should not be spent at the same time for imported jewelry, furs, gasoline, or native liquor made out of grain that could be devoted to better uses in these tragic times. The wealthy, however, whether native or foreign, have only a slight interest in alleviating misery.

The Jew will have to bear a good deal of responsibility for this condition of things. He has always been good to his family, good to his tribe, and more or less cruel to all others. When the war commenced, many Jews fled from Galicia to Vienna. They came as refugees, but stayed as profiteers. They helped each other to do every one else. I asked an ex-soldier if they were not forced into the army. "Not much," he said; "they were tried, but they were no good, they were always trying to make business." Another reported that they would leave the ranks in battle and peddle cigarettes, which they had concealed on their persons. We must understand that the anti-Semitic feeling in parts of Europe is very strong, and is based on contact at short range with certain people who make a god of money and who deny the theory of giving your neighbor a square deal, as laid down by the great Jew of Nazareth. Whenever they will practice the Golden Rule, opposition to Jews as a race will cease.

I was discussing Austria's plight with two prominent men of Vienna. They called on me for suggestions. I asked if they would sell the contents of one of their many art museums. They said they would die first. This shows that they are either exaggerating their troubles or are preferring oil paintings to children. They have tens of thousands of very valuable things. Why not regard them as a financial surplus to be drawn on when necessary? Anyway, they should be able to appreciate the cry of France at the wholesale destruction of so much of her art and architecture by the Boche.

When they complain that their coal has been given to Czechoslovakia and their agricultural area to others, I ask why they don't try to join themselves to Italy or Switzerland; but they only want to go to Germany. One man said: "We need the German whip. If they own us, they will make us sorry, but it will be better for us."

Austria and Hungary still have great resources. They have not been punished as losers in the Great War. The old Empire has been divided into four more or less natural parts. There are no visible war scars and no indemnities that are important. They all went into the war with flags flying. They now protest that they—the Bohemians, the Hungarians, the Croats—hated the war and were the first to quit. It looks as though their punishment has been like mine when as a schoolboy I was made to sit with the girls. I didn't like it; I tried to look defiant; the other boys made faces, the girls fluttered; but it was all forgotten the next day. It was not punishment. The problems of

government finance, which one studies generally as a complicated puzzle, seem easy to understand in Austria. She has had too many expenses and not enough income. She has signed notes until no one wants them any more; she can hardly give them away.

After spending ten days in Vienna compiling data, I ran over to Budapest to look at the balance-sheet of the Hungarian Government. It is also easily understood. I had heard that their paper crown was worth, six months ago, as little as the Austrian crown; now it is worth over twice as much. Why? Simply because they have reduced their expenses and increased their Government income, increasing confidence at the same time.

The Secretary of the Treasury is reported to have said that they paid their way in March, so no more paper money would be printed. The amount of paper money in circulation is also in their favor; they have not half as many promises out as Austria. As Hungary is about the same size as Austria, we can attribute her better financial showing only to better management. If Hungary has intelligence enough to support the present financial policy of her Secretary, Roland Hegedus, and if he sticks to his course, Hungary will be saved from further revolutions.

I was in Budapest when King Charles made his sensational appearance. No one knew he was coming and no one was glad to see him. The newspapers of Budapest condemned him and those in office were in an uproar. Cartoons were published ridiculing the whole proceedings. It seems he spent one night in Vienna. The city did not relish having a Hapsburger in its midst again.

Budapest has a good deal to say about the Bolshevik Bela Kun. He carried on such a reign of terror in Hungary that no one now dares mention Communism favorably. The people were glad to get rid of the nightmare. The landowners seem to be making use of the anti-Soviet sentiment for their own benefit. A semi-official report states that in 1913 one hundred and twenty-eight men owned thirty-four per cent of the area of Hungary. At the present time they are not paying large taxes and they are not selling land to small farmers.

Landlordism is a Hungarian issue. It seems to account for the long lines of people in Budapest waiting before the office of the American Consul to get passports to America. I looked the line over carefully. There were over two hundred waiting. I could see no possible benefit the United States could get out of their coming. We cannot put up temporary immigration bars too quickly.

I don't care what the statistics of arrivals in New York may show to date, I know the showing will be big enough later on. One can hardly get into an American consul's office in Italy or Hungary or Austria, the crowds around the doors are so great.

W. C. GREGG.

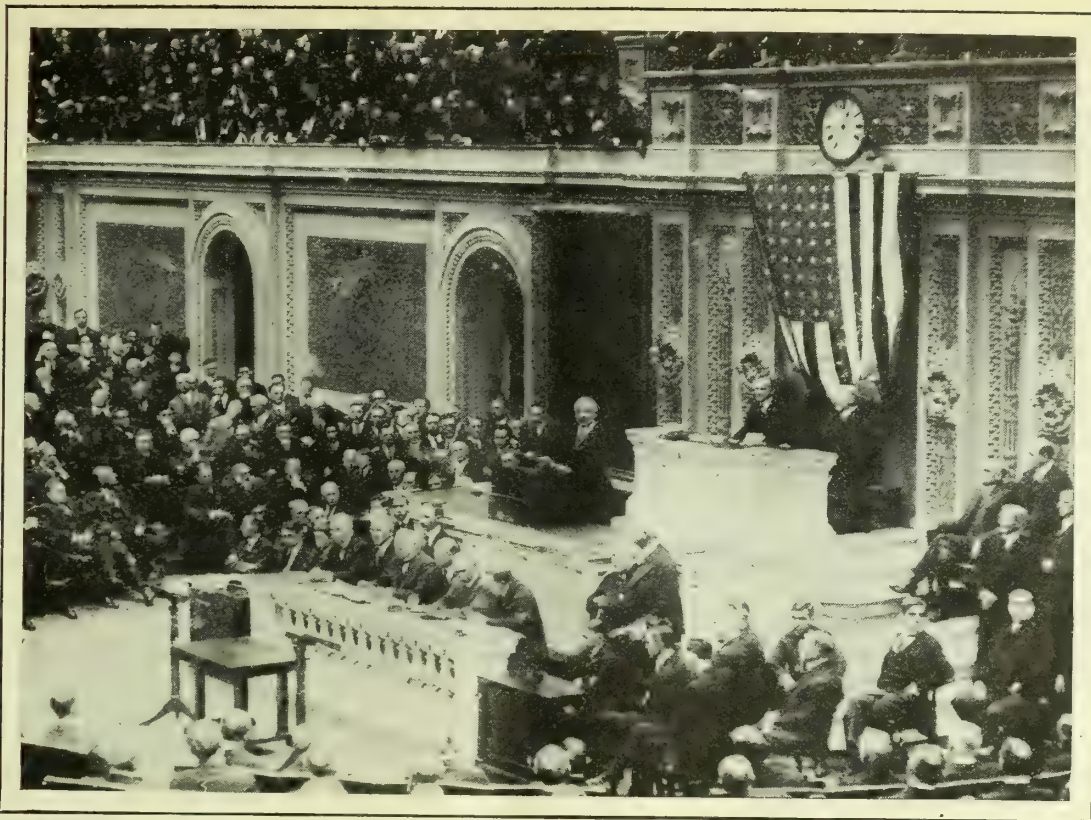
AMERICANS HONORED AT HOME AND ABROAD



(C) Dorr News Service

A NEW STATUE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

This statue, by Paul W. Bartlett, is to be erected at Waterbury, Connecticut. It is now touring the country from Baltimore, where it was cast in bronze, to Philadelphia, and then by boat, under the auspices of the U. S. Navy, to Burlington, N. J., and from that city to the Battery, New York, where a public meeting signalizes its reception. It is expected that the statue will also be exhibited in Boston, under the auspices of the Sons of the American Revolution. The route over which the statue passes is the reverse of that taken by Franklin when he ran away from Boston, as a boy. At the Philadelphia meeting the principal speaker was the French Ambassador. Coincidentally it was the one hundred and thirty-first anniversary of the death of Franklin. "The same feeling that France had for the colonies at the time of the Revolution," remarked M. Jusserand, "has been increased as a result of the assistance you rendered France during the late war. . . . Our hearts would enlist again for freedom, were you ever to need us"



(C) Keystone

PRESIDENT HARDING DELIVERING HIS MESSAGE TO THE SIXTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS

Following the practice revived by President Wilson, Mr. Harding delivered his Message in person to Congress instead of sending the document to be read at joint session



International

A CELEBRATION IN BUDAPEST OF THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT HARDING

A remarkable scene was presented in Budapest, the capital of Hungary, on March 4, when a crowd numbering, it is estimated, 20,000 men, women, and children gathered in front of the National Museum to listen to speeches by Hungarian leaders eulogizing the United States and our new President. The tribute, coming from one of our late enemies, is a significant indication of a change of feeling on the part of Hungary's inhabitants

THE GOLDEN DAY OF ORPHEUS

BY WILLIAM S. WALKLEY

"PAW," said Orpheus, breezing into the kitchen, where his father was shaving, "paw."

"Um-huh!" grunted Father Smith, carefully coasting his upper lip with his pet razor.

"Say, paw," continued Orpheus, blithely, satisfied that he had gained his father's attention, "I'm goin' out to the woodshed to study my Sunday-school lesson. It's cool out there."

"Ouch!" Father Smith's dedal hand twitched like a galvanized frog's leg and snicked out a neat triangle of hide from just under the septum of his nose. "What's that?"

He eyed his son's reflected visage in the mirror for a moment, then swung about and scrutinized his offspring in utter bewilderment.

"Say that again," he demanded, tensely.

"Say what?" parried Orph, gazing with fascinated eyes at his parent, down whose white-lathered lip and chin a tenuous stream of blood trickled with the startling distinctness of a red stripe on a stick of peppermint candy. "Oh, yes," he recalled innocently. "I'm goin' out to the woodshed to study my Sunday-school lesson."

A hard glint steeled Father Smith's eye. "I thought that was it," he observed, grimly. "What's the game, young man?"

Orph looked offended. "Aw, gee whiz!" he whined in a hurt voice. "You're always pickin' on me. Scold me if I don't get my lesson, and now when I want to— What's the use tryin', anyhow?" He smiled wistfully at his father.

It was rather overdone. Father Smith's wonder grew as he contemplated the youngster. Here it was not yet nine o'clock, and Orph's shoes were polished to a door-knob finish, his cravat was neatly tied, and his wet hair was plastered down snugly against his round skull. Moreover, instead of sporting the usual Sunday-morning thundercloud, Orph's brow was now serene and his freckled, sunburned visage frankly advertised to the world that he was at peace with all mankind.

Father Smith was clearly puzzled. Such immaculate grooming had never before been accomplished except at cost of terrible effort by the combined parental forces. And here was the thing achieved without a struggle, miles ahead of schedule time. It was unbelievable.

"Let's see your finger-nails," he commanded, hopefully.

Orph displayed ten digits, the nails edged in lightest-gray tones instead of their wonted fringe of deepest-mourning black.

Father Smith sighed. "All right, Orph," he said, gloomily, acknowledging defeat by moving over to the mirror and beginning to strop his razor. "But mind, no funny business."



Brown Bros.

THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN

"Call me when it's time to go," said Orph. "I'm awful sorry you cut yourself, paw."

"Humph!" grunted Father Smith.

ORPH went through the screen door quietly, with an ostentatious display of the Sunday leaflet. It was a beautiful summer's morning, hot and still and brooding with the sweet quietude of the Lord's Day. Bees were humming about the sweet-clover bushes; locusts shrilled lazily and intermittently; pigeons cooed their amorous confidences softly and pleasingly, while the fat Plymouth Rocks had long since given over their busy foraging for the placid delights of the dust-bath under the currant bushes. But if Orph even dimly perceived the glories of the wonderful morning as he quickened his steps across the back yard he gave no sign or paused to drink them in. His business lay in the woodshed.

"Humph!" said Father Smith to himself in the mirror. "Now what?"

Almost any parent would naturally thrill with satisfaction over the announcement that his son, of his own volition, intended to study his Sunday-school lesson and seriously meditate thereon. But in the case of Father Smith precisely that was the fly in the amber.

Viewed in the light of past performance, the mere declaration was in itself ground for suspicion; and, although he frankly admitted that he ought to be ashamed of himself for his doubts, Father Smith resumed shaving with the uncomfortable feeling that all was not well.

"By ginger!" he exploded at last. "It may be straight goods, Orph, my son, but father is going to have a look-in."

Completing operations with reckless haste, Father Smith made stealthy descent on the woodshed, to view with his own eyes the miracle of his son and heir in voluntary pursuit of the Golden Text.

Orph was seated on the chopping-block, strictly observing the convention

that the light should fall over the reader's left shoulder, but the light fell not on the Golden Text. Not so. At the precise moment when Father Smith's left eye glued itself to a knothole in the woodshed wall Orph was many geographical miles removed from the shores of Galilee. He was, as a matter of record, roaming our Western plains in company with Silver Bullet Steve, King of the Prairie.

"Ah!" exclaimed Father Smith, suddenly. Then he uttered several words wildly.

Orph scarcely breathed, for a malignant redskin was crawling through the long grass towards the heroic figure of Silver Bullet Steve, who battled on all unaware of his peril, and with no one to give him friendly warning. The assassin crept nearer and nearer, lifted his gleaming knife, crouched for the lethal spring, and—

The sentence spilt at the very bottom of page 18. Trembling with fearsome anticipation, the boy fluttered the leaf. Alas! the battle is still on, the knife still poised, and Silver Bullet Steve is still in direst peril so far as Orpheus is concerned; for at the very moment of fluttering the leaf his father's left hand clutched the vivid chronicle, his right hand closed on the shell of his son's left ear, and Orph was personally conducted back to the shores of Galilee.

The fortunes of war ought not to ruffle anybody, yet Orph was undeniably sore; he was sore in his pride and other places. He carried a little heart as black as the ace of spades to Sunday school, where he denied, and rightly so, a speaking acquaintance with the Golden Text.

"I don't know nothin' about the Gold'n Tex', and I don't want to, and I ain't goin' to," he rudely affirmed when questioned by pretty Miss Harding.

"Oh, Orpheus!" Miss Harding bit her lip and her blue eyes filled. "I'm so sorry. Are you sure?"

Orpheus kicked at the bench in front

of him and made no reply. After a painful silence Miss Harding passed on to "Jig" Skerrett, and Orph was left to nurse his gloomy grouch undisturbed.

The boy's errant thoughts flew through the open window out into the golden sunshine, where bumblebees blundered at their tasks, grasshoppers clacked lazily about, and the sun-baked pines gave out the pleasantest odor imaginable, away and beyond all this Sunday peace and quiet to a scene of frightful carnage in the Bad Lands.

"Gee!" he half whispered; "I wonder how Silver Bullet Steve got away. Durn paw, anyway!"

That afternoon Father Smith issued an ultimatum which increased Orph's animosity by one thousand.

"Orph," he said, sternly, "in view of your deliberately studied attempt to deceive me, I have decided that you are not to leave the yard for one week. And, mind you, no other boys are to come in here, either. You think this over alone."

Orph turned pale. "Say," he gasped, "you don't mean *this* week, do you?"

Father Smith looked down at his son, smothering an exclamation of wrath at the look of agony on the boy's face, and replied in the affirmative.

"Certainly," he said. "What other week would I mean?"

"Why—why—it's circus week!"

So it was. The World's Greatest Show was coming to Limerick with the greatest collection of untamed jungle beasts, the greatest herd of elephants, the greatest aggregation of clowns in existence—forty marvelously merry mountebanks; count them, forty—and it was coming on Friday!

Father Smith looked serious. But he was a man of convictions; the "dime novel" was one of them; another was a foolish pride in the fact that when he said a thing the thing stood for all time. Presently Father Smith shook his head and it was "thumbs down" for Orph.

"I do not see any reason for changing my mind, Orph," said Father Smith in

his self-righteous manner. "You will have to stay in the yard for one week, as I said."

It took less than one second for the dire truth to dawn upon Orph, and when it did an anguished moan escaped him. His nether lip trembled. Then suddenly his face blanched, and a terrible white-hot anger flamed within him. He turned blazing eyes upon his father.

"I hate you!" he cried fiercely, and fled from the house to throw himself face downward under the lilac bushes.

"Orph, come back—" Father Smith began and stopped, stricken dumb by the awful thing his son had said to him. It stunned him; frightened him for a moment with the dread that it might really be true. He was impelled to rush out and gather into his arms the sobbing form under the lilac bushes and ask him to unsay it; but the impulse faded on the moment. Father Smith

shrugged his shoulders and hardened his lips. "The rascal!" he muttered. "Now I'm certain he can't go."

Nor could Orph obtain commutation of sentence for good behavior, a boon granted the most hardened villains in State's prison—murderers even. His mother's pleading in his behalf availed him nothing. Father Smith shook his head and remained adamant.

"It'll be a lesson to him, Annie," said Father Smith.

On Thursday morning, tragically lonely, Orph sat on the chopping-block and ate his heart out. Sullenly threshing over the whole affair from a boy's view-point, he simply could not make the punishment fit the crime; it was beyond belief that just reading a dime novel was worth one whole week of a boy's life and a licking besides. Peg Packem's father had just licked Peg; Fat Wilkins's father had taken Fat's novel and read it through himself—he sat up till midnight—and then, after burning it up in the kitchen stove, he told Fat he'd whale the life out of him if he was ever caught with one of the things again.

That was the kind of parent to have. But his own! Black hatred filled Orph's soul, and he vowed that henceforth they were no parents of his. How *could* a boy love parents who invented ways to torture their only offspring?

"Curses on them!" muttered Orph, mouthing a phrase gleaned from other sources than his Sunday-school leaflet. "I'm goin' to that show to-morrow, anyway. I'll run off."

He lifted his small obstinate face with determination written all over it. He half rose from the block, only to slump back in despair. The tyrants still held him under heel—he had no money. Only last week his thrifty mother had looted his toy bank to buy him Sunday shoes;



(C) Paul Thompson

THE SIDE SHOW BARKER



(C) Bain

A CIRCUS QUEEN

a loathly game of high finance which Orph detested as a system of highway robbery and burglary combined.

That Thursday was the longest day in all time. Orph felt himself age perceptibly under the mental strain of futile scheming; and then out of a blank gray intellectual fog suddenly popped an idea, a working plan of salvation.

"It's a cinch!" he shouted. "You wait."

He rose from the chopping-block with the light of a great hope shining in his eyes, and went into the house, where he ate a dinner passing the bounds of belief. The rest of the afternoon was spent in garnering grimy lumps of chewing-gum from the under edges of tables and chairs. These lumps were reduced to a homogeneous mass by a process of prolonged mastication, and when artfully disposed between the cheek and the gums this mass faithfully simulated that morbid tumefaction commonly known as a "gumboil." It was fully warranted to reduce a heart of stone to instant sympathy.

Orph viewed his artifice in the mirror and rested content, for he saw that it was good.

"There!" he gloated. "I reckon if one of them fakes got 'Jig' Skerrett out of school three days runnin', it ought to get me out of this yard long enough to see the tents, anyhow."

Upon his return home that Thursday evening, Father Smith found Orph perched in the angle of the front and side fences. The lad's face rested in the palm of his right hand and wore an anguished expression, as of suffering repressed with effort. There was a miserable droop to the whole body.

"Hello, Orph!" said Father Smith, cheerily. "What's the matter, old fellow? Sick?"

The tone touched something deep down in Orph's little chest and started the moisture to his eyes, but he resolutely stifled the emotion. He would play the game out.

"Jawache," he sniveled.

"Pshaw! that's too bad," said Father Smith, in his hearty way. "Guess it won't amount to much. Come on in to supper."

"Don't want no supper," mumbled Orph. "It's jumpin'."

"Well, come on in out of the air, son," urged his father. "After supper ma will fix you up finer'n a cotton hat."

Orph slid down and carefully carried his jaw indoors and allowed himself to be persuaded to eat some supper. But after having consumed as much food as would, he thought, carry him through the night, the jaw began to ache like sixty again. He retired limply to the lounge in the sitting-room.

"It's too bad, Orph," said Mother Smith, softly. "I'll fix it up soon."

And so, when the dishes were done and a batch of bread set to rise, Mother Smith brought in a basin of nice warm water and washed his dusty feet, taking particular pains not to hurt the wicked stone bruise on the left one or the nasty stubbed toe on the right one.

Then she bound a piping-hot hop-bag over the alleged jumping jaw, gave him a sweet mother's kiss and packed him off to bed trembling on the verge of tears and confession.

"Dawgone it!" whimpered Orph when he was at last safe between the sheets, "I wish I *did* have a jawache! But I got to see that show, and that settles it!"

To the naked eye Orph was a miserably dejected being next morning. His jaw appeared to be horribly swollen, and so sensitive withal that he refused to allow his parents within forty rows of apple trees of it. Not much! He cupped the swelling in a tender palm and looked pained to death; on feeling either parental gaze fixed upon him he writhed and groaned dismally.

"Jeeminy crickets!" he wailed in anguish. "Christmas! I can't stand this toothache much longer!"

Mother Smith went over and stood beside him. "It's got to be pulled," she announced, firmly; "you might as well let me do it now and have it over with."

"I won't!" howled Orph, dodging to the other side of the room, his spine creeping and the roots of his hair crawling, while chill fear clutched at his heart with the imminence of discovery. "The string broke three times the last one you pulled. This one's in back, and you ain't strong enough."

Mother Smith glanced meaningly at her husband, who shook his head and slowly inserted his hand into his "change" pocket.

"Not for mine!" he decided. "Guess this job's up to a dentist. How much is it?"

Orph took a natural breath.

"A quarter," suggested Mother Smith.

"It's a half," amended Orph, eagerly. "It costs more when you kill the pain first."

"You can stand the pain all right, brave little man," urged his frugal mother. "It will soon be over."

"Soon nothin'!" retorted Orph indignantly. "Say, paw," he demanded, turning upon his father, "would you have your'n pulled without killin' the pain first?"

There followed an impressive silence which cost Father Smith a quarter; he winced involuntarily, and his crafty son read him as an open book.

"Bet your life you wouldn't!" he asserted glibly. "And if a strong grown-up man like paw wouldn't, what do you think a kid like me is made of? Gee whiz!"

Father Smith silently retrieved a half-dollar and passed it over. Orph grabbed his cap and went through the door like a streak.

"Good-by!" he cast over his shoulder.

For the life of him he could not quite eliminate the triumphant ring from his voice. It haunted Father Smith, who sat down to his breakfast with the vague unpleasant sensation that he had been somehow "stung," as Orph would have neatly expressed it.

Orph set his gladsome feet outside the

front gate and breathed the wine-like air with all the intoxication of a life-prisoner suddenly paroled. Unmindful of stone-bruise or stubbed toe, he flew straight as a homing pigeon down to the old "Backus lot," where a vast sea of whity-brown canvas billowed and thousands of pennons and flags of all nations fluttered and snapped in the brisk breeze.

CARAVANS and band-wagons gorgeous with gleaming gold and silver, red animal dens uncountable, horses, spotted ponies, chariots, a camel and two dromedaries just lurching within the menagerie tent—this thrilling picture greeted his enraptured eye; the quick tattoo of iron sledges on tent-pins, the hoarse shouts of sweating men, the whinnying of horses, and, yes! the weird trumpeting of a huge elephant made music, a symphony, in his ears.

The World's Greatest was "in."

Even as he drew up close a strange, hot, musty, feline odor, the odor of caged wild animals and sawdust mingled, puffed out from under the canvas walls and assailed his delighted nostrils.

"Lions! and tigers! and—and—and wolves!" breathed Orph, snuffing deep and full. "Jeeminy whiskers! don't they smell good!"

Vanished instantly all thoughts of fictitious jawache and outrageous parole. Up to that instant the utmost limits of his daring had included only a wild dash to the "lot" for a glimpse of the World's Greatest, and then a return, much less blithely, to sacrifice a perfectly sound molar on the altar of his heart's desire. But that whiff of caged carnivora settled it. Orph shucked off his moral integument as easily as you slip the skin of a ripe Concord grape, and the thing was accomplished. Joyously whistling a spirited air, he plunged into the delightful vagabondage of circus day. Orph had actually run off.

Some special circus deity watched over Orph that day and kept him and his father traveling on parallel lines; for of a certainty they did not meet, despite the fact that Father Smith spent his nooning, and then some, on the "Backus lot" in lively anticipation of starting a circus of his own, in which Orph was cast for the ground and lofty tumbling. But he went home empty-handed, with itching palm and twitching fingers, his fiercely gleaming eye striking terror to the heart of more than one innocent youth not even remotely resembling the scion of the house of Smith.

Orph filched a golden day crammed with adventures surpassing the adventures of the "Arabian Nights." There was not a pinchbeck flaw anywhere, and the youngster enjoyed to the full each swiftly winging enchanted moment under the big canvas top. He stayed for the concert, and was one of the very last group to leave the charmed arena. But the first blast of cool outside air struck a chill to his heart; he turned pale with apprehension, a sickening sense of guilt and foreboding. The glamour of the big show vanished, and



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UNDER THE BIG TOP

he did not need an astrologer to warn him that "a dark man with a cane" was camping on his trail. Nothing like that. He was suddenly a desperately forlorn little boy with a lump in his throat and a weight at his heart, tired to death, starved, and scared blue.

Skirting the merry crowd, he started home at a brisk walk, which unconsciously was quickened to a dog-trot, and then to headlong panicky flight. Something drove him at high speed, as if to overtake and distance the dread fate impending, until his winged feet carried him within sight of his own home, and there the impulse faded out altogether and left him with leaden limbs.

"Good-night!" ejaculated Orph in a frightened gasp. "There's paw hangin' around the gate."

He slouched along slowly, his mind groping for some slender reed to lean on; but the more he reviewed the case, the more certain he was of its utter helplessness. The most damning bit of evidence, as he viewed it, a point which robbed him of the plea of inadvertence and spontaneity, lay in the fact that while the swelling had disappeared from his cheek, his teeth still numbered precisely the same as when he had left home in the morning. This undeniable fact worried Orph. There was no sav-

ing hiatus in the ivory rows; no gaping wound to satisfy the doubting Thomases at home. If even now he could but manage to get rid of a molar, he would chance the rest. But how? Five cents alone remained of the half-dollar, and what self-respecting dentist would separate a molar from its moorings for five cents?

"Nothing doing," groaned Orph. "It's me for a whaling and life imprisonment. Oh, you Silver Bullet Steve!"

With a wan smile the lad edged along, his feet carrying him insensibly to a street where a dentist had "parlors." Orph started with unfeigned surprise on finding himself in a dingy hallway flanked on one side by a display case of photographs of babies, high-school graduates with diplomas, and June brides with veils, wilted bouquets, and wooden-looking husbands; on the other side by an enormous glass bin three-quarters full of gleaming white teeth; there were old molars, young and middle-aged molars, bicuspid, incisors, and tricuspid—each and every one sporting a black cavity which had harbored a one-time jumping toothache. There must have been half a bushel of them.

"Jeeminy!" gasped Orph. "Ain't that the limit!"

His fascinated gaze rested on the

gruesome relics with actual envy. If only one of his own molars were out and neatly wrapped in a fold of newspaper, he could go home cheerfully and take his medicine like a man. A door slammed at the head of the stairs, and he looked up to see a boy of his own age descending. He was a stranger, pale and somewhat bloody of countenance; and he carried a bit of folded newspaper in his hand.

"Tooth out?" inquired Orph, amiably.

"Yep," replied the boy, with exceedingly moist articulation. "Two."

"Gee!" cried Orph, admiringly. "Let's see 'em."

The paper was unfolded with boyish flourish, and Orph gazed at the sanguinary roots in awed silence.

"Take anything?" he asked at last. "Hurt much?"

"Naw!" lied the stranger, vaingloriously. "I can stand anything."

Orph let this pass unchallenged, for as he gazed a great idea took shape, nebulous at first but quickly crystallizing into a plan of salvation.

"Say," he cried eagerly, "gimme one, will you?"

"Not much, I won't," retorted the other indignantly. "What do you take me for?"

"Aw, go ahead!" wheedled Orph;

"don't be stingy. You got two, ain't you?"

"Who ever heard of you?" was the scornful rejoinder.

Orph considered a moment. "I'll give you a nickel for one," he offered, briskly.

"Real money?" sneered the stranger. "Chase yourself."

It looked decidedly like a deadlock; but Orph did not propose to let a little thing like that worry him. He needed a tooth in his business, needed a newly harvested tooth, and here were two of them before his very eyes. He was desperate, and time was flitting; his eyes hardened and his muscles tightened.

"Do I get one?" he demanded, tensely.

"Gwan, you make me sicker'n a horse," jeered the stranger. "You're bughouse. Beat it."

ORPH took a rapid survey of the quiet street and found the coast clear. When he looked back, the stranger had folded the paper and was returning it to his pocket with an air of finality. Orph doubled his fists and stepped in front of him, completely blocking the exit.

"Come on," he flamed. "You won't sell me one, and you won't gimme one, so we'll fight."

The blood-stained youth shrank back in alarm, but his hands flew to position of defense with the readiness of an old campaigner.

"Say, you!" he bellowed, warningly.

"Gimme one, or sell, or fight," was Orph's cold-blooded ultimatum. There was a murderous gleam in his eye.

There were no preliminary fancy frills; neither the usual coin-tossing for corners nor the accustomed farce of shaking hands. This was not a fistic contest, but plain, unadorned highway robbery, in which the element of surprise counts for much. So Orph handed the stranger a stinging paste on the ear and another in the wind. Yowling with rage and pain, he came back at Orph like a lambent flame, and the engagement became general.

"Ouch!" yapped the stranger.

"Ugh!" grunted Orph.

They slugged and clinched, feinted and ducked, side-stepped and rushed, to the Queen's taste. Then most unexpectedly Orph was presented with a corkscrew in the solar plexus which almost put him out of the gate receipts; but his adversary was leaning against the tooth-bin stanching the crimson flow from his nose, quite unable to follow up his advantage.

"Gimme one?" bawled Orph, as soon as he could manage one deep inspiration. "Gimme one?"

"Naw!" shrieked the strange knight, tears of rage in his voice.

He braced to meet Orph's bull-like rush and accommodated a short-arm

jolt on the floating ribs, neatly countering with a wicked uppercut that drove Orph's teeth into his tongue and drew blood. Then a smashing wallop full on the stranger's left optic made him see the error of his ways. He threw up the sponge.

"Here," he sobbed, groggily, "take the durned old teeth."

He tossed the packet to Orph, who selected the largest and bloodiest tooth, carefully entombed it in half the paper, and returned the other one to its rightful owner. Next he explored his pockets and fished out a nickel.

"Here's your money," he puffed. "And say, kid, you're some little old scrapper. You're all right."

Clutching his ill-gotten booty, he scooted up the street as fast as he could leg it. Around the first corner he halted to get his breath and arrange his disordered clothing. A seraphic grin grew and spread across his freckled phiz.

"Oh, I don't know!" he chuckled. "I guess yes."

Rehabilitated, inflated with the pride of conquest, and with the hot blood of recent conflict still surging within him, the young outlaw advanced to his own gate and lifted the latch. Under the crab-apple tree by the side door he met Father Smith.

"Hello, paw!" he called, cheerily. "Want to see the tooth?"

SOLVING THE BOY PROBLEM

BY ROBERT H. MOULTON

A FEW years ago, in Chicago, a man was led to the gallows to be hanged. As he took his place on the trap the officials and reporters saw a young fellow in the twenties—a boy with some promise in the shape of his head, but brutality in his face. Before the black cap was slipped on he was asked whether he had anything to say. And the burden of his statement was that he had never had a chance; he had been beaten, starved, kicked, and neglected from the day he was born, and had been taught to lie as soon as he could talk.

He had never "had a chance"! And a few seconds later Society had snuffed out the life of the boy, its double victim—victim of Society's neglect and victim of Society's inadequacy to deal with the result of that neglect.

Now another story: A few weeks ago, in that same city of Chicago, a boy received his diploma from a high-standard technical school. He had not only earned his way through, but had contributed to the support of some of his relatives while doing it. He now has a good position with a progressive firm, and is making good. He is adding to the wealth of society.

A few years ago that boy was a dependent—had no wholesome home life; no one to feed, to clothe and shelter him; no one to train and educate him.

And it is the starved, ill-clothed, poorly sheltered boy that grows up to be a criminal. That is the way he was headed.

But right here is where the story of the Glenwood, Illinois, Manual Training School comes in. This boy went to Glenwood. And, instead of becoming a criminal, he had his chance. Glenwood stepped in when the boy became dependent and before he had a chance to become a delinquent. Instead of becoming a social and economic menace, the boy became an asset. And Glenwood did it. It has done the same, in degree, for more than seven thousand needy and dependent boys in the twenty-three years of its existence. For these boys, taken from the streets and tenements of Chicago, it has provided school, vocational, industrial, and home training.

Glenwood was founded May 15, 1887. The total endowment of the school on that day was a desire to save the boy. For two years it struggled along under the most distressing conditions. Then things brightened. Milton George, a farmer who lived twenty-three miles from Chicago, and his wife, had toiled for years acquiring a three-hundred-acre farm of some of the finest land in Illinois. But they were getting along in years, they had no children, and they began to think seriously about what would become of the farm when they

were gone. By chance they heard one day of the Glenwood school, and then the problem was solved: their farm would become the property of the school, and they themselves would find happiness during the remaining years of their lives in watching its progress.

And so the farm of Milton George and his wife was deeded to the Glenwood Manual Training School. To-day Glenwood is a magnificent plant embracing about thirty buildings and a total of 475 acres, the whole equipped and cared for in a manner that would do credit to the average small college to be found anywhere in the country. There are twelve cottages, each accommodating about thirty-two boys; an administration building with offices, dormitory accommodations for employees, and club-room for boys; a commodious and modern service building containing a complete equipment of dining-rooms, kitchen, bakery, storerooms, with a drill hall and gymnasium in addition; a home for the superintendent and his family and a cottage for the farm supervisor; a school building with accommodations for five hundred boys; a manual training building, a chapel, a laundry, a power plant, a greenhouse, a creamery, and various farm buildings. These buildings and their equipment, with the farm, represent a value of more than half a million dollars. The entire enterprise is under



TALKING IT OVER WITH THE SUPERINTENDENT

"They are real boys; bright-eyed, happy, and wholesome-looking youngsters—the kind that you will find in attendance at the public schools in any good section of a large city"

control of a corporation composed of those who have contributed one hundred dollars or more to the school, and is managed by a board of directors elected by the votes of these members of the corporation.

If the visitor to Glenwood expects to see several hundred pale-faced, furtive, shuffling boys, he is quickly disillusioned. From the moment he enters the beautiful and well-ordered grounds he will find boys in abundance. But they are real boys; bright-eyed, happy, and wholesome-looking youngsters—the kind that you will find in attendance at the public schools in any good section of a large city. And he will be struck at once by the extraordinarily accommodating manners and unusual politeness of these boys wherever they may be found—in the cottages, the class-rooms, the playrooms, the dining-hall, the workshops, or on the farm. It is the sort of spirit that comes only from right teaching and training and a thorough understanding on the part of the school officials of the boy makeup. It is all the more remarkable, too, when one considers that these boys come, in many instances, from homes ruined by poverty, ignorance, crime, and other causes.

Great emphasis is placed on the home life at Glenwood, and it is really the most important feature of the school. The boys, ranging from ten to sixteen inclusive, are grouped in twelve families, there being at the head of each family a competent matron or housemother. The cottages in which the boys live are as comfortable, attractive, and well equipped as the dormitories of a private boarding-school. They all have hot and cold water, steam heat, electric lights, and bathrooms. Each boy has his own good bed, white sheets, downy pillow, and spotless spread. He also has his

own locker and treasure chest, his own towels, brush, comb, tooth-brush. Each boy has his own distinctive clothing, which is marked with his name, and for the general care of which he is held responsible.

The basement of each cottage is fitted up as a playroom, and on the first floor of each is a cozy, cheerful, homelike living-room, with a big fireplace, tables, chairs, and a well-selected stock of books, pictures, and games. The care of the grounds surrounding the cottages and of the homes themselves, the house-keeping, is apportioned among the boys.

And they do all these things willingly, cheerfully, and well, going about their work with smiling faces, happy talk, whistling, and singing, apparently taking great pride in their responsibilities.

Glenwood has many of the features of other regular schools, such as school colors, pins, clubs, baseball teams, prize drill companies, and their school anniversary day, all of which tend to develop an *esprit de corps*, which is a powerful factor for good. That the training of the hand should keep pace with the training of the head is now an accepted principle of education. This principle was employed at Glenwood long before it prevailed in the public schools. Each boy spends half a day (three hours) in the schoolroom, and the other half day is spent in manual training. Each boy also has about four hours for play, not counting the military drill, which the boys regard as play. In pleasant weather they indulge in all the usual outdoor sports so dear to the boyish heart, and in bad weather make use of the playrooms in the basement of the cottages.

Accommodations are provided in the school for the boys of the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth grades. Recently the work was subdivided and a junior high school organized, to include the seventh and eighth grades with the addition of a commercial class for boys who have completed the grammar grades or are qualified for commercial branches. No accommodations are provided for boys below the fourth grades; not because there are no boys below that grade who are in need, but because the splendid shop equipment for industrial training and the general character of the opportunities at Glenwood can be taken advantage of only by those of more mature age and development.

The opportunities for an education



SUPPER IN FIFTEEN MINUTES

"The cottages . . . are as well equipped as the dormitories of a private boarding-school. . . . Each boy has his own locker and treasure chest, his own towels, brush, comb, tooth-brush"



IN THE CARPENTER SHOP

Besides carpentry there is training in a number of industrial lines, including machine shop practice, printing, plumbing, electrical work, etc. In the shops are produced articles and supplies for school use. On these operations are based compositions, themes, and arithmetic lessons in the schoolroom

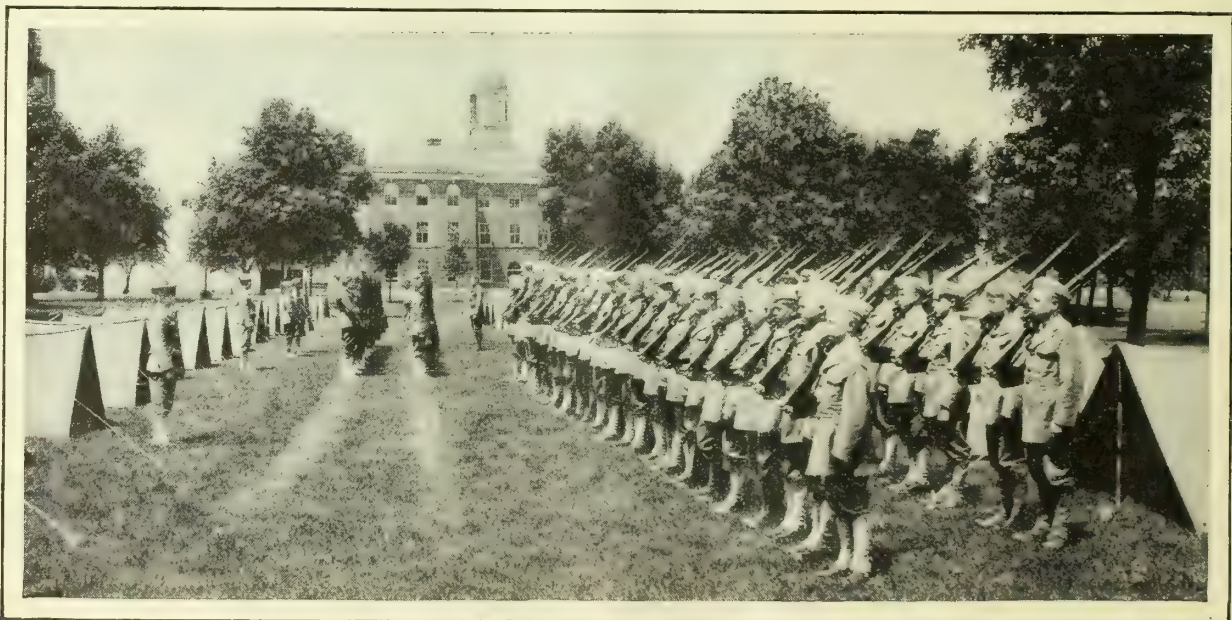
along industrial and trade lines include machine shop practice, carpentry, printing, plumbing, electrical work, shoemaking, laundering, baking, greenhouse work, dairying, gardening, farming, and poultry raising. The work on the farm includes all branches, from the herding of sheep and calves on the lawns to running the threshing machine and operating the 30-horse tractor. Each manual training department is under the supervision of a practical and experienced foreman, and there is a general farm supervisor. In the shops various articles and supplies for use at the school are produced, the printing department,

for example, turning out all the stationery, booklets, circulars, and so on for the school, besides printing the official school paper, "The Glenwood Boy," and occasionally doing some commercial printing for outside parties. The boy baker keeps the school supplied with wholesome bread and nourishing food; the painters decorate the buildings inside and out; the cabinetmakers and carpenters repair furniture and the school buildings; the machine shop repairs all farm machinery and implements; the electricians, plumbers, and engineers keep their departments of the community in successful operation; the

shoe shop mends all the shoes; the dairy provides a quart of milk a day for each boy; the gardens produce a large part of the vegetables used at the school; and on the farm is raised sufficient feed for all the live stock kept on the place.

The distinctive features of the industrial work during the past year have been the standardization of the work of the shops and the co-operation of the schoolroom with the various industrial departments. What the boy should learn each term (four months) is placed before him in each one of the shops when he enters that shop; examinations are conducted and tests made to see whether or not the boys are making proper progress. The compositions, themes, and arithmetic lessons of the schoolroom are based upon the actual operations in the various industries with which the boy is familiar.

Boys are the stuff from which men are made. But for an all-round boy to develop into a four-squared man requires a bit of instruction and a deal of practice in the arts of self-control, self-reliance, self-respect, self-adjustment, and self-discipline. One of the opportunities at Glenwood for the teaching of the latter is through military instruction. While Glenwood is not a military school, military training nevertheless is one of the important features, for it is realized that, besides inculcating in the boys the habits of prompt obedience, such training is very valuable as an aid to physical development. Each cottage is organized as a cadet company, with one of the boys as cadet captain and other boy officers. The twelve cottage companies constitute a regiment of three battalions. All promotions from privates to officers are by merit, plus seniority. While the officers of the different companies are instructed in the performance of their duties by an experienced military instructor, all drill is conducted



DRESS PARADE AT GLENWOOD

Though not a military school, Glenwood provides military training to develop good habits and sound physique

by the captains and other officers, the military instructor paying no attention to the maneuvers except to look on.

Last year Glenwood's military work was awarded Government recognition, and the school is being provided with Government equipment; guns and accouterments, mess kits, and shelter tents. The military work is under the general supervision of and inspected four times a year by Government officers. This means that Glenwood's military work will receive the same recognition and aid as the Chicago high schools. It is believed that Government uniforms will be issued shortly. For the time

being khaki uniforms have been provided by the Woman's Auxiliary Board and in some cases by the parents and relatives of the boys. These uniforms take the place of school and dress clothes. At least once a week the boys stand inspection of uniforms and personal appearance in regular military fashion.

Another step toward character building at Glenwood is the merit system, by means of which progress is measured and privileges and honors awarded. Each boy is given a rating each month by each instructor or employee under whom he works. This rating indicates

the boy's deportment, attention to duty, attitude towards his tasks, his lessons, his cottage life, and his fellows. A boy's monthly rating in any department is determined by these daily credits, and the average of all departments is his general standing in the school for the month.

Glenwood means a chance for needy boys. It is not charity, but social insurance of the sanest and most practical sort. And the work it is doing is neither experimental nor visionary, but has for years been rendering a dollar's worth of social service for every dollar invested by its friends.

PORT SOME DAY

A SEA-BROKEN MAN ADDRESSES THE EDITOR

I AM willing to admit that I have a garrulity. But, since you say that the Lizard is upon the coast of Cornwall, you bring this upon yourself.

It may be that there come times to those who dwell at the feet of the gods, as literary folk are said to do, when even they pine for a new thing.

When this reaches you, it mayhap that you will be feeling that your office is a trifle musty, your outlook cramped.

So I shall tell you of a sight that once I saw off that same Lizard Head, which is, as you say, upon the coast of Cornwall. What made you say it?

I was with the old Silberhorn, and bound from 'Frisco for "Falmouth for orders." The Silberhorn is long since gone. Lost with all hands off Robinson Crusoe island, or near thereabouts.

As we drew toward our destination we suffered a long spell of head winds. We hung, tacking to and fro, with the Queenstown pilots flying round us, far out at the very outmost edge of the lips of the Channel mouth.

You know the Queenstown pilots? Those white sea-gulls that used to meet the homeward-bounders far out at sea and scream of the shores of home to homing sailors?

At length the wind came from the southwest, and brought with it a mist. We squared away and, with the weather clew of the cross-jack and the mainsail hauled up, sped under royals toward the Channel.

The lookout man reported a sail upon the lee bow. We saw her, a towering three-skysail-yarder booming through the smother. Soon a man aloft reported another sail; we saw a shadow gliding through the mist with the spray lashing high about her. A rift in the weather showed us two more ships dipping their bows deep in the seas astern and running down the Atlantic furrows with the gray sea trampled into white about their lifting feet. The weather held thick. But at each rift we would see yet more ships. A clear night came, and we saw their twinkling side lights and dim binnacles all about us. Morning broke with a light breeze, and the

sea was dotted with square-riggers from horizon to horizon. During the afternoon I went to the wheel. The wind had fallen to an air just sufficient for steering way. Within easy distance I counted forty-two sail.

There were old skysail clippers, worn with many a year at sea and as stately as ladies of fashion taking the air upon an afternoon in spring. And there were bluff-bowed new ships, ships with heavy lines, that lumbered through the swell like so many old washerwomen coming home upon a market day. I can see them now: The great four-master La France of Havre, slate-painted and riding like a cloud over the water. A small Norwegian bark upon the lee bow. Abeam a rival clipper—the Muskoka—and every man aboard her standing in her shrouds to scan us. Astern, like a gypsy woman with sore feet, shouting of fortune to unheeding folks, a heavily sparred Italian ship. Ahead the old Seafarer, another ancient rival, straining every inch of all her skysails lest we overhaul her—as indeed we did. There is the Jessie Thomas with the Melbourne wool clip in her holds. And alongside her a double-stayed saltpeterman.

They are but names to you, but to me the best songs of the best years of a life of good journeying.

They drift wraithlike along the phantom roads of lost years.

Mooltan and Chanaral, Inisfail and Lady Isobel, and many another of those ancient traders of the sea.

When, next morning, I went to the fore royal yard to stow the sail as we came by the Lizard head, upon the coast of Cornwall, as you say, I sat there a while between the sea and sky and counted fifty-two sail. They stretched from the western sea rim to the heads of Falmouth Harbor.

A sight not to be forgotten. The sun on their sails, the wet shining upon their rusty hulls. Flags breaking at their peaks, signaling to the Lizard station. Each ship seeming to stretch her wide wings to the breeze for a last hover, as birds come to rest at the day's ending.

We lay then, row on row, in Falmouth Harbor awaiting our orders.

As, ship by ship, our orders came, we hove anchor and stood once more to sea. Ah, I hear them well!

The last star is fading for the dawn and a chantey-man is rousing a chantey as the pawls of the windlass clank. Day breaks and flags flutter on the morning breeze. Crews stand in the rigging down long lines of ships to cheer each ship to sea.

The little Chanaral slips by us. We hear their queer-sounding French chantey; it has a swing to it, a defiance, seeming to sing of great winds conquered and a long road safely roved.

That same night the Chanaral, bound over to Havre, just over the Channel, capsized and went down with all hands—all save the mate.

He clung for thirteen hours, in a March wind, to the bottom of a capsized boat and was picked up the morning after.

Oh, Sally Brown, would ye marry a sailor?

Wey-hey, roll and go.

Oh, Sally Brown, would ye marry a sailor?

I spent my money on Sally Brown.

Our turn came and we went seaward singing a chantey.

Do you, sitting in your office, not hear us?

Do you not catch the chorus, and the stamp and go?

Blow boys, blow, for Californiah,
There is plenty of gold, so I've been told,

On the banks of the Sacramento.

I sat upon the topmast head as the topsail came groaning to the song. The wind came over the road that we so long had wandered. Ships came seaward after us—ships dipped into the smother ahead.

We passed the Eddystone; and the little Lion, standing out from the sound, dipped her ensign to us. The Lion was at Trafalgar, a brig of the old style. That night we saw the shore lights of many a town.

The sea cook took his old fiddle down

and wheezed a tune—as though he thought the girls ashore would hear and be dancing to it.

And soon we came to harbor.

Ah—

The sea is ours.

It belongs to our ghosts. To the phantom wraiths of our moonlit topgallants.

We shall always have it. A thing of beauty—our dear joy forever.

* * *

Around me the grasses wave knee high. In the open places there are yellow poppies flaming; setting the fields afire. Meadow larks are singing in every orange grove, sitting upon the topmost twigs, and the orange buds will soon break to blossom.

The foothills are green, and above

them the mountains are crowned with snow.

The air is heavy with the scent of the draperies of that young woman whom folks have named Spring.

Queer for a man to be amid these quiet things, and peaceful, and to hear old voices crying, old songs being sung?

It is the same—the same eternal loveliness. Hope that leaps alike in the song of the meadow lark and in the face of the old scarred seafarer who wanders whither none may say.

So there you are.

If your office seems musty, forget it. Forget it if the outlook seems odd whiles to be drab.

Somewhere there is a lark singing for you—a girl who twines flaming poppies in her hair.

Now pardon me this intrusion.

I am a sea-broken man. A man of many wanderings and many trades.

All breakings mend, all wanderings end.

There is for each of us a beauty and a loveliness.

A port will come in time—when the wind hauls to the west once more and the clippers sail for home.

You will be there, and I.

Rusty we shall be, and sea crusted.

And the last chantey will be the best chantey, and home will look good.

We shall reach port some day.

The sea, and the birds, and the flowers have told me so, and they are those who know.

Adios, señor.

B. M. ADAMS.

Lindsay, California.

A JOB FOR A THOUSAND AIRPLANES

THE SUEZ CANAL IS THE WELL-FORTIFIED KEY TO THE DEFENSE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE, AND GREAT BRITAIN USES AIRPLANES FOR THIS PURPOSE. THE PANAMA CANAL IS THE KEY TO THE DEFENSE OF AMERICA, AND IS MISERABLY UNDEFENDED

BY ROBERT A. CURRY

LOOK the facts squarely in the face. If any European Powers should attack the United States, they would have to concentrate their efforts along the Atlantic coast—that is, providing the Panama Canal could be kept intact. This would virtually leave the Pacific coast free from danger of being molested. In the same way, should an Asiatic Power try its weapons, it would have to fling them into the teeth of the Pacific defenses, unless it could gain possession of the Panama Canal. Turning a geographical somersault half-way around the world, we find a similar condition existing in Great Britain's control of the Suez Canal. At any cost, she must be able to prevent unauthorized traffic on this waterway, and she must keep the route clear for her navies to protect the various colonies distributed in the continents of Asia and of Africa.

The two canals are extraordinarily similar in many details. Both burrow their way through comparatively low necks of land; both are gateways of tremendous commercial and strategical importance; and both were commenced by the same Frenchman—de Lesseps. Finally, both are controlled by great English-speaking races.

Of the two canals I know, personally, only the Suez. It was my privilege toward the end of 1918 and beginning of 1919 to serve as an instructor in aviation in Egypt with the Royal Air Force. I know *England is depending ultimately on airplanes for the defense of this her most important strategical stronghold—the Suez Canal.* Five hundred airplanes are available on one hour's notice to reach any threatened point within a

reasonable radius of the Canal. The cruising radius of the average airplane or seaplane can be reckoned roughly at one hundred miles an hour. Therefore in three hours, if one hour be allowed for preparation, a vast swarm of airplanes loaded with bombs could attack a fleet of enemy battleships two hundred miles north of Port Saïd! An



ONE BATTLE-CRUISER COSTS \$45,000,000
ONE THOUSAND AIRPLANES COST THE SAME

In the above diagram each cross represents fifty airplanes, with their disposition for defense, as compared with the one battle-cruiser

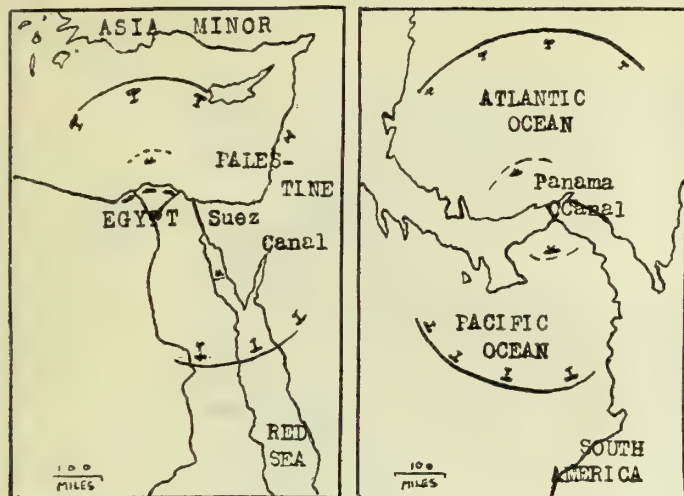
average destroyer would reach the same place in six hours! According to the estimates recently submitted to Congress by General Mitchell, head of the United States Air Service, eleven per cent direct hits can be reckoned by an attacking bombing plane. This means, that while the destroyer was about sixty

miles north of Port Saïd the airplanes would have reached the fleet and would have been securing at least eleven direct hits out of every hundred bombs dropped.

Palestine with its airdromes protects the Canal to the east, and the massive Sahara serves the same purpose more admirably to the west. But to north and to south it is from the hive of stinging bees in the land of Goshen that the defense will issue forth. I have flown the length of the blue Canal—eighty-seven miles—in an hour, and I have taken ten hours to go up it by steamer; truly, a remarkable contrast. I have swung out over the desert and inspected in a half-hour's flight outposts which would have taken twenty-four hours to reach on foot. And I have seen the sky over Suez Harbor darkened by the wings of fifty airplanes—all from two airdromes.

If Great Britain sees fit to do this, can we not over here in America at least investigate, if not follow, the example with regard to our comparable problem in the Panama Canal?

And yet, turning to the action by Congress upon budgets submitted, despite the stirring and dramatic appeals of General Mitchell and Secretary of the Navy Daniels, we find an abysmal lack of interest in the question of aviation on the part of Congress. The amounts voted would cut the present air force—already the weakest of the greater nations of the world—to one-third its strength. On June 16, 1920, in an investigation by the Senate Military Committee, it was divulged that the country possesses practically no pursuit planes, and that the equipment consists chiefly of



THIS DIAGRAM SHOWS THE RELATIVE CRUISING RADIUS OF AN AIRPLANE, OR SEAPLANE, IN THREE HOURS (INDICATED BY THE SOLID CURVED LINE) AND THAT OF THE FASTEST DESTROYER (INDICATED BY THE DOTTED CURVED LINE)

England is relying on aerial defense of the Suez Canal, while, to America, it remains a hazy possibility

semi-obsolete De Havilland airplanes and training machines. Mitchell asked for \$60,000,000, and got \$19,200,000 for army aviation. Daniels asked for \$45,000,000, and got \$15,000,000 for naval aviation. In 1925, British experts estimate that the United States Navy will be superior to their own navy. United States naval experts believe that in 1925 they will be about equal. But—and here is the whole story—England is developing a powerful aerial arm in place of increasing her present navy. And all great authorities agree that the naval battles of the future will be won principally in the air. No provision has been made for the building of any seaplane carriers for the American Navy! Congress has been told the facts, but it won't believe them. Let France have her army, let Britain have her navy; but let America have her air force, and in any conflict of the immediate future she is bound to win.

From coast to coast in thirty-six hours, across the Atlantic in a day, from Miami, Florida, to New York in less than eighteen hours, a single flight from San Diego, California, to Panama, a distance of 702 miles, the great flight from New York to Nome, Alaska, and back without a casualty—these are magnificent feats for which America is justly proud. But why stop there?

Returning to the original purpose of the article, which was not only to convince you that our aerial programme is in need of assistance, but to show you that the weak link in the chain of our defense lies in our lack of an adequate aerial force at Panama, one battle-cruiser costs \$45,000,000, which is the price of one thousand airplanes! If you were going to attack Colon, at the northern entrance to the Panama Canal, would you prefer to be confronted by one battle-cruiser or by one thousand airplanes. Have you ever been bombed? No? Well, I have. And if there is one place in the world which is most unhealthy, in my estimation, it is "somewhere underneath" an airplane dropping bombs. Imagine one thousand airplanes at the job! Listen to this story.

It is 11 P.M. in the officers' mess of the seaplane base at Colon. The tele-

phone rings, and Commander Macleod answers it.

"Hello! . . . Yes . . . submarine reported 200 miles northeast . . . latitude . . . longitude . . . yes . . . send NC-25. . . All right!"

Ten minutes later the gigantic doors of the hangar are opened and the monster sea-bird is wheeled down into the water under the glare of powerful searchlights. Macleod, a gunnery officer, a navigating officer, an engine officer, and two mechanics crawl into the nacelle, or body, and soon the roar of the twin engines crashes harshly into the black night.

In a few minutes they are under way and nothing is visible except a few stars which have dropped through patches in the sky.

The navigation officer is on the wireless telephone with Colon. (I was sent back from France not long after the battle of Cambrai, November, 1917, to take a course in wireless telephony as applied to aircraft, and I can vouch for its efficacy in such an instance.)

"Hello! . . . Yes . . . shift two points west . . . submarine moving at rate of nine knots an hour . . . yes!"

(By means of delicate sound detectors the position of a submarine can be exactly estimated by co-ordinating the results shown on indicators placed at different stations.)

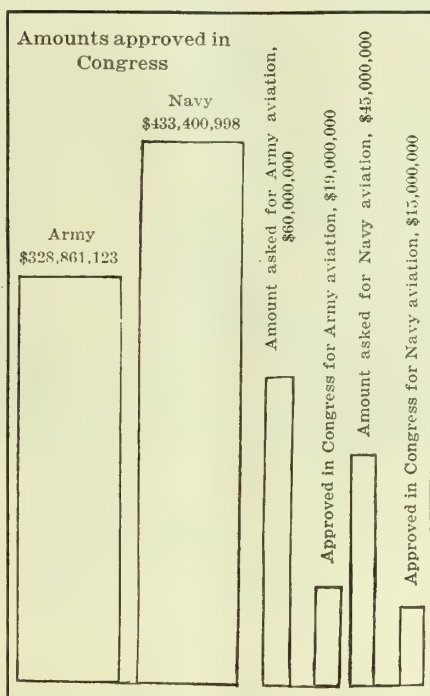
The pilot has altered his course accordingly.

"Hello! You say we are six hundred yards due south of submarine. Orders to drop six bombs in radius of three hundred yards in two seconds!"

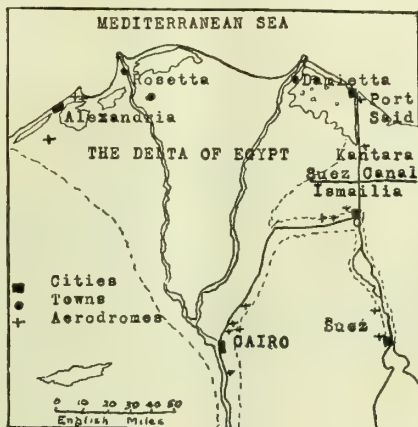
Macleod gives the order and the gunnery officer releases the bomb levers. The altitude indicator stands at fifteen hundred feet.

Three splitting explosions follow one another like earthquakes, but with the fourth there springs a wild sheet of flame from the water which lights the surface for a mile. The NC-25 trembles and surges like a ship in a heavy sea.

Two hours later Macleod wires his report to Washington.



THE AMOUNTS TABLED ABOVE ARE DRAWN TO THE SAME SCALE FOR EACH TABLE



MAPS DRAWN TO THE SAME SCALE OF THE DELTA OF EGYPT, CONTAINING THE SUEZ CANAL, AND THE REPUBLIC OF PANAMA, CONTAINING THE PANAMA CANAL

The former is controlled by Great Britain, and the small crosses show she intends to maintain control of the highway to the East by means of aerodromes. The latter is controlled by the United States, and the complete absence of small crosses indicates that she is ignoring the only safe means of the future for protecting this other highway to the East

OFF TO A FAMILIAR LAND

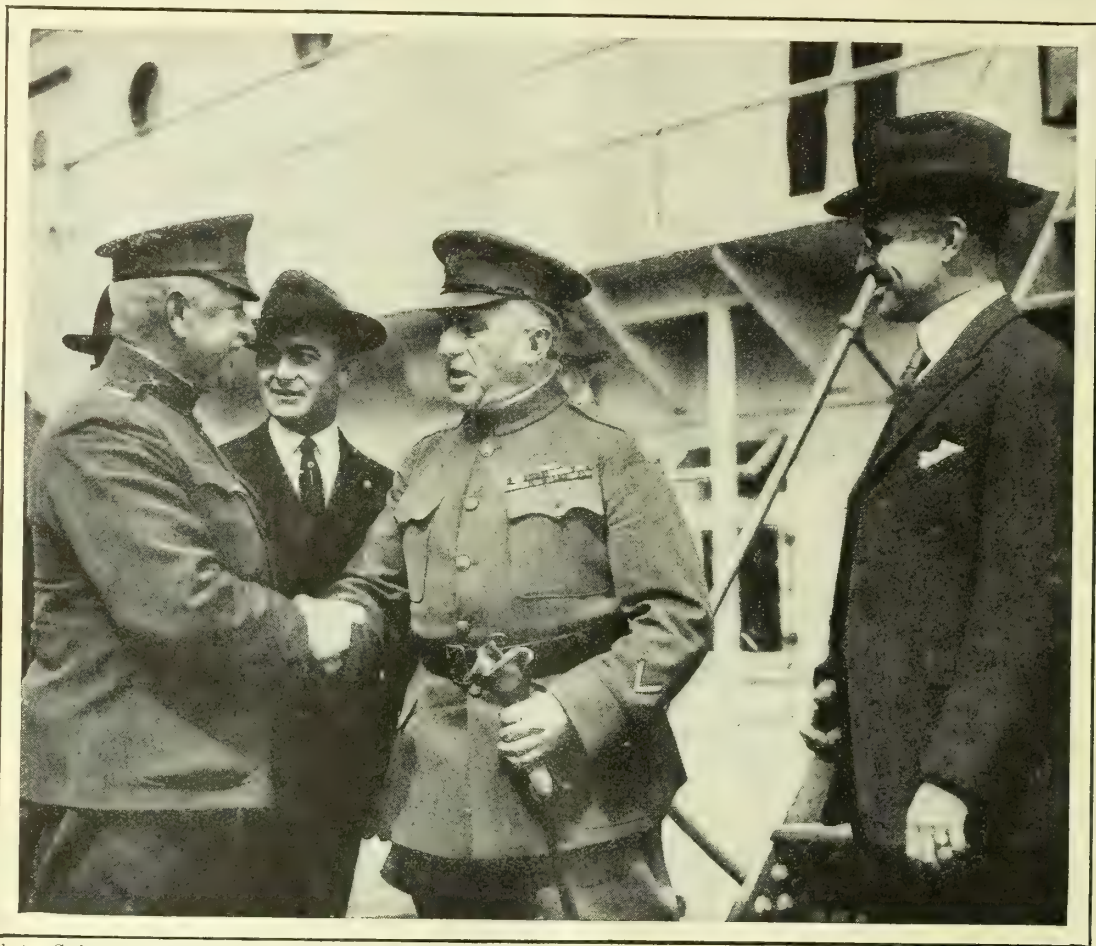


Photo (C) by Underwood and Underwood. Taken especially for The Outlook

MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD LEAVING ON HIS VOYAGE TO THE PHILIPPINES

On April 9 General Wood reached Seattle. On the dock where a crowd had gathered to greet him he made a speech, just before the hour for the departure of the boat. The other members of the party gathered; and the boat whistle sounded. The picture here reproduced, which was taken for The Outlook, shows General Wood as the camera caught him while saying good-by as he boarded the vessel. From left to right the men in the picture are: Colonel James A. Como, Depot Quartermaster at Seattle; Lieutenant-Governor W. J. Coyle, State of Washington; Major-General Wood; Mayor Hugh M. Caldwell, of Seattle

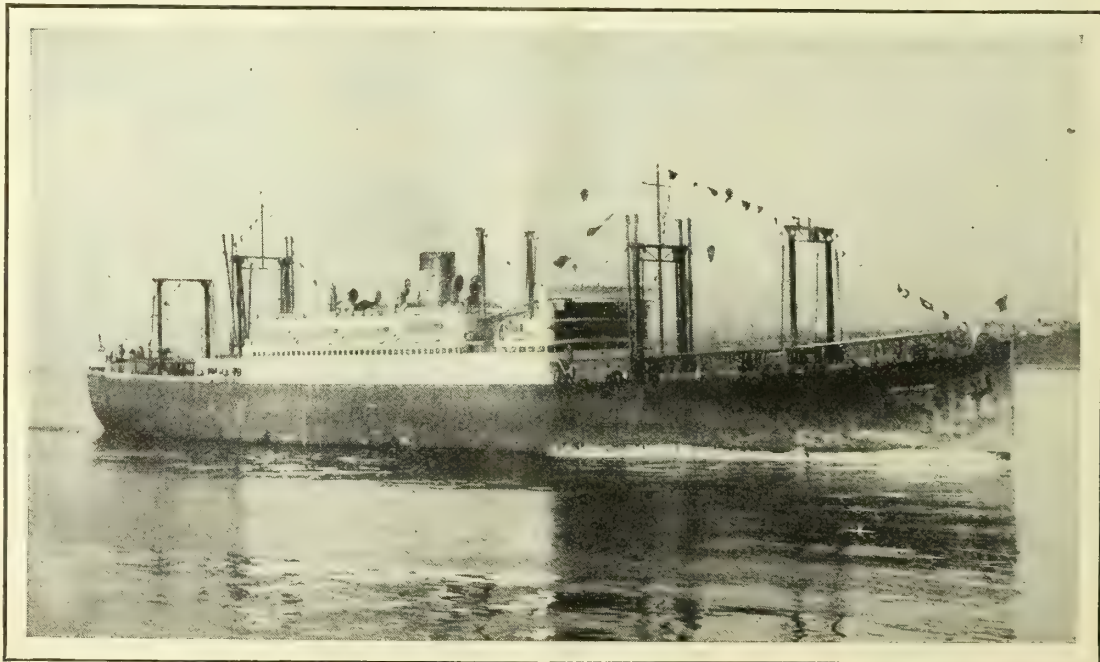


Photo (C) by Underwood and Underwood. Taken especially for The Outlook

THE S. S. WENATCHEE, ON WHICH MAJOR-GENERAL WOOD, AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE PARTY ACCOMPANYING HIM TO THE PHILIPPINES, SAILED FROM SEATTLE

THE BOOK TABLE

COUNT WITTE¹

BY BARON S. A. KORFF

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO. have just published a remarkable book of great historical value, namely, "The Memoirs of Count S. J. Witte," Russia's great statesman. This volume has a twofold importance. It gives the reader some most interesting details on Russian politics, known by Witte at first hand, as he stood so very long at the very sources of Russian political life. But it also possesses a deep human interest. The Memoirs disclose the innermost traits of character of an active European statesman of high caliber and great practical influence, and thus may be very valuable to the student of the psychology of statecraft and statesmanship.

I happened to know Witte quite well personally, as I started my life's career in his department, the Ministry of Finance, at the close of one of his greatest reforms—the introduction in Russia of the gold standard for currency. Later on, I was sent out by him, accompanying two other men, to Manchuria, ostensibly to inspect the work of the Russian-Chinese Bank, but simultaneously, also to report to Witte concerning the spread of Russian currency in Manchuria among the Chinese. A few months later Witte himself came out to Manchuria in order to see how his plans of peaceful penetration were progressing, and it was there and then that we came into personal contact, to our amazement and disgust, with the adventures of Bezobrazoff and of Admirals Abaza and Alexeieff (the last was then Viceroy of the Far Eastern Province), who represented the Czar and his family interests and were the direct cause of the disastrous Japanese war.

It is one of my most tragic recollections, when we came back from Witte's mission, in the spring of 1903, to have seen how short-sighted and foolish the Petrograd statesmen were, inciting and despising the Japanese, and never realizing the fatal strain already existing in the Far East. Nobody believed us when we told people in Petrograd that Japan was getting ready for the fight and that she was a most formidable enemy. The blindness of the Russians and their contempt for Japan were overwhelming, and were rudely shaken off, alas! when it was too late.

Witte was at that time planning a peaceful penetration of Manchuria in order to create an outlet for Siberia into the Pacific, whereas the Russian military party, with Kuropatkin, the Minister of War, at its head, was contemplating a much more high-handed action and did not want to stop its activities even after repeated threats were made on the part of Japan. We know now that the

Kaiser was very actively supporting this belligerent attitude of the Russian militarists and of the Czar, in order to weaken Russia by the inevitable conflict with Japan. I think that even Witte's much more peaceful plans also were a mistake, and Russia would have done much better by keeping entirely out of the Far Eastern tangle, contenting herself with the construction of the Siberian Railway. The latter was absolutely necessary for the further development of Siberia and will always remain one of Witte's great achievements. He realized very well what that railway meant for Siberian commerce.

In personal dealings Witte was not



COUNT WITTE

easy to get along with. He was always very cold and harsh; he had not many friends for this reason. Yet those few, who knew him well, were very devoted to him and liked him exceedingly as a chief. Among other things, one must say that his department had always the very best men, taken from all over the country; they were honest, hard workers and helped very much to reform that branch of the civil service. The Ministry of Finance had a very numerous personnel in Petrograd as well as in the provinces. This was the more important on account of the many temptations in handling the public moneys which that service had to face.

Politically, however, as he says himself in the preface, Witte was always surrounded with enemies; both the conservatives and liberals did not like nor trust him. To the former he seemed too liberal; being a very clever man, he could not help realizing all the dangers of a short-sighted reaction. The latter, on the other hand, accused him of being

too timid in his political reforms in not giving the people enough freedom. The truth is that Witte, compared with western European statesmen, was a conservative; only the very unusual and artificial conditions of the Czar's régime could make him seem a liberal at all. His position was in that respect really a tragic one. He was a convinced monarchist, but he could not help seeing that the Czar's rule was undermining just that main principle; monarchy was losing its prestige and its hold over the people on account of the foolish policy of Nicholas. He also believed in a strong and well-organized Church and in the religious education of the people; in this respect also the Russian Church and its policy were to him a constant source of disappointment on account of its shortcomings. He describes in his Memoirs wonderfully well these two inherent contradictions and gives a remarkable picture of the way Nicholas and his Court were governing the country.

Between Witte and the Czar there existed unabating animosity. The Czar was distinctly jealous of Witte's achievements and was afraid of his mental powers; Witte, on the other hand, responded by despising Nicholas and his unworthy surroundings. He realized quite well his own advantages over this small crowd of intriguers and flatterers. His story concerning the publication of the constitutional manifesto of October, 1905, is most characteristic in this respect: how the Czar played a double game, how the Court intrigued and interfered, and how finally they had to come to Witte, asking him to help them at the critical moment, when revolution seemed inevitable. He did save them at the time, succeeding in putting down the revolt and deferring for fifteen years the final revolution.

He failed himself, however, in achieving a lasting result. Here arises the great question, Why?

Having achieved so much, having carried so many reforms and having done so much good to his country, at the very critical moment of the greatest crisis he failed to get the support of the educated and liberal men of Russia, though surely they were standing for the same ideals and working for the same political reforms.

Witte's life in this respect can be a very instructive lesson in statesmanship. He failed because he himself had no definite political programme and no sufficiently strong moral ideals. Without the latter no statesman, no matter how clever and far-sighted, can ever accomplish great and lasting results.

The climax of his life came at the critical moment, when Russia had felt the first revolutionary rumblings, in the fall of 1905. Witte had just come back from the United States, where he succeeded in accomplishing a most brilliant diplomatic victory, having signed the

¹The Memoirs of Count S. J. Witte. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, 1921.

Portsmouth Treaty and secured for his country conditions of peace much more favorable than any one could have expected. Russia at that time was seething with discontent.

The Government, the Czar included, had quite evidently lost their heads. They felt that the nation was not backing them any more, and that some liberal concessions were unavoidable. It was a great opportunity for carrying through constitutional reforms. The chapter in Witte's Memoirs dealing with this period is most interesting and instructive. He tells us how the Czar, scared as he was, was playing a double game and conducting simultaneously transactions with Witte and his political enemy, the reactionary Goremykin. He shows us how the Court *camarilla* got more and more frightened and finally yielded to his appointment as Prime Minister. The moment was most propitious. Witte, knowing the condition of the country and realizing the alarm of the Court, had a splendid opportunity to enforce his will and carry any reforms he wanted.

It was at that moment that he lost this unique opportunity, a chance that comes to a man once in a century. In his Memoirs he does not tell the whole story, unfortunately. He does not explain the real cause of his extraordinary failure, namely, the refusal of the educated, liberal Russians to back his effort. The reactionaries, very naturally, only waited for an opportunity to get rid of him, knowing that the Czar hated him and never really trusted him, having yielded only to the fear of revolution. The Socialist parties never liked him either; he was too strong for them and much too loyal to the principle of monarchy. Thus his only hope could have been the liberal center; but when the liberals refused to co-operate he was left absolutely alone, in a state of isolation, which deprived him of any means of governing the country in a liberal spirit. He had to succumb to the reactionary forces, and was dismissed on the very eve of the meeting of the First Duma, which he helped to create and call to life. It was a most tragic moment both for him and for his country. The revolution was consequently only put off for a more or less short period.

There have been many reasons given by political writers for the conspicuous failure of Witte, but not many adequate explanations. Sometimes it has been asserted that Witte's fault lay in his harshness and personal lack of charm; he was too unapproachable, people said. This is right. But this reason is quite insufficient. Many liberal leaders would have gladly waived, in dealing with him, personal comforts for higher objects.

Witte himself gives another reason. He spoke to the liberal leaders, told them all about his constitutional plans, but found them too impractical and unfit to take part in the government of the country. This is certainly very unfair and not true. Shortly before his death, when his Memoirs were already written and hidden away in Bayonne, and when

the revolutionary specter was once more looming over poor Russia, at a most unpropitious moment, as the country was at war, Witte met Miliukof and told him, in a sad voice, that if the liberals had taken part in his government in 1905 all this could have been avoided. Miliukof rightly answered by putting the fatal question, Whose fault was it that the liberals then declined? Witte, instead of answering, turned away and walked off. As an extremely clever man he must have known by that time whose fault it was.

The liberals did not trust him, because they knew that he had no definite political programme and no strong moral ideals. He was a typical opportunist, though extremely clever and shrewd, but without any scruples. They knew that at heart he was no liberal, but a stanch monarchist and conservative, standing for the constitutional principles only half-heartedly, because of the outward pressure of revolutionary events. They realized that if they should take part in his government they would have been used only as catspaws and would have surely failed. The reactionary forces at that time were still much too strong and Witte would in no way have been able to shield the liberals from the coming onslaught of the Czar and the Court. It was indeed a sad and tragic moment for Russia.

The Memoirs prove conclusively that Witte's political ideas were of a very conservative type, that he was a convinced monarchist and devout Churchman, though he accepted constitutionalism as a call of the time. This volume of Witte's Memoirs will always remain an indispensable source of information for all historians who may choose to deal with modern Russian history. The author's narrative is well written, absolutely accurate and dependable, his facts are generally correct, his statements right, with one exception, the above-mentioned story of his transactions with the liberals in the autumn of 1905 (Chapter XII, especially pages 325 and ff.); this is the only instance in which he avoids telling the real truth and tries to put the blame on other people's shoulders.

Most valuable are Witte's descriptions of personal characteristics of men he had to deal with. Such are his analyses of the two Emperors—Alexander III, whom he admired so much, and Nicholas II, who was in so many ways the exact antithesis of his father. Such also are his portraits of various other ministers of the Czar, the governors-general, and similar functionaries. Witte's accounts of their merits and shortcomings are exceedingly good and true, for Witte was a very shrewd observer of men.

Besides the personal characteristics, the best chapters of the book are I and III, in which the author tells us the story of his youth and early career, as well as of his really great achievements as one of Russia's best Ministers of Finance. On the other hand, the discordant note of the Memoirs is Witte's conceit and constant endeavor to exculpate himself in the eyes of posterity.

The reader cannot help feeling that the latter motive was all-powerful when the Memoirs were written.

However, we repeat, no historian dealing with modern Russia will be able in the future to do without this valuable volume.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION AND DRAMA

BIG YEAR (THE). A College Story. By Meade Minnigerode. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

This college story has an abundance of action and a superabundance of slang. There is an adoring newsboy and an adored athletic collegian and a wonderfully intelligent dog. The feminine element is supplied chiefly by one young lady who modestly keeps in the background. We advise anxious mothers, more anxious grandmothers, and eager college critics not to take the story too seriously. Doubtless college boys have an exuberance of animal spirits which lead them into rough-housing that sometimes approaches rioting, but these are the mere incidents, if not the excrescences, of college life, not its substance nor even its chief characteristic.

CHIEF CONTEMPORARY DRAMATISTS. Second Series. Selected and Edited by Thomas H. Dickinson. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

A welcome collection. Here are eighteen plays, recent or nearly so. The majority of them stand the test of reading admirably. To "pick and choose" a few, one is glad enough for a chance to read Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," Walter's "The Easiest Way," St. John Ervine's "Mixed Marriage," Arnold Bennett's "Milestone," and that delicious rendering of Chinese drama "The Yellow Jacket."

GOLDEN PARROT (THE). By Frederic A. Fenger. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

A fine sea tale! Two elderly "Tads," as the author delights to call them, start out with the idea of having an ancient little schooner towed about for them as a houseboat, but quickly catch the fervor of real sailing, have the Parrot refitted, and ultimately get to the Virgin Islands. They combine treasure hunting with the romance of ocean cruising. Their reward is moderate in amount but abundant in the humorous incidents involved. All yachtsmen and catboatmen will rejoice in this jolly tale.

GUNSIGHT PASS. By William MacLeod Raine. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

A cowboy and villain story full of exciting incidents.

HARE (THE). By Ernest Oldmeadow. The Century Company, New York.

A sort of sequel to the author's "Coggin," which is a capital and unusual study of a boy's life mingled with a deeply felt plea for what the author deems the ancient and true religious faith. In the present story Coggin grown up is less interesting than was before Coggin the boy, and the spiritual purpose is more to the front.

THE EDITORS' MAIL BAG

SAYING PRAYERS AND PLAYING CARDS

ARE you not saying more than your prayers when you assert "on excellent authority that . . . his [President Harding's] choice for what is probably the most important ambassadorial office . . . is founded upon his sense of indebtedness to Colonel Harvey," etc.?

To even those of simple mind it occurs that President Harding knew that, as you say, Colonel Harvey "is thoroughly familiar with the subterranean methods of political management."

In this day and time, one hopes President Harding will appoint to all ambassadorial offices men who will know how to play the cards the United States holds, and not drop them!

Rather! S. G. HAYDEN.

The Dean Emeritus is away from home to-day! S. G. H.

The House of (Emeritus) the Dean's Wife,
Jacksonville, Illinois.

THE CULT OF SOPHISTICATION

I HAVE to laugh at Trenholm; he's so emphatic. "See that sign," he said; we were out in his car; there was infinite scorn in his voice. "'Drive slow. Children Use This Road.' And what road won't they use? We're a nation of children, afraid to grow up. You might think it a sin—a sin to be wise and mature, a sin to question the pathos and folly of life, or that children were the best of God's creatures, above the angels or men; yet God put a man, a gardener, and a woman in Eden.

"We're a nation of children. Not Peter Pans, mind you. Barrie knew better; it is only the fairies whose youth takes on none of the cruelty, none of the awkwardness, insolent bragging and posturing of boys, the simpering of girls. They are honest, but we . . . we may age, yet, wrinkled and worn. You refuse to grow up. Penrod's the stuff—we are not equal to the lion's roar. . . . Our books must be all of one syllable—proper for schools; and our schools must prepare for this semblance of life, this hoax of know-nothing, with babies brought in by the doctor and sinners roasting in hell. Let there be one moment of genuine awe at the wonder, one gesture embracing the passion of life, and the book is suppressed. Say that women are aught but divine, that a man offers more than a kiss when he comes seeking them out, and—well, the movies are censored again, for at all costs we must remain immature, with illusions, the silly illusions of youth.

"So you have no art and can have none, for it is the business of art to disillusion as Lear does or Falstaff or the terrible novels by Tolstoy. You cannot have both your security from contact with life and Ibsen's 'Ghosts' or Schnitzler's genial philandering. You must choose; and we have chosen, fearful of

We boil at different
degrees.

Emerson.

growing up, a nation of children with politicians ruling us and the cold, passionless chorus girl our Cleopatra for whom the world is lost."

GEORGE GORDON.

National Press Club,
Washington.

THE AUTO HORN AGAIN

A CORRESPONDENT of yours has, I think, somewhat misunderstood my position in regard to the use of the automobile horn.

He says that he considers it a necessary part of automobile operation on the highway. In this I certainly agree with him.

I also agree with him that the most satisfactory way for informing a following auto that the car ahead is about to make some change in direction or speed is an indicator on the rear of the car and operated by the driver. But so long as the authorities have not as yet ordered anything of the kind we are left in an unfortunate predicament.

About my professional work I drive a roadster, and on wet as well as cold days I must have my curtains on, and with them on I cannot extend my hand and neither can I signal through the rear window, as one can do in a closed car, because it is too small.

Thus I am left to the alternative of my reverse mirror, through which I try to watch my rear while at the same time I am watching ahead, and the mirror is of very little use on wet or foggy days. If I could use my horn to indicate my change of speed or direction, I feel sure that I should be much better related to my needs.

As to the use of the horn for warning pedestrians, I am certainly favorable if it is not depended upon to get him out of danger and at the same time the driver will put his machine under control so that he can stop soon enough to prevent an accident.

An accident reported in the daily paper recently illustrates my point. A man was run down and, I believe, fatally hurt. In the driver's excuse for the affair he stated that the victim had plenty of time to get out of the way after he sounded his horn. As I look at it, if the man had time to get out of the way, the driver had plenty of time

to have averted the accident by slowing up.

An experience of mine, last summer, illustrates the advantage of sometimes not depending on the horn to warn pedestrians. I was driving down a mild grade in a small village; on my right an electric car was going up the hill at a good speed; suddenly a young man sprang from the sidewalk on the left, making his best speed to catch that car and having no eyes for anything else. It looked as though he was due to be an auto victim.

I did not sound my horn, because it would take a little time that I needed to keep from killing the man. I stopped my car by the time he reached it, and he only stumbled against the front and was not materially injured. I am confident I should have killed him if I had attempted to avert the casualty by sounding my horn. The young man promptly took himself off, evidently much chagrined by the experience. The course which I took was upheld by witnesses.

I often hesitate to blow my horn when pedestrians are crossing the street in front of me, as they often heedlessly do, because I have found that they are quite as likely to jump into danger as out of it. The only way to save them from their own stupidity is to slow up.

Of course there is the bumptious individual who insists on his right of way. To such I would recommend the verse which appeared in the Boston "Herald" recently:

Here lies the body of William May,
Who died protesting his right of way,
He was right, dead right, as he traveled along,
But he's just as dead as though he'd been wrong.

The "Automobilist" published several aphorisms in a recent number, among which was the following: "The best driver uses his horn the least."

JOHN J. SHAW.

Plymouth, Massachusetts.

A FEMINIST ON FEMINISM

In a recent number of the magazine "Asia" an article entitled "A Camera Man in Borneo" contains a picture of some Tenggara women who are described as feminists, apparently because they smoke cigarettes and do all the work of the village. Can feminism be more tersely and accurately symbolized?—From "By the Way" in *The Outlook* for March 30, 1921.

HERewith I enclose a clipping from the March 30 issue of *The Outlook* which is certainly amazing. I take it the last sentence is your own, and, as I have been a feminist since I was a little girl, have been active in the movement, and have known hundreds of other feminists and never one who used tobacco in any form, I should like to enquire if the editor really knows any such person either. Neither do we

wish to monopolize the "work of the village" or other part of the country. We only want to have a little girl have the same chance to develop her God-given powers as the little boy and not be forced into only the lowest paid work.

But perhaps you are thinking I am too literal. You only meant that feminists want to be like men. To this I

will answer that we only wish the right to be human beings and feel quite willing to take the natural handicaps of our sex, knowing they are no greater than those of men. It is the very opposite type that ape the men, both in other respects and in the use of tobacco, though that is not inherently masculine though in this country more common to men than women. For the latest word in femi-

nism let me refer you to the last chapter in Proverbs where the model woman is pictured as wife and mother and a captain of industry also. Who has a better right to the pursuit of all forms of labor than the sex that originated most of it?

HELEN LOVELL MILLION.

Hardin Junior College and Conservatory for Young Women. Ex-Governor C. H. Hardin, A.M., LL.D., Founder; John W. Million, A.M., LL.D., President. Mexico, Missouri.

THE OUTLOOK KNOCKS AT THE DOOR

AMBASSADOR FROM EVERYWHERE¹

THE OUTLOOK professes to be "An Illustrated Journal of Current Life." It is to be judged by the plan and purpose of its editors and publishers as thus announced.

Twelve copies of the magazine lie on my office library table. The front cover of each of this dozen challenges my attention. The big colorful "O" is especially distinctive, and catches the eye sweeping its glances across a half hundred publications on the news-stand. Even a wayfaring man cannot miss the appeal of the front-cover cuts, frequently in pleasing and yet striking color, gripping with real human interest. This, whether the illustration shows us in life-like attitude and expression the exultant and incomparable "Teddy" talking to Dick, Tom, and Harry, his hat high in air, or an autograph letter of the most famous showman of America and the world, or an American college football team in sturdy combat, or a long line of dignified college presidents, becaped and begowned, culled by selective draft to tell us how the intellectual high-brows are going to vote in the approaching Presidential election.

With me and in my profession, a book or magazine without an adequate index or table of contents is vexing and useless. A good table of contents, even in a weekly journal of "current life," is of paramount importance. I have no zest for playing hide-and-seek in a hunt for the literary bill of fare. The "Table of Contents" of The Outlook is never far from the front cover, is boiled down into a clear, clean column of real guide-posts, and squarely meets the requirements of the busy reader.

Each day there come to me a Chicago newspaper, an evening and a morning paper published in my own State, and during the week I read two weekly newspapers published where I live. By Saturday I feel the need of a winnowing of the wheat from the chaff. And on Saturday afternoon my Outlook comes. It brings me a fine résumé of what is going on in America and the world, much of Matthew Arnold's "sweetness and light," and of the best that is being "thought and said" in the world everywhere. I like the breadth and vision of its editorial articles, the manly courage and

¹In the first of The Outlook's Prize Contests this was one of the letters received.—The Publisher.

hopefulness of them. The Outlook is my Saturday evening visitor, a welcome ambassador from everywhere.

Sometimes we Westerners have been wont to feel that the East, accusing us of being provincial, is herself provincial, ignorant of the dramatic development of the West. This feeling of pique cannot with justice or truth be directed against The Outlook. It is not running in the ruts of provincialism, but is giving space to ideas worth while from writers domiciled everywhere. An Iowa woman recently contributed an illuminating sketch of the lives of women on the farms of the Mississippi Valley. There was a time when she could not have broken the ice. The Outlook has fairly earned the right to be called truly American.

Harlan, Iowa.

EDWARD S. WHITE.

WEARY OF POTS AND PANS¹



WEARY of pots and pans and socks, I sank into an easy chair, heartily wishing that housekeeping had never been invented.

As I sat, suddenly a door opened before me and a friendly voice called, "Come, have a chat with me." With pleasure I hastened to my

friend as he told me briefly and enthusiastically of the thousand-dollar-a-plate dinner recently given in New York; of

¹Another of the letters received in The Outlook's First Prize Contest.—The Publisher.

In the Second Prize Contest on the subject "What the World War Did To Me" over five hundred letters were received. The prize winners will be announced soon.

the most important bills now before Congress; of the latest developments in the fields of astronomy, music, and sports; and of conditions in war-torn Europe.

The door-bell interrupted us.

"Let me introduce you to Dr. Abbott," said my friend. "He has an interesting tale to relate." And it was fun to watch the eyes of the venerable Lyman Abbott, sparkling reminiscently, as he recounted the enterprising adventures of his old-time friend P. T. Barnum.

"Another time," concluded Dr. Abbott, "I'll tell you about John Greenleaf Whittier as he was in my boyhood days."

"Have you heard about the Mexican situation lately?" asked my friend as Dr. Abbott left.

"No; but I suppose she is in as bad a state as ever," I replied.

"I have just visited that country," said he. "Let me give you my impressions."

I was amazed as he revealed to me the needs and helplessness of Mexico. He even argued our responsibility toward that country.

And so, choosing one current topic and then another, he talked on, seasoning the seriousness of his conversation with comical anecdotes and funny pictures. Occasionally he handed me snapshots taken on his travels. I regretted that he hadn't time to explain more fully the pictures which he took in Japan. I was much impressed by his account of the artist who had the imagination to make out of drab New York scenes two such beautiful etchings as he showed me. I felt that this was a rare friend, indeed, who could so fully inform without boring, and who could display so much humor without being ridiculous.

"There is nothing one-sided about this man," thought I. "Whether the topic be religion or politics, travel or business, his mind is open, his information is accurate, and his views liberal and sound."

He had begun telling me about some new books, but I had to interrupt him, for I heard the children coming from school and I recalled that the luncheon hour had come.

"Please come again," I begged as I closed the door after him. I felt rested and refreshed.

I had read The Outlook.

CLARA PAINE OTIS.

White Plains, New York.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES

NUMEROUS copies of The Outlook, after they have been read by subscribers, are sent to others who are unable to subscribe. The Outlook will be glad to act as a clearing-house for those who would like to send their copies to others but who do not know where they would be acceptable. We have the names and addresses of a number of friends of The Outlook to whom its absence is a real loss. If you wish to share your copy with an appreciative reader who is now deprived of it, please let us know.

At the risk of discouraging our friends who publish periodicals for women, we drop casually into this column the following from Maine: "I value The Outlook partly because it has never made a bid for women subscribers by introducing a purely feminine section. I am withal a very commonplace and home-keeping woman."

Another "Publisher's Note" is to be found on page 658

A RECORRECTION

MR. FREDERIC J. STIMSON writes on page 606 of The Outlook of April 13 of a misstatement contained in my article on "Uncle Sam's Tin Halo" on page 726 of the issue of December 22, 1920.

He refers evidently to the table of the National Civil Service Reform League which I used to show the waste of time and effort in the entire change in diplomatic representatives by an incoming administration. This table explicitly states that Mr. Stimson presented his credentials to the Foreign Office at Buenos Aires on January 2, 1915 (Mr. Stimson says he presented them on January 1, 1915, but it is quite possible the official record of January 2 is correct), and that there was a delay of one year nine months and twenty-eight days before the post at Buenos Aires was filled by President Wilson. I submit that the correctness of this statement is shown by subtracting January 2, 1915, from March 4, 1913.

The table I used is not concerned with the personal negotiations between President Wilson and Mr. Stimson and the subsequent confirmation of the appointment by the Senate, nor the difficulty of reaching Buenos Aires by ship, which Mr. Stimson narrates in detail. It relates solely to the delay in filling diplomatic posts at Buenos Aires, as well as at Berlin, Constantinople, London, Madrid, Paris, Petrograd, Rome, Tokyo, and Vienna after the then new administration came into power.

ANDREW TEN EYCK.

Albany, April 11, 1921.

[The caption beneath the table may have misled Mr. Stimson, but the table itself indicates that the total wasted time was computed from the election of the new President.—THE EDITORS.]

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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY¹

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Railway Reform

ON another page The Outlook treats editorially of what is perhaps our most important domestic problem at the present time, the problem of railway reform.

Should the National agreements imposed on the railways during the war by the Federal Railway Administration be abrogated? Illustrate your answer and discuss it somewhat fully.

Who are the real railway owners? How can you prove your answer?

Do the stockholders help shape our railway policies? If not, should they?

What is the difference between railway control and management by the Government and Government ownership of railways? Is it essential that the public keep the meaning of these terms free from confusion?

What effect has the prosperity of the railways on other industries? In giving your answer name particular industries and show how railway prosperity actually affects them.

Where do you place responsibility for the condition in which our railways are at the present time?

Two short but valuable chapters to read on the problem of American transportation are those found in "American Economic Life," by H. R. Burch (Macmillan), pages 273 to 283, and chapter 19 in "Elementary Economics," by Thomas N. Carver (Ginn & Co.).

Can you answer all the questions asked at the endings of these chapters?

England Escapes a General Strike

Is coal absolutely essential to the survival of Great Britain as a great Power? Specifically, in what way would lack of a cheap and abundant supply of coal affect England?

Would it be wise and just to pool the profits of such an industry as mining and fix wages at a level which the average mining company could afford to pay? Or would it be unjust to make the stronger and better equipped industrial companies help bear the wage burden of the weaker and more poorly equipped companies?

Should the mining of coal be looked upon as essentially the means of making profits, or should the mines be worked merely to meet expenses? What reasons can you submit for your answer?

What comparisons can you make between the way industrial troubles are handled in England and the way they are handled in the United States?

America and Great Britain are the two great democracies in the modern world.

¹ These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—The Editors.

Both of these countries are constantly experiencing political and industrial troubles and difficulties. Does it follow that democracy is an unstable and insecure form of government? Has democracy accomplished as much as other kinds of government for the well-being of the people? In answer to the questions in this paragraph no better reference could be given than "Modern Democracies," by Viscount Bryce (Macmillan).

Foreign Policy: President Harding's Message

With what statements about President Harding's foreign policy found in the English press as quoted in The Outlook do you agree? With what ones do you disagree? Explain why you think about these English comments as you do.

Do you like the French comments quoted in this poll of the press better than you do the English? Explain why or why not.

Should we pay any attention to what the Germans think about our President's Message? What reasons can you give for answering as you do?

Are you pleased or displeased with the foreign policy of the Republican party since March 4? What particular instances can you give in answering this question?

Four books which would be very helpful to read in this connection are: "French Foreign Policy," by Graham H. Stuart (Century); "The Passing of the New Freedom," by James M. Beck (George H. Doran); "Problems of Today," by Moorfield Storey (Houghton Mifflin); and "Contemporary French Politics," by Raymond Leslie Buell (Appleton).

League or Association

State in your own words the difference between the two conceptions of international relations which are raised by contrasting a league with an association of nations.

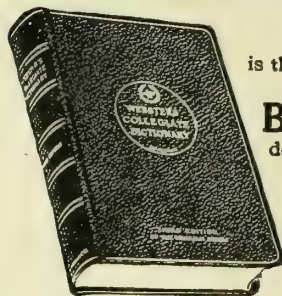
Which one of these two conceptions of international relations do you champion? Explain carefully your reason.

Are you glad that the Senate during President Wilson's Administration did not ratify the Treaty of Versailles? How carefully did you weigh your answer to this question?

Define carefully the following terms: *International law, diplomacy, community, incompatible, super-state.*

Have you read the following books on the League of Nations? "American World Policies," by David Jayne Hill (Doran); "The League of Nations at Work," by A. Sweetser (Macmillan); "Taft Papers on the League of Nations," by W. H. Taft (Macmillan); "The First Year of the League of Nations," by G. G. Wilson (Little, Brown & Co.).

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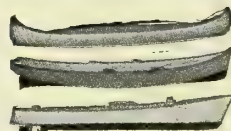
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GEORGE EDWARD BARTON, Director.

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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY



WILLIAM S. WALKLEY sends us from Chelsea, Massachusetts, this "little thumb-nail Who's Who" at our request: "Born in Kentucky; educated in Ohio—A.B. from Kenyon College; M.D. from Boston University long enough ago to round out a full quarter-century's practice here in New England. Married; one boy. Medicine is not—the practice of it—all sugar—and chocolate-coated, and my favorite side-shunts are fly-fishing and teasing fiction from a typewriter."

ROBERT ARTHUR CURRY, whose immediate acquaintance with aviation is evident from his article in this issue, was a lieutenant in the Royal Air Force in the World War. He served in France, Egypt, and Arabia, with the British Expeditionary Force and the Egyptian Expeditionary Force. When in France he was wounded on flying duty. He was also a lieutenant, Royal Air Force, in the Third Afghan War on the northwest frontier of India. He has also flown in England, Scotland, and from Florida to the Bahamas. He is a native of the Bahama Islands, a graduate of Columbia University in New York City, and the Secretary of the Intercollegiate Flying Association.

B. M. ADAMS is not a captain. We were impressed with that fact when after referring to him as Captain Adams in our comment upon his letter printed in *The Outlook* for March 16, we received this protest from him:

Honorable Sirs:

I had thought for your own sakes to have well through with you; but I cannot allow any one to speak of me as Captain Adams.

"Bud," "Highpockets," or just plain Bill Adams, any of them first-rate titles for any good American lad, would have been well enough—but this is too much.

Never was I a skipper. Nor yet a "Sea Dog"—oh, Lord!

I may have been a sea pup, though. I dislike that way that some folks have of letting a high-sounding title get attached to their names quite undeservedly.

Once upon a royal yard I did myself address a Liverpool Irish A.B. as "SIR." "Don't sir me—I'm no dog," was his reply.

My all too short years at sea did not get me a command.

I shall next expect some well-meaning person to call me "the Reverent Adams"—on the strength of my having by hook and by crook gotten into the army Y. M. C. A. during the war. Cheerio, and the Lord go with you.

Sincerely,

Bill, which isn't my name; but my friends call me by it.

ROBERT H. MOULTON sends his account of Glendale's solution of the boy problem from Chicago.



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The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

NEW FINANCING

EVERY little while the price of some stock will be depressed and the explanation offered that the decline is due to rumors of the issuing company's planning new financing. This is not the only reason why stocks go down, but it is one explanation which has been advanced rather frequently of late, more frequently than has been the case in past years, perhaps. Why is it that a corporation's stock should be regarded as less valuable—this is what makes the stock go down of course—because it is planning a new issue of bonds or the sale of an issue of short-term notes?

Well, in the first place, any company which is contemplating new financing is presumed to be in need of cash. This may or may not be an indication that the company is in difficulties. If the business is growing so that additions to the plant are required and new financing is done to provide the cash with which to make the additions, that is not *prima facie* evidence that the company is in straitened circumstances; it may merely tend to show that the expansion of the business makes additional capital necessary. This may be a healthy sign; few companies can finance new buildings and their equipment without outside help.

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is the judgment of Time. Thousands of issues of new securities come into the market each year. They are tested, investigated, judged and purchased by the investing public. But the last test, the final judgment, is the judgment of Time.

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and when outside help is sought it may be only for the purpose of making legitimate growth possible. If this is so, new financing might very easily make increased earnings possible, and so add to the value of the company's stock.

The first effect, however, and the one usually considered first of all by traders in stock, is the addition to the fixed charges of the company selling the bonds or notes. If the new financing is in the nature of stock, that of course is a different matter, but there are not many companies these days which can raise money by selling additional stock. Even if stock could be sold, that already outstanding would suffer, for the more there is the larger must earnings be to maintain dividends at the same rate per share. When notes or bonds are sold, the interest on them must be paid before anything is available for the stock. For example, if a corporation has outstanding \$1,000,000 of 5½ per cent bonds and 20,000 shares of stock and earnings amount to \$100,000 a year, it is applied as follows: \$55,000 for bond interest and \$45,000 for dividends, or at the rate of \$2.25 a share. Interest on the bonds must be paid first. If this company should sell \$500,000 of 6 per cent bonds, this would require \$30,000 a year additional for interest, so that, unless earnings should increase, only \$15,000 would be left for the stock, or 75 cents a share. Obviously new financing under these conditions would affect the stock adversely and lessen its value. Stock is absolutely dependent upon earning power, a fact too many investors fail to take into consideration. They think because a common stock paid 6 per cent dividends a year ago it will continue to pay at the same rate, but a 6 per cent bond and a 6 per cent common stock are entirely different propositions. Bond interest *must* be paid or the bondholders can put the corporation into the hands of a receiver, foreclose the mortgage, and sell the property for their own benefit. Dividends on common stock are paid if earned, and not otherwise. So it is that the more interest-bearing obligations (bonds and notes) a company has outstanding, the more money it must earn to be able to pay this interest and provide a balance available for dividends. When the amount of its bonds and notes is increased, the amount of interest required is correspondingly increased and the balance for dividends decreased.

New financing these days is extremely costly. Money rates are high and new bonds or notes must be issued at unusually high rates of interest in order to make them attractive to investors. Plainly, the higher the rate of interest, the larger the sum required for interest charges and the less left for the stock. An issue of \$10,000,000 of 7 per cent ten-year bonds requires \$700,000 a year to meet interest charges. If conditions were such that these bonds could be issued at 5 per cent, the saving would amount to \$200,000 a year or in the course of the ten years to two million dollars, twenty per cent of the par value of the bonds themselves—a considerable amount of money, which if not necessary for interest might be available for dividends. It is easy to see how new financing of this sort might react very unfavorably on the stock.

To arrange new financing is expen-



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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
(Continued)

sive. Interest is paid on the par value of bonds of course, but this does not mean that the issuing company receives par for them when they are sold. For instance, a public utility company recently sold \$2,500,000 General and Refunding 7 per cent bonds which were offered to investors at 98¼. In other words, each \$1,000 bond actually brought \$982.50 and the whole issue, if sold at this same price, brought \$2,456,250, or \$43,750 less than the face value of the bonds. Moreover, this was the price received by the bankers, not by the issuing corporation,

and if the bankers' commission was 1½ per cent for marketing the bonds this decreased the actual amount the corporation received by \$37,500 more. The public utility company must pay interest on two and a half million dollars, but it cost \$81,250 to borrow, so the net amount it got was \$2,418,750. A statement in the newspapers recently credits a prominent banker with stating that, in his opinion, it will cost the Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railways twenty million dollars to market the issue of \$240,000,000 of refunding bonds they are considering. Expensive business this, and another reason

why investors in stock do not rejoice when they get word of new financing.

The National City Bank in its monthly news letter for April says:

There was a distinct let-up in new financing during the month, which has assisted materially in clearing the market of undigested portions of the many issues which were publicly offered in rapid succession during the early part of the year. The latter part of the month there was noticeably a much better tone in the bond market, with advancing prices. This was especially true in regard to foreign government issues. It does not appear now as though there was a large stock of securities in the hands of dealers, and the let-up of new offerings during the month should result in a better distribution of recent issues and tend to place the market in a position for further absorption of new securities.

Which means to say that new financing very often affects the securities market generally. It is the old law of supply and demand again, a law which nothing in the business world can escape. If the supply of bonds is greater than the demand, prices fall. New financing increases the supply, and if it increases it more rapidly than the demand warrants prices are bound to be affected adversely. One of the functions of a good banking house is to keep informed of the demand, keep in touch with it, and offer its securities to the public at the proper time. It may mean the difference in price of a point or more, and one point on an issue of \$10,000,000 is \$100,000. What usually happens is that a company which is planning new financing goes to a banking house or group of banking houses and tells its requirements. Plans are then made concerning the size of the issue, the length of time it shall run, its security, and rate of interest, all depending on conditions at the time. These are things that it is bankers' business to know, and the issue is planned with the idea of suiting it to the conditions. What kind of bonds, in other words, and bonds with what rate of interest must be offered in order to interest the investing public? These points settled, a price is agreed upon which the bankers will pay the company for the bonds. The bankers then buy the bonds, the company receives its cash, and the bankers offer them to the public. If they can sell them for more than they paid for them, and naturally and rightly they plan to do so, they make a profit. On the other hand, it is not unusual for a banking house to find itself possessed of a lot of bonds which it can sell only at a loss. This may be due to inexperience, bad judgment, or a sudden change in conditions over which it has no control. A good banker must be a man of wide knowledge and in close touch with the political, economic, and business situation throughout the world. There are so many things which can affect the security markets that wrong information about any one of them may prove to be extremely expensive, and possibly disastrous.

There are numerous ramifications of the business of new financing; from the standpoint of the company borrowing the money, the bankers arranging the

loan, the investors purchasing the bonds, and the owners of the other securities of the borrowing company. It does no harm to keep in touch with the activities of the company whose securities you own, for success with investments does not end when you have received your bond or stock certificate and paid the purchase price. Many things can happen later on which will change the whole aspect of the case.

QUESTION AND ANSWER

Q. How many "Bankers Shares" of the Cities Service Company are outstanding? What is the character of this issue?

A. There are deposited with the Bankers Trust Company of New York 30,000 shares of the common stock of the Cities Service Company. There are issued against these 30,000 shares 300,000 "Bankers Shares," each certificate representing one-tenth of a share of common and may be exchanged for common stock on the basis of ten shares for one. All stock dividends received each month on the deposited shares are sold, and the proceeds distributed as dividends on the Bankers Shares. For this reason the dividends on the Bankers Shares vary in amount each month, for they are naturally dependent upon the market value of the stock sold at the particular time. The Bankers Shares are dealt in on the New York Curb and are listed on the Cleveland Stock Exchange.

FINDING HOMES FOR MISPLACED INDUSTRIES

MUCH attention is being given to-day to placing the individual in the job for which his peculiar qualifications best fit him. Many business tragedies are the direct result of misdirected ability—the right man in the wrong job. Hence business leaders are giving much thought to the proper placing of men—to the end that their natural and inherent abilities can be utilized to the fullest extent.

This line of action has led to a more careful consideration of the proper location of an industry. Many of our most progressive cities are endeavoring to attract new industries by a thorough presentation of the advantages which they are prepared to offer business firms which are not advantageously located. Thus there has arisen spirited competition among certain of our municipalities to induce certain industries to relocate to mutual advantage.

Many manufacturing plants are now situated mainly through accident. The site of a plant may happen to be the birthplace of the founder, or it may have been chosen in a local boom period, or because land was cheap, or because labor conditions were at one time favorable, or for many other reasons which may have ceased long ago to be operative. Yet the plant still remains, out of force of habit, though a removal may offer many advantages in securing better access to the raw materials market, in more plentiful and cheaper labor, or in better transportation and distribution facilities.

So certain cities have undertaken to



The Accident *that* Founded a Giant Industry

IN a little Massachusetts town, with skeptical neighbors as an audience, Charles Goodyear vigorously expounded the possibilities of waterproofing with rubber—if the gum could be made resistant to heat and cold. In an emphatic gesture, his hand struck the hot stove. He dropped the lump of sulphur-mixed rubber gum clenched in his fist; it charred slightly but did not melt. He had accidentally discovered *vulcanizing*, the long sought process.

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GRAND FORKS, NORTH DAKOTA.

present their particular advantages in a straightforward businesslike way through carefully planned advertising. This work is generally under the supervision of the local Chamber of Commerce and carried through by trained advertising men. The advertisements are placed in newspapers and periodicals carefully selected to reach the class of business men desired. And where this has been properly done results have followed. Mr. F. O. Watts, President of the First National Bank of St. Louis, says in "The Nation's Business:"

"In this day of close competition sentiment is commonly regarded as backward. No industry stays where it is because the grandfather of the industry was born there. And so it has come about that cities desiring to expand enter upon systematic campaigns for new business and 'sell' themselves by a series of advertisements and follow-up letters.

"A city, that is to say, is sold much as a typewriter or a filing system or a plow would be sold. A location advantageous to one industry because of its nearness to necessary raw materials and its favorable location with regard to the market may be wholly unsuited to another. Sound principles govern the manufacturer when he changes the location of his plant or decides to build an additional factory in a new city. When the American Locomotive Company determined not long ago to establish a \$2,000,000 plant near St. Louis, its officials took these things into consideration. When a new wheel factory was built at Tonawanda, New York, there were similar motives. Baltimore, which has been campaigning actively and successfully for new industries, figures out a cost sheet showing the manufacturing superiority of that city over its rivals for the industry it is seeking.

"Reading his favorite magazine or newspaper, the president of a misplaced industry who had been calculating the cost to him of long hauls on raw materials and finished products sees leaping at him from the page a group of facts picturing an ideal location for him. He calls a meeting of his board of directors, there is a rapid exchange of correspondence, and one city's loss of an industry is another's gain. Nor are the cold commercial assets the only factors taken into consideration. Housing, schools, churches, clubs, parks, and opportunities for comfortable and contented home life are sometimes decisive factors.

"Some there are who think an automobile drive through New Orleans means rough going over miles of cobblestones. Some there are who think that the Tonawandas are an outpost of Kamchatka. Some there are who doubtless have grotesque ideas about St. Louis. It is to undeceive these persons and to bring the truth to the attention of the public that municipal advertising campaigns are planned and carried out. Some of them are being prosecuted successfully even now. In all of them it will be found that the statements have been stripped of exaggeration and that the advertisements are placed with magazines or newspapers of influential circulation."

Such cities as Baltimore, New Orleans,

es Moines, St. Louis, Seattle, San Diego, and Tonawanda, New York, have undertaken extensive advertising campaigns and have been able to show results. Seattle, for example, is advertising its great advantages as a great railway and shipping center with easy access to many sources of raw material, fuel, and water power. Its Chamber of Commerce is in active correspondence with industries which may be contemplating a change of location.

Mr. Watts in a further discussion of municipal campaigns says:

"St. Louis is the first old city of the conservative type to make a serious demand for its place in the sun. A coterie of business men of the Chamber of Commerce there, backed by an aggressive Mayor, is telling the city's story through advertising, not so much with the intention of exploiting St. Louis as to present the facts of its commercial prowess, alertness, and strategic industrial position. The Mississippi River forms a natural outlet to the sea for shipments to Cuba, Porto Rico, Central and South America. St. Louis expects in time, with the improvement of the river, to become an inland port. . . .

"Baltimore and the Tonawandas use similar arguments. Baltimore, for instance, is a big and growing seaport, and, aside from tax exemption, offers no bonus or special inducements to new industries. The city advertises extensively and the Merchants and Manufacturers Association circularizes other industrial centers. Various business and trade bodies also subscribe to the expense of obtaining data, and citizens are continuously on the lookout for tips about industries susceptible of transplantation.

"To influence the decision Baltimore sets forth the fact that it is the deep-water gateway for three great railroad systems and is 150 miles nearer Chicago and the Middle West than any other seaport city. The accessibility from Baltimore of the Panama Canal, Cuba, and the east coast ports of South America; the cheapness of coal, gas, and oil for fuel and of electricity generated on the Susquehanna River, are other factors in the equation.

"Several new plants have been located recently in the Tonawandas as a result of a similar campaign. 'In the heart of America's purchasing power' is the slogan. The city sets forth the advantages of cheap electric power from Niagara, of its position as a marine and rail gateway between the Great Lakes and the Atlantic, the United States and Canada, its superior labor supply, its diversified raw materials, its good working conditions, equable climate, and the riches of the agricultural and fruit lands lying around it."

The public-spirited business men in these cities who are contributing their time and money to such campaigns are rendering a real service. The advertising is not only of benefit to the cities themselves, but in many cases has brought languishing industries to new life by enabling them to relocate their plants and thus secure certain advantages which may transform them from losing to profitable, growing undertakings.

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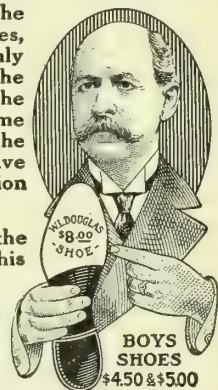
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Health Resorts

"INTERPINES"

Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Over
25 years of successful work. Thorough, re-
liable, dependable and ethical. Every com-
fort and convenience. Accommodations of
superior quality. Disorder of the nervous sys-
tem a specialty. Fred. W. Seward, Sr., M.D.,
Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Goshen, N. Y.

Health Resorts

Crest View Sanatorium

Greenwich, Ct. First-class in all respects
home comforts. F. St. C. HITCHCOCK, M.D.

LINDEN The Ideal Place for Sick

Doylestown, Pa. An institution devoted to
the personal study and specialized treat-
ment of the invalid. Massage, Electricity,
Hydrotherapy. Apply for circular to
ROBERT LIPFINGCOTT WALTER, M.D.
(late of The Walter Sanatorium)

Suburbs of New York Near Hudson

Easy access by automobile. Private home for
convalescents or elderly people. 4,929, Outlook.

The Bethesda White Plains, N. Y.

A private sanatorium for invalids and aged
who need care. Ideal surroundings. Address
for terms Alice Gates Bugbee, M.D. Tel. 2H.

Country Board

Boarders Wanted Ideal Home
farm for literary couple. Refined surround-
ings. DAIG ISKIYAN, Hampton, Conn.

Children Boarded Refined home,
valuable children dieted. Nurses' care. Berk-
shires. Mrs. M. J. O'Neil, Amenia Union, N. Y.

Real Estate

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FOR RENT SIX-ROOM COTTAGE

In the Berkshire Foothills

100 miles from New York City. Modern plum-
bing. Open fireplace. \$250, furnished, for sea-
son. Dr. E. M. FOOTE, 119 East 40th St., N. Y.

NEW LONDON ON THE SOUND For Sale or Rent

A Spacious HOUSE, convenient to
bathing beach, casino, and trolley. Gar-
age, 9 acres of land with fine grove of
trees. On finest avenue in city, command-
ing extensive view of Long Island Sound.
For full particulars
W. S. CHAPPELL, Real Estate,
New London, Conn.

MAINE

FOR RENT Larkspur Lodge

Summer Season BLUE HILL, ME. Attractively fur-
nished, fully equipped cottage, 6 bedrooms,
3 baths; living, dining, and morning rooms,
kitchen, and pantry. 2 piazzas. 4,957, Outlook.

Castine, Me. BUNGALOW, furnished, 4
rooms, bath, kitchenette,
electricity. Suitable for 3. Ref. Ref. \$225.
Mrs. Twining, Coulter Inn, Germantown, Phila.

OGUNQUIT, MAINE

For Rent—Summer Cottages
Beautifully situated and completely fur-
nished for housekeeping.
E. S. WARE, 6 East 8th St., New York City.

PEMAQUID, MAINE

FOR SALE OR RENT
Finest estate on Maine Coast. Large Colonial
house. Ocean view, fine harbor and drives.
W. G. TIBBETTS, Pemaquid Harbor, Me.

SQUIRREL ISLAND, MAINE

TO LET, attractive cottage, 11 furnished
rooms, 2 baths, open fireplace, modern con-
veniences. Price \$500. Address
A. TETREAU, 81 Water St., Augusta, Me.

MASSACHUSETTS

Manomet, Plymouth, Mass.

NEW FURNISHED COTTAGE
to let or for sale; broad piazzas, electric
light, hot and cold water, conveniences,
open fireplace; terms moderate. WM. H.
HAWLEY, Room 148, State House, Boston.

FOR RENT DURING SUMMER

LARGE FURNISHED HOUSE
fourteen rooms and two baths, in pleasant
location in old New England college town.
Apply to Box 752, Northampton, Mass.

To Rent for Summer at Williams-

town in the
Berkshires, roomy Colonial house with all
modern conveniences. Sleeping-porch, open
fireplaces, three bathrooms, ample maids'
quarters, garage, large garden. Fully fur-
nished. Talcott M. Banks, Williamstown, Mass.

Real Estate MASSACHUSETTS BERKSHIRE HILLS WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

Three or four months. Cool brick house, furnished. 5 master's bedrooms, 2 baths; 3 servants' bedrooms, bath. Garage (stable), 1 acre; lawn, orchard, vegetable garden (planted as tenant requests), strawberries, raspberries. 5 minutes from Country Club (golf, tennis, etc.). 4 minutes from Hotel. Photographs sent on request. S. F. CLARKE, 50 South Street, Williamstown, Mass.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NEW HAMPSHIRE

House, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, for rent to refined people for summer season. Delightfully located on New England farm near Portsmouth and Concord. Every convenience. Fully furnished. Open fires. Wood supply free. Rent \$500. Apply for particulars JOHN F. SCOTT, 47 W. 34th St., New York, N. Y.

White Mountains Forest Hills, Franconia, N. H.

Three beautiful cottages for rent. Hot water, bath, fireplaces in every room, electric light, telephone. Three hundred acres, free golf, tennis, dancing; meals at delightful hotel that takes complete charge of bungalow. Reasonable rates. Finest view east of the Rockies. KARL P. ABBOTT.

KEARSARGE, N. H. To rent for season, furnished ten-room house, 2 baths, lavatory, electric lights, hot water heat, open fireplaces, screened piazza. Every modern convenience. Garage. Price on application. Address T. C. G., 118 Mason Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

WHITE MOUNTAINS For Rent or Sale—Summer Cottage Nine rooms, open fires; good neighborhood, lake and mountains. Good bass fishing. J. A. NESMITH, 97 Central St., Lowell, Mass.

NEW JERSEY

**IDEAL OUTING BUNGALOW
FOR SUMMER RENTAL**
On Wooded Bluff on Metedeconk River, Six Miles from Bay Head, Lakewood, and Ocean. Fishing, boating, and bathing of the best. New, cool, ventilated, furnished house, large porch, fireplace in living-room, 2 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen, storeroom. Garage connected, 2 car fruit and hot and cold water, last word in sanitation. For particulars address 4,949, Outlook.

**Short Hills, N.J. Gentleman's Country
Furnished; 12 rooms, 3 baths, all conveniences; newly decorated garden; fruit and shade trees; garage; exceptional location, 35 mins. from Hoboken. \$250 a month. June till November. Mrs. W. P. NEEL, Millburn, N. J.**

NEW YORK

5 Acres For Sale in ADIRONDACKS
On Long Lake, beautiful location, and bargain at \$1,500. Address Mrs. C. H. PERRIN, Scarsdale, N. Y.

For Rent, Keene Valley, Adirondacks
Large, completely furnished cottage, linen, silver, etc.; 3 bedrooms, 3 fireplaces, telephone, garage, magnificent mountain and valley views. Golf and tennis near. Address M. S. LUDLUM, 1827 Pine St., Philadelphia.

**A Country Home ADIRONDACK
FOOTHILLS with access to a beautiful clear water lake. Fully furnished; moderate rental. John B. Burnham, 233 Broadway, N. Y.**

FOR RENT ON LAKE GEORGE
In the Adirondacks
Furnished cottages. Golf, tennis, boating, bathing, fishing. Meals at Club if desired. GLENBURNIE CO., Glenburnie, N. Y.

Lake Champlain Shore front camps in the pines, furnished. Open fires. Sand beach for children. \$250 to \$300 for season. C. H. EASTON, 140 Liberty St., New York.

Essex-on-Lake Champlain
To rent for the season. Ten rooms, two baths; furnished for housekeeping; large veranda. Water front, fine views, bathing, boat. Address P. R. NEWBY, 7 W. 92d St., New York. Telephone Riverside 1184.

**ATTRACTIVE BUNGALOW
FOR RENT FOR SUMMER MONTHS**
Located directly on Trout Lake, three miles by good road from Bolton Landing, Lake George. Entirely new. Built by present owner, who will rent for the entire season at moderate rental. Completely furnished throughout. Five rooms (three bedrooms) and bath. Kitchen with running water. Ice, wood, and rowboat included. For full particulars address 4,511, Outlook.

Real Estate NEW YORK

FOR SALE U Can Secure Delightful Seashore Home, obtain money-making investment at one stroke; healthful, restricted, bay view, gorgeous sunsets, friendly neighbors; fishing, boating, swimming; commuting distance from New York. OWNER, Box 68, Bloomfield, N. J.

FOR SALE—HOUSE
containing 7 rooms and bath, also very large sleeping porch. Garage, barn, and 15 acres. Pound Ridge, Westchester County, N. Y. Call or write A. C. AGOR, 530 Fifth Ave., New York City.

\$800 Cash Secures 180 Acres
4 cows, tools, machinery, vehicles, etc.; valuable lot timber, pulp, cord wood; fruit; 3-room house, 11-cv barn; \$2,000 gets all. Details page 16 illus. Catalog 100 Bargains FREE. STROUT AGENCY, 150 BM Nassau St., N.Y. City.

VERMONT

**Lake Champlain, Vermont
CAMP TO RENT**
Malletts Bay, Coates Island
6 miles from Burlington, one-half mile across bay from McVie's Camp. 6-room furnished bungalow with 4 bedrooms, bathroom, tub, running hot and cold water, 3 screened porches, garage. GEORGE M. SABIN, M.D., 244 Main St., Burlington, Vt.

Lake Champlain RENT Separately
Four modern, furnished houses, seven miles from St. Albans, Vt. Dock, bathing beach. Apply Dr. MELVILLE, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Property Wanted

WANTED To Rent, in New England for summer, furnished BUNGALOW, with sleeping porch, modern conveniences, and gardening plot, near supplies. Write Mrs. F. M. West, 300 Forest Park Ave., Springfield, Mass.

Wanted To Buy Old-fashioned HOUSE in or near New England village or town, preferably Massachusetts or Connecticut. Prefer not more than 15 acres. Send photographs, if possible. W. D. H., 749 West End Ave., New York City.

WANTED—TO RENT

either a house or store for tea-room in summer resort or along auto highway. 4,771, Outlook.

BOARD AND ROOMS
LADIES visiting New York, professional women, students, transient or permanent, October. Apply School for Girls, 17 East 86th St.

ROOMS TO RENT
SUMMER visitors may have exclusive and convenient lodging at my home. Mrs. Z. C., 32 Broadway, Beverly, Mass.

FOR THE HOME
HONEY—Delicious honey. Guaranteed pure. \$1.90 for 10 pounds, \$1.05 for 5 pounds, postage prepaid in zones 1 and 2. 9,788, Outlook

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

COOKING for PROFIT. Earn handsome income; home cooked food, catering, tea room, etc. Correspondence course. Am. School Home Economics, Chicago.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES MANUSCRIPTS

GENEALOGICAL RESEARCH. New England ancestry established. I traced the 439 Hetty Green heirs. William M. Emery, Fall River, Mass.

SPEECHES, lectures, and special articles prepared for all occasions. Prompt and careful service. 1,000 words, \$10. Sanborn and Pierce, Studio, 690 Shepard Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

LANTERN SLIDES
LANTERN slides made and colored. Highest grade work. 25 years' experience. Edward Van Alstena, 29 West 38th St., New York City.

HELP WANTED Business Situations

WANTED—1,500 Railway Traffic Inspectors: no experience; train for this profession through spare-time home study; easy terms; \$110 to \$200 monthly and expenses guaranteed, or money back. Outdoors, local or traveling, under big men who reward ability. Get Free Booklet CM-27. Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

WANTED—Director of Sunday school and young people's work in New Jersey suburban church. Position will become vacant at early date. Reply, giving experience and references. State compensation expected. 9,716, Outlook.

SPLendid clerical work opportunity. Spare or whole time. No canvassing, good money. Chautauqua Business Builders, Jamestown, N. Y.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Young gentlemen of refinement and culture, fond of the country, who would appreciate quiet home life with lady requiring companion-house. Must have good health. Full particulars and references desired. 9,792, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers
DIETITIANS, superintendents, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, social workers, and secretaries. Miss Richards, Providence, East Side Box 5, Boston, Fridays, 11 to 1, 16 Jackson Hall, Trinity Court. Address Providence.

PLACEMENT BUREAU for employer and employee. Housekeepers, matrons, dietitians, governesses, attendants, secretaries, mother's helpers. 51 Trowbridge St., Cambridge, Mass.

WANTED—Lady of refinement and education as mother's assistant with children. Apply Mrs. KARRAN, 75 Fulton St., N. Y. City.

NURSERY GOVERNESS or reliable nurse to care with the care of three children. Willing to go to seaside. References. Mrs. Archer Trench, 88 Henderson Avenue, New Brighton, Staten Island.

WIDOW with four little boys wishes to find competent, well educated young woman under forty, who will share care of children and be agreeable companion. \$50 monthly. Summers in Maine. One maid kept. Box 385, Haverford, Pa.

WANTED, at once, housemother to take full charge 45 boys, ages 6 to 14. Outside school. Personal interview preferred. Hartford Orphan Asylum, 171 Putnam St., Hartford, Conn.

WOMAN, experienced in care and training of children, for boys 4½ and 6½. Box 475, Scarsdale, N. Y.

WANTED—Young woman to serve as companion to girl 7 years and boy 5 years. Experience not necessary. Intelligence and refinement and references required. Brooklyn in winter and long island summers. Address P. S. W., 28 Orange St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

WANTED—Governess-nurse for little girl whose mental and physical development is retarded on account of injury to head. 9,763, Outlook.

WANTED—Teachers all subjects. Good vacancies in schools and colleges. International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

ORGANIST and PIANISTE, Presbyterian, desires church position. Location and organ considered. References. 9,727, Outlook.

Business Situations

SECRETARY—Young woman, experienced, desires position in school or college. References. 9,726, Outlook.

YOUNG man desires position of superintendent or assistant in boys institution, or in church work among young people. Would tutor. Experienced. 9,748, Outlook.

LADY desires position as assistant or take charge of linen room in an institution. 9,760, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as private secretary by graduate nurse. Registered, 14 years' experience all branches of the profession; also graduate secretary, experienced. With an association, hospital or doctor's office. References. 9,773, Outlook.

SECRETARIAL position, in Pittsburgh or vicinity, desired by young woman; college graduate; 3½ years' experience as stenographer and secretary. 9,758, Outlook.

STATISTICAL CLERK, young lady with 3 years' experience, desires position. 9,737, Outlook.

AVIATOR, former Lieutenant Army Air Service, desires position as pilot with firm or individual, passenger-carrying, exhibition work, or Gosport instruction. Address John F. Bay, Jarrettville, Md.

WANTED, by trained woman farmer, position as manager or assistant manager on salary, shares, or partnership. Good references, good sense. 9,794, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY graduate with considerable business experience wishes to travel this summer, earning his way. Can do stenographic and secretarial work. 9,791, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

EDUCATED young American woman, accustomed to travel as companion, tutor, or chaperon. 9,765, Outlook.

TWO French teachers want summer position as waitresses in tea room or hotel. Miss L. L., 67 Wildwood Ave., Newtonville, Mass.

YOUNG woman wishes position to chaperon young girls. Summer months. References exchanged. 9,775, Outlook.

CERTIFIED nurse, whose professional life has been spent with patients of acknowledged refinement and standing, will consider an offer to travel as companion and nurse to lady or ladies planning trip abroad. Address Nurse, 201 W. 108th St., Apt. 47, New York City.

REFINED Swiss woman, 38, conscientious worker, good references, speaks English and French, wishes position as housekeeper in institution or motherless home. 9,777, Outlook.

CULTURED young woman, good reader, used to travel—cheerful, adaptable, used to managing house and maids, desires position as companion or home manager. 9,774, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, teacher, as companion for summer. Will travel. 9,776, Outlook.

REFINED, educated woman, secretarial experience, six years in the Orient, desires position as traveling companion or executive secretary. References exchanged. 9,761, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED institutional manager, housekeeper, and dietitian, desires position of responsibility. \$150 a month and maintenance. 9,765, Outlook.

REFINED lady, speaking French, Spanish, desires to be companion, home or traveling. Miss Xhrouet, Grand Haven, Mich.

POSITION wanted as housekeeper for business woman or companion to invalid. 9,770, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers
LADY well qualified to act as chaperon wishes position for summer months. Excellent references. 9,739, Outlook.

TWO refined Southern girls will travel as companions. Separately, together. 9,752, Outlook.

GRADUATE nurse, speaking French and Italian, desires position as nurse or companion with family traveling. 9,753, Outlook.

SUMMER position wanted as companion or governess. 9,768, Outlook.

WANTED, by refined American woman, position of trust as companion-assistant in the home. Fond of children, capable and experienced. 9,772, Outlook.

YOUNG woman desires position as companion-secretary: can drive car. Best references. 9,736, Outlook.

WOMAN desires position as companion, tutor to children, or helper in house duties or management. 9,780, Outlook.

FORMER TEACHER, Protestant, desires position as mother's helper or governess. Available at once. 9,786, Outlook.

CHAPERONE.—CLERGYMAN desires to recommend lady who has had large experience in foreign travel with young people. Will accompany as companion or chaperone in this country, or in Europe, where he: knowledge of languages and customs would be very useful. Exceptional references. 9,784, Outlook.

MANAGING housekeeper, Companion-housekeeper. American lady, capable of taking entire charge of house, servants, market, etc. City or country references. 9,789, Outlook.

WANTED—Companion's position, summer months. Experienced. References. 9,793, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

POSITION wanted in June to October, a tutorage, Columbia graduate, master's degree. 9,710, Outlook.

FRENCH lady, refined, experienced teacher, excellent references, wishes position for summer. Chaperon, tutoring, private secretary. Would travel. 9,721, Outlook.

REFINED young college student desires summer position as tutor and companion to boy or boys in private family. Athletic. Good references. 9,734, Outlook.

WANTED, by Sargent graduate, position athletic director in school or home for September. 9,745, Outlook.

SUPERIOR French teacher available next fall. College or school in or near New York. 9,778, Outlook.

HIGH school teacher, four years' experience, desires position for summer as tutor or chaperon. 9,757, Outlook.

FRENCH teacher desires summer position, tutor or companion. Experienced traveler. 9,766, Outlook.

TEACHER in girls' vocational school would like summer work. Governess. Girls' camp preferred. References exchanged. 9,764, Outlook.

FRENCH woman, high school teacher, 30 years old, desires position during summer as companion or teacher in private family. Miss Lecomte, 262 Norwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

WOMAN, recently widowed, educated, former teacher, desires position as companion-tutor to child under 12. Will tutor in Latin, algebra, and piano grades 1, 2, and 3. Compensation moderate. Engagement for June 1. Address Mrs. Frances Armstrong, Lee, Mass.

YOUNG lady, teacher in one of the best private schools of the country, wishes tutoring position for summer. 9,769, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teacher and supervisor of music or music and penmanship desires position now or September as supervisor or teacher in high or normal school. Can combine with commercial subjects. 9,781, Outlook.

PRINCETON Junior wishes position as tutor or companion to boy or girl for summer. References upon request. 9,783, Outlook.

KINDERGARTNER desires position for summer months in summer school, or as children's entertainer. 9,790, Outlook.

AMERICAN, Teachers' College graduate, thoroughly experienced governess. English, French, German, physical culture. Excellent references. Salary \$60. 9,797, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate, successful boys' teacher, wishes position as tutor for summer. 9,785, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will sell things on approval. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

BOYS wanted, 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

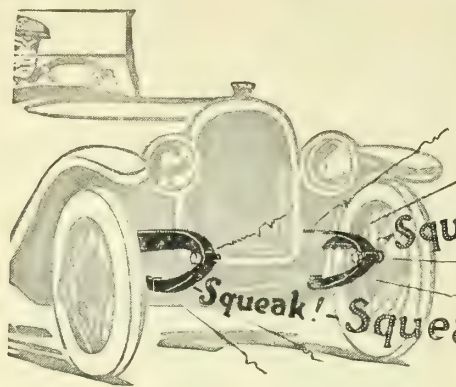
EXPERIENCED teacher, Bryn Mawr graduate, will chaperon and tutor two girls at family camp, Maine, July, August. Terms reasonable. References exchanged. 9,675, Outlook.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1893. No charge; prompt delivery. 44 West 22d St., New York.

WANTED—Young women to take nine months' course in training for the care of chronic and convalescent invalids. Address F. E. Parker Home New Brunswick N. J.

EDUCATIONAL TRIPS in Massachusetts, local and distant, for four boys, during summer. Expert naturalist and high school teachers in attendance. Headquarters in country; sleeping porches, healthful living. Lakeside cottage 1½ miles distant, with private supervised swimming beach. An early gratuitous correspondence with boys, in English or French, would aid decision. Minimum weekly board \$25. Teacher-matron, Lock Box 47, Lunenburg, Mass.

CHILD offered superior training in home of vineyard graduate. Parents' and physician's references. 9,756, Outlook.



Squeak!

Squeak!—Squeak!

Squeak!—Squeak!—Squeak!

Stop It—With 3-in-One

Squeaking means friction. Friction means premature wearing out—expense.

Lubricate your auto springs with 3-in-One Oil—the easy way. Done in an instant. Keeps your hands clean.

Don't jack up your car. Don't loosen the clips. Don't use a spring spreader. Do nothing but just this: Squirt 3-in-One among the edges of the leaves and on the ends of the springs. Its

penetrating power is wonderful. It works its way between the leaves—lubricates them perfectly—stops the squeak.

3-in-One prevents rust forming between the leaves—the cause of nearly all spring breakage. Apply 3-in-One once a week, then the leaves will always slide freely and the springs ride easier. New springs lose their stiffness if 3-in-One is used.

End Magneto Troubles

by oiling your magneto (any make) with 3-in-One, the oil that never clogs a bearing or burns at any rate of speed. It lubricates the delicate bearings perfectly and works out every vestige of gum and dirt. Result—a fat, hot spark at just the right firing instant. Magneto manufacturers recommend 3-in-One.

Ford Commutators

need 3-in-One. Makes cranking far easier. No dust or dirt can collect in the commutator when 3-in-One is used. The oil keeps it bright and clean. Every Ford owner should try this.

Keep Your Car Bright

by using 3-in-One on the varnished body surfaces. It beautifies the car and hardens the high finish. Prevents rust on the metal parts. Puts a fine polish on nickel parts. Brightens up the windshield. Preserves the upholstery and leather cushions.

The Handy Oil Can

full of 3-in-One, is the convenient package for motorists. Get a can for your car to-day.

FREE Liberal sample of 3-in-One and Special Automobile Circular.



THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 165 SS. Broadway, New York

To Summer Resort Proprietors

The Outlook will devote five spring and early summer issues to special advertising of summer resorts, tours and travel. These will be the issues of

May 11 and 25

June 8 and 22 :: :: July 6

The issue of May 25 will be the special annual travel and resort number containing articles on vacation subjects and illustrations especially selected. The corresponding issue of 1920 carried 198 advertisements of hotels and resorts.

WRITE US EARLY AND WE WILL BE GLAD TO GIVE YOU COPY SUGGESTIONS

Department of Classified Advertising

The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

BY THE WAY

THERE is one bill which, a friend of THE Outlook writes, is paid almost with pleasure. It is a bill for insurance on a small sailboat, and the pleasure derived from the language in which the insurance policy is couched. Who would not thrill at entering upon a contract with a firm which describes its responsibilities in the following words? "Touching the adventures and perils which we the said Assurers, are contented to bear and take upon us, they are of the Sea, Men-of-War, Fire, Enemies, Pirates, Rovers, Thieves, Jettisons, Letters of Mart and Countermart, Surprisals, Takings at Sea, Arrests, Restraints and Detainments of all Kings, Princes, and Peoples of what nation, condition or quality soever." Can any lawyer supply us with the origin of these phrases? Do they date from the time of the Phenicians or only from that of Christopher Columbus?

Melville E. Stone, the well-known newspaper man, tells in "Collier's" the story of a famous phrase attributed to Mr. William H. Vanderbilt—"The public be damned." According to Mr. Stone, the phrase was used in exasperation against a reporter, not in contempt of the public. The persistent reporter got into Mr. Vanderbilt's private car while he was at dinner and demanded an interview. "Well, sit down at the other end of the car until I have finished dinner, and I will talk with you," pleaded the victim. "But," said the reporter, "it is late and I will not reach the office in time. The public—" "The public be damned!" ejaculated the infuriated diner; "you get out of here!" Out of this expostulation, says Mr. Stone, the reporter made his sensational interview, which did the railways incalculable damage.

Unlucky vessels, sometimes called "hoodoo" ships, are soon spotted by underwriters, according to "Syren and Shipping," and the owners find it difficult to get them insured. An accident during a launching is often taken by seamen as a sure sign of an unfortunate career. An instance cited is the Daphne, which turned turtle while she was being launched and drowned over a hundred men. Though her name was changed more than once in the hope of averting her misfortunes, she remained "unlucky" until she was finally sunk.

According to the American Library Association, Zane Grey and Julius Caesar are the two authors most popular among the doughboys of the American Army of Occupation on the Rhine. Translations of the "Gallic Wars" run second to Mr. Grey's tales of Western adventure. The ruins of the bridge Cæsar built near Coblenz have lifted his writings out of the schoolbook class, in the eyes of the soldiers.

The world's record in mountain-climbing is held by the Duke of the Abruzzi, who climbed 24,600 feet up the sides of

Mount Godwin-Austen in the Himalayas, though he failed to reach the mountain's summit. This record may soon be excelled by the prospective British expedition which is to attempt the ascent of Mount Everest, the world's highest mountain, estimated to be 29,141 feet high. Among women mountain-climbers, Mrs. Fanny Bullock-Workman holds the record in her ascent of 23,300 feet on one of the Nun Kun peaks in India.

A "footnote to history" in a recent book says that the numerous "Bristol Hotels" in Europe get their name from the fourth Earl of Bristol, a well-known epicure, who always picked out the best hotel in any resort he patronized, which came to be known as "Lord Bristol's hotel" and finally gave vogue to the name "Hotel Bristol." Whether this is a true explanation or not, a glance through "Bradshaw's" shows at least a dozen "Hotel Bristols" in leading resorts on the Continent.

"What is the matter with your face?" a well-known actress was asked by a friend who met her as she was coming from a photographer's, according to the "Dramatic Mirror;" "you look drawn and out of focus." "Well, why shouldn't I?" was the reply; "I have just had some art photographs taken and I am trying to look like them."

Mrs. Pepys, the "poor wretch" who occasionally suffered from the frankness of her husband in his celebrated Diary, gets her revenge in the pages of the "Atlantic" this month, to which E. Barington contributes some extracts from her "Diurnal." Here is a sample:

Wearied to bed, Saml starting up in the night with Nightmare [after a truly Pepysian feast] not knowing what he did, and did so shreeke and cry that the Mayds in affright did run in, and the Watchman called to know was any poor Soul murdered within. But this no more than my Expectation, and so quietly to sleep.

"After the feast, a famine." The saying might well apply to a multitude of seamen in the port of New York, who during the war were getting higher wages than ever before and now are idle and some of them destitute. Twenty thousand sailors, the largest percentage of them Scandinavian, are said to be thus stranded, their ships being unable to obtain return cargoes at the present time.

There is no stranger tomb in England, a correspondent of the New York "Times" says, than that of Sir Richard Burton, the famous traveler, in the cemetery at Mortlake. "It is of white marble, and is fashioned as an Arab tent decorated with a crucifix. Within is an altar, and Mr. Thomas Wright in his Life of Burton completes the picture thus: 'Sir Richard's sarcophagus lies to one's left, and on the right has since been placed the coffin of Lady Burton, while over all hang ropes of camel bells, which when struck give out the old metallic sound that Sir Richard heard so often in the desert.'"

Shavaid

Makes shaving easier

FOR men with heavy, wiry beards and tender skin, here is the *real* beard softener, making shaving a new delight.

You'll experience a genuine surprise when you begin to use Shavaid and you'll join the thousands who wouldn't shave without it.

Lather is doubly effective

Merely cover the beard with Shavaid. Then apply your favorite lather. No other preparations are necessary, no rubbing, no hot water applications, no waiting. Just shave—what a difference!

Shavaid keeps the skin in condition—no after-lotions are necessary. There's no smarting, no "drawn" feeling. Your face will feel cool and velvety. Try a tube.

At all druggists.

BAUER & BLACK
Chicago New York Toronto
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

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Product

A Cash Offer for Cartoons and Photographs

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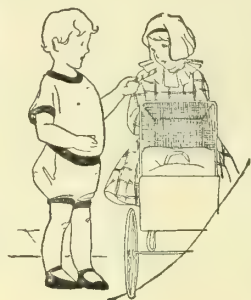
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BORN IN A BARROOM

IN these days of National Prohibition there is an element of contemporary interest in the early history of the movement which culminated in the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, in his article on John B. Gough in *The Outlook* for February 16, referred to the organization of the Washington Total Abstinence Society in 1840, and added, "This was, believe, the first total abstinence society organized in America." Three readers have sent us account of such societies organized earlier than that date.

One of these societies is mentioned by the Rev. Clifford H. Smith, of Ludlow Vermont, who writes that he has in his possession the record book of "the Pittsford Temperance Society," organized at Pittsford, Vermont, April 9, 1828. The members promised to abstain from ardent spirits except as medicine, to refuse the use of them in their households, and to discountenance their use in the community. This society continued until 1893.

Another society, organized only a few months later, namely, about October 1, 1828, based on principles of total abstinence from ardent spirits except as medicine, is described in a letter from Fred E. Brooks, of French Creek, West Virginia, where that society was formed.

Two earlier societies, however, are mentioned by Charles T. Andrews, of South Bend, Indiana.

These are described by him, in a letter to us, as follows: "First, the Rev. Lyman Beecher, pastor of a church at Litchfield, Connecticut, about 1815 organized a total abstinence society of which my father, Richard Andrews, then eighteen years of age, was a charter member; second, in 1816 what has later been known as the 'Hector Town Temperance Society' was organized in the pioneer settlement of Hector, then Tompkins, but since Schuyler County, New York, on the east shores of Seneca Lake.

"This society, singularly enough, was formed in the barroom of a country tavern. The farmers thereabouts had been in the habit of meeting Saturday evenings and taking what Burns calls a 'cup of kindness' while chatting over the news of the week. On a certain night one of them said: 'We are having boys growing up. While we do not feel bad effects from our whisky, it may not be safe for them to follow our example. I suggest that we agree totally to abstain from intoxicating liquors.' Others favored his suggestion, and that night they drew up and signed a pledge which most of them kept faithfully.

"I well remember the old 'tavern,' transformed into a farmhouse. I also was personally acquainted with two of the 'charter' members, Chauncy and Caleb Smith. The society has continued to this day. It has annual meetings, and in 1916 celebrated its centenary.

"To my knowledge, it often exerted a salutary influence by securing the election of 'no-license' town officials, thus making Hector 'dry.'

"I am inclined to believe that the oldest total abstinence society in the world is the Hector Town Temperance Society, in Schuyler County, New York."



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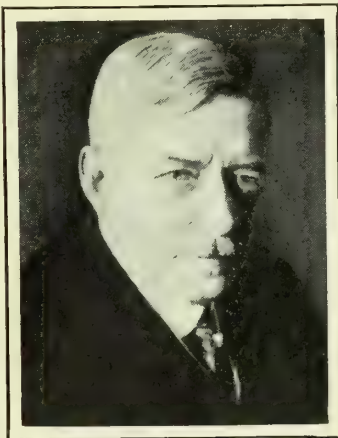
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